Jan 38 No Cuts
Feb 38 Cut p.12-24
Mar 38 Cut p.21-22
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May 38 No Cuts
Jun 38 No Cuts
How It Can Be Told! IF THE WINDSORS HAD COME TO HOLLYWOOD By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

How Tyrone Power Won the Lonely Heart of Janet Gaynor
ON HER WISHING LIST... that single thread of fragrance Gemey

In Monte Carlo or Mandalay, in Shanghai or Salzburg... on wishing lists the world around the loveliest women write... fragrance Gemey!

For fragrance Gemey, young and fresh and spirited, is beloved of 75 lands. And today in America Richard Hudnut presents this perfume in tiny handbag vials, in impressive dressing table flacons... presents it, too, as a single thread of fragrance spun through a galaxy of glamour-gifts.

See these Christmas treasures in fragrance Gemey at your nearest perfume counter... beguiling trifles in lipsticks and rouge pots, sleek compacts, personal enchantments, luxurious charm-chests.

Choose from them that gift-that-matters... an intimate gift, a gift with continental flair... in that favorite of five continents... fragrance Gemey!

by RICHARD HUDNUT

New York • Paris • London • Toronto • Buenos Aires
Harvano • Berlin • Budapest • Capetown • Shanghai

ON HER WISHING LIST... four essentials to adorn in that single thread of fragrance Gemey...$5.

PERFUME for her dressing table... fragrance Gemey, world-loved, with luxury DeLobiss atomizer...$5.

LUCKY THE LADY whose stocking fills this golden, stone-studded oval-shaped Double Vanity...$5.

PURSE ACCESSORIES... Smart Triple Vanity with Lipstick...$2.75. Handsome Double Compact...$5.

INTIMATE TREASURE... refreshing Toilet Water blessed with the enchantment of fragrance Gemey...$1.50.

GAIA GIFTS... handbag harmony of Cigarette Case, Double Vanity and lipstick...$10. Swank Cigarette and Triple Vanity Case, only $5.50.

Glamour Cargo... for her Christmas ship... eight personal luxuries in the fragrance Gemey...$10.

BOUND FOR the Finest Christmas trees... Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, in fragrance Gemey...$2.85.
Listerine kills germs associated with colds and sore throat

Tests During 7 Years' Research Show Cold Prevention Results That Amaze Even Medical Men

No remedy or treatment that we know of can show the brilliant clinical record in fighting colds that Listerine advances. Listerine offers you the possibility of getting off with light colds this year, or no colds at all. It is the new therapy that succeeds.

Tests made during 7 years of research showed this:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than non-users. More important still—colds of Listerine users reached the dreaded danger zone of the chest less frequently than colds of non-users.

Why such results, that impress even medical men? Why is Listerine preferred to drastic purgatives that may weaken the system, vaccines that sometimes upset the patient, and those inhalants which may irritate the nasal passages? Here is why: Listerine treats colds for what they really are—acute local infections. And the quickest way to combat local infections, as any doctor will tell you, is to kill the germs involved in them. That is exactly what the Listerine gargle does.

The secret of Listerine's success, we believe, must be that it reaches the virus (germ) which many authorities say causes colds. At the same time it kills by millions the threatening "secondary invaders"—germs that usually inhabit even normal mouths, waiting until resistance is low to strike. Among them are the dangerous influenza and streptococcus germs. These "secondary invaders" are the germs that complicate a cold and produce inflammation. They must be held under control.

Five minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, tests showed a germ reduction averaging 94%. Fifteen minutes after, 96.7%. Even one hour after, nearly 98% on the average. This amazing germ reduction gives nature a helping hand, and materially reduces the risk of cold. That is a matter of laboratory record.

Use Listerine night and morning, and at the first symptom of a cold, increase the gargle to once every two hours. This pleasant precaution may spare you a long and expensive period of suffering.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

BEFORE GARGLING AND AFTER

The average reduction was 96.7%.

The graphs show test results as to the relative number of disease germs before gargling Listerine Antiseptic, and 15 minutes after. The average reduction was 96.7%.

FOR Colds AND Sore Throat

"BEAUTY BATH SWEEPS AWAY TOBACCO-STAINED DEPOSITS"

IT POURS ON THE TEETH A WONDROUSLY FRAGRANT, CLEANSING, MILKY WHITE SOLUTION THAT SIMPLY SWEEPS AWAY THOSE TINY DEPOSITS STAINED BY TOBACCO SMOKE. ALL THE GIRLS AT THE BRIDGE CLUB ARE TALKING ABOUT IT.

JANE BUYS A TUBE

SHIRLEY KILDUFF SAYS:

WHY DON'T YOU TRY A TUBE?

Don't take our word or the word of famous New York beauties about Listerine Tooth Paste. Try it yourself. See how quickly it attacks tobacco-stained deposits on teeth. How its fragrant, milky-white solution bathes the teeth and gums and leaves them fresh, clean and healthy. How its high-burate polishing agents restore natural brilliance and beauty to your teeth. Don't forget its economy either. More than a quarter of a pound of first-rate dentifrice in the 40c tube. The 25c size is proportionately economical. Get a tube from your druggist today.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.
Ziegfeld created it on the stage—his greatest triumph! Now—on the screen—M-G-M tops even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself with a new happiness hit! . . . Thrilling music! Gorgeous girls! Laughs galore! Tender romance—of a Princess and a West Point cadet—with the grandest cast of stars ever in one spectacular picture!

Introducing beautiful Ilona Massey, new star sensation! . . . And above, just for laughs, you have funny Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and Ray Bolger.

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Produced by
WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE
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ADVENTUROUS BLONDE—Warner

The conversion of the Twenties event of the bustling Gil Elvgren pin-up girl into a movie star is in the person of Barbara Stanwyck (above) in "The Great Man." Niel and Bill Hoppe join the chase. If you like adventures, come along. (Rev.)

ALL OVER TOWN—Republic

Often and Johnson fans will love this bit of bright hysteria wrapped around two "kickers" who back a Broadway show; find themselves in a murder mystery on their hands. Frank Los Pantages is a punch as a scene designer. (Rev.)

ANGEL—Paramount

The handsome Eric Blore in a swivel mixture of romance and European politics surrounded by Labouchere's direction, sparking dialogue, perfect photography and a splendid supporting cast. Herbert Marshall is the unlocated husband, Melvyn Douglas rounds out the crowd doing it up. (Rev.)

ANPANNIS SALUTE—RKO—Radio

Here is a worldwide, simply presented story of rivals at the Navy Academy. James Ellison and Van Heflin are in love with Martha Hunt whose father objects to their marrying. When second bears a third bear, the results become terrific. In the background it refreshingly authentic, as the scenes were actually taken at Annapolis. (Rev.)

ARTISTS AND MODELS—Paramount

A combination of sketches and songs ingeniously held together by Jack Benny as the central promoter of an Artists' Ball who give you the chance to see and hear Ida Lupino, Gail Patrick, the Yard Club Boys, Connie Russell, Andy Kosterlitz, Ben Blue and a bevy of artists and models. Definitely dizzy. (Rev.)

ATLANTIC FLIGHT—Monogram

Outside of the fact that this allows Young America a good look at Captain Dick Merrill (Jame Cagney) and Clark Gable (at left) this dull story has little to offer. The negative is an oil well, but finally solve their domestic relations in a survey method and very modern way. Joe E. Brown (left) is the comic; and Georgette Elder and Rosalind Russell supporting cast equally splendid. A command performance. (Rev.)

BACK IN CIRCULATION—Warner

A better than usual newspaper yarn dealing with the port portrayals plus in realistic ironic persons to death. Joan Blondell is remarkably good as the lady of the press, Pat O'Brien is her editor and Margaret Lindsay is the unfortunate victim of O'Brien getting real for sensationalism. (Rev.)

BAD GUY—M-G-M

"Bad Guy" regales bad picture. Bruce Cabot plays the unloved fellow who gets into scrap after scrap, finally comes to grief. Fred and Rogers is the good boy who rises in the love of Virginia Grey. Don't give it another thought. (Rev.)

BIG CITY—M-G-M

Rough and ready drama of the war in New York, combined with an immigrant girl's problems in a new world, tangles Broderick Crawford and Lawrence Tierney in a series of love and murder situations. Tracy is a bit ponderous, Luise is a bit coy, but it's a clever production and the two are supporting cast. (Rev.)

BIG SHOT, THE—RKO—Radio

Hilarious situations enliven this story of a veterinarian, Guy Kibbee, who经过 his daughter's sister's song, breaks an anti-war crusade, discovers he's the man's big shot. Cory Withrowparent gives a fine performance as Guy's socially ambitious wife, and Kibbee scores. (Rev.)

BREAKFAST FOR TWO—RKO—Radio

Barbara Stanwyck, leaving her lover behind her, emerges as a smartly divorced, gay and domineering Texan who works wonders with her suitor (Elisha Cook Jr.). This is a domestic comedy which as far as the writing and direction are concerned, Eric Blore plays assistant to Cary, Donald Meek is a justice of the peace, and Giuseppe Farrell is a gold-digging, good girl. You'll like it. (Rev.)

BRIDE FOR HENRY, A—Monogram

A lively comedy with a novel triangle idea, this has Anne Nagel marrying Warren William to save Henry Mollison who forgets to show up at the altar. Then Warren joins Anne and Warren on their honeymoon. It's fine and funny. (Rev.)

BRIDE WORE RED, THE—M-G-M

In a Venerean version of the Cinderella tale, Joan Crawford immortalizes a cabaret girl chosen by an impromptu mount to pose as a lady at a fashionable hotel. Here she comes upon a passionate gentleman, Fredric March, and a dizzy, irresistible, Robert Young. Miss Crawford is both glamorous and compelling, but the weary plot defeats all. (Rev.)

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938—M-G-M

Stuffed with much of Hollywood's best talent, this follow-up to "Broadway Melody of 1936" again stars Bob Taylor and Dick Powell. Bob's role as a producer seems lost in the maze of songs and dance sets, but Eleanor is delightful as egret and Cyd Charisse is feminine and charming. Murphy's acting brighten as do Judy Garland, Sophie Tucker and others. (Rev.)

CONFESION—Warner

Even Kay Francis found it difficult to sustain the number burden of this nearly melodrama based on a Madame du la Vigne theme. Basil Rathbone is the legible man for Miss Francis's downfall. Ian Hunter struggles through as the unassuming husbated, June Bevan is the daughter. (Rev.)

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—20th Century-Fox

Among the chief reasons this has better been ignored. A huge diamond is stolen, and Cesar Romero, the most obvious suspect, finds romance with Phyllis Brooks. Jane Darwell moves pedantically throughout, and Alan Dinehart is a heavy going. (Rev.)

DOUBLE OR NOTHING—Paramount

Disappearing after Bing Crosby's former smash hits, this vaudeville musical is based on the familiar device of four funny people

believing the world of an eccentric Mary Carlisle Bing's toll. The score is nice. (Rev.)

DOUBLE WEDDING—M-G-M

The Famous Metro-May-Bill Powell combination in a stew of romance and bittersweet comedy. Bill plays a cranky adventuring living as a trailer. When heights out for Hollywood with Frances Dee and John Beal on his tail, the stunt. Miss Lupino spices the appearance. Better go, but don't expect perfection. (Rev.)

EBB TIDE—Paramount

Robert Louis Stevenson's powerful adventure story of human destinies in the South Seas is filmed in Technicolor with masterly direction and a possibly fine cast including Britain's Douglas Fairbanks the played Paul Arzens in "Blondie." The theme is fine. (Rev.)

EREDORAN'S—M-G-M

A breezy, bouncy, production and actor are outstanding. You can't afford to miss this. (Rev.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88
PHIL REGAN • LEO CARRILLO
ANN DVORAK
Tamara Geva • James Gleason
GENE AUTRY

"MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND"

Featuring TED LEWIS AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CAB CALLOWAY AND HIS COTTON CLUB ORCHESTRA
KAY THOMPSON and Her Radio Choir • JOE DI MAGGIO
HENRY ARMETTA • LUIS ALBERNI • MAX TERRHUNE
SMILEY BURNETTE • LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
AND...Introducing That Singing Cowboy Star

GENE AUTRY

Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER • Original screen play by HARRY SAUBER • Adapted from the musical revue "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" by FRANK HUMMERT • Associate Producer HARRY SAUBER

HIT TUNES...
"Round Up Time In Reno"
"Have You Ever Been In Heaven?"
"Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm"
"I Owe You"
"All Over Nothing At All"

Republic PICTURES
CREATE HAPPY HOURS
WARNER BROS' CHRISTMAS PRESENT

A million dollars worth of fun,

Claudette COLBERT
Charles BOYER

in
THE SEASON'S MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT

TOVARICH

The show that gave Paris a new sensation, thrilled London, and captured New York... now in the full glory of the screen's mighty magic... with a great cast of supporting stars including

BASIL RATHBONE
ANITA LOUISE

MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS

NORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • ANATOLE LITVAK Production
Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English
Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture

It's on the way to your favorite theatre now—the grandest love and laughter picture of this or any other year!... A glorious Christmas treat for a hundred million movie-goers.
TO THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD! *

glamour and romance!

"Yesterday is done! Tomorrow—who knows? . . . Tonight’s our night!"

Ready for a gala night in Paris! . . . with 4 billion francs in the bank—and not a sou they could call their own!

The runaway lovers take to the roof in one of the amusing and amazing scenes in "Tovarich."

"TOVARICH" is full of big moments—and here’s one as Charles Boyer comes face to face with that suave villain . . . Basil Rathbone.
SINCE 1920 the motion-picture studios have competed with each other for the honor of winning PHOTOPLAY's annual Gold Medal for the best picture produced during the year. Since 1920 our thousands of readers have consistently held a record for unerring taste and sound judgment in voting this award to a picture outstanding for its fine production, direction, acting and photography. Once again we ask you to select the winner! Looking back over the winners of previous years, we know you will not fail us.

This has been a year of glorious achievement in the motion-picture industry. An amazing number of pictures has been produced that are so generally excellent it will be harder than ever to decide which one was the best. Adventure, romance, mystery, musicals, sea sagas, westerns, grand opera, costume pictures, childhood classics—the list is endless. For your benefit, we list here outstanding pictures of 1937. Space does not permit us to record every fine picture, so if your favorite is not here, vote anyway.

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal is the only award of its kind in which the public absolutely has the whole say. No board of judges sits in to decide the vote. You and you only, are both the juror and the judge. Your vote, this year, encourages the producer to make even better pictures next year.

The medal, a facsimile of which appears above, is solid gold, designed and executed by Tiffany & Co. Acting as your representative, we will bestow this distinguished award on the studio which produced the picture which wins the most votes. We wish to emphasize that any picture released in 1937 may be voted upon. Don't miss this chance of deciding on such an important matter.

We should like you to vote as early as possible. Fill out the ballot (right), or just write your choice on a slip of paper and send it in to the Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, New York.

What was the Best Picture of 1937? Don't delay! Vote now!

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

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 WIMPOLLE STREET"
1935 "NAUGHTY MARIETTA"
1936 "SAN FRANCISCO"

OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1937

Adventures of Marko Polo, The
All About Eve to Town
Angel
Awful Truth, The
 Barrier, The
Black Legion
Call It a Day
Canine
Captains Courageous
Conquest
Damsel in Distress, A
Dryly the Races, A
Dead End
Easy Living
Fish Tide
Firefly, The
Fire Over England
Good Earth, The
Head Over Heels in Love
Held
Held High, Wide and Handsome
History is Made at Night
Hurricane, The
I Met Him in Paris
Kid Galahad
King and the Chorus
Girl, The
Knight Without Armor
Last Gangster, The
Last of Mrs. Cheyney, The
Lift of Emilie Zola, The
Lost Horizon

NAME OF PICTURE

NAME

ADDRESS

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL 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 1937.

NAME OF PICTURE

NAME

ADDRESS
Dear Readers, this has been quite a month on your editor, for I not only have had to put out a magazine but I also have had my picture taken... both plain and with Clark Gable... and between those two points I assure you lies a lot of traffic...

This month began just like an average Hollywood month which, of course, is totally unlike a month anywhere else on earth...

I wasn’t a bit startled when a perfectly strange man called me at home at midnight one night and said that he had an exclusive interview with Garbo about her not marrying Stokowski and could he bring the story into the office at ten the next morning?... and I was even less surprised when he got there at three rather than at ten...

I didn’t even blink when, after Walt Disney had sent me up those enchanting pictures of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (see page 18), he called to say that he had to have them back again for an hour or so for retakes...

I was moved as deeply and sincerely as I have ever been at any work of art when I saw “Conquest,” that exquisite production starring Garbo and Charles Boyer with Boyer giving what for my money is the finest character performance I have ever seen on the screen... yet somehow not overshadowing that greatest artist of them all, the divine Greta...

I had the extreme pleasure of lunching with Herbert Yates, the new head of Republic Pictures, and finding him the type of intelligent hardheaded businessman that this industry sorely needs....

I got stood up on a date with Tyrone Power on account of he had a date that same day with Janet Gaynor and quite naturally by comparison forgot my glamour—if any...

I went down to Paramount to get smart little Edith Head to design a dress for me and got the ribbing of my life from Edith, Travis Banton, Mary McQuire, who is the fitter, and that elegant Miss Colbert who strolled in just as they were measuring me... the trouble was they all had different ideas as to how that—I was taught in kindergarten to call it my form—might be camouflaged...

I managed to arrive at Fox the day that Miss Temple put up her curls and grabbed the very first shots of the world-shaking event for Photoplay...

I called one day at Goldwyn’s and met Charlie McCarthy.

I went to previews night after night and the Eddie Cantor dinner and the huge Borgage party and talked with writers by day and stars by night...

Ah yes, it was in its way a typical Hollywood month... or would have been if I had kept away from those photographers...

It was those bright boys at Metro who started it all... they have on that lot a new photographer from Europe named Lazlo Willinger, and by way of proving that he could photograph anything, I suppose, they suggested that he photograph me... and thoroughly complimented I was at the result...

Then they began getting subtle on me... they said they thought it would be a good idea if I had a full make-up put on by Jack Dawn, head of their make-up department... well, little did I realize what truths I was to learn about myself...

A more charming, competent gentleman than Mr. Dawn I’d never expect to find, and I hope I never meet a more honest one...

First of all he didn’t think much of the way my hair was done... a grand girl named Olga came along to do something about that... I’d heard about Olga... I knew she was Garbo’s hairdresser so while she worked on my head I worked on Olga trying to get Garbo information from her... well, she got further than I did... for at least she accomplished what she set out to do while all the Garbo stuff I gleaned from her could have been printed very comfortably on the back of a pin...

Finally, though, my curls were set and Mr. Dawn took over... he was very swell about it, but ah how truthful... he said my eyebrows weren’t so good... that my mouth was crooked... that the less said about my nose the better... outside of that I could pass... the miracle was that when he got through I did look fairly human...

(Continued on page 87)
ELEGANCE that is young and flattering... the brilliant silver of FEDERAL Foxes. It adds sparkle to eyes... the rich undertone of the fur accents the lovely curve of cheek and throat. Every FEDERAL Silver Fox has the FEDERAL name sealed to an ear and stamped on the leather side of skin... the hallmark of enduring quality.
Whenever you murmur about Hollywood salaries, do remember the dream the stars stand for—the dream of all the lonely women in a world that sometimes doesn't portion its happiness quite evenly. Remember, too, that in the darkness of a little theater, in exchange for a few silver coins, they can watch come true a romance that has eluded too many of them, find for a few hours happiness too many of them have missed.
NOW THAT THE WORLD'S GREATEST LOVERS ARE NOT COMING TO AMERICA, NOW THAT THEIR TRIP IS PROBABLY "INDEFINITELY POSTPONED," THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DOUBTS AND FEARS THAT ASSAILED HOLLYWOOD OVER THE PROMISED VISIT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR CAN BE TOLD.

IT WAS A CERTAINTY, A FEW MONTHS AGO, THAT THE WORLD'S MOST GLAMOROUS COUPLE WERE PLANNING TO VISIT THE WORLD'S MOST GLAMOROUS CITY THIS MONTH.

DURING THIS PROPOSED CALIFORNIA TRIP THEY HAD EXPECTED TO VISIT WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST AT SAN SIMEON. THIS HAD BEEN "IN THE CARDS" SINCE SOME WEEKS BEFORE THAT FATEFUL DAY WHEN EDWARD MADE HIS NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN RADIO ADDRESS OF ABDICATION FOR "THE WOMAN I LOVE."

AND SO, SIMILARLY, WHEN THEY WERE TO BE ON THE COAST THEY HAD EXPECTED TO STAY WITH MARION DAVIES, SINCE SHE HAD BEEN A FRIEND OF WALLY'S FOR SOME TIME. ARRANGEMENTS FOR THIS PART OF THEIR HOLLYWOOD TRIP HAD BEEN GOING ON UNDER COVER FOR MONTHS. EDWARD WANTED TO HAVE SEVERAL LONG CHATS WITH CHARLIE CHAPLIN, TO MEET WALT DISNEY WHOM HE ADMIRE, AND TO BE PERMITTED "ON SET" WHILE SHIRLEY TEMPLE WAS MAKING A PICTURE.

WALLY'S FILM "IDEAL" (IF SHE COULD BE SAID TO BE INTERESTED IN ANYONE SAVE HER EX-KING) IS GENE RAYMOND. CAN YOU GUESS WHY—OR CAN'T YOU SEE THE STRONG RESEMBLANCE? THEN, SHE THINKS BILL POWELL IS JUST ABOUT THE "SMOOTHEST THING ON RUBBER HEELS." LIKE ALL WOMEN ALL OVER THE WORLD SHE WANTED TO DANCE WITH FRED ASTAIRE; AND HEAR BING CROSBY CROON.

THE NAMES OF MANY PROMINENT FILMLAND HOSTESSES HAD BEEN PRESENTED TO THE WINDSORS WEEKS IN ADVANCE IN HOPES OF LEARNING EXACTLY BY WHOM THEY CHOSE TO BE ENTERTAINED. AND A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME THAT THEY HAD OKAYED THE IRVING BERLINS, THE LEWIS MILESTONES, THE DARRYL ZANUCKS, THE MERVYN...
LeRoys, the Johnny Considines, the Cedric Gibbons, the Doug Fairbanks, the Franchot Tones, the John Barrymores, the Walter Wangers, and the Louis B. Mayers, in addition to the star already mentioned above.

As delighted as these people were to have been "accepted" by the ex-King of England, they were, nevertheless, in a tough spot. For Hollywood is no longer a suburb of Los Angeles where they make motion pictures, but it is an international enterprise depending upon the good will of all nations for its prosperity. Only recently Hollywood discovered this in the case of Vittorio Mussolini.

The story runs that Hal Roach, a producer of comedies, met the son of Il Duce in Rome and asked him if he would be interested in seeing how films were made. Things began to happen very rapidly. "R-A-M" was formed. This meant "Roach-and-Mussolini." And the boy came over.

**Roach** sent out invitations for a great dinner party in his honor. He thought he had put over a fine piece of social and political business until he was rudely awakened by the number of regrets he received. It seemed that more than half of Hollywood—the important half—couldn't attend the dinner that evening.

And so, even though the party that night was much less of a success than they had anticipated, things were much worse next morning.

Full-page advertisements began appearing in several movie-land papers denouncing the Italian dictator's son in no uncertain terms, and reprinting excerpts from his recently published book which dealt with his own part in the Ethiopian catastrophe.

One of these advertisements read: "Excerpts from 'Voli Sulle Ambe' (Wings Over Ambe) by Vittorio Mussolini. Pub. in Florence, Italy, 1936: 'We received the order to repeat the bombardment. It was most diverting... It may be I had expected too much. I had anticipated terrific explosions such as in the American films whereas here the nests of the Ethiopians, made as they are of clay and brushwood, do not offer the bomber any satisfaction... war certainly educes. I recommend it to everybody... War for us has been a sport, the most beautiful and complete of all sports.'"

Following this quote was this terse comment: "Hollywood is on record throughout the country as having welcomed Signor Vittorio Mussolini with open arms. We feel that Hollywood does not deserve this reputation. We can best show the world what Hollywood really feels about Vittorio Mussolini (Continued on page 72)"
LONELY HEART OF

JANET GAYNOR

A little boy grew up to make a dream
come true and bring happiness to a
star he had worshipped from afar

BY BARBARA HAYES

OVER ten years ago a thin, dark-eyed but already good-looking boy of
twelve walked on fast-growing lanky legs into a Cincinnati movie palace to see a
picture called "Seventh Heaven." People were saying that a new star had been born
in this film, that it was a masterpiece of modern photography; that the performances
of Charlie Farrell, and of Janet Gaynor especially, were fine and emotional and very
moving.

But the boy didn’t care about the word-of-mouth campaign that was making "Seventh
Heaven" such a success. He rode over and parked his bicycle outside the theater and
went in because he'd made some extra money running errands for a drugstore, and be-
cause it was Saturday afternoon, when he always went to the movies.

He chose a seat in the second row—the first was full of other children—opened a
package of Jujubes, and settled himself comfortably on his spine. Five minutes later he
was tingly all over with first love.

The young preadolescent's name was Tyrone Power, and his new affinity was the pro-
jected shadow of Janet Gaynor; and today these two have all Hollywood whispering
curiously—because not only is he still in love with her, she is in love with him, breath-
lessly, completely . . .

To have held onto a seemingly hopeless devotion for ten long years, through the end-
less change from boy to youth to man; to forget, at periodic intervals, those figures
labeled vaguely in his mind as blonde and brunette and Mabel and Nickie and Sonja
and a goodly number of other names; but always to remember at last the nebulous
adoration of a distant and unattainable love—this is the amazing thing, the fact that is
so incongruous with Tyrone and his genera-
tion. Usually a movie fan is unfaithful in relation to his favorite star's success or fail-
ure. Usually he shifts his worship from one to another as his attitudes change.

But when Hollywood's newest young con-
tract actor was given a minor role in "Ladies
in Love," and on the set of that picture met
Janet Gaynor, its star, for the first time, he
could say nothing. Tyrone was not a fellow
actor being introduced to one of the other
employees at Twentieth Century-Fox, he
was the boy who during ten years—as an
errand boy and a soda jerker and an Or-
pheum usher and a road-show stock player
—had seen every Gaynor picture four times,
and had tucked her photograph over his
dresser to look at when he combed his hair.
He was a fan meeting a star, and so was
speechless.

Janet said, "How do you do?" was moment-
arily appreciative of his eyes; waited for
some sort of answer. When he merely stared
at her, dumbly, she thought with disappoint-
ment: "Oh." And turned away, dismissing
him from her mind.

SHE was still so unattainable to him that he
didn't even consider telephoning her to ask
for a date. His adoration of her was a de-
tached thing; it had no physical importance;
it was a disembodied emotion, ideal because
it demanded nothing. When he was away
from her he still thought of her as the Janet
Gaynor of the screen, a shadow, a kind of
dream—and she was in his mind only occa-
sionally.

So it was that he could sincerely bea
Sonja Henie about town, as he had beaue
so many other girls about so many other
towns.

Nevertheless, the day after he met Janet
he went to a florist and had three dozen red
roses sent—anonymously—to the Gaynor
dressing room. The next day he wrote a
check and established a standing order for
the flowers to be delivered, wherever she
was, three times a week and from different
florists so she could not check up on the
person who was sending those roses that
(Continued on page 88)
A story from the man who scooped every newspaper reporter in the country—by talking to Garbo herself

BY JIM SIMMONS

THE great, the glamorous Garbo. Around this Swedish "Madonna of the Screen" there has been wrapped a chimerical veil of mystery and silence until she has become an almost legendary figure.

Many times she has been rumored about to wed. Currently, up to fevered pitch, has come the cry that the beautiful Norsewoman will at last plunge into matrimony—with white-haired Leopold Stokowski, he of the expressive hands in "100 Men and a Girl," the world-famous leader of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

Hollywood has buzzed, news has zinged along wires to the nation and the world, gossip columnists have speculated in print, radio chatterers have flung their opinions over the air waves.

Mrs. Evelyn Stokowski is in Nevada to get a divorce, it went. Garbo has been seen everywhere with Stokowski, they said, and is madly in love with him. Mrs. Stokowski will spill plenty... Watch... Wait... Buzz... Buzz... But—Garbo will not marry Stokowski! I know—I talked with her!

"No," she told me, "no, I will not marry Mr. Stokowski.

It was one of the rare interviews ever obtained by anyone from the glamorous star herself. The only one in which she openly discussed current romance rumors concerning herself.

This unprecedented happening took place outside George Cukor's mansion in the hills above Hollywood, after a mad and merry automobile chase with me in hot pursuit of the phantom star's black limousine.

It had come about after I had, by careful sleuthing, spotted the current home of Garbo, waited patiently for her appearance, and been rewarded when I saw her start off in her car bound for somewhere.

I followed. I was determined to talk to at least one of the principals in this reported romance. I am a reporter. I wanted to know.

Closely I followed the speeding car as it swung onto Sunset Boulevard, down through Bel-Air and Beverly Hills. As I strained to keep always in sight that black car ahead, there ran through my mind the names of those other men with whom Garbo's name has been linked in romance in the twelve years in which she has become the screen's greatest actress and its epitome of glamour.

Maurice Stiller—the man who brought a gawky, awkward Swedish girl to New York and then Hollywood where she was to fulfill a destiny. Stiller, a great director who saw the potentialities in this attenuated, mystically beautiful. A man with whom she was genuinely in love.

John Gilbert—the silent films' great lover with whom she played in passionate love scenes before grinding cameras and with whom she was wildly infatuated.

Rouben Mamoulian—gossips had him married to the "Swedish Sphinx" when they traveled to Arizona on their now famous trip. Her director in "Queen Christina." Distinctly "arty." Hailed a genius on one side, with disagreement on the other. But a man who held Garbo's romantic interest vividly for a time.

George Brent—she met Brent, virile, good-looking, strictly a man's man, known in Hollywood as a perennial bachelor (until his recent stormy marital adventure with Constance Worth) when he became her leading man in "The Painted Veil," was intrigued by him, became a frequent visitor to his Toluca Lake home for tennis and tête-à-tête dinners. (Brent once told me that he considered Garbo the most fascinating woman he had ever known—or known of.) George Cukor—as her director. He guided her in "Camille." More than anyone else, Cukor was responsible for bringing Garbo to the public eye.

I won't marry

STOKOWSKI

SAYS

GARBO

Because the author had once been on her studio crew, it was to him alone that Garbo revealed the facts.

(Continued on page 86)
HOLLYWOOD'S
NOT-SO-ANCIENT
MARINERS

Our Young Man About Hollywood

describes the saltiest crew that ever
sailed the seas—the West Coast fleet

BY ERROL FLYNN

The author in nautical action—
one of those few real yachts-
men in Hollywood who don't
sit talking about yachting, but
practice it—in dungarees

W ITH some people it's horses;
others like cars and others still go
for postage stamps. Personally,
I'm one of the men who gets a bit weak in
the knees at either the sight of a slim-hulled
yacht or a ditto mermaid.

I haven't seen any of the latter since I
went on the water wagon.

I have seen one of the former, however—
the Cheerio II—and I promptly bought her.
A new life began and it was then that I
learned of a new side of Hollywood—the
side where driftwood is substituted for dance
floors, where kelp beds take the place of
feather beds and blondes. That sounds swell.
I wish it were true.

Perhaps you'll think me naïve, but I had
assumed that these chaps who are forever
playing parts before the must knew some-
thing about sailing. For the most part they
are very convincing in their pictures as they
stride the poop deck and bawl their orders
at chantey-singing seamen. Then when I
heard that some of these same men owned
their own boats in private life and occasion-
ally could be heard discussing the relative
merits of certain types of sail, I began to feel
a certain brotherly emotion surging in the
bottom.

It didn't surge there very long before it
became the surge of nausea and, with it,
came the realization that the best seaman
in the bunch and the man who should be
Commodore of the Hollywood fleet was Pop-
eye, the Sailorman.

At a party you can always spot a pair of
these boat owners by the wary look in their
eyes as they talk shop. Like a couple of
fencers they feint around with tentatively
salty language, obviously quoting from some
nautical magazine and praying to high
heaven that their vis-à-vis hasn't read the
same one.

DON'T get the idea that there aren't a few
—a very few—real yachtsmen in Hollywood.
There are, but they are hard to find because
they don't talk yachting, they practice it—
which means you'll only find them beating
up the channel, running down the coast or,
clad in dirty dungarees, over the side with a
bucket of white lead. But where you won't
find them is in the Tropicadero Bar getting a
good coat of Mazda Ten, or giving an inde-
cent exposure of their minds every time
they open their mouths when the talk
(Continued on page 82)
A galaxy of favorites old and new especially drawn for us. Close-ups (below and opposite page) of the new characters, by courtesy of Walt Disney

A Photoplay Exclusive brings you a first glimpse of these fairy-tale characters, soon to be famous.
SEVEN DWARFS

Season’s Greetings, Photoplay!

Come join us in our holiday.
It’s one of joy and great delight
For now at last we’ve finished “SNOW WHITE.”

We’ve worried and hurried and scurried around
Preparing our Princess for color and sound;
We’ve grunted and groaned and lived by our wits
And written new music to see that it fits.

Three years we have labored, worked without end,
Thousands of drawings our artists have penned;
But, alas and alack, since we can’t tell you more
We give you these pages of fairy-tale lore.

GRUMPY is a cagey lad
His feelings in a shell,
He always looks as if he’s mad
At heart he’s simply swell.

SNEEZY is a funny bloke,
He snuffles, coughs and wheezes,
But when a fella tells a joke
Invariably he sneezes.

DOPEY’S quite a looney guy
So mischievous and sly,
But when you see him strut his stuff
You’ll laugh until you cry.

BASHFUL is afraid of girls
And yet he loves Snow White,
But when she turns to smile at him
He nearly dies of fright.

SLEEPY is a lazy cuss
A good-for-nothing dreamer
Who saves himself a lot of fuss
By being quite a schemer.

DOG’S our self-appointed boss
As vain as he is snooty,
To us he’s just a total loss
But he thinks he’s a cutey.

Among our merry little band
Is this balooney chappie,
Who laughs all day and acts so gay
We always call him HAPPY.

The dwarfs came home from a busy day
And found a guest was there,
Upon the bed, asleep she lay,
Snow White—their Princess fair.
From his maternal ancestry George inherited his liquid brown eyes and swarthy skin; from his father's—an all-consuming ambition that carried him to stardom. But beneath an unemotional surface lies a nature few know as well as Virginia Pine.
In exploding those Hollywood myths concerning George Raft this author gives you a vivid picture of a boy who wanted the spotlight

Chicago, went on to a New York which, to him, is a nostalgic mixture of lights, night clubs, "we boys," dames, boyhood memories and home.

Mom greeted him joyously in her Washington Heights apartment. Mom loved George, the lamb who strayed, with a fierce, protective passion. Once upon a time when George was to be rubbed out by mobsters in "Scarface," Eva Glockner Ranft, which is her full name, rose from her seat in the theater and screamed:

"Don't let 'em get you, Georgie!"

George told her about his work.

"And, Mom," he added, "here's the big news. That first trip West was a bust because of your asthma—but this one won't be.

The doctors say I can take you to the Coast in six months. You've got to be high up, like you are here on the Heights. So I've bought a lot in a canyon above Beverly Hills. I'm building a ten-room house for you and me."

An architect was already working on the plans and the place would be ready by the time she could make the trip West. George was very matter-of-fact about the whole thing. That's his way. The sentimental stream in his nature runs deep, doesn't show through the brittle, steely surface of his personality. But he rejoiced that they would be together for the first time since he'd run away from home when he was fourteen.

A FEW nights later, at six o'clock, George telephoned his mother, a daily custom, to find out how she felt.

"Mrs. Ranft has had a stroke," a physician informed him.

Eva Ranft was in a coma when George reached her. She remained unconscious for twenty-six hours while George, fighting with everything and every brain money could command, fought that undefeated antagonist, death.

He lost.

From that moment until he entered the church he was the cold automaton of the screen—hard, unemotional. Smoothly, methodically, efficiently, he handled every detail of the funeral, all other affairs.

Mack Gray, his constant companion, walked on one side and a friend on the other. Then George heard the organ. He stopped in his tracks. The music had hit him just as in other years ring opponents had clipped him on the chin.

"That dirge told me," George said today, "that my mother was gone. Ever since I've been a kid I've heard it. It brought back a lot of things that hurt inside."

It wove a pattern of sorrow. His father, Conrad Ranft, had died seven years before. Katherine, his sister, had gone two years previous. Before that, nine brothers had marched onward in silent procession to the music. But what was more poignant—

"For the first time," George explained, "I realized I was alone."

Today he is the survivor of his family. He returned from New York, a sorrowing man, to a home that will be empty of his mother's presence.

"It's always been that way," he says.

"First I've gotten what I wanted—and then something's been snatched away from me."

George has filled two ambitions. Two fine lines of accomplishment are drawn through his amazing career—a life which has taken him from a railroad apartment in Forty-first Street, to a penthouse atop one of Hollywood's most exclusive apartment houses. A life which has taken him from a bed of empty potato sacks in the basement of a neighborhood grocery store to the finest beds that money can buy. A life which has taken him through two loves to the adulation of millions of women.

The two fine lines?

"When I was a kid," George explains, "I decided to be somebody. I wanted the spotlight. I wanted everybody to know me, and to say, 'Hi, Georgie!'"

The fates have nodded to that choice through four separate careers.

"When I was a kid," George repeats, "I wanted to succeed by myself. I wanted to be alone, to go it all alone."

The fates have bowed to that request, too. For George is alone. Living today are two people who really know George Raft. One is Mack Gray. The other is Virginia Pine Lehmann. To the rest of the world, George is a name and a picture character. A slick-haired, patent-leather guy who flipped a nickel through the ten reels of "Scarface." A fellow who wears high-waisted clothes, who gets his way with men by pushing them around, and who gets his way with women by looking at them as if he's going to push them around.

That isn't George Raft.

Nor is there a clear picture of George in the legends which have been kicked around wherever English is spoken.

The real George is an unactuated fellow who doesn't quite know what to do with himself. Who has what he wants and isn't quite sure whether or not he wants it. A guy who, under that highly polished patina of sophistication is a rank sentimentalist with a sensitive nature, easily hurt, who therefore takes offense easily. A person who gropes around looking for something he can't find now that he's found the unsatisfying things he started to look for.

All these characteristics reveal themselves in a few short minutes.

"That house I'm going to build," he says.

(Continued on page 83)
THE sight-seer in most cities can take his time: the Empire State Building or the Tower of London isn’t going to budge. The sight-seer in Hollywood has to keep moving to a constant chorus of, “They’re here,” “They’ve gone,” “They passed that way.” Chasing the picture stars takes him, at a fast clip, to the studios, the Brown Derby, the race track, the night plane for New York.

When the sight-seer catches up with the star, autograph book in hand, he usually sees two figures emerge from the sleek limousine into the flashlights. An actress and her boy friend? Not at all.

The twosome is far more frequently one of the press photographers will label Genius and her Girl Friend. Or Famous Female and her Foil. Or Star and Stooge...

The glamorous ladies of Hollywood have close women friends, contrary to the general belief that any girl with sex appeal must spend her life being a Man’s Woman. Old-fashioned dramatists knew better; their favorite stage direction was “Enter Confi-dante.” At this point in the play a mildly unattractive girl entered from the left and gave the heroine a chance to relax. Confi-dantes abound in Hollywood today.

Someone has said that famous women don’t need husbands—they need wives. In many cases the Hollywood stars’ best friends run their households, save them from interruptions, cook and chuck them into a cheerful mood when things have gone wrong, in the best approved wifely manner. In other cases the girl friend is around less constantly, but she serves her purpose as a repository of secrets and a builder-up of self-esteem.

MOVING-PICTURE stars have their carpet-slipper moods. They know moments when they are tired of being too darned glamorous on the lot and in the drawing room. They want to loll around in an old flannel dressing gown with cold cream on their faces. The men they know would be scandalized if they could see them then; the women friends curl up with their knitting and let them talk.

Consider, for instance, the cult of the hairdresser as confidante among the glamorous girls out West. No woman is a heroine to the person who sees her with her head stuck in a soapy bowl, or with the Topsy-like con-trivance of the permanent wave attached. But Joan Blondell’s best friend is her hairdresser, Ruth Pursley, who attended her when she married Dick Powell.

Marlene Dietrich’s closest intimate is Nellie Manley, another curl-and-cuticle girl in...
HER OPPOSITE

Hollywood. When Dietrich went to England to make "Knight Without Armor," British Gaumont paid Nellie's expenses, so that she might accompany Marlene. But when the picture was finished, Dietrich, at her own expense, took Nellie to Paris, bought her an entirely new wardrobe and finished off the whole thing by taking Nellie on a grand tour of the Continent.

Last Christmas, Marlene presented Nellie with a new Ford car. When Nellie saw the car she climbed in, stepped on the starter and burst into tears. With tears streaming down her cheeks, she rode around and around the block with Marlene standing on the corner watching the strange sight. Finally Nellie stopped the car and tried to thank Marlene who was so bewildered, she, too, began crying.

Marlene has twice tried to break the rule which says that two important women stars cannot be close friends without damaging their careers. When she first came to America she was a vast admirer of the work of Joan Crawford and was seen everywhere with her. But when a movie magazine compared their work, von Sternberg, Miss Dietrich's director, interfered.

"They are using you to build up Joan," he said. "I won't have it! You must see no more of her." And that was the end of a

(Continued on page 76)
SEVERAL months ago in this very magazine there was published an article which stated that Grace Moore was desperately worried and haunted by the fear that she would become voiceless. Having listened to her radio broadcast the week before reading the article and having heard the golden notes of hers that came pouring out as honey-smooth and pure and true as I have ever heard, this sounded cockeyed to me, and in the weeks that have passed the whole story has seemed more absurd. So, recently, I went to Grace Moore herself to ask her how such stories could ever come about. After all, as I had listened in on subsequent Saturdays her singing had not only a supreme pitch of technical perfection, but it was rich with feeling, warm with intimacy, so that when she finished with her gracious "My love to you all" you felt you had been listening not to an artist alone but to a friend who had sung to you.

It has since been proven beyond any shadow of a doubt that the original story was based on a rumor which was completely without any basis in fact—one of those stories that are born by nothing out of nowhere, take wings to themselves, and gain, for a while, artificial lives of their own. I thought it needed squelching. Anyone with ears to hear could, of course, do the squelching for himself. But since it had taken form in words, I felt that it ought to be killed in the same way, and that Miss Moore was the person who could best supply me with the means.

She had just finished recording the songs for her new Columbia picture, "I'll Take Romance"—songs which will prove to picture fans what the air waves have already proven to radio fans—that they are in no danger of losing the joy of her singing, that her voice is riper, fuller, more dramatic than it has ever been.

"How do these stories start?" she cried, her blue eyes clouded. "I can't understand it. First thing I knew, letters came pouring in to me and my managers, wanting to know if there was any truth in it. I'd have liked to sit down and answer them all myself. But you can't answer a flood. I'd have liked to climb up to the top of the world and shout, 'no.' But I didn't know where to look for the top of the world," she laughed through her distress, "That's the trouble with rumors. You can't fight them. They're so insidious. All I could do was sing which, after all, was the best answer, I suppose."

THE baseless rumor seemed to have started when Miss Moore, after making her last picture, canceled a number of concert engagements in order to recover fully from an attack of the flu contracted while she was in the midst of production.

She flung her hands out in a little gesture of helplessness. "But singers cancel engagements right and left when they have good cause. They don't wait till they've lost their voices—what fools they'd be!—they do it to protect their voices.

"I had the flu, just the plain, simple little influenza germ, like anybody else, that can make you so miserable you don't want to talk, let alone sing. But I was making a picture and, flu or no flu, I had to go on making it. I finished it with a temperature of 103. Of course, I was hoarse. Of course, I was worn out. Of course, I had to cancel my concert engagements. Assume a lost voice with every broken date, and there wouldn't be any voices left in the world."

Yes, Grace Moore did lose her voice once. She'd told the story herself as a warning to young singers. "I not only couldn't sing. For six months I wasn't allowed to open my mouth for so much as a whisper. That's per-
Don Ameche: actor, singer, radio star, who rides as he lives—hard, earnestly and with grit. His role in "In Old Chicago" is proof of his craftsmanship.
On the set she breaks all traditions of the theater by whistling constantly and admitting that she likes visitors. Off the set she shows up the glamour queens by being just Ginger Rogers, a little girl with freckles and an astounding appetite. In her free moments, since she's not a tea hound, she performs dexterously on the tennis court; on occasion, since she's a businesswoman, she can stamp down just as dexterously, if not quite so gracefully, on the studio's argumentative carpet—with proper results.
"The good old days"—it's a well-known phrase. Our files of those same old days yielded some sights that will put an end, for all time, to the boastful females of that famous generation. Top row: a velvet bathing suit with ruffles of taffeta "for beach purposes only"; a natty tennis costume that's a far cry from the shorts our movie queens wear today; high pointed shoes worn with a "simple little evening gown." "Our Mary" in a "useful" frock of navy serge which Madame Lanvin has made "ornamental" as well; a flapper's ball dress—the coy lace petticoat and those "Baby Louis" heels give it the necessary umph; plain but rich, Norma Talmadge's satin bathing suit with tasseled knickers. Second row: beauty unadorned—Mabel Normand in an unpretentious afternoon frock. Half socks were daring, especially with a "one-piece" bathing suit; "Viola Dana plays a fast game"—in this tennis costume? Black and white checkered motif for action in a pool; "a beach dress" (!)—just purple brocaded velvet with batik cape. Fur for richness, spats for warmth and cut-out shoes for vanity—that's Anita! Bottom: the hose on Bebe Daniels floored us; a new idea was Lois' looped ribbon "taking the place of summer fur"; "a novelty," this black and white "slip-on" dress so perfect for golf. Why men went wrong—Phyllis Haver. Billie's all set for a California blizzard. Off in a cloud of dust—chic motorist Mae
Top, left to right: Claire Windsor—streamline, 1923 version. Gloria, in stripes, sits on that new Continental fad—"the seat cane"; just a satin sport dress for Eleanor—the shoe buckles give it that "dressy" touch. The instigator of the "frantic scramble" for those dazzling Russian boots—Pola Negri; the Brent allure of a bandeau, a fan and a curve; Garbo, exponent of the "strictly tailored" mode—with bulges; the dramatic splendor of a little number for the rain, complete with high boots, patent-leather bag, dog-handled umbrella. A coy glimpse of the lingerie era—Alice White; chic (and shapeless) is this dress with a pleated ruffle dangling demurely above dimpled knees. Second row: the s. a. of flapper Clara Bow—two-piece hand-blocked allure with "spit curl" trimming. The "Letty Lynton" dress, the perfect example of what made Joan Crawford the ideal of all Charleston dancing daughters in America.
Right: that slim long-waisted effect was Lil’s, but nobody has ever taken her place as the "best dressed woman on the screen" because . . . even then she wore styles (note her beach costume) as modern as today’s. Bottom: Marlene shocked old ladies (they didn’t know she was concealing hips) when she appeared in man’s attire—overcoat, tuxedo, hat, scarf, shoes—complete; the back-to-nature movement—the boyish type, freckles and all—dashing Katharine proves personality a winner over make-up; Norma sports the one-eyed coiffure and lets the curves take care of themselves. Now flip back the page to the tennis and bathing-suit costumes of 1914 and compare them with the 1937 girls, Virginia and Jean, whose sport togs are not for show purposes only. We blush for them, they blush for us! Sloe-eyed glamour with a wallop—Carole Lombard; and so evolves our 1937 charm—Kay’s gilded flower does it
"Tovarich" star and director—Claudette Colbert and Anatole Litvak
Loretta Young, Louella Parsons and Irene Dunne snapped on the stairs

Bridgers—Kay Francis and the hostess' best friend, Connie Bennett
Bride Miriam Hopkins goes hilarious over Ivan Lebedeff's best story
LEADING
HOLLYWOOD HOSTESS
RETURNS

American-born Countess Dorothy di Frasso, peeress among party-givers, trots home from a summer abroad to open the winter season with a gala soirée for film friends.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MYMAN FINK

Cedric Gibbons, Norma Shearer and David Niven. It was to Merle Oberon's ex-fiancé that Norma devoted herself.

Romantic bliss (upper right): Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks, Loretta Young and Joe Mankiewicz. Domestic happiness (right): Harmon Nelson and wife Bette Davis with Michael Brooke looking on.
Drama in her bare feet, stringy hair via the sprinkling can method—these our exponent of allure goes for in typical Lombard fashion. She'll show her legs (and nice ones, too) and don an ice bag with aplomb. She'll beef a bit and scowl if necessary, for dignity is dropped when Bill Wellman directs Carole and Freddie March in "Nothing Sacred," the Selznick cinema in which glamour, with much gusto, goes pf-f-f-t.
Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Powell and their son William, in the first picture taken together since fame and the family name became synonymous. He's Willie to his mother but his father calls him Bill. Wherever he lives, he makes arrangements for his parents to be near him. When he had a mansion in Beverly Hills, they lived in a little house on the grounds. Now he's in a smaller place—but the family still lives near by.

Frances Dee, normal American coed, who through hard work, luck and a young talent became a star. An actress marked for perfection, she lives life fully as the wife of Joel McCrea, the mother of two sons. Hers is a foolproof formula: round-eyed ingenuity, firm-chinned zeal, a wedding ring she wears always.
The Grand Duchess Tatiana Petrovna is silent in this fencing crisis, a bit more pliant (below) with her employer, played by Melville Cooper.
Resplendent with crown jewels, imperial dignity and regal honor; rife with expert gaiety, adroit wit andSophisticated charm is this edition of a famous Continental comedy about an impoverished royal Russian couple reduced to domestic service. Claudette Colbert, as Duchess Tatiana, handles milk bottles and tiara with impartial efficiency; Charles Boyer, Prince Mikhail, is courteous to bearded innkeeper Montagu Love, competent in teaching his young bourgeois master, Maurice Murphy, the gentleman art of fencing. Anatole Litvak, directing Colbert in the mastery of the broom and Commissar Rathbone in the approved manner of the Russian scowl, is making this a cinema worthy of its legitimate and popular Broadway ancestor.
Back in 1917 Mary Pickford played "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" with golden curls hanging down her back. The modern Rebecca captures her world-famous flyaway curls with two ribbons,—thereby graduating with honors from the little girl class to the beatific one of young ladyhood. The new coiffure was set by her favorite and only hairdresser—Mrs. Temple. With it all, Shirley's still a pony rider, collector of autographs, wit of the set (page 41)
FROM THE EDDY FRONT

NELSON EDDY has made a determined effort to throw off the shadow of bad publicity that attended him on his concert tours. Instead of complaining of pursuing women, Eddy himself is doing a first-class job of pursuing. In fact, Eddy's various reported romances are all a concentrated effort on the singer's part to do a complete rightabout-face and be a jolly good fellow if it kills him. For the first time in his life he's making the night club rounds and entertaining the amazed audiences with impromptu singing that goes on and on into the cold dawn.

His clowning on the "Rosalie" set provoked director Van Dyke to remark he wished Eddy would go climb back into his shell. Even the M-G-M commissary has provided a locale for "the new Eddy" monkey-shines. At a birthday celebration in the dining room, Nelson, with cake frosting from ear to ear, proceeded to astonish diners with more of his out-in-the-open clowning. His rushing from one pretty girl to another was recently climaxed when he became official guide and escort to Hedy Lamarr, former "Ecstasy" girl.

OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE

SHIRLEY appears minus her famous curls for the first time in her career. For "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" she ties her hair back in two little bunches, one over each ear. The Raymond Scott quintette, the most sensational band in town, has written words and music for Shirley's songs in this picture. They are hot. They are fast. And how Rebecca gets around them is one for Zanuck to worry over, not us.

When director Allan Dwan accidentally burped on the set, Shirley regarded him pathetically saying, "What's the matter? Your shoes too tight?"

She insists everyone on the set wear paper clips to designate they are Shirley Temple "G-Men." This was inspired by G-Man Hoover's visit to her set.

THIS IS ENDED; THIS BEGUN

WE'VE been wondering in a mild sort of way if the romantic split between Merle Oberon and David Niven would make any difference in the friendship of David and Norma Shearer, who is Merle's closest friend.

It hasn't. Since David's return from England, he has been Norma's escort at parties, dancing with her constantly and escorting her home.

We're glad, and we bet Merlie is too, that at least the three of them can be friends. Which reminds us of something David said about Merle, recently. He was telling of seeing her in London and he said, "For the first time, my heart didn't stop at the sight of her."

That's how he knew the romance was over. It's how they both knew.

For further proof that the status quo of the Shearer-Niven friendship has been maintained, turn back to page 33 and look at the picture of David and Norma.
PERSONALITY NOTE

JOAN DAVIS, funny girl out at 20th Century-Fox, is the most popular woman on a lot full of such beauties as Alice Faye, June Lang, Loretta Young and Leah Ray. She never eats lunch with less than six handsome men, including directors and writers, and even has a waiting list three days ahead. On the set she is constantly surrounded by handsome swains.

So we tapped one of them on the shoulder the other day and asked why. Here's his answer:

"Because, since Joan has no beauty to fuss over, primp over, worry over, her mind is free from herself at all times. What we are saying is more important to Joan than how she arches her brows or twinkles her eyelashes when she replies.

"Because she sheds movies like a duck sheds water, and because she's interested in every topic that interests a man."

Groans went up when Jean Parker displayed the lingerie ads of years gone-by. Illustrating the slogan of a famous tire company were Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable.

Ruthanna Butler represented the glitter of Hollywood's famous Troc but could be persuaded to make a Cook's Tour of Denmark if the Jean Hershelts would act as her guides.
LUCRE TROUBLE

Freddie Bartholomew's new salary arrangement with M-G-M ($2000 a week, poor little boy) which his Aunt Cassy got for him by taking the matter to court, has caused the parents or guardians of other child stars to ask for more money. Young Mr. Tommy Kelly, playing Tom Sawyer for Selznick, wants a raise at the conclusion of his first picture; and even Baby LeRoy is upping his price to $100 a day.

STRATEGIC RETREAT

Now our fine friend, Walter Winchell, explains that he is quitting pictures forever and returning to his lost love, Broadway. He found movie work too strenuous, even after he'd temporarily given up both radio broadcast and column. In the middle of summer, when we talked with him, he assured us New York was dead and that he would like to live the rest of his life in Hollywood; but it takes a staunch New Yorker to ignore the call when fall comes, and the new shows open, and everybody comes back to what Manhattanites elegantly call "town." Perhaps, when the first heat wave of 1938 comes around, W.W. will change his mind again.

ANOTHER JONES

Allan Jones, soaring at last to Metro stardom, remarked to us the other day that no one could possibly know what that baby— to come early this month—means to him, and to Irene Hervey. Both have been married before and both have children of their own. Irene's seven-year-old daughter, Gail, lives with them; Allan's son goes to a Long Island school. But the new Jones heir is something both can share, a consolidating tie between them.

All in all, the title of Allan's new film, "Everybody Sing," is by no means a misnomer as far as the private life of the Jones' family is concerned.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

BACHELOR TO WED, MAYBE

The fact that Ronald Colman is at last free—we understand—to marry again puts his apparent romance with Benita Hume into the important news category. For longer than anyone knew, they have known and adored each other, but always he has managed to keep her name out of print in connection with his own. Now he bothers no longer about secrecy, appears with her, admits his fondness for her. Watch closely.

THE TEN MOST IMPORTANT STARS THIS MONTH...

Shirley Temple: Discovered what a pun was, pointed at a rooster strutting about the set of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," said, "There's a real aroostererat." Her brother, Jack, got a third assistant-directorship on the 20th Century-Fox lot, which makes the third Temple on that studio's pay roll. Shirley is making plans for a world tour, if the wars are over by next summer.

Clark Gable: Has been going about occasionally with other gals besides Carole Lombard, according to reports; has lost weight and looks more magnificent than ever; is living on the Rex Ingram ranch in San Fernando Valley.

Fred Astaire: Will go to London at last—to visit his titled sister there. He has hesitated a long while over this decision.

Ginger Rogers: Has been doing her own splashing around, and the freezing waters of Big Bear Lake instead of asking a double to do it. Remarks, "I can take it but it's a little hard of them to call the picture, 'Having Wonderful Time.'" There is a rumor that if husband Lew Ayres wants a divorce, she will give him one.

Robert Taylor: Has been living in a country place outside of London. Tossed a cigarette butt away, a group of women fans made a dash for it, and the British papers said naughty things about him. Has been sending messages to Barbara Stanwyck by returning friends, who couldn't deliver them because she is strictly in hiding. Very unhappy in England. He will be home by Christmas.

Joan Crawford: Bought theater tickets for all the New York stage hits before she left with Mr. Tone for the East. She redecorated her Brentwood house, discovered that she would keep her weight down by running a mile every morning. Franchot turned down the lead in "Jezebel" to go with her to New York.

Claudette Colbert: Bought a new ermine coat and started "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

Jeanette MacDonald: Denies that Gene Raymond has been signed by Metro to star with her in pictures; denies that she will work together for at least two years because both have commitments; allowed him to touch her all the riding tricks she must know for "Girl of the Golden West."

Gary Cooper: Has discovered, to his dismay, that he is one of the first he-man film stars to set a clothes style for women. His Twelfth Century Chinese gowns in "Marco Polo" are scheduled as a new vogue. He has taken his wife, Sandra, to night clubs to celebrate his new little daughter's well-being, and has forsaken his usual silent demeanor for voluble camaraderie with all and sundry.

Jane Withers: Is still annoyed because "Heidi," originally bought for her, was given to Shirley Temple; is reported to want a raise in salary; has been refused by her mother the privilege of going to the movies for quite a time, as a disciplinary measure. Reason for the latter: while the electricity was cut off in her house she turned the heat on; the electrically controlled pilot light was out, of course, so the house filled with gas and almost asphyxiated the entire family.

MARRIAGE NOTE

INTERESTING things about the marriage of Betty Grable to Jackie Coogan, once "The Kid," are:

(Continued on page 70)
Do you know why Goldwyn is spending $2,000,000 to make his "Follies" in color? Vera Zorina, ballet dancer, is one reason.

Mrs. Mauch was very nervous one day on the set of "Penrod and His Twin Brother." When the scene ended she confessed why.

Columnist Louella Parsons, hitherto read but not seen, is jittery in her "Hollywood Hotel" role of Columnist Louella Parsons.
"Publicity!" you say when you hear amazing reports. This reporter shows you how to distinguish studio fiction from fact

BY JAMES REID

Do you know what studies do to make sure that their new foreign finds will have what the censors delicately refer to as glamour? Or what Cary Grant said when he found himself in the same scene with a leopard, as well as Katharine Hepburn? Or whether the headlines about Wallace Beery's shooting himself on a movie set were just a publicity stunt? Or whether Mae West gives away, between scenes, the same brand of lusty wit she sells to the camera? Or why it has taken Walt Disney three years to make one feature-length cartoon?

Follow us, and we'll all find out together.

M-G-M looks like a good place to start. M-G-M, among other things, boasts the biggest movie set since "Ben Hur," many long Hollywood years ago. It was built for "Rosalie," costarring Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy. It is a great circular plaza in the mythical kingdom of Romanza of which Eleanor is Princess.

Here, after Director W. S. Van Dyke puts 900 extras in their places and Albertina Rasch drapes her dancing girls languorously on some steps in front of the camera, we see a festival in full swing.

Tonight, the stars aren't shining. This is Ilona Massey's night. Ilona is M-G-M's newest reason for superlatives. Young, blonde, curvaceous, Hungarian, with an operatic voice, she even has Van Dyke going on record as a prophet. In his clipped, brusque way, he says, "Watch her. In two years, she'll top Garbo and Dietrich."

We watch her start at the top of the flight of steps and walk down, singing a gypsy song of love and spring. In the foreground, she passes among the undraped, luscious Rasch girls. And she compares. In fact, she stands out. They are in white; she is in black. And the skirt of her gypsy is diaphanous. We see why Van Dyke mentions her in the same breath with Dietrich.

Singing, looking exotic and walking gracefully down a flight of steps all at the same time is no easy assignment, even for a Massey. "One-Take." Van Dyke takes this scene three times. Then, when he calls "Cut," he calls for Madame Rasch. We see her advance to Ilona. For the "still" picture of the scene, she instructs Ilona how to pose her legs—for glamour's sake.

After one glimpse we decide it is more discreet to go to see "Bad Man of Brimstone," starring Wallace Beery and Virginia Bruce and unveiling another new find, Dennis O'Keefe. Tall and self-contained, he may make you think of Gary Cooper. He did us.

"Bad Man of Brimstone" is the first of a series of glorified Westerns which will play first-run theaters. The crux of the plot of this one is that Wally, a two-gun hellion from way back, is the boy's father, and wants to help him, but never wants the boy to know.

We find Wally, lying on a cot, behind a large screen outside his portable dressing room. A nurse is changing the dressing on his wound. Wally, with a grim grin, shows us the wound. It is no pubic lice situation. It is an ugly hole, bone-deep, four inches above his left knee cap. His gun caught in the holster, discharged, fired a blank cartridge into his leg. He says now, "It's bad enough when somebody else shoots you. But when you shoot yourself, that's a hell of a note."

His trouser leg is zipper down along the inner seam, as is his cowhide boot, to simplify his getting into costume. Painful as it is for him to move around, he is bursting with pride at being back at work after nine days in the hospital. His M. D. said it would be a month.

We watch him in a scene with Lewis Stone in which he opens a door, enters a room, sprawls in a chair, then rises. He stumbles, entering the door, on the first try. Director Ruben misses a heartbeat. But on the second try, Wally delivers. And it's lucky the story is laid in hot country. His perspiration from the pain he is experiencing can pass for the hot-country kind.

On a near-by set, we see Allan Jones starting his first starring picture, "Everybody Sings." He plays the part of a young immigrant who comes to America to sing and can't get work except as a cook—in the home of a zany family headed by Reginald Owen and Billie Burke, who have Lynne Carver and Judy Garland for daughters, and Fanny Brice for a maid. Fanny, long a fixture of the Ziegfield Folies, is starring in films.

The setting is a large kitchen. Allan, sitting modishly at a table, asks Fanny, "Why don't you ever think of love?" Her eyes narrow. She demands, "What am I—iron? Who don't think of love? Morning, noon and night. Especially—she rolls her eyes eloquently."

She launches into a rhapsodic description of one Boris, and what he had taught her about Life and Love. "And"—again that sidelong look—"did I loan?" She adds, wistfully, "Boris had everything. Including a wife and two children."

Reginald Owen, one comic amused by another (a rare tribute!), is practically rolling off his chair as we tiptoe out, on our way to 20th Century-Fox and the set of "Love and Hissos," costarring Simone Simon and those all-in-fun feudists, Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie.

Perhaps word has seeped over the interstudio grapevine that the skeptical Press is on its way here. Anyway, the first sound we hear as we step on the set is singing. Feminine singing, of Class A caliber. We round a piece of scenery and see—not a loudspeaker, not a singing double, but Simone herself, entertaining the company between scenes.

She classifies as the spitfire who couldn't get along with anybody, is now getting along with everybody. Part of the credit goes to Director Sidney Lanfield. Part of it goes to Producer Gene Markey. (There's a romance, at least at this writing.) The rest of it apparently goes to whoever re-membered that in Paris she used to sing.

We watch her do a scene with Dick Baldwin, handsome new newcomer. The script calls for her to slap him—hard. The first two "takes" don't satisfy Lanfield. The ex-spitfire is pulling her punch. Lanfield begs her to "let go." She looks doubtfully at Dick. He's willing. She "lets go." And nearly knocks him down. What we wonder is: can fifty million Frenchwomen be that strong? Practically next door, Shirley Temple is making a picture entitled "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." In case you wonder how Shirley could be playing Rebecca at her age, she isn't. A new story has been wrapped around the old title. A story about a young orphan who wins a radio singing contest then can't (Continued on page 74)
The name Tyrone Power and the term "swell" picture are fast becoming synonymous. This delightful film is another case in point. It's charming and amusing, utterly romantic and well dressed. The performances are good. The direction is excellent.

You aren't asked to worry your head over the story. Tyrone is a playboy who comes to Miami and there meets Loretta Young his ex-wife. She has remarried and the new husband, Kyle Talbot, seems suddenly dopes against Tyrone's flashing personality. Loretta and Tyrone find they're still in love and then comes chaos. Stru Erwin and newcomer Marjorie Weaver form a hilarious secondary team. Watch Weaver's star rise, by the way. She has great ability and a most engaging manner.

**NAVY BLUE AND GOLD**—M-G-M

**PORTIA ON TRIAL**—Republic

THE National Guide to Motion Pictures

**SECOND HONEYMOON**—20th Century-Fox

**THE BARRIER**—Paramount

**THE HURRICANE**—Goldwyn-United Artists

**THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH**

Ali Baba Goes to Town  
The Barrier  
Conquest  
Heidi  
The Hurricane  
Live, Love and Learn  
Merry-Go-Round of 1938  
Navy Blue and Gold  
Portia on Trial  
Second Honeymoon

Even Metro officials were reportedly astonished when this football picture, intended as a minor production, turned out to be a hit. Credit is due primarily to the fine performances of the three boys around whom the story is centered: Jimmy Stewart, Robert Young and Tom Brown.

Brown's background is one of wealth and society; Young is an unambitious but excellent fullback who has bought his way from university to university by his gridiron ability; Stewart is a former Navy fireman. Brought together as roommates at Annapolis, they adjust gradually to life and to each other. Bob gets himself into trouble and learns that the group is more important than the individual. Assisting with fine performances are Lionel Barrymore, Billie Burke, and Florence Rice.

**SHAKESPEARE'S** heroine could not have been more graciously persuasive nor imbued with a fiercer zeal for justice than Frieda Inescort in this engrossing courtroom story based on a mother love angle—but not too maudlin about it. Our modern Portia is a criminal lawyer who specializes in defending downtrodden women. John Condon, millionaiire newspaper owner, is her bitter enemy, but she shows unusual sympathy for his grandson recently returned from England. He is in reality her own son. When her ex-husband, Earle Condon, is murdered by his English mistress (Heather Angel), Portia's bizarre but convincing defense of the girl by revealing her own past humiliations at Condon's hands is the climax of the drama. Walter Abel and Ruth Donnelly are outstanding.

With a wind-machine for a star and half the Pacific for a set, Samuel Goldwyn and Director John Ford have concocted a stunning and thrilling spectacle of adventure and love in the South Seas. Throughout the story one mood prevails: that of approaching disaster; and when it comes, in the form of a hurricane, the screen records an awe-inspiring fury of sound and sight. This is essentially the story of a great and enduring love between two mentally uninvolved natives, played by Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour. Hall, who works as first mate on one of the boats that cruise from Haiti, marries his Island princess and then is unjustly imprisoned for six months because of a café brawl. The harsh treatment he receives and his longing to be with his wife lead him to attempt escape again and again; each try piles additional years to his sentence. When finally, in a hair-raising sequence, he does manage to get loose, he is hunted ruthlessly until at last the hurricane comes, wiping away his world but also the petty need for his punishment.

Hall is staunchly handsome but fortunately not beautiful. In this, his debut, he shows definite ability and screen poise as well as most of his excellent anatomy. He handles his rigorous role with believable ease. Raymond Massey as a vicious French governor, Mary Astor as his wife, C. Aubrey Smith as a priest and Thomas Mitchell as a rum-soaked doctor all are well cast. Miss Lamour is exotic.
BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Greta Garbo in "Conquest"
Charles Boyer in "Conquest"
Leo Carrillo in "The Barretts"
Robert Barrat in "The Barretts"
Robert Montgomery in "Live, Love and Learn"
Rosalind Russell in "Live, Love and Learn"
Robert Benchley in "Live, Love and Learn"
Shirley Temple in "Heidi"
Jean Hersholt in "Heidi"
Jon Hall in "Hurricane"
Bert Lahr in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"
Jimmy Savo in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"
Mischa Auer in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"
Billy House in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"
Jimmy Stewart in "Navy Blue and Gold"
Robert Young in "Navy Blue and Gold"
Tom Brown in "Navy Blue and Gold"
Tyrone Power in "Second Honeymoon"
Marjorie Weaver in "Second Honeymoon"

PUT six comedians of different types in one picture, and the result is usually a mess. In this case, the show is a good one. It's composed of much unoriginal hokum, a few good tunes, a nice clean romance between beggars Joy Hodges and John King, and a variety of mad horseplay.

You can ignore the bit of story about a group of vaudeville troupers who take on the task of bringing up an orphan. It's enough that Bert Lahr does his familiar "Woodman" number with fervor; that Jimmy Savo proves again his mastership of pantomime; that Beefy Billy House is at his best. In addition, there's Mischa Auer (again), Alice Brady and Louise Fazenda. "Six of One, Half a Dozen of the Other" and "More Power to You" are good songs. If you like hysterical hilarity, see it.

J. T. COST $3,000,000, and it's worth it. "Conquest," in which the magnificent Garbo and the brilliant Charles Boyer star together for the first time, is history and pageantry and romance crowded into two hours of great entertainment.

Boyer, as Napoleon, creates the most vivid portrait of a famous man since Muni's "Zola," and in many scenes out-glisters every other member of the cast. This is the story of Bonaparte's genuine and lasting love for a Polish countess named Marie Walewska, a great patriot. She is married to an old but charming nobleman. When Napoleon offers the freedom of Poland in return for her favors, she agrees, and from the affair grows an undying devotion which lasts for ten years. Madame Walewska waits for him while he is away at war, remains faithful when he marries a Hapsburg empress, bears his son, and offers him her love even after Waterloo, when he is too tired and too beaten to want it.

Boyer at last has been given a rôle worthy of his tremendous talent; Miss Garbo molds the subtle and fascinating character of Walewska into a million moods; Reginald Owen's Talleyrand is his best performance. Other superbative portrayals are contributed by Henry Stephenson, Maria Ouspenskaya and Dame May Whitty. Production and direction are of the finest quality; the story is told without sentimentality, as a straightforward document of a tremendous era, crowded with great personalities.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

MERRY-GO-ROUND OF 1938—Universal

FAVORITE with most children is the tender story of Heidi, a little orphan who brings sunshine into the cloudy lives of others. There could not have been a better choice for the rôle than Shirley Temple; no longer a baby, poised and assured as an actress, but still retaining her famous warmth and charm, the greatest little star of them all has made this her best picture to date. Twentieth Century has spared nothing in production or in the supporting cast, so that there is almost no fault to find with any portion of the film.

Shirley, in this, is brought by a vicious aunt to live with her grandfather, a dour and embittered old recluse played by Jean Hersholt. He has forsaken the world and God alike because of a disappointment his son caused him; but by her forthright manner and innocent sweetness Shirley induces him to soften his attitudes. Then the aunt reappears, snatches the child away to be the companion of a little crippled girl in Frankfort. Shirley wants to help the unfortunate girl but primarily she longs for her beloved grandfather. Meanwhile he has come searching for her—and this becomes a chase, fraught with excitement and suspense.

Marcia Mae Jones does excellent and convincing work as the rich cripple, Mary Nash is magnificent as the horrid governess, and Arthur Treacher does his Butler routine. There are two numbers for Shirley, ingeniously included: "In Our Little Wooden Shoes," and a charming minuet.

TEAMED once more, this time in a smart and wise-cracking comedy, Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell complement each other nicely in a story which idealizes art for art's sake and scoffs at filthy lucre. Bob plays the poor young artist who marries Rosalind, an heiress. Together they seek success and eventually Bob earns it on the merits of his work, but funny and believable. Vinson induces him to paint flattering portraits for exorbitant fees, live beyond his means. It is faithful and brittle, Robert Benchley, as the ever-present friend, who rights things after "Roz" leaves Bob. There is much slapstick, but on the whole the romance is tender and moving, the performances of Montgomery and Miss Russell are superior, and Benchley's interpretation of a rum-pot is excellent.

EDDIE CANTOR returns after a long absence from the screen to make one of the most controversial pictures of the year. In "Ali Baba Goes to Town" the satire on Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal is so sharp, so pointed, as to alienate those Democrats who do not possess a sense of humor. Aside from its political implications, this is a rollicking and very funny piece, well staged and crammed with original ideas.

Cantor plays, with his usual vitality, a tramp who discovers a location company filming an Oriental picture in a desert camp. He wrinkles a job as an extra but falls asleep during a take and dreams he is really in ancient Bagdad. This old town is in dreadful shape: the people are hungry, and Roland Young, the Sultan, is sorry but doesn't know what to do about it. Eddie suggests that where he comes from there is a system of government called the New Deal, which might work here. Thenceforth the picture becomes a farcical and magnificently impossible hush, in which Cantor introduces a Soak-the-Rich program, nuisance taxes, and even holds a presidential election. Meanwhile Louise Hovick, the Sultan, is plotting with a prince to grab the throne, which leads to a fantastic climax.

You'll like Tony Martin, June Lang and Virginia Field in minor roles; Raymond Scott's band; the songs, "I've Got My Heart Set on You," "Swing is Here to Sway," and "Laugh Your Way Through Life." Cantor is the whole amusing show.
Mr. George Arliss' latest 18th Century adventures allow the distinguished progenitor of diplomacy the unusual rôle of a pirate-panzer, who heads the smuggling activities of a seacoast village. When the revenue men interrupt his peaceful if lawless pursuits, murders, chases and captures enliven the proceedings. The light romance is carried by Margaret Lockwood and John Loder.

Jane Withers goes slapstick in this rowdy comedy of an orphan who finds herself adopted by an entire New York club. When Jane goes with Richard Carle, a club member, to the home of his nephew, Thomas Beck, she succeeds in getting herself and all concerned in and out of trouble in grand style. The Hartmans, a new comedy team, are a standout. Louise Henry contributes effectively.

Sometimes the new type of mad comedy so popular this year goes overboard and has no value at all. In this outlandish story Jack Haley is a lawyer who tries to get a deed signed by the members of a screwball family. There are a few good laughs, Mary Boland is good, Ann Sothorn and Edward Everett Horton are worthy of mention, but there is little or no excuse for most of the action.

You'll enjoy this smart little story of a working boy, James Dunn, and a working girl, Whitney Bourne, who for the sake of economy share the same basement bedroom without ever seeing one another. Dunn occupies the room in the day time and Whitney at night. Daily the two leave behind them carefully planned gags that lead to an amusing feud. Eventually they do meet. It's fun.

Our little Japanese detective, Mr. Moto, finds himself entangled in a mess of silly hokum that proves to be too much even for Moto. Into the Siamese jungle, where Moto is posing as an archaeologist, come Rochelle Hudson, a spy, and Robert Kent and Chick Chandler, newwave cameramen. Immediately high treason, murder and intrigue break loose with Mr. Moto having to look out for everyone.

There are a lot of thrills in this fast story of a smart-sleek fireman, Dick Foran, who meets his match in fire-chief Robert Armstrong. Ann Sheridan, who plays Armstrong's sister, deserves a share of the credit for bringing Foran to his senses. The fire scene in which Foran saves Armstrong's life is spectacular and breath-taking. You'll like this glimpse of a fire company. (Continued on page 90)
Irene Dunne chooses this three-piece ensemble to wear at the Santa Anita race track. The slim skirt and topcoat are of henna woolen and the tailored jacket is a tweedy mixture of beige and henna. Irene complements this suit with a tailored blouse of ivory crepe, brown suede gloves, bag and low-heeled walking shoes, and a henna toque with a gay quill.

The tube silhouette has won enthusiastic approval in Hollywood and Irene wears it with grace and charm. Cross fox fashions the collar and coat banding of her olive-green suit which buttons up the front with self-covered buttons. Brown accessories and a matching felt beret complement this suit, perfect for dressier wear. Irene is now filming "The Joy of Loving"
The tailored suit assures double duty smartness—wear it now under your heavy coat, later to greet the spring. Lola Lane, appearing in "Hollywood Hotel," selects a single-breasted model of men's wear in deep olive green and uses the same fabric for her brimmed hat. The jacket has a straight back, patch pockets and a tab fastening on the collar so that it may be buttoned high at the neck. Lola's blouse is of ivory crepe with fagoted front panel.

Wendy Barrie chooses a single-breasted suit in grey tweed with a shadow stripe of white and complements it with a double collar, hand-tucked blouse, monogrammed grey chiffon kerchief, and a grey suede "beanie" (despite the rumor in favor of high-crowned hats, Hollywood stars continue to wear "beanies." Hyman Fink snapped these inserts of Fay Wray wearing one with a dressmaker suit). Wendy is now appearing in "A Girl with Ideas".

Short sleeves and a rippling skirt make Simone Simon's fur and fabric coat (left) as new as tomorrow. The softly gathered sleeves, front bodice and panels, the deep circular back yoke of Safari brown Alaska sealskin arouse keen style interest, and luxuriously contrast the body of the coat which is of beige homespun. The wide silk cord belt closes with a massive unique gilded buckle. Royer designed the coat for Simone to wear in "Love and Hisses."
Double pockets and surplice blouse give Gail Patrick's casual street frock of brown and beige check an added note of style interest. Gilded clips fasten the blouse and a matching buckle finishes the narrow brown suède belt. Her shovel-brim hat is of brown felt and the same fabric is used for the bag she carries. Gail's frock was created by Chas. Levy, from Beverly Hills.
Omar Kiam designed this trim ensemble for Andrea Leeds to wear in "The Goldwyn Follies." The frock of olive-green crepe is strikingly girdled with bright vermilion while the soft neckline bow is of the dress hue. The single-breasted coat with one-button closing and exaggerated revers is of beige woolen to match the off-the-face hat Andrea wears so well.
PHOTOPLAY'S 
FASHION CLUB 
STYLES

With its sunburst tucked skirt tapering to a smooth band across the hips, Jean Muir's Cynara crepe dress (left), in black or navy, will make its mark at any winter gathering. Irish crochet type collar and cuffs, narrow patent-leather belt and self buttons are classic.

In a revolt against printed monotony, Jean wears a bright chrysanthemum print (opposite page, left). High draped neckline, short sleeves, a self girdle with long fringes accenting pink or white flowers on the brown background are gay.

A trail-blazing print in festive colors on black, brown, navy or white background is this rough crepe dress (above). Its belt of varied colored narrow ribbons makes a merry note in midwinter styles. The short shirred sleeves are smartly in the mode of the moment.

The "Backgammon Dress" (opposite page, right). Darts of skirt and blouse, and wood trim of the belt suggest the game. Strickock Ankara wool in natural, rose mist, lime, salmon, ash blue, pine-moss green, Panama coral, Azores (turquoise)
WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 81.

A cushion-brim felt with multi-colored plaid stitching, trimmed by a feather and a grosgrain band. Middle: a bumper brim and a feather in a felt crown, with grosgrain binding and band.

A felt pillbox held in place by a wide grosgrain bandeau that ties in a bow in back. The four matching felt gardenias across the front give a smart line to the hat's brim.

These three hats, modeled by Mary Brian, come in black, brown, royal blue, porto red, trotter green, Mayfair grey, Sunvalley gold, zinnia rust, and the new gridiron red.
To the thrill of winter sports Jean Parker adds the zest of novel play clothes. A yoke and waistline inserts of white flannel contrast the jumper of her two-piece ski suit of black whipcord (above) and a white flannel visor cap and brushed angora mittens give practical and smart accessory interest. For variety Jean tops her ski trousers with a black brushed wool sweater (left above) that features a white front and zipper closing. A green yarn cap and mittens woven with a green and red motif add a note of color. (Left) For skating Jean chooses a circular skirt of lime-green flannel topped by a waist-length suède jacket of darker green. Jean is appearing in "The Barrier"
BY GWENN WALTERS

I'm going to start right off with my best wishes for the happiest New Year you've ever had, and also for a very fashionable one!

The New Year is so chock full of new promise, new plans and resolutions that one just can't rush out and get it without dressing up for the occasion, but, if you've given your wardrobe as little thought as I have during the holiday rush, I'm sure you're scrambling now to pep it up with a last minute freshening.

New accessories add zest to tired costumes—a chiffon with a flower on it and, of course, a veil (for that feminine and alluring note is one that must surely not be omitted), plus striking costume jewelry, novelty gloves, bags and shoes.

I chanced on Dolores Del Rio the other day shopping for a hat to add gaiety to a black woolen ensemble. She finally decided on a black felt toque piped high with pink carnations (that new dusty shade), and she also selected a pair of matching pink gloves to duplicate the color theme in her costume.

At the same time, Carole Lombard was ensembling a torque of violets with matching pink and violet gloves to wear with a brown dressmaker suit.

Lunching at the Brown Derby last week I was fascinated by Joan Crawford's massive multi-strand necklace and bracelet of coral beads as a contrast to an all-black outfit—a marvelous background for this fashionable trend of trims.

On your shopping tours for your wardrobe accessories pick-ups you'll probably run across some of the new print frocks and if you follow Hollywood's dictates you'll not resist a purchase.

Ginger Rogers has one of silk jersey (that luscious fabric is steadily increasing in importance because it drapes and moulds to the body so beautifully). The background of Ginger's frock is brown, against which colorful little Chinese dolls prance and dance. These spirited frocks make cheery contrast as they peek from beneath heavy winter coats.

Speaking of brand-new clothes, Travis Banton's forecast of coming trends will surely interest you.

In his opinion, 1938 fashions will be the most feminine since the gay 90's. Frocks will continue to be short, but coats will fall slightly below their hems. Sheer fabrics will gain greater importance and lingerie touches will be worked into the body of frocks as well as in feminine trims. The full-skirted, diaphanous picture gown will be a favorite for evening, and the tubular silhouette will be seen in sports clothes as well as in those for daytime. Green, navy, beige and gray will be leaders on the spring color card. Only a tracery of the glitters of winter fashion will be seen, and then only on rare occasion.

Banton has created some stunning clothes for Claudette Colbert to wear in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" and I must tell you about a few of them.

A beltless street frock of sheer green woolen, devoid of contrast trim, has a simple grand right now, if you're lucky enough to be able to afford a midwinter vacation at a sunshine resort). One, for tea dancing, is of white organza printed with black dots the size of bunches of grapes. It has a full skirt shirred to a snugly fitted bodice which has short sleeves edged with self-fabric ruffles to match the trim of the round, high neckline.

The other, an evening gown, is styled of black tulle and its simplicity is both challenging and alluring. Over a slip Banton places a snug bodice with round neckline which joins a very full shirred skirt that sparkles with silver paillettes the size of a dollar, and, as an added note of romance, he adds enormous tuelle shoulder bows that reach to the top of Claudette's shoulders. Both of the gowns have four-inch self-fabric crush girdles.

Mention of glamorous evening gowns reminds me that I have a little story to tell you about the origin of the gown Shirley Ross is wearing on this page.

Director Mitchell Leisen of the "Big Broadcast of 1938" is a firm believer that "women should dress to please men (not a bad idea, so to speak) but to design Shirley's gown in a manner that would please all mankind. The front of the blouse, softly draped, is held by the flat choker collar of gold. You see, she feels that the less revealing a gown, the more alluring, which gives us all something to think about, as I'm sure we've been selecting our gowns on the reverse theory."

Somehow Director Leisen's remark that women should dress to please men made me stop and think. That theory might work wonders in keeping our beaux or husbands (and heaven knows, as they are our sources) will surely try and please their whims). So why not make a list of all the things you've heard men ridicule—crazy hats, skirts that are unbelievably short, open shoes, sensationally extreme silhouettes, red, red nails and lips—and omit these trends this coming year?

Now, last but not least, I will tell you about a grand dressmaker suit Constance Bennett will wear in her new picture, "Merrily We Live."

The skirt, narrow with side slits, and waist-length jacket that zips up the front to a collarless neckline are of black sheer woolen. The blouse, which attaches to the skirt, is of matching woolen in dusty pink. It has short sleeves tied with two-tone pink tabs (one matching the blouse color and one a deep rose). This design motif is repeated in the crush collar that extends over the jacket. The frock is belted in dusty pink suède.
LET'S FACE THE FACTS—Girls, this is big news month for you and me. And I'm not going to color the facts. Facts and faces have already been colored in the new Technicolor films. Have you seen "Gold Is Where You Find It" or "Nothing Sacred"? If you've seen them both, you have two perfect examples of what the right make-up means to the stars and the color cameras of Hollywood. You've seen how the blonde beauty of Carole Lombard is enhanced by correct make-up in "Nothing Sacred" and you've seen the right make-up for a vivacious brunette on the piquant face of Olivia de Haviland.

The color camera is a truthful and honest mirror of natural-toned beauty. It can either make or break a face, and, incidentally, a heart, for careers depend on natural make-up. No longer can defective skins and bad features be hidden behind a thick yellow paste. Today the screen star must be right out in the open. What a chance that is for us to study the art of looking natural yet beautiful!

For Technicolor make-up is nothing more or less than the everyday street make-up we all use—the same fine cosmetics that you and I apply every day. And what a lesson in rouge, its uses and abuses! Certainly you'd laugh if either Olivia or Carole appeared in Technicolor with great round circles of brilliant color on her cheeks. Notice how their rouge is scarcely perceptible, blended in such a way that it gives a faint, colorful glow to the skin, rather than a red, exaggerated sneer.

Carole's rouge and lipstick are harmonized in color. Her rouge is carefully blended across her cheekbones, with no sharp lines to show where it ends and begins. Try smoothing your rouge on your skin with your fingers, as she does, to distribute the color evenly and have it fade away softly.

If you're a true brunette, you can learn about the correct colors to use by observing how Olivia's vivid coloring is accent by the bright rouge and lipstick she wears.

I went over to see Andrea Leeds on the set of "The Goldwyn Follies." Andrea has the charming combination of dark-brown eyes and light-brown hair. Her powder exactly matches the medium brunette coloring of her skin, and her light orange-red lipstick and rouge accent the clearness of her complexion and the brightness of her eyes. Andrea is very careful to blend her rouge far way from her nose and all the way back to her ears, in order to fill out the angular hollows in her face.

Zorina, the famous dancer, is also in this picture. She is a brunette, too, but her coloring is lighter than Andrea's, so her make-up has a different color tone. When you see "The Goldwyn Follies," besides the leads, you'll see twenty-four girls in the ballet numbers. There are thirteen variations of coloring among these girls, so seek out one whose coloring most closely approximates your own, and then see the color of make-up that you should be using. Let Technicolor films be your own school of beauty.

SECRET OF SUCCESS—One thing you will notice in the make-up used by the stars, and it is the secret of a successful make-up. It's so important that it really should be written out and pasted on your mirror, right next to the snapshot of your current boy friend. That is, that make-up should be keyed to a basic color tone. The color values should harmonize and match each other. In other words, if you are using an orange-toned lipstick, your rouge should also be orange-toned and your powder should contain warm, yellowish tints.

Another thing you must be sure to observe is that the stars have different make-ups for different color gowns, so that the whole ensemble is a perfect blending of color and not a clash between, say, an orange dress and a bluish-red make-up. It's really worth (Continued on page 72)
MORE women adore him than Clark Gable. They write him more love letters than they write Robert Taylor.

More kids worship him than Shirley Temple. His screen voice thrills thousands more than Bing Crosby’s husky notes, his grin cracks more masculine crusts than Jimmy Cagney’s fists ever cracked, his daring deeds are more admired than Errol Flynn’s.

Darryl Zanuck has just laid a cool half million on the line for his contract, and had it laughed back in his lap. Zanuck wanted his magic draw to persuade people to sit through Shirley Temple and Eddie Cantor and Tyrone Power and Alice Faye—so they could see him in the second feature.

He’s the most amazing young man in Hollywood—yet not a tenth of Hollywood has ever seen him. More than half of the beglamoured stars of the upper movie crust have never even heard of him—until quite lately. Maybe you haven’t, either—or maybe he’s the most notable man in your life.

WHAT Gene Autry means to you depends on where you live, for one thing. And on how old you are. And whether or not you consider yourself “sophisticated.” If you hang out at Waxahachie, Texas, Tupelo, Mississippi, or Moberly, Missouri, chances are, man or woman, you’re familiar with every tenor yodel and bass guitar twang in his bag of tricks. You probably sigh to his easy Texas drawl and flutter when he unlimbers that wide white smile. On the other hand, if you dwell in Manhattan’s towers or Philadelphia’s flats, and hit only the first-run houses, then all this may merely hand you a querulous and puzzled frown.

But even that’s not so important. You can take Gene Autry or leave him. But you can’t skip lightly over what he is and what he’s done. He’s much too important a gent in Hollywood at this moment.

In fact, Gene Autry is right now the musical messiah of a great Hollywood revival—the resurrection of Westerns. Westerns were about laid out in the black pine box three years ago, when he came along. They’re running all over the place today and multiplying like fruit flies. Wherever you look new cowboy stars are popping up like mushrooms after a rain. And it’s all on account of Autry.

THREE years ago (and a few months, maybe) Gene Autry was just a blue-eyed, tow-headed six-foot gandy Texan, yodeling out a living for himself and his wife on local radio stations and an occasional vaudeville turn.

Five years ago he was an unknown voice on a phonograph record, but a voice that was outselling the popular recorded booboos of Bing Crosby three to one.

Eight years ago he was sitting in tank town railroad depots in Oklahoma, Missouri and Texas tapping out telegraph messages and passing the empty hours making up cowboy songs.

Eighteen years ago, he dangled his cactus-scratched legs from the cattle loading platform of the Tioga, Texas station, waiting to help herd his dad’s steers aboard the slow train. And while he waited he milled around with the older cowpokes and picked up the fret changes of the “gitter” and the lonely tunes of the range.

That might seem a dull dish of history to pass you at this point, but it planted the bonanza that started the Western gold rush today.

Because one night in Claremore, Oklahoma—you’ve heard of that place—a hometown boy with a maverick shock of grayish

(Continued on page 84)
SKATING THROUGH

PART THREE

THE beautiful blonde girl came out onto the deck and stood, wrapped in furs, watching the bright-studded fingers of New York's towers move slowly closer through the evening. The ship was late. Tomorrow there would be pictures in the papers, and captions, and more copy on the sports pages: "Sonja Henie Turns Pro, Visits America." Applause in ink. She could see the indisputable words at breakfast in the morning, and then this would be a reality; she would feel secure again.

But tonight the tense excitement of the other passengers, glad with home-coming, depressed and frightened her a little. That glowing pile there across the harbor, that immensity, was stranger this time than it had ever been—she approached it as a supplicant, saying, "Will you buy my wares? I am a good skater; will you pay money to watch me?"

Four years ago, at the Olympics in America, she had been a guest, an amateur sportswoman, seeking nothing but fame and a medal or two. There was an abundant difference now. She thought, I could have stopped. I gave up love—I refused the way of living a woman should know—for this. America holds no brief for skating; I may work to empty galleries— For a moment she held to the rail, weak with panic.

Then a familiar, brilliant flare blinded her, and she turned smiling to face the cameras. A tender had brought them: photographers, reporters to crowd about her and grin and ask flattering questions and to remind her once again that she was Sonja Henie, unbeaten, beautiful, the friend of kings.

"Good evening, gentlemen," she said to the reporters as though she were really composed.

What happened to Sonja in Hollywood made her decide, once and for all, what she wanted from life.
The friendship between Sonja and Don Ameche is a real and lasting one—quite different from the headline romance which she shared with young Tyrone.

derisive chuckles of the Garden committee. Wilhelm Henie stood a pace behind her, silent; he was a little miserable about the whole situation. Back in peaceful Oslo his chair by the fireplace sat empty while he traveled in the shadow of this energetic girl—and sometimes he grew tired. He'd been right about coming to America, too. These men were most discouraging. Well, Sonja would have to convince them herself. It was her problem.

She was forthrightly trying to solve it. "But my name is famous," she was saying. "I'm the world's greatest skater. You know it. And the people are interested."

"My dear young lady," said the committee's spokesman, "people are only mildly interested. America isn't skating-conscious. If you were a famous dancer, a notable singer—Besides, you want too much. A reasonable sum, perhaps—but fifty percent of the gross receipts!"

The committee chuckled again.

"You saw me here in 1932, when I won the world's championship in the Garden!" blazed Sonja. "You heard the applause!"

"That was a competition—a different thing."

"Then I will rent the Garden from you and stage my own show."

The spokesman shifted uneasily. "That would cost you too much, Miss Henie," he told her seriously.

"I can afford it!"

"I'm afraid you couldn't..." And this time his tone held an unmistakable significance.

She turned, raging but still poised, at the door. "I will ask more money when you come to me," she said imperiously, and went out, followed by the silent Wilhelm.

BACK at the hotel she faced her parents. "It's ridiculous," she told them. "I have no time for such nonsense. I must put on exhibitions and be famous in this country, so Hollywood will be interested. I tell you, I will be moving pictures before the year is out. Watch me!"

For once neither Selma nor Wilhelm felt strong enough to argue.

Less than a week later a Madison Square Garden talent scout called his employers long distance from Hershey, Pennsylvania. He had just seen the Garden's newest attraction, was even now waiting to interview her and offer a contract. Who? Sonja Henie, who danced on skates—beautiful, intelligent, exciting, glamorous, a showwoman of the first order... What? Absurd; the rink in Hershey had turned hundreds away, the crowd had gone mad. It was still going mad. Well, they could listen then. One minute while he got the booth door open—there. Hear that? Hear that thunder of hoarse shouting and that explosive applause? And it was fifteen minutes since she had taken her final bow.

Sonja sat in her Hershey hotel suite the next day and grinned wickedly at the Garden committee, who had come to her. "You (Continued on page 86)
PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: $25 first prize, $10 second, $5 third, and $1 for every other letter published. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributors will not be returned. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adopted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be presented to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Box & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 46th St., New York City.

FUNNIEST SCENE OF THE MONTH
—in the laugh fest of the year, "The Awful Truth" dawns on jealous husband Cary Grant when he finds Alexander D'Arcy, owner of a strange derby hat, hiding in the logical place—behind the door.

FIRST PRIZE—$25.00
THE WINNER!

One of the most poignant scenes ever to be etched in my memory is the scene from the current "100 Men and a Girl" where a hundred starving musicians crowd into the patelial home of Stokowski to play. These men were playing for their lives, as it were; playing for the things they so desperately needed, food, money, jobs. Yet it seemed to me as I watched their eager eyes following every motion of Stokowski's eloquent hands, that under the master's spell poverty and hunger were forgotten and the inspiration of immortal music filled their souls.

Only through the medium of these printed words is it possible to convey my personal gratitude to Leopold Stokowski for his magnificent pioneering spirit in bringing great music closer to us even than radio has done. The privilege of watching his incomparable directing, of being so close to his fine orchestra, and of being brought into such intimate contact with beautiful music surely means a great deal to thousands of hungry questioning men and women to whom Stokowski has given the noblest answer of all.


SECOND PRIZE—$10.00
AN OPEN LETTER TO GILBERT SELDES

Please—before Hollywood executives place those "two or three notes" on their desk pads and permit themselves to be governed by them—please allow a voice from the wilderness to make itself heard.

We're agreed, Mr. Selde's, on the high entertainment value of such movies as "The Thin Man." I also liked "After the Thin Man." I should welcome an "After 'The Thin Man'" and an "After 'After the Thin Man,'" and all—well, you get the idea. I'm not, you see, opposed to Asta's taking the upper berth or to the booties Myrna Loy knitted, or was it crocheted?

But I am opposed to such restriction as you seem to wish to place on the Hollywood output, making sex dominant and throwing overboard what you term its enemies—wit, whimsey, musical comedy, mystery stories and glamour. Hollywood, I think, understands sex, but it also understands what box-office figures have to tell. There's a varied assortment of human beings, Mr. Selde's, seeking entertainment by way of the movies. There are those who cheer, and those who hate the gangster, the G-man, and the hero of history, the Western buckaroo, rescue bound, galloping out of the sagebrush. But all are interested in something different from their own everyday experiences. It was Shakespeare, on whom you called in support of your contention, who praised Cleopatra's "infinite variety." That variety constitutes Hollywood's chief charm.

Lucile M. Winder, Ellsworth, Kansas.

Mr. Gilbert Selde's article "Hollywood Does Not Understand Sex" appeared in the October issue of PHOTOPLAY. According to the well-known critic, love and passion have disappeared on the screen to be replaced by stuffy, censored material of the historical or musical type. He claimed, however, that the Powell-Loy combination brought Sex back in a gayer, giddier guise. Most of our correspondents agree thoroughly with the above letter—thereby disagreeing with Mr. Selde's. What about you?

THIRD PRIZE—$5.00
DON'T PUSH TAYLOR AROUND

I have just finished reading Edward Doherty's article entitled "Give Robert Taylor a Break!" in your November PHOTOPLAY, and at last I welcome a man who has the nerve to stick up for a grand fellow, and not push him down just because the wind happens to be blowing that way at the present time.

I, for one, agree with him. Robert Taylor has not only been pushed around like a rag doll by the public, but also by Hollywood producers and directors. I don't know whether they don't know a fine actor when (Continued on page 87)

MOST INTERESTING NEWCOMER OF THE MONTH
—in the scene that brought her fame. It isn't often that a girl goes under the table and comes up victorious. But Marla Shelton did. A bit player, she stepped into a role in "Stand-In"; went on a cinematic binge with Leslie Howard; emerged a girl you'll be talking about.
Ooh, la, la—George Rector gives the epicure's gesture of approval at the perfect Hollywood dinner.

THAT PERFECT DINNER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

The hand-picked chefs of Hollywood did honor to George Rector, New York's most famous restaurateur—here is what they served him.

WINES SERVED
Sherry—soup
White wine—fish
Burgundy—squab
Champagne—dessert
Liqueur—coffee

CAFE LAMAZE—Hors d'oeuvres
Olympic Oysters, Shrimp La-maze, Avocado, Lobster, Blue Point Oysters, Chicken Livers, served with sauce.

Recipe for cocktail sauce:
1 bottle catsup
1 bottle chili sauce
2 dill pickles (chopped)
3 ounces pimentos
1/2 green pepper (chopped)
1 leaf celery (chopped)
2 teaspoons horseradish
2 teaspoons Escoffier sauce
2 teaspoons Lea & Perrins
2 teaspoons A-1 sauce
Mix these together.

Recipe for Thousand Island Dressing:
Take a cup of the above mixture and add 1 cup mayonnaise and 3 ounces mustard and chopped eggs.
AL LEVY’S TAVERN — Squab stuffed with wild rice, by Novello Novelli.

Bone chicken first. Mix onions and sliced mushrooms with rice and wet with chicken consommé. Boil 15 minutes. Add piece of butter, chopped parsley, and Parmesan cheese. Stuff chicken and wrap with one inch piece of oiled paper. Put a mixture of onions, carrots, celery (all chopped) and spices in pan and place chicken on top. Bake in oven at 350° for 20 minutes. Remove from oven and wet with sherry wine. Take out chicken and make sauce with what is left in pan. Remove oiled paper and serve with large mushrooms.

BROWN DERBY—Salad Bowl

Use only the hearts of: imported Belgian endive, water cress, lettuce, romaine, chicory, Denver Pascal celery; quartered peeled ripe tomatoes on top. Garnish with fresh lobster meat cutlets and sliced hard-boiled eggs. Sprinkle with chives.

Mignonette Dressing—for service of 12 portions:
1 pint olive oil
1/2 pint salad oil
1 tablespoon ground white pepper
1 cup tarragon vinegar
2 tablespoons salt
1 bunch chopped chives
1 tablespoon Lea & Perrins’ sauce
1 tablespoon mustard
1/2 cup dry white wine
Shake well.

VENDOME—Cream Cheese Mold with Bar le Duc Jelly, chef Felix Gancia.

Mold Cheese. When paste-like make deep hole in center and fill with Bar le Duc jelly. Use piping hot bag for fancywork. Garnish with rounds of green ripe olives, pimento rickrack, turnip roses, quarter pickles and water cress.

SARDI’S—Mousse Africaine, by chef Frank Balzano.

Recipe:
6 yolks of eggs
6 tablespoons sugar
2 drops vanilla extract
6 tablespoons dry white wine
6 tablespoons sherry

Add 3 or 4 spoons ground chocolate, beat well together. Cook in double boiler, beating until stiff. Take off immediately and put in bowl of cracked ice and beat till cold. When cold add whipping cream, one third as much as total custard, and mix together. Dish out in saucer champagne glasses and just before serving make hole in center and fill with cognac.

VICTOR HUGO—Five-layer cake, by their pastry chef, Marco Vecchi.

Recipe for sponge cake:
16 eggs (whole)
4 egg yolks
1 pound granulated sugar
1 pound pastry flour
6 ounces butter, melted

Mix sugar and eggs in double boiler until warm. Beat well after cold and add flour. Mix again and add butter. Bake in oven at 350° from 25 to 30 minutes.

Fillings: for cake, starting from bottom: first layer, chocolate, crushed with roasted almonds; second layer, apricot jam; third layer, butter cream and chocolate with hazel nuts; fourth layer, strawberry jam. For the top, a thick spreading of butter cream, then almond paste and finally a thin coating of white icing.

Carol Stone and father Fred with the five-layer Victor Hugo cake.
HOLLYWOOD'S JUNIOR LEGION

This month is full of both solemnness and fun for the Junior Movie Colony. They present the first Medallion of Honor and start to fix their new yard

THIS has been a glad and sad period for the Junior Legion. Glad because we went out to the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios last week and pinned the Junior Legion Cross of Honor on Shirley Temple; and most unsatisfactorily because we moved and there was a little work to be done, namely, cleaning up the back yard.

You see, there got to be so many Legionnaires that the other back yard where I lived was too small. So the children all looked around and finally found a white house with a back yard that was quite nice, although it was badly in need of gardening. "Get this one!" "This one is fine!" "Please, Marianne, and we'll rake it and plant flowers and put up the croquet set and Ping-pong table," I heard on all sides.

Bobby and Billy Mauch promised to bring hoes and Virginia Weidler her spade and shovel. Tommy Kelly enthusiastically offered to whitewash the stones for the flower beds. Jane Withers and Bonita Granville and Ann Gillis agreed to mow the grass. I sprained my back a little, so I couldn't do anything except oversee the work and pass around lemonade.

Girls and boys, I wish you could take a look at the back yard now. Except for a little whitewash splashed here and there you wouldn't know it had been touched. The grass is cut a little shorter, and Virginia Weidler and Sybil Jason started the flower beds. That is, they dug up a little dirt here and there and then said they had a mockel! This has been going on for days. If I try to hurry them a little, they look at me resentfully, as though they'd like to say, "But you're not doing anything!" They've always come to tea promptly at four. They're coming earlier now—they'd rather be in the kitchen making cambrie tea and eating grah ham crackers and French babes than in the yard working!

One afternoon, Jane Withers decided that she wanted to put up the croquet wickets, so she and some other Legionnaires worked two hours at hard labor searching one of the garages until they found the set. Somehow that didn't seem like work. It shouldn't have—they'd really spent most of the time walking along the picket fence between our house and the one next door.

Some of you have written asking me whether the children are real actors or just products of a director. I can truthfully say that the Junior Legionnaires are more than actors. They're real artists—especially when it comes to getting out of work.

I didn't blame them for not wanting to work yesterday. Edith Fellows came to tea and brought Kulei and Natani De Clercq, two little Hawaiian girls. Kulei acted in "Hurricane," and also danced in "Waikiki Wedding." They are our newest Legionnaires and you'll hear lots more about them later. They did hula dances and sang and played ukuleles. Virginia Weidler knew the children, too. They go to her school. They are the godchildren of a famous Hawaiian princess. I'd like to have them for a Christmas present, and I could almost have answered truthfully, "I don't know," when Juanita Quigley whispered, "Marianne, are they real?" I have never seen such exquisite children.

SOMETIMES, especially if several boys come to tea, we go out and have it in one side of the garage. We've fitted the garage up as a playhouse and even built ourselves an imitation fireplace. Somebody at the studio gave Tommy Kelly a discarded gas stove, so we are quite comfortable. Most of the time we sit around and talk over events of the day, but we have games in there, too. When we were moving, Virginia Weidler found an old chess table and set and we have a game occasionally, although Billy Burrel says anyone who really cares for chess must have been born with a growth on the brain. But that is the way our boys talk. They'd rather play checkers or monopoly.

Yesterday, Juanita Quigley brought two little painted turtles and four goldfish for the fish pond, but the Junior Legion hasn't gotten around to cleaning out the fish pond yet, so the gold fish and turtles are still in a...
ROUNDUP

BY SARA HAMILTON

You must be curious about them—
the young starlets you see newly rising on the screen. Here are some of
the things they think, do and say
IT'S roundup time in Hollywood. All the promising young starlets are being rounded into the corral for grooming, inspection and some high-stepping maneuvers.

Never has any group of young thoroughbreds looked so promising. And what an assortment! There are the eager, anxious ones, champing at the bit, waiting for that single word "go"; there are the resolute, stubby-born ones who have suffered hurts and bruises, longing to show what they can really do; there are the ultramodern young five-gaiters, looking amusedly and accusingly at the blunderers of the bosses. Waiting, waiting for their chance.

Yes, they're quite an assortment. Today's promises and tomorrow's winners.

From our grandstand seat, let's take stock. Let's really get acquainted with these stars of tomorrow. Where did they come from? How did they get here? Do their stories reveal any new short cuts on the road to movie fame? What do they think, what do they stand for and what have they to offer—these young Americans who have chosen the career of motion pictures as their lifework? We've watched them—you and I—as they flickered briefly in their quiet corners on the movie screens; now let's get to know at least a few of them.

WAYNE MORRIS

It's the smile that does the trick. Wayne Morris is just another overgrown lad with blue eyes and blond hair—until he smiles. From then on he's Kid Galahad, the boy who romped home with his first big picture under his arm. Because his dad stood by him, we have young Morris on the screen. When Wayne yearned to join the Pasadena Playhouse school, Dad put up the money and encouraged him to stick. Wayne stuck until a movie mogul bore him off to Hollywood.

Was once a forest ranger and rode for miles and days all alone. He's a native Californian and bakes a swell pie. Is a wow on the coconuto custard kind. Doesn't care for clothes but pays around sixty dollars when he buys a new suit. He juggles his feet and hands all the time but claims he isn't nervous. Just active. Has a younger brother, Dick, whom he's definitely against. And vice versa. Clarence Buddington Kelland is his favorite author. Loves to ride in a roller coaster, and thinks "Night And Day" about the best song ever written. Likes his music sweet, but not hot. Lives with his mother, father, and brother and never hung up his clothes in his life. His mother has to watch him like a hawk or he'll wear a polo shirt on all occasions. He flusters easily and usually stuffs fans' autograph books in his pocket. He's that flustered when they ask him.

Pesters directors to death. Wants to know all the whys and wherefores. Doesn't want to be an actor but a director. Thinks a fellow ought to be allowed to pick up a pork chop by the bone and eat it. Wayne always picks up his chops regardless.

Took a bit of jealous razzing from older actors on the "Submarine D—1" set. And took it with the famous Morris grin. Doesn't care a lot for girls and is terribly amused at all the publicity given his so-called romances. Wayne claims he has no romances. Just colds in his head.

His next is "Brother Rat."

JANE BRYAN

Bringing Warner Brothers out in the lead by a good length is the most promising of the younger actresses, freckle-faced Jane Bryan. Real name O'Brien and looks it. Is a native daughter of California—which makes her feel like something in a bottle in a Harvard laboratory. Daddy is a lawyer who never had a case to equal Jane and her three younger brothers. The brothers aren't impressed with Jane as an actress. One of them still doesn't believe it. Jane doesn't herself. Makes extravagant gestures such as sucking lollipops and sitting on floors, thinking by these antics that she's hiding the quiet steady flame that burns within.

"I'm really potty!" or "I never think; people get in trouble when they think," Jane says, struggling to hide the keen intelligence, the sensiveness, the inward dreams. She fools no one. It all comes out on the screen, as it did in "Marked Woman" and "Confession."

Actresses like Kay Francis and Bette Davis keep storming front offices to exclain over little Jane Bryan. It leaves her weak with wonder and appreciation, because she never wanted to be in movies in the first place. Yearns like fury for stage. Wants to be another Helen Hayes. Feels with her plain face she doesn't fit in movies. Was brought in from Jean Muir's Little Theater. Never saw a New York stage. Is another typical example of the intelligent young women of today's movies. Lives with her family.

The working crew in every picture adores Jane. She hides every hurt with a grin. A wide, honest grin.

Is a big softie for music, sad movies, beautiful landscapes. Cries over them. "Winnie, the Pooh" is her bible. She's just nineteen. Claims boys are all right in their place.

Has more natural talent to offer than most major actresses. And is just a bit bewildered about it. Intelligence rates at least ninety-five percent (five percent off for the lollipop gag because it doesn't fool anyone).

Chances for success . . . well, we'd give her a good ninety-eight percent.

(Continued on page 79)
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 43)

1. Jackie is the first child star of yesterday who has grabbed a wife for himself.
2. He's got so much money he doesn't have to work.
3. What will this do to Betty's career? We understand Jackie didn't want to marry her until she has promised to give up acting.
4. The courtship lasted three years, during which they fought and made up again too often to record.
5. What about Mamma?

And a Song at Twilight

Grace Moore is building a new home. The first two items on the construction plans, much to the amazement of the builders, called for a tennis court and swimming pool to be completed immediately.

When those things were out of the way, the workers turned their efforts toward erecting a house; whereupon Grace cleared up a puzzling point by announcing that she'd planned her construction work so the men, during the rest of the working hours, could enjoy the facilities of both the tennis court and the pool. We're all for easing labor at every turn, of course, but it does appear to us that batting a tennis ball about during rest period will leave the carpenters little energy for sawing. Perhaps if she just came out and sang for them...

Mr. Butterfield, Where Angels Fear

With George Brent's alleged treatment of Constance Worth still a matter of front-page news in Australia—where a bill to ban officially all movies containing Brent in the cast is up for consideration—fair Constance Worth is still attracting the glances of admiring Hollywood men. Walton Butterfield, a film writer at Warners, seems to have the inside track, at present. Their attentive friendship, many claims, might easily lead to the altar, if and when the Brent divorce decree sees Constance free.

The Price of Prestige

Since Garbo will have at least five months' wait before starting another picture, it is rumored at her studio that she may choose to spend the time in her native Sweden. We suspect that her delay in sailing, or announcement of any home-going plans, has been her the signing of her new contract with Metro.

We don't believe for a minute that she will refuse to sign another three-picture deal. Still, her latest film, "Conquest," cost the studio well over three million dollars, most of which must be returned from foreign exhibitor fees (since it's an admitted studio fact that Garbo pictures lose money in America). Wherefore it can be readily understood that a Garbo contract is not one to be drawn in the heat of the day.

Incidentally, when it comes to box office, she is not above worrying whether her famous feet are of clay. Attending her first sneak preview since she entered the movies, Garbo traveled clear to Pomona to get an audience reaction to "Conquest." About halfway through the picture a dozen or more boys, seated close to her, jumped up from their seats and raced madly from the theater.

With the echo of their high laughter ringing in her ears, Garbo sought out the theater manager. What was wrong? she demanded. Didn't children like her pictures? Did they say anything as they left? Despite Garbo's great concern, the manager couldn't stifle his hearty laugh. "Oh, don't worry about them kids," he said. "They go to a boarding school here in town. If they aren't in by 10:30 at night, they can't come again tomorrow..."

Garbo continues to astonish the natives this month, who must confess, astonish easily as far as the taciturn Swede is concerned.

First it was Allan Jones who experienced a sense of relief and then astonishment at Garbo's hands. As long as Garbo's back yard met Allan's back yard, the actor could not allow his favorite riding horse to roam about the garden. Garbo complained of the whinnying. Reluctantly, Jones stabled his horse elsewhere. Imagine his relief when Garbo moved away and Jones could once more pasture his own horse. But it was Garbo's last play in that little game. To Jones' surprise he discovered she has moved on the same street and only two doors away. So the horse had to go back to the stable.

Rosalind Russell received the next shock when, glancing over at a small inexpensive roadster next her car at a signal light, whom should she see at the wheel but Garbo herself. Which was Hollywood's first intimation Greta had finally parted with her ancient vintage limousine and gone in for driving her own small roadster.

New Feuds:

The Chinese extras on the Charlie Chan set and the Japanese extras on the Mr. Moto set.

Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell. Fred claims he originated the drum dance. Eleanor claims she did. Both dance their own version of it in their new pictures.

Newcomer Department

With foreign film companies going to pot with a kind of relentless monotony all the time, a lot of pretty good talent has been loosed to Hollywood's greedy clutches. This month marks the peak of importations.

Over at Paramount they're bragging about Iss Miranda and Franciska Gaal (pronounced like the country that was divided into three parts). M-G-M has become slightly hysterical over a Miss Rose Stradner of Vienna. Universal is even more so over Danielle Darrieux, a cross between Joan Crawford and a French pastry. Annabella, a French girl who has made many English pictures is preparing a film in America now and English Jessie Matthews is on her way. There are a good many fine American names on the new contract lists, too.

We got full of energy she other day and made the rounds of the studios, interviewing like mad and finding out what to expect from the batch.

Dick Baldwin, who shot to stardom in "Love Begins in College," and who is now costarring with Simone Simon in "Love and Hissen," is a typical American boy. Dick's mother, Mrs. Susan Baldwin, has worked as a secretary for the St. Louis Union Electric Light and Power Company for the past twenty-six years, and her first consideration has always been to look after her son's welfare.

It looks, now, as if Dick were going to show his mother just how much he appreciates her years of toil. We have the information that the rising young actor is living on a budget of $30 a week in a tiny apartment in Hollywood where he prepares his own meals—and the remainder of his sizeable weekly check is going into a trust fund, from which he will build his mother a home in Hollywood.

The first request fifteen-year-old Frankie Thomas, given the title role in Universal's series of "Tim Tyler" pictures, made when he stepped on the lot was that he be permitted to go to school in the same classroom as Deanna Durbin. The studio thought it might interfere with his concentration, but he finally got his wish.

Radio listeners who remember the smooth-voiced Jack Arnold of the Mr. and Marge series may be interested in knowing that he's now in the movies.
Above, newly-engaged Virginia Bruce and J. Walter Ruben. And there with Vic Orsatti is Iona Massey, M.G.M.'s new star whom Van Dyke so raves about.

His real name is Vinton Haworth. He's actually Ginger Rogers' uncle. He's under contract to RKO, but he didn't get very far until these things happened: he had his name legally changed from Vinton Haworth to Jack Arnold; he let it be known he was the uncle of lovely Ginger; he shaved off his mustache. Now he's going to town in one picture after another.

Daniel Boone Savage, the Kentucky mountaineer wrestler whom Warner Brothers discovered and brought to Hollywood for a role in "Gold Is Where You Find It," thinks movies and moviemakers are the bunk. They get a strange guy to come to their town and then want to interrupt his normal routine of living.

Savage brought his three hound-dogs and his two roosters to Hollywood with him for company. The studio promptly prohibited him from bringing them to the studio, so during the day he has to keep them shut up in his apartment. The hound-dogs have made such a fuss about it, and so have the neighbors, that Savage has had to move every week to new quarters. There's one point, however, on which Savage stubbornly refuses to budge. He will not enter the studio commissary for lunch. He brings his corn bread and bacon, sits under a prop tree in the studio's prop park and pines for the friendly yapping of his three hounds.

Four-year-old Beverly Wills, daughter of actress Jean Davis, got a "meatloaf" role in Shirley Temple's new picture, "Only Wee McLean..."

She arrived home from school, next day with a black eye. "A playground accident," she carefully explained.

Noo, Noo—

If Mr. Edgar Bergen and his little splinter, Charlie McCarthy, make as great a hit with the American public in their first picture as they have with this department's Hollywood correspondents, the team will be the most sensational cinema discovery of the year. We find in our nail eight different items recounting Charlie's bright sayings; and we never lift the telephone but an excited voice impacts the news that the dummy has fallen off Bergen's lap, to the hysteria of the crowd.

Hereinafter a few selections from the lot, and a solemn warning to our assistants that if they don't stop hanging around the radio station listening to B. and M.C.,—well.

Dorothy Lamour gave a supper to the cast of a radio hour and served Charlie a plate of snooker.

Claudette Colbert came over to visit, the dummy's pants started to slip, and Bergen leaned over to tuck them on again. Whispered Charlie, "Please! Not before Miss Colbert!"

Phil Baker's four-year-old daughter visited what she calls the "stugle" and saw Charlie for the first time. At home again, she faced her daddy indignantly.

"Why didn't you tell me about this little boy down at the stugle?" she asked.

Phil, discovering his daughter was enchanted, was afraid to tell her Charlie is only paint and hardwood. He himself has a personal difference with the caus- tic dummy. In close-ups he must give out with gas after gas, while Charlie—freshly painted—merely stares wood- enly, unlaughing. Result: Phil blows up in his lines repeatedly.

Goldwyn Multiplication

For a sequence in the "Goldwyn Follies," it was necessary to have fifty cats to play in a scene with the Rita brothers. The fifty cats were produced and after bad shape was shot, the owner called for his pets.

Only there were fifty-one cats and no one could account for the extra one. No one on the lot had ever seen it before. So the Rita brothers tossed a coin. Harry won. He calls it "Goldwyn's Greatest Folly."

F. GENE AUTRY, the cowboy star who stands so high at all small-town box offices, is beginning to be more and more a little hurt that Hollywood itself fails to recognize him as he walks through the city. Finally persuaded Autry to go out more and get known, and made arrangements to take the star to a number of popular pictures. As Autry stepped out of his car, a group of small boys suddenly recognized him and gathered about for autographs.

Time went on and at last his companion urged Autry to hurry as the fights had started. "You just go on to the fights," Autry smiled, "and I'll meet you here right after. You know I'm getting a bigger kick out of this than I ever would out of a fight."

So he stayed and signed.

The Grandest Girl

HELEN TROY, or perhaps you know her as Saymore Saymore, the girl with the fast flapper, is not superstitious. Playing the part of a maid, Saymore was sent over to the M-G-M wardrobe department for a costume. "We have a costume?" she asked. "What do we look like, Ruff?" they told her, "but several of the girls have refused to wear it."

"I'd love it," Helen said. "Nothing but good can ever come from anything associated with that word "grand," was the grandest girl I ever knew."

And Helen returned to the set wearing Joan's old costume that superstition has caused several others to turn down.

That afternoon Helen was summoned to the casting office and told she had just been selected for her biggest role to date. A part in "Thoroughbred Don't Cry."

"Only I did cry a little," Helen said. "It was just as if Joan herself had done one more good deed in this world."

Chitchat

WALLY BEERY will vacation in England after one more picture. His leg is still in bad shape from that gunshot wound. Gloria Dickson and Porc Westmore, of Warner's make-up depart- ment, are married. They have to wait for her divorce to wind itself up. . .

A dog's worst mistake was when a pet dog cast in "Penrod and His Twin Brother," has earned his owner, Henry East, more than $10,000 in the past four years. He bought the creature for three dollars. And the most forbidding dog in the world, Ronald Reagan, who has made five pictures in the last four months at Warners, was told the other day that unless his studio could loan him out at once he'd have to take a salary "layoff..."

Daniel Darrice's wife and husband, Henri DeCotis, was assigned to writing and advising on his glamorous wife's first movie at Universal. Now the studio must engage an interpreter to get any value out of the man. Jean Hersholt is a little disappointed, because the Quints' physician, Dr. Dafoe, promised to visit Hollywood and then had to postpone his plans because the doctor on a radio program the other day, incidentally, and noticed he observed many self-hypnosis sentences so far as any intimate information about his five charges was concerned. . .

Wendy Barrie drives in her stocking feet . . . Glenda Farrell at last has received permission to go to New York and do a play . . . Nat Pendleton's mother is so heartily sickened by his set, watched him in a scene depicting a wrestling match, and was so concerned for him. (But they Filipina! she complained) that she went quickly home again.

For your information, Stan Laurel is forming a separate producing unit at Hal Roach's studio, and when his two-year contract is up he'll give up acting entirely. And for those of you who are not aware, Monty Woolley has joined the W. C. A. group . . .

Add Good Deeds

If you would believe the various press agents in Hollywood there is not a single star who doesn't give half his time and most of his fortune going about spreading cheer and light among the town's unfortunates. The following anecdotes, however, have been authenticated.

Kay Francis, preparing to give a party on the set with all the cast and crew of her latest picture as guests, heard that her stand-in's little son was in the hospital with a self-imposed disability. Miss Francis canceled the party, drove the stand-in to the hospital, stood by during the operation, and offered financial assistance.

Adolph Menjou discovered that his valet, Buminciono Blanco, was unhappy. Blanca received an ansored letter from his mother in Spain announcing that her brother had been cast into a film and was very ill and penniless. Menjou offered money, was gratefully but firmly refused; so he got the valet a picture as a kind of extraordinary—extra—that is, Blanco plays half a dozen bits (unnoticeable, of course) in the film, and receives a check for each.

Sentimental Interlude

KNOWING Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres as we do, we would hesitate to say that this film is a sentimental McConnell in their ill-fated love match. But we do know that Lew has no intention of living out his life as his kind of lone wolf. He is building a gray new home up in Laurel Canyon, off Hollywood Boulevard. It's more than just a new house. Lew used to climb up on the very moun- tainside where the house now is building his home. He would sit up there for hours, making promises to himself, and wishing that some day he could afford to build him a home up there. This is that house, on that hill. And you can be sure that before too long Lew is going to have a girl to share his dream.
If the Windsors Had to Come to Hollywood

(Continued from page 13)

by helping to bind the wounds of inno-
cent victims of Signor Mussolini's favor-
itive sport. The Motion Picture Arts-
ists Committee calls on the decent people of Hollywood who emphatically dissent from the welcome accorded Signor Mus-
solini to redeem their community by send-
ing-a carload of medici-

saintly supplies to Spain.

But all this was as nothing compared to the situation that would have greeted the Windsors had they arrived in Hol-
wood on schedule.

The antagonism to young Mussolini was based on Hollywood's distaste for his father's manner of butting in on world affairs outside of Italy, and young Mussolini's enjoyment of war.

There was much more involved in the Windsor's case. First of all, it was no secret in Hollywood that the Windsors had Nazi leanings. It will be remem-
bered that prior to Edward's abdication it was reliably reported from England that Mine, Simpson was receiving Ger-

many's famed troubleshaking Ambas-
dador, Herr von Ribbentrop, at her Mayfair home before the King was also a frequent visitor.

Then, after the abdication, Edward went to Austria to live in the castle of a Hitler's ally and as a result of con-
edging their world-touted marriage at the Château de Canne on June 3, the world's greatest moguls and the Castle Wassenbergen in the Carpathian moun-
tains, where they entertained many Fascist friends.

A couple of weeks prior to making their proposed American tour the Windsors were entertained in Germany by Hitler and many high Nazi officials. And just not least they were to have sailed on a German liner!

How could Hollywood be expected to stomach this when practically all of its big producers are opposed to Nazi theories as are certainly a great propor-
tion of its directors, actors and writers. Let's not forget also that there are a lot of people in Hollywood who are still loyally British subjects. What would Ronald Colman, or Herbert Marshall, or Lionel Barrymore, or Basil Rathbone, or Wendy Barrie have done, for instance, if they had been obliged to curtsey to Wyck?

What might have happened to guest lists which must perforce have been submitted to the Windsors by each host-
est wants to remember those, if the names of certain important people in filmland, whom (the Windsors) didn't choose to meet, were stricken off.

What would have been the fate of uninvited guests who might have turned up after dinner or tried to crash the gates, so to speak, at any large formal affair? And if the Duke or Duchess refused to shake their hands, would this have gone down as film-history's most embarrassing moment?

Where would eager hostesses who did entertain them seat them, and how would those hostesses arrange their tables, anyway? Even the U.S. State Department has no authority on the proper seating of roy-

ality at dinner tables, remained silent —augh, evidently, at the enormity of the plight in which these host-
est who might have honored the ex-

King who is "persona non grata" in England, found themselves in a taste and disapproval of his brother, the King. And that hostess, herself, would have no relatives left alive in the British Empire from then on.

Then, too, Hollywood is particularly labor-conscious these days. She is in the last throes of some great battle, which she is taking quite as seriously as is any one of the larger cities throughout the nation. Important mem-

bers of the film colony attend regularly meetings of the SAG (Screen Actors Guild), the SDG (Screen Directors Guild), and the SWG (Screen Writers Guild).

The injection of Charles Bedaux into the Windsors' tour was immediately frowned upon in movieland. Long be-

fore the American Federation of Labor went on record as being opposed to his action, the film unions in the colony's innermost circles were discussing the Bedaux system, which was held to spell doom of all other unions.

Then, too, Edward was popular in America, when he visited us twice before, for some of the qualities which ultimately cost him his throne. He was unassuming, good-natured and boyishly fond of having a good time.

Together as man and wife, Wally and Edward both enjoy many of the same qualities today, and yet there are people who believe these attributes do not be-

long hand-in-hand with hard work. Thus they would have probably been criticized abundantly for the pseudo-
fundamentalism the Windsors have had on their American tour.

While the prime reason for the Windsors' Hollywood sojourn had actually been, they said, to try to find ways and means of bringing to the people of Hollywood certain high points of the world on earth. Whether this could have been accomplished through a movie campaign of what Edward and his American-born Fascist theories to modern war tactics is problematical. However, in any case it is quite certain that they would have been gravely misunder-

stood and misunderstood, for their tragic, unfulfilled mission.

Of course, it was not impossible that Edward and his American-born Duchess might actually have consented to the making of a film, in which both of them might have appeared. For a long time rumor had it in Hollywood that such was going to be the case. Figures in excess of the million-dollar mark were mentioned time and again.

The extraordinary success of "The Prisoner of Zenda" certainly points to the manner in which people take to the mystery andromidal story they should have appeared together in a film? Surely that would have been the McCoy.

But, regardless of whether the Winds-
sors actually would have appeared in a picture or not, they probably would have brought with them that exceed-
ingly interesting film of their courtship from its inception until today, which their close friend and admiral, Herman P. Rogers had taken.

To date, because of his devotion and friendship for the subjects, Mr. Rogers has repeatedly turned down all offers made him for this eight-reel thriller that could be made the tops of all news-
reel productions of the year.

At any rate, with so many handicaps staring them straight in the face, weren't the Windsors taking an awful lot of backbone and independence all at once, they themselves, felt they weren't. Why, because as far back as last May when I saw them in France, they believed that their popularity in America would enable them to circum-

vent all of these "trite reasons"—those ridiculous objections which, as Rogers suggested, as did I at that time, that there were these obstacles to be met.

And, in addition to that I want to make a statement that he and his American-born Duchess hope to come to America anyway" later on when "public opinion will have changed," you have the full measure of a man who, because of his royal upbringing, still cannot grasp pub-
lic opinion as it exists, one who is not convinced of the American public's goodwill for him, and the British public's goodwill for him.

From one day to the next, one doesn't know. Perhaps by the time this reaches you, the royal couple will have de-

scended on Hollywood. But at least for the moment, cinema town has settled back, glad of the respite afforded them, temperately though it may be.

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Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 60)

your while to match your make-up to your clothes.

MORE MAKE-UP TIPS—While I was wandering around being very Techni-

color-concious, I hope you're going to be, too, pick up a few more tips for you on how to apply your cos-

meatics.

First of all (and all the make-up men I know agree that this is important) apply your make-up on your foundation until at least ten minutes after getting out of the tub. You see, the warm water, when you get out of the tub is still on your face for that amount of time. So wait at least that long, or your powder will cake.

Now, Hollywood follows that up by saying that after you have put on a thin coating of a good powder base (of course, you use one) you should rub your face with ice wrapped in a chamois cloth. And then apply your make-up after the skin is completely dry. This helps keep your face longer and makes the powder and rouge go on smoother.

Here's a little trick I picked up from

a group of the stock girls and dancers in "All Baba Goes To Town." After re-
moving their cleansing cream at night, they rub their faces and hands with a mentholated cream which they leave on all night. That's the secret of their smooth, clear skin.

If you have a faint tendency to break out (and who hasn't?) just when that attractive man has finally come through and asked you for a date, try the following: Keep will clear up the disturbance in no time, and save you from having to turn your right side to him. The reason for this is that because the left cheek has a blemish on it.

I watched Jack Dawn make up one of the girls over at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who was a bit of a little-styled cele-
brement, and noticed that he didn't put any mascara on her lashes. So, of course, I had to ask him why. He said that when a girl has straight lashes or lashes that go downward instead of curling up-
ward, she should never use mascara because it weighs the lashes down and he hides the eyes. You can, however, use it for thinning the lashes for those who have thick ones.

The best way to make mascara go on smoothly and have your lashes appear thicker is to apply a light coating of

vaseline or oil to your lashes and then powder lightly. Be sure, however, that the oil is all dusted with powder. Then apply your mascara with an almost dry brush, and only put it on the upper lashes, as this makes your eyes look larger. If your brush is too wet or you use too much water on it, your eyes will look too obviously made up.

CHRISTMAS KITS—In between dashing around to get you these beauty tips, I've been popping in and out of department and specialty stores and have found two new things on the mar-

ket which not only make splendid gifts but will be just as delectable for yourel


   -v

one. One is a new vanity and lipstick en-
semble which was created by a famous Hollywood make-up authority. The compact is of burnished gold, has rouge in it and a perfect powder sifter for loose powder. The lipstick is super-in-
delible. These sets come in color harmonic of your own hair and eyes, for blondes, brunettes, redheads and brownettes.

The other is a make-up kit, with make-up that matches the eyes.
Bette Davis tells you how to protect daintiness

Have you ever thought before of what this lovely screen star says? The charm that's most appealing of all—perfect daintiness from head to toe—is a charm within the reach of any girl.

A regular Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will leave you refreshed—skin sweet—pores freed of hidden traces of stale perspiration by ACTIVE lather. Your skin will have a delicate fragrance that makes people want to be near you. Try this simple, inexpensive way to make sure of daintiness. Famous screen stars use it. You're sure to find it works for you.

"All you girls who want to be popular—here's something you ought to remember: The man was never born who could resist the charm of perfect daintiness. The least fault against it just ruins illusions—and spoils romance."

"The easiest, most delightful way I know to protect daintiness is to bathe with Lux Toilet Soap. The ACTIVE lather leaves skin really sweet—fragrant with a delicate perfume you'll love."

"A Lux Toilet Soap bath relaxes and refreshes me. It's a real beauty treatment. Try it next time you're tired and have a date. You'll find it peps you up in no time—makes you feel sure of yourself—ready for conquest!"

"A regular Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will leave you refreshed—skin sweet—pores freed of hidden traces of stale perspiration by ACTIVE lather. Your skin will have a delicate fragrance that makes people want to be near you. Try this simple, inexpensive way to make sure of daintiness. Famous screen stars use it. You’re sure to find it works for you."

9 out of 10 lovely screen stars use this gentle soap with ACTIVE lather. You can keep your skin soft and smooth the easy Hollywood way.
Eleanor Holm, swimming star, becomes the queen of the Jungle in 20th Century-Fox's "Tarzan's Revenge," while Glenn Morris takes over the popular Weismuller role.

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 45)

be located by Randolph Scott and Jack Haley, because she has gone to her aunt's farm, where Bill Robinson is a hired hand.

We see the audition room of the broadcasting station. A million—well, a hundred-thousand—dollar set. On the sidelines are the mothers, idle spectators. Extras play the youngsters' parents. Haley, who has absented himself of late, is seen also.

On the sidelines is Shirley, her-

self. She doesn't have to work today, but she's here anyway, to watch the fun. She adds a certain appeal to the whole children's scene.

The scene has Haley clapping his hands over the mouth of a painful child prod-

igy, and not only getting bitten, but get-
ing a clout on the head with the moth-

er's handbag, in which, it seems, there is a horseshoe—for luck. (Director Allan Dwan orders a sound effect of a hammer hitting a coconut.) Haley, rubbing his hand, walks toward the glass entrance doors, outside of which stands a mob of mothers and children. As he goes down the hall and meets a tiny tot, held in her mother's arms, plops lollipop into his mouth. Notice this tiny tot. She is Joan Davis. Four-year-old Beverly, getting to screen laugh—with Mama Joan among the onlookers.

On the set of "Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo" we make two discoveries. (1) Swedish Warner Oland wears no makeup—no makeup—up to look Chinese. (2) When he is playing Chan, he talks like Chan even between "takes." We watch a scene in which he doesn't have to utter a word. But the elec-

tricians are so long rearranging the lights after they have once been ar-

ranged that Oland says: "If Charlie Chan melts like pet of butter in frying pan, resultant grease spot will be on electrician's soul."

Jotting down this Chan-ism, we head for KRO-Radio, where we go on a loc-

ation trip—"Bringing Up Baby." india, co-starred in Baby's escape from the costarring Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. Baby is a leopard which is most tractable when somebody sings. "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," Baby. Cary has put on heavy horn-rimmed specs, a set of absent-minded features and a stoop-shouldered stance to play a young fossil collector. Into his placid life comes a completely dizzy deb (Hep-

burn, as we live and breathe!), with a live leopard in tow. Grant's frustrated efforts to get them out of his life make for mad hilarity.

On a San Fernando Valley ranch, be-

fore the house, where they have just been thrown up overnight, we watch one of these efforts. And this, we'll have you know, is a major triumph, getting with-

in even telescopic distance of a Hep-

burn set. This one, for PICTOFILM, the bars are down.

Grant is walking down a street. Hep-

burn is driving alongside in a st allion wagon. She has been trying to talk him into taking Baby. He has got out to talk and tell her, at a distance, "Never."

She retorts that he may not know it, but he has Baby. The leapord, which he thought was in the station wagon, is padding along behind him (wit Olga Celeste, famous woman animal-trainer, and one out of camera range).

The scene over, Cary, mopping his damp brow and uncrinking his back, says, "If they had to pick a theme song for this picture, why couldn't they pick something like 'Hold That Tiger'?"

To see Ginger Rogers upholshing her "Stage Door" laurels in "Having Won-

derful Time," with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as her co-star, we go on another loc-

ation trip—to Big Bear Lake in the San Bernardino Mountains.

The script calls for her to swim across the lake—with a pair of men's shorts, and a scarf for her two-piece swimming gear. We see her arrive on the oppo-

site shore, comically bedraggled. Al-

ready shivering, she has to go out into the lake just far enough for the camera to catch her coming out of the water. It's far enough for her to change from flesh pink to pale blue and to be thankful this picture isn't in Techni-
color. And to quip, between chatties, when the scene is over, "I hope there's no cold in these here chillis!"

We saw Lily Pons in fright has been one of feathers last month. We drop in on the set of "Hitting a New High" in the hope of seeing her in tights, as did that San Francisco opera conductor, who afterward said heatedly that the movies were trying to make opera look like a circus. But today's scene calls for her to wear a full-length evening gown.

We ask Jack Oakie his personal opin-

ion of opera stars who wear feathers and tights on the screen. "More power to 'em," says Jack. "I say, let those who can wear 'em, wear 'em. Opera will be popular yet!"

From KRO-Radio, we head ourselves to the Walt Disney studio, for a behind-

the-scenes glimpse of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"—which Disney started the day before and invested $1,200,000 in.

The reason for the cost and the delay is simple. Here is not just one moving picture; here are fifty thousand moving pictures joined into a cohesive whole. Every little fraction of a movement calls for a separate, distinct drawing. And Disney and his staff made two complete sets of rough drafts of every movement before the final sketches.

They have complicated his monu-

mental task by seeking a way to give "depth" to the drawings. Don't grumble about having to wait three years for "Snow White." You may soon be huz-

hauing a man who takes this time.

Which thought sends us in pursuit of Mae West, at Paramount, where she is just starting "Every Day's a Holiday," in which, once more, she is one of those robust turn-of-the-century gals. Schlep-

parlour, yes, let's furnish her with a fancy rou-

robe. Mae herself furnished the story.

We see her in a rococo Fifth Avenue living room of 1900. We are welcomed by Charles Winninger, Walter Carleatt and Charles Butterworth. They are discussing Edmund Lowe, whom they want as a candidate for mayor. He is a bit of a duffer. If he doesn't appear pretty soon, Mac says she'll run for mayor herself. They mention that Lowe's crowds arrive have to face. One of them asks, "Do you think you can handle all these men?" Which gives Mae a chance to quip, "You ought to try it sometime."

But, in rehearsal, she quips, instead, "You ought to peek through my keyhole sometimes. I know what you like."

We see the streets of the city, where for a moment it seems as if there is nothing. Then, all of a sudden, she reaches for his snuffing salts. The line won't be in the picture.

On the next sound stage, Bing Crosby is also starting a new comedy (watch the ads for the final title), with Beatrice Lillie, Andy Devine and Mary Carlyle for company. It marks the re-entry into films of Beatrice (Lady Peel) Lillie, who has prostrated stage audiences for years. The script calls for her to act as a substi-

tuting for a policeman—friend of his named O'Roorn at the home of a dizzier person (this character is a bit o' screwball, and is chasing around a poli-

ceman. We see one of their first scenes together, during the course of which they introduce him to her butcher as her "Greek Friend, Maca-

room" and indulge in other absent-

minded patter. The Sidelines are rimmed with gits, but Gee never cracks a smile. She is the world's lone "dead-end" comedienne.

When we have been barred until now from the set of the Carole Lombard-Fred MacMurray-John Barrymore com-

dy about a female Baron Munchausen (agents claim this is the one for the final title). But now they are making the trailer. The set is open.

Paramount, trying a new idea in trail-

ers, is going along alleged behind-the-

scenes shots of pictures in production. Director Wesley Ruggles has it to go-

der. Just this moment, he himself, is not to be seen. We decide to disappear. Carole. I need you for a scene with Mac. And Ruggles muffs his lines.

Carole was hoping for this. From behind a piece of scenery, where he has been carefully planted, she trundles a large piece of junk on which she has scribbled, and places it where he can see it but the camera can't. A director gets some of his own prompting medi-

cine.

Going on to Warners, we see another newcomer in action: Columnist Louella Parsons who is playing Columnist Lou-

ella in "Hollywood Hotel." And very jolly about it, too.

The setting is the mirror-studded apartment of a temperamental movie star (Lola Lane), who is putting on her best act for an interviewer (Louella). Everything is mad confusion in the bedroom, where Mary is filming. First, Lola blows her lines. Then an-

other and another. Director Busby Berkeley is sitting on the edge of the set, waiting for her. Olivia de Havilland still is at work in "Gold Is Where You Find It," opposite George Brent. We see a scene involving a horde of people, Olivia included, at a society reception of the gold-rush days. Michael Curtiz is directing. He is famous for his amusing twists to his English, as when he once asked for "an empty horse," meaning a riderless one. Now, after a "take," he says, "No, not good. I want it a little more tense." Somebody (Olivia?) ingeniously in-

quires, "Past or present?" There is a burst of laughter. Curtiz doesn't understand why. In bewilderation, he goes.

On the set of "Penrod and His Twin Brother," starring Billy and Bobby Mauch, we see a believe-it-or-not. What? On this stage, there is a set of stairs. In sight. We ask our guide which one it is. "Billy," he says. "Bobby isn't working today."

On the sidelines stands Mrs. Mauch, her face a study in mild worry. We wonder why. As the scene ends, she goes over to check her son. He makes known what she tells him: Billy is sick in bed today with a cold, so Bobby has taken his place—with no the wiser until now. McGinn gams sheepishly. Everyone else, except Bobby, gins amazedly. Bobby blushes at his mother's giving him away.

And last but not least, at Samuel Goldwyn Studios, Samuel Goldwyn pre-

sents the "picture" of the same name, "Samuel Goldwyn production" (We paraphrase the picture credits for "Dead End"). This is the first $2,000,000 musical in Technicolor. Members of the cast are treated to glimpses of the first rushes and it has everything—even everything from being the world's first grand opera, and includes a dozen stars.

We catch one of the scenes between big musical numbers—one of those scenes that is in the test of any comedy with music.

It is between Adolphe Menjou, playing a blackbird for perfection (a bit, just a bit, of a Goldwyn), and An-

drea Leeds, playing his country-girl protégé. The setting is the small kitchen in the old farm.

Andrea's hair catches the highlights as hair seldom does. The reason: it is sprinkled with gold dust. "Taking a tip from Dietrich?" we ask. "No—Morle Oberon," our guide says. "Merle started it. Even uses gold dust as a face powder.

In the scene, Adolphe is trying to persuade Andrea to go out with a cer-

tain gentleman. Menjou then makes the obvious retort: "I don't take your feathers seriously, Andrea. It's a joke."

"But how can you know a gentleman when she's at her moment in mute wonder. Then, to himself, he ejaculates: "It's amazing."

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wood.
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A Girl's Best Friend Is Her Opposite

(Continued from page 25)

friendship that offered sincerity and sympathy to both Marlene and Joan. In the nights when a new comrade to the screen, was also close to Marlene Dietrich. They had hoped—in charming ignorance—of Hollywood politics—that they might remain personal friends, even if they were rivals on the screen. But when Marlene went to Europe, she was dugged everywhere with stories Ruth was said to have spread about her—unkind stories which had their root in the minds of the tattlers themselves. Both stars tried to ignore them, but they have been seen together little since that time.

It is an odd thing, but the public mind objects to the sight of two charming screen rivals getting along. Whenever such a friendship develops, trouble-makers try to destroy it. The public is heartily bewildered. Lynn Fontanne has evidently chosen to believe that two beautiful women can meet only on the basis of wishing to claw each other's eyes. No matter how amiable the stars may feel towards each other, the public steps in with malicious stories to make the green-eyed myth come true.

This public prejudice is partially to blame for the fact that close friendships between stars in Hollywood are few. The American public will permit an actress the loyalty of a secretary, of a maid—of a woman who would break the camera if she ever took a screen test. But they have called it unnatural that two strikingly handsome girls should be friends.

The kind of female friendship of which the public approves is Katharine Hepburn's and Luise Rainer's. Laura was, is an actress, in her own right, but her mild triumphs were achieved on the boards of Broadway, which is quite another prelimentary to an actress's serious business of getting along on the screen. Laura Harding is in "Elizabeth the Queen" and acted in "Thunder in the Air." Then she met Katharine Hepburn and was propelled rapidly into the rôle of Queen-maker for the other girl.

It was Laura Harding who prevailed on Miss Hepburn to go to Broadway for awhile and see what Hollywood could do for her. She stormed the young actress's dressing room and convinced her that it would be wise for them both to refuse all invitations to parties in the West, being very cool and aloof and superior about it. This proved an unnecessary bit of strategy, as the two were in Hollywood for six weeks before anyone asked them out. When they got their first invitation, they snatched it at "like a hungry trout rising to a fly" as Miss Harding tells the story now.

Miss Harding is the daughter of J. Horace Harding, chairman of the board of the American Railway Express Company and the senior partner in the banking firm of Charles D. Boremy and Company. She has a New York debut in her past and a Ramsgate, New Jersey house in her present—a retreat to which Katharine Hepburn and Luise Rainer in repairs in a carpet-slipper mood.

Miss Harding is more than a best friend, but a sort of official character, the pressario and accountant for the erratic, wayward star. She is the one who passes on photographs for publicity. She is the one who manages Miss Hepburn's new contracts—for more and more and more salary each time. She helps design the Hepburn costumes and

Myrna Loy's best friend is her stand-in, Shirley Hughes. an old chum who was with her at her recent marriage. Shirley is the sister-in-law Myrna almost got. Her brother Bob brought Shirley around and introduced her to Myrna as his best girl friend. Myrna and Shirley liked each other instantly and even after the romance was over, Shirley and Myrna remained fast friends, Shirley taking the job as Myrna's stand-in. When Myrna and Arthur Hornblow decided to get married, they took Shirley along to Ensenada to be bridesmaid. At the last minute they remembered there were no flowers for the bride and Shirley refused to allow Myrna to be married without flowers. Coaxing Myrna to hold the attention of the attendant, Shirley went to work and picked all the lovely blooms around the garden walk, and made them into a beautiful bride's bouquet, while Myrna's knees shook, fearing they would be snatched into a Mexican jail any minute.

Alice Faye's best friend, Helene Holmes, fills the same rôle in her life: she, too, arranged the bridal bouquet when Miss Faye recently became Mrs. Tony Martin. She did more that for Alice, for during that hectic romance between Alice and Tony, Helene acted as the intermediary, carrying messages back and forth and patching up their many quarrels.

THE stand-in-star relationship is often cordial: successful women, contrary to the general opinion, are generous in giving other girls a hoist up the ladder. Alice Faye profited enormously from the advice of Ethel Merman, who gave her pointers on how to sing when Miss Faye was understudying her in the "George White's Scandals." Miss Faye's voice was at that time a tendency to lean to the coy and the cute; Ethel Merman sold her the idea that sophistication would carry her farther than the baby-blue sweetness of those days.

If friendships between stars of equal rating are rare—as the public demands—there are many such cases in which one woman who has arrived gives an apprentice a kindly boost. Have you ever heard about Janet Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay? Janet Gaynor was a girl who knew few of the joys of feminine friendship until a couple of years ago. She lived quietly with her mother, and the only note of social contact was her occasional pointment at the hairdresser, the "cat talk" after the party played no part in her life, nor was she one of those girls for being exclusive and upstaged. But she was distant only because she was shy.

Margaret Lindsay appeared on the lot in 1930. When Janet Gaynor, with whom Janet was a girl who had her own reasons for holding herself aloof from gossip com- mencement, a nif of photographs of these friends who might come too close. For Margaret Lindsay, at that time, was passing as an English-born actress and was sedulously hiding the fact that she had come from Iowa. It was at the height of the American craze for British stars: Miss Lindsay was doing her very best to impersonate an English girl, since English girls were what the movies wished.

When Janet Gaynor first sensed the fact that the little "British" girl was changing, she was breaking down her reserve. A volume of Rupert Brooke's poems helped—they both loved his poetry. A ridiculous from Janet Gaynor's London layer of tissue paper, made Miss Lindsay laugh and think the star who had made it to her. They became fast friends.

Janet Gaynor's friendship has helped Margaret Lindsay through some maneuverable periods when Miss Gaynor has guided and directed the pseudo-British actress at every turn. She gave up a vacation to be with her friend. And when Miss Gaynor had to stand-in for Shirley Ross on "Bee Martin." She had refused to go to Hollywood for awhile and see what Hollywood could do for her. She stormed the young actress's dressing room and convinced her that it would be wise for them both to refuse all invitations to parties in the West, being very cool and aloof and superior about it.

The Children's Hour at the Walter Abel is a musical one. Every night before Michael and Jonathan go to bed, Mother plays while Father and sons do-re-mi

friendships among women may be very engagingly illustrated by some of the legendary Patricians and Achills, David and Jonathan as a precedent. For, in any case, the real of Ruth Chatterton to the woman who was going to be the lusterous star. During the court fight—during which Gaynor had written to the girl—she started a letter to another girl, "Dear Amy and Gentlemen of the Jury"—Ruth Chatterton stood staunchly by Mary Astor in her trouble. She admitted the indiscretion Miss Astor had shown in keeping a diary, but said, "She shouldn't be pilloried for that." It was with Miss Chatterton's help and encouragement that Mary Astor performed her part so well in "Dodeswaver."

Sometimes a crisis is needed to bring two Hollywood women together and get them to look at things with which they have been told they should greet: all women who have not back of their wallets. Sometimes like Miss Harding makes things happen.

When Merle Oberon was a lonely, unwanted little girl in Hollywood, with no one but her mother—snap to party and fell flat on her face on the ballroom floor. Her heel had caught in her slipper and she sat there on the carpet, a face of comedy, no doubt—it seemed very funny, indeed. Norma Shearer caught sight of her and motioned to an empty chair, and the woman was pushed to her side. A very pleasant friendship began then and there. And when the two actresses found themselves living in next-door proxiqinity,
"Every Lady likes Beauty with a French Accent"

Take the advice of le Père Noël, the Santa Claus of France, if you would win most fervent feminine thanks for your gifts... Give beauty, as every lady loves it best... with a French accent... Give Evening in Paris Christmas Sets. By getting them for every lady on your list, you can do all the feminine part of your Christmas shopping right at one counter, saving hours of time and much wear and tear on you... Thirty-one sets, $1.10 to $25.00

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Evening in Paris BOURJOIS
rowed glass tank. (Marilyn Knowlden
said she and Ann Gillis would do the cleaning
tomorrow.)

Juanna looked sweet yesterday. She had
on a navy-blue dress with big white
buttons down the side and white collar
and cuffs, and a little white picot hat.
She had just come from the studio. We
went over to the drawing-room and Jean
asked us in, and then we went into the
kitchen and had tea. David puts three lumps
of sugar in a little tea cup of tea and actually
mixes the mixture! We had quite a party. Betty
Jean makes the grandest cinnamon toast.
It was cool and we didn’t want to
carry in wood for the fireplaces, so we stayed
in the kitchen and moved the table out of the
breakfast room. After tea, I went to Betty
Jean’s room. She had all been so kind to write to us, until almost six
o’clock. The children all collect stamps
so every time we opened a letter from
a foreign country there is a slight ar-
 astronauts over who should have the stamp
that comes on it. But David and Betty
Jean are both stamp collectors, so it was settled
dependably on each occasion.

I think David likes Betty Jean’s beau-
iful brown eyes. Juanna is tall and
getting prettier every day. David,
being a real boy, showed his admir-
ation by speaking of Betty Jean as a
dirty blonde” every time he mentioned her.

We all went out to the Fox Studios to present Shirley Temple with the
Junior Legion Cross of Honor. The

**Hollywood’s Junior Legion**

(Continued from page 67)

The Junior Legion has four famous citations, one
of them from the President of the United
States.

It was a solemn occasion. Shirley, in
her little checked brown coat and beret,
looked perfectly composed. We couldn’t
give her to smile until we asked her
to pose with the medal. If you’d
have thought of the hardships she has
carried, you'd be sure to read the little paragraph at
the end of this story.

One of the first child ever to re-
ceive the Junior Legion Cross. It is
given once a year, for valiant achieve-
ment, to a child under seventeen years of
age. We all agreed that Shirley
should be the first to have it. Who do
you think should have it next time?
It is really called the Andrew S. Eowan
Cross of Honor and was named in honor
of Major Eowan, who carried the
American flag during the Spanish-American
war, thereby became a living symbol of Honor and
Courage and Obedience.

The Junior Legion has been dreamy-
eyed and noble-looking ever since.
Marilyn Knowlden and Ann Gillis
talk about the garden without being told,
and Bonita Granville and Ann got
out the lawn mower and literally
drenched it in the rain. Shirley

Bonita, in spite of the fact that she
plays mean roles on the screen, is the
most amiable of all the Legionnaires.
You’d have to know her to see
her, but she never quarrels over anything. She likes
to pour the tea formally and use the
different mugs. The “different” teacups are a collec-
tion that we’ve made. Every once in

while, somebody used to give us an
odd teacup and saucer. We have six-
teen now, all entirely different. The boys made us a cabinet with glass
doors to keep them in. On special occasions, the boys
would wave goodbye to her, choose his or her
own teacup. Sometimes we close
eyes and choose: Bonita always
went out of doors. Usually, she would
paint “forget-me-nots around the
edge, and Bobby Breen chooses one
brand every time. Shirley sees
it always brings him good fortune
when we read the tea leaves.

**VIRGINIA WEIDLER, Jane Isabell and I
searched the garage again this morn-
ing to look for the Ping-pong balls.
Virginia and Jane, dressed in play suits,
got lots of scratches on their legs
and arms from climbing over boxes and
machinery. We wore black Federation
of Labor T-shirts, too. The Legion
studios in the afternoon, to
watch Edith Fellows in some scenes for
her new starring picture, and put
dioxide over all the lamps. Jane and Virginia
were satisified. The iodine wouldn’t come
off because I couldn’t rub hard enough
with the iodine, then tried to yell,
“Ouch!” before I even touched
them. Virginia said, “Really Marianne,
the iodine doesn’t do enough to make a person
terrestrial!”

Honestly, they looked like something
you’d pay to see in a circus. When we
asked Edith if she’d let us have her friends
and she said she could scarcely go on
with her scenes. She was playing the part of a
very vulnerable girl, with which she is
not, of course, very much disposed. She’s quiet and likes best to sew
and play with dolls. She has a

...
JON HALL

And now Sam Goldwyn plays his trump card. (Wouldn’t you know Goldwyn would do it?) For cheers, those sighs, those cries by the fair maidens of the land are for young Jon Hall. The man who took the stage out of Taylor Street and knocked out of Galatea. A brown-eyed giant, just six feet two, and weighing 155 pounds. He was born in France, but his boyhood was spent on the South Sea Islands. Went to Switzerland and England but came back to America to look for a job.

“You should be in movies,” was the only answer he ever got. So he went into the loft of the camera crane. “Hurricane” got him. He has two moles on his chin. No one ever looks at his chin, or even his ears. No one looks at his ears, either. He has brains as well as brown. But no one ever thinks of his brains. Sings like a wild man in “The Goldwyn Follies” next. Destined to be that new discovery of 1938.

LUCILLE BALL

That blonde lovely on the back of the magazine, flaunting a cigarette—was Lucille Ball. Too, too blasé for words. The girl who modeled Carnegie’s latest creation in the opening of Madam—was Lucille Ball. Too sophisticated for any use whatsoever. The girl who wants a pair of old slacks and rides hell-bent for heaven on a worn-out bicycle across a Hollywood movie lot—is Lucille Ball. As she is a showgirl with a girl’s chassis. In costume pictures, directors have to watch her like a hawk. She will wear skirts, or hoop skirts, and act on the trapeze between scenes.

All her life she’s dreamed of being twenty-five. Not twenty-one or thirty-two but twenty-five. So things would happen. Lucille is just twenty-five, and things have happened, including “Stage Door.” Ginger Rogers’ friendship, and director Al Hall for a beau.

Sam Goldwyn brought Lucille to Hollywood as one of New York’s famous models to carry Connie Bennett’s train in “The Affairs of Cellini.” Lucille also carried two black-and-blue larks where she put off the camera crane. She won’t keep off things, never. Has been in Butte, Montana, her family moved to New York where Lucille went to school. Lucille moved the family to Hollywood when movies “yoo-hooed” in her direction.

Studied dietion under Ginger Rogers’ mother, Lena, and gained a role in a Little Theater play. Was immediately cast in New York production of “Stage Door”; then RKO decided they needed Lucille for the movie version. Her first real break came in “That Girl From Paris” where Lucille made a hit falling in unladylike sprains during a comedy dance. She wonders what Hattie would think of her un-Carrington-like behavior. But didn’t care much.

Remains a staunch friend of Katherine Hepburn’s despite the storms and strife that beset a friendship with Katie. Honest with herself and others, Lucille can detect a phony a mile away. And thinks nothing ofwiping egg off a producer’s chin. Right in the commission. Before people.

Her next is “Having Wonderful Time.” Lucille always has a wonderful time—even when she sold hot dogs to hut herself through school.

Chances to make good as a screen comedienne a good eighty percent. We take twenty percent for the trapeze swinging.

JOAN FONTAINE

Born in Japan, she never wears a kimona. But adores soft cashmere sweaters in baby blue. Wears sweaters and a one-sided smile nearly all the time. Came to California when just a baby and lived there ever since. Except one year when she went back to school. Was ill all through childhood, which has driven her completely within herself. She took an intelligence test at Stanford University when she was three years old—was given a grade of 160 (genius rating). Joan has a heart-shaped face, much smaller than it appears on the screen. Her hair is blonde and straight. Without a wisp of a curl in sight. Doesn’t want to be known as the sister of a certain beautiful star.

Loves attic bedrooms with sloped ceilings and always reads when she walks. And vice versa. Sometimes parking under a tree for a paper. Has an enormous appetite and light freckles under her left eye. Eyes have been blue.

Ambition burns and eats like a living coals within. Arose every morning before four during the making of “A Damned Fresher” and Prance on the breeze, a thin Astaire wouldn’t need to dance with a double.

She started this life to be an artist. School played her off as an actress. A part in “Call It A Day” on a Hollywood stage gained the attention of Jesse Lasky, who placed her in pictures. Evincing unusual ability in a bit role in “Quality Street” she was cast opposite John Beal in The Man Who Found Himself.” “You Can’t Beat Love,” was her next; “Music for Madame” her latest. She’s so afraid girls won’t like her in “A Damned Distress” because she turns down Mr. Astaire. She suffers when she thinks of it. Has a terrible inferiority complex and a way of drawing her brows together that’s captivating. Loves to cook fancy dishes but wouldn’t give a daze a dozen for Boys. The play’s the thing with Joan.

After each picture drugs up into her little home town of Saratoga, California, just to keep her world well-balanced.

Watch For It in PHOTOPLAY

One of the most amazing pieces of fiction ever presented—

IF I HAD WRITTEN THE WILLIAM DENSMOND TAYLOR MURDER CASE

by

STANLEY GARDNER

one of the foremost writers of murder-fiction mysteries

EDWARD NORRIS

Now for M-G-M’s gentle-eyed bucking bronco—young Eddie Norris. From Culver Military Academy, where he learned to ride standing up, Eddie went to Philadelphia and became a reporter, where he learned to eat—standing up. While he was prancing behind stage wings for news, the show put him and the Little Jester next to him. So did Hollywood, eventually. But not before he washed dishes in restaurants and chauffeured plump politicians with double chins and Chow chow puppies.

His brown eyes seldom smile, his face is darkly quiet, but Vesuvian. He has nothing on him for inward seething. His big chance came in Mervyn LeRoy’s They Won’t Forget. He was featured also in Between Two Women.

He’s married to Ann Sheridan, owns an old Mexican adobe ranch house out where she makes his home, and that pool, even to mixing the cement. Eddie doesn’t have to work. Eddie’s papa left him money. Wants to be the steady-going type of doing a person’s chance to outlast Taylor—ten to one is our guess.

GLORIA DICKSON

Warner’s winner in the round-up is that throaty-voiced Gloria Dickson who made her initial screen appearance in They Won’t Forget. Hollywood hasn’t been able to forget.

From an understanding father who died when Gloria was ten she inherited ideas; and the courage and background for a life. A life with which Gloria perform “Dot the Miner’s Daughter” or “One Glass of Wine” in the back yard of her Idaho home. It will cost us much more when Gloria really gets going. She had to be yanked out of the cast of Submarine D-1 because her startling dramatic performance made some of the others look like ingenues.

Came to movies through Little Theaters, in Los Angeles. Moved to Long Beach with her mother after her father’s death. Then she studied with drama coaches. In trying to forget she once gave recitatives with gestures and music (help us!) over the radio. Feels acting is but a symbol of life, and that an actress should never become a thing apart from that bit of life she plays.

Knits sweaters, paints rather well, loves to carve wood, and models in clay. It’s well to use one’s hands as well as one’s mind, Gloria claims. Seems truer, as her name is than she really is. Has natural blonde hair; blue eyes; is twenty years old; isn’t particularly calm, even when acting. Especially when acting, as a matter of fact. Chances for success—a good plus.

TOM BECK

That soft-voiced, brown-eyed young man out at Twentieth Century Fox is Tom Beck. Tom pranced into Hollywood with a degree from Johns Hopkins University (as an engineer, not a doctor), a complete set of Forgets and little else but a swell signet ring and a don’t-shove-me-around attitude. He was immediately shoved around. No one met him on his arrival in Los Angeles or knew who he was at the studio—or cared. On top of that it kept raining all the time. For a year and a half
Darling,

I have already written a book called No More Alibis. It shows you how to make yourself over physically. Now you have another job for you. You can take off fifteen pounds of fat with comparative ease. Can you get rid of fifteen pounds of oversexiness, or a bump of self-consciousness? Can you build up charm as you'd build up a thin body? Sure you can, if you’ll but read what I have to tell you.

That Magic Touch

My new book Pull Yourself Together, Baby! contains hundreds of simple tips to develop glamour—that magic touch which makes an ugly person charming—a pretty woman fascinating—a beautiful girl simply irresistible. Glamour is a combination of limines, character, charm, physical attractiveness, unornament and manners. It’s the answer to the question, “How can I be popular?” It gets jobs, wins friends, it draws beauty like a magnet; it keeps husbands in love with you.

You Can Develop Glamour

And, darling, make no mistake about glamour—...you can acquire it...you can develop it. But for heaven’s sake don’t think you can radiate personality by a pegging glibly, or by accepting any foolish flirts or maneuvers. And if you are blundering under the false notion that you must be as beautiful as the Hollywood stars or you can’t catch the admiration of others—forget it!

If you are one of those gals who in a blundering, self-conscious manner strut up into knots when in the company of strang-...a very good idea, if you’ve got all the makings for a magnetic personality if you...use them. If you wish to acquire self-confidence and charm, get my...much better, and you’ll get all the secrets I’ve gleaned from studying the most dynamic personalities of the stage and screen.

Madame Sylvia

The price of Pull Yourself Together, Baby! is only $1.00 postpaid. All bookstores or mail coupon below TODAY.

P.S. If you haven’t read No More Alibis by Madame Sylvia, get a copy of this national best-seller at once. This book contains all the beauty treatments which have made Sylvia a power in Hollywood. Price $1.00 postpaid.

Macfadden Book Company, Dept. P-1, 205 East 22nd St., New York, N. Y.
Send me, postage prepaid, Madame Sylvia’s new book, Pull Yourself Together, Baby! I enclose $1.00.

Name:
Address:
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[Check here if you are also enclosing $1.00 for a copy of No More Alibis by Sylvia of Hollywood.]

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Revlon Nail Polish offers 2 new shades, 1938 style. "Suez"—harmonizes with browns, greens, blues and deep reds. Also "Sierra"...an all-purpose shade for wear with any costume color.

Both in perfect taste. Exclusive with Revlon. You will like them. Men admire them.

And for Christmas gifts—1938 style...unicate sets by Revlon. From $7.50 to $8.00. Available wherever Revlon Nail Polish is sold.

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Wherever you go shopping consult this list of reliable stores, offering authentic copies of PHOTOPLAY HAT FASHIONS. The list does not include a store in your city, write MODERN DISTRIBUTING BUREAU, 20 West 40th St., New York City. Send the name of your leading department store or dress shop. When you plan to mention PHOTOPLAY.

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C. Zimmerman, Cleveland

Burger, 1515 W. Main St., Dayton

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Pennsylvania

Weil's Millinery, Lebanon

Libby's, Youngstown

J. E. Brown, 416 W. Front St., Altoona

Pennsylvania

Stix, Baer & Fuller, 3114 N. 16th St., Altoona

THE VOGUE

Pennsylvania

The Vogue, 602 S. Broad St., Scranton

NEW YORK

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NEW YORK

The Vogue, 222 W. 42 St., New York City

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NEW YORK

The Vog
Hollywood's Not-So-Antique Mariners

(Continued from page 17)

tURNS to the subject of yachting.

It's really quite a sight to see one of the newly-rich subway cowboys, or even just anyone, rolling in the boat club, or riding off in the club tender for his boat. His boat, mind you! He's the Master. He contains himself and gets rather at-
tired in studio photographers, peaked cap, whitie and pea jacket, with the long white, white hair on his face from his morning sitz bath.

All he knows, or wants to know, about a boat is how many she'll shelf. To him a boat is a playmate—a party in a new place every night. I rather imagine it is identified to the lucre mode with the sea only when a charming lady or two happens to be along to admire his masculine stockman when the boat ships a sea.

Perhaps I'm a little touchy on the subject of overdressed dry-land seamen with more money than good taste, but I've had to go into my living from the sea and believe me, she's no lightweight mistress to work for. That was before I began to enjoy a little pleasure yachting, Hollywood version.

That was in the days of the Sirocco, not a real Sirocco but the loveliest yawl you'll ever come across—fast, graceful, and tender. She has quite a following. It seems that start living, running, close-reseed, with rails under—well, she's marvellous! I've wanted to own a boat like that ever since I saw one when I used sail and stayed at half-cabin on ships of my own in the Southern Seas. I did have some grand service vessels, commer-
cial boats—San MIxael, for instance, God bless her—but they were all of a differ-
ent breed. Steady, good-natured, almost maternal. I used to drift shamelessly over a coral bar off the New Guinea coast. Beaten, bedraggled, hope-
lessly stow-in. She waggled her masts at me in farewell, for all the world like a drunken old harridan ordering another "Gin-and-It." But Hollywood sailing is another game entirely—a game, not a vocation. It's a lot of fun, too, and a lot of luxury if you can keep your sense of humor up.

Nearly all the Hollywood fleet have crewed their yachts up to the hilt, but for them... and nearly all the Oley Olsens are quaint old gentlemen who have a nodding acquaintance with the sea and a dash of that sea-salt that would make a Maine fisherman think he was in a foreign country. I think most of them come from Central Casting, but for some arcane reason, these gentlemen all say they have been skippers of ocean liners and have just midlaid their papers.

In their garnered old hands is placed the fate of the fleet's newest mariner. But the responsibility doesn't weigh heavily on them. They know that the new owner will never go to much farther than Catalina, anyway. And, too, they know the devil out of Hollywood people and make them like it, on the theory that the more the owner is put in place, the greater will be his respect for his Oley.

There's a grand legend told around the harbor about Mike Boylan and his Oley. Mike had just taken delivery on his boat, the Pearl, a magnificent Pedro yacht. At noon for a week end fishing off Cat-
alina. They got under weigh shortly after five. This particular Oley Olsen seemed to have great wholesome in starting the auxiliary—so much so that Mike finally did it for him. Then, clear of the breakwater, they had a leisure time upping sail. By the time the mainsail was up and the jib made fast, it was quite dark. But that didn't bother Oley. He knew just where he was, and there was no fear. Four hours, maybe six; de-
pended on currents and winds.

Somewhere around two in the morn-
ing Boylan began to have his doubts. There wasn't a light anywhere. He questioned Oley and Oley, reluctantly, at last, admitted that something was hurt. After all, didn't Mr. Boylan have faith in him? One thing led to another and relations became strained. Just then they raised some light off the starboard and Oley began to crow. There was Avalon, right on the nose! Mike was humbled. He begged Oley's pardon. They had a drink and turned in as soon as they'd dropped anchor. When Mike got up there was no Oley in sight. He'd disappeared. When Mike turned shorewards, he understood why. They were snugly under the lee of the San Pedro breakwater—after seven hours' cruise in a circle!

A TYPICAL week-end map of the Southern California coast line would drive my old pals in the islands mad with the lust for beauty, the lust for variety, the lust for bad seamanship. But, good or bad, it's fun, so what difference does it make? Dotted with miles and miles of towns, hotels and marinas, the islands of the Catalina group are an anchor now to the north of the Todos Santos group off En-
serada, Mexico, you will see men and ships floating in brine and Scotch to stock a dozen studios. And that's not nearly what it took, but will

...as fisherman, Ronald Colman's Dragoon
and Spence Tracy's keetch, the Carrie B. when the fisherman, full of salt and the sea, and when the Dragoon and the then Carrie B. and so on—just as a gag for over an hour and a half, give the audience some idea of the maneuvers to save their vessels. Yes, you'll hear loads of legends about the Santa Margarita, whose moves could never be explained, more that couldn't be printed, besides

FARTHER south, toward the marin waters of the Isthmus, is another anchorage in the lee of the aristocratic old Hotel del Coronado, but there is an anchorage of somewhat different Hollywoodian. Matter of fact, the Holly-
wood crowd is none too welcome down there unless they've come for sport fishing instead of the usual week-
end binge on the bounding main. It's a lovely little spot and I, for one, get quite a lift out of threading my way through the armada of Navy ships moored in the roadstead.

It was an early dawn like that when I was putting out for the Coronados re-
cently with Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Alex. We were two. Dolores and Danuta weren't being fashion plates that day; they were in their old-time clothes, very much as long as Cedric and I did. Must ad-
mit they looked a bit odd with the red hair and red nails, but they were a lot of fun and we were really having fun and looking forward to dinner in a cave I knew on Santa Margarita Island. On the way back, in addition to plenty of yellowtail, we caught a hun-
dred and ninety-eight pounder, using live fish. We couldn't get rid of the fish, we were moving off in the general di-
rection of the barrel. Neither Cedric nor I had much confidence in a fish that could hold us, as we didn't feel like tying into the whole Mexican army at that point, es-
pecially with our wives in the party.

Of course, in the stress and strain we had both forgotten that Dolores, as well as being a beautiful girl, happens to be the reigning beauty of Mex-
ico. She waited calmly while we men tried to assert ourselves and find out the meaning of this outrage. Then she quietly spoke a word to or two to the ser-
geant who instantly became all smiles, bows and fluent cordiality and started us off in the right direction. On the way down the street she per-
pered to me that we had been under ar-
rest for appearing on the public streets of a Sunday insufficiently clad, but that she had saved the day by telling him the fish was for the overboard, while we were swimming and that we had come to town to re-outfit.

We were then hurrying out of town extremely con-
spicuous in four ill-assorted bathrobes that looked and smelled rather like the bagnio. We took the wine and the best wishes of the policeman—whose brother, strangely en-
ume, run the town clothing store!
"Hi, Georgie!"
(Continued from page 21)

I don’t know whether or not to go through with what I want. If I waited, I would still make a house, now that Mom isn’t here?"
He thinks a minute.
"I guess I’d like to try—so please. Maybe I shouldn’t be tied down."
He pages restlessly.
"Why the devil don’t they give me a picture?" he asks. "I’ve got a little color in me now! I don’t like dough I don’t earn."
He reaches over to the desk in his dressing room, picks up a photograph of his mother in an attractive metal frame about five inches by six inches in size. The frame is a little colorless.
"Why aren’t there more guys like the one who did this?" he demands.

The story reveals the sentimental side of the man whom millions know, now as his wife, by profession and author, has had the advantage of unfamiliarity. His maternal grandfather and grandmother are vague figures. The only member of his family he has cared much for.

On his paternal side, George has more data, more words of praise. Fascinated is he by tales of grandfather Christo-

George Raft is the second of seven children born to Conrad and Eva Glockey Raft. On his maternal side he takes no great pride in his family, has had the advantage of unfamiliarity. His maternal grandfather and grandmother are vague figures. The family was poor.

Christopher Raft had three sons, Conrad, Fred, and George.
"I was born to hard work," George says today. "My grandfather set an example for me. He worked from eight o’clock in the morning to one o’clock the next," he recalls. "I remember that he owned a ferris wheel, mer-

"My father was superintendent of the John Wanamaker warehouse, working from eight in the morning until six or later at night. He came home for a quick supper, went to the park and worked until one the next morning.
"My father was Germain and stub-

When George was eight years old and had not attended school, his family moved to an apartment house at 501 West 166 Street which grandpa and grandma Raft who owned the house.
George got two dollars for after-

George drifted to one job and then to another. Ten dollars a week grew to fifteen, to twenty-five, and the last job was a picture in the ring with rings worked in his hands. But he worked with a lot of girls. But, he says, he didn’t fall in love with any.
"I was, in fact, deeply discontented. He couldn’t figure he was getting anywhere at all. He felt alone in the world. The fear of failure haunted him. So did the idea of starting all over again, quietly."

Today in Hollywood, George Raft is a wrathful figure who has never been seen in night clubs, his name has never been heard. In Hollywood does not know the reason for the mystery that surrounds him. It is for Edward Churchill to tell that secret in February Photos.
sticks, you can thank him.

But why? What did Gene have? What has got to be?

Well, I’ll tell you—if you must know.

The boy’s got sex appeal. He’s the first cabinet star that ever had it in a sizable dose. Ninety per cent of his terrific flood of mail comes from the sweetest pretty things. Old women want to mother him. Young ones want to marry him. Girls want him to be their sweetheart. You should read his mail. Or maybe you shouldn’t. Some of it’s pretty strong.

And the paradox is this: he’s about as much of a ladies’ man as Hitler. He’s shy, he blanches, he tightens up inside a mile of a skirt. His director has to coax him into a final fade-out peck with his leading lady. He’s safely married and thoroughly domesticated. He goes to bed early. Doesn’t smoke, doesn’t drink. Even on the screen he’s about as sinister as a bottle of milk, and just as fresh and clean. That’s one reason Gene got off to a head start.

If you remember, about four years back a hot wind of sex and sophistication swept over Hollywood—and the child-actor public noticed it.

There was the clean-up campaign, the Will Hays “clamp-downs,” the Purity League. There were also a lot of other things. Voltaire was not so nor, clever nor, smart nor, risqué, and didn’t want to be. They were country people. Gene plainly struck a responsive chord.

But he could sing, too, and play. And for the first time in the long, rough-and-tumble recuperative process in which Gene has been brought something entertaining for women as well as men. And women, as everyone knows, rule the world.

Women and the autocrats they serve—kind.

That’s what Gene Autry means to the millions in the South and the West and the small towns in every section of this country—Canada, South America, England, Europe and the Orient. But what about Hollywood?

To Hollywood, producing Hollywood, Gene and his taste in motion picture success is both a lesson and a promise. The lesson is never again to forget the down-home people whom when he plays, have always depended. The promise is the unlimited rewards to come from pictures prepared to please them.

Gene Autry’s pictures cost around $50,000, which is very small potatoes as moving-picture budgets go. They gross between $200,000 and $250,000 as regularly as clockwork. But most strictly stick screen fare is cheaper than that. Feature-length movies, costing as low as $12,000, go out to get what they can from them. Exhibitors play them because they’re desperate for something to give the kids on Friday and Saturday, because the small-town family trade must have plain movies. Make people a plain price. But they hurt in the long run.

Straight Westerns and their stars will probably never return to the glorious days when Tom Mix drew $17,500 a week at Fox. They have to be dressed up expensively into pictures like "The Plainsman" to stand that. Gene Autry gets $7500 a picture, but only a few pictures of his. Smaller, independent studios make Westerns because most big majors with a weighty overhead can’t afford to.

At least, that was the general idea, until Darryl Zanuck made his bid for Gene. But that’s open now and Mr. Zanuck does not look like a demented fox. A Gene Autry will stand many stars more famous than himself, and people who are nothing but ever you imagined. He can swell the returns from their pictures and build themselves more very respectable orphans’ home of the movies—the once lowly sticks.

On the social side, however, I am afraid Gene Autry will never slice much ice or press the tempo of Hollywood. He and his wife, Missouri-bred, married long before he met him by the shirttail, live in a modest house in the San Fernando Valley, and he’s never been known to go red in the face for his horses. The Autrys never go out stepping; in fact, Gene doesn’t even see all his friends in the business, he figures that a suit or a pair of lace oxfords. He had one pair some time ago but he says he lost them and his wife has to believe him.

They wanted Gene to show up as a guest star when Rudy Vallee opened at the Mayfair. But he couldn’t, from what he had heard, and someone said “tuxed,” and Gene fled. He’s never had one on in his life. He travels around in a old suit and never has much money. He’s never been known to go the clubs and talk about his latest TV program or his latest movie or his latest tour. He’s not the same guy that he was, it’s been the best thing that ever happened to him.

But to talk of this guy! He’s got a big black mop, "Champ," in a specially built trailer and go out on the road with a couple of fellow actors. Folks like him and he likes folks. Incidentally, he breaks house records wherever he goes, and he pads his picture income past the $100,000 a year bracket thereby. Radio is after him this fall, and he has just turned down $5000 a week for a circuit of the West and he turned it down, but he didn’t even keep a record of his checks.

He talks with a sparring drawl, but his quiet Dutch-blue eyes show that still water runs deep. He’s always amiable and nice to get along with, but he knows what he has to do and what to do it with. People don’t impress him. His wife lured him to the Troc, cowboy rig and all, just once or two or three times. Walter Winchell spotted him, and Gene will always remember Winchell’s crack, "You’ve got a swell press agent—whoever he is,"—because he hasn’t even a press agent himself.

Gene left before twelve o’clock that night. But later a few reports have it that he’s coming back for more. He’s been seen a lot recently at the right spots, in fact he’s been the center of attention as that much was being reported to the celebrities of the celebrities don’t recognize him! See what Cal York says about this on page 61.

There’s a striking something about him that recalls Wil Rogers, another cowboy who did all right in Hollywood. It could be that the same contact in back in Claremore; it’s just that Gene and Will were the same breed of man underneath—and that most people, Carole Lombard has what Will Rogers had—the common touch. And like Will, he can’t forget his home town.

The proudest moment of his life took place a short time ago. That was when Togo talked about changing his name to Autry Springs, Texas.
Christmas morning—Another of my plans for the years to come—here is one gift that the whole family will enjoy—a genuine Remington Noiseless Portable. Every writing task—Mother’s correspondence, Dad’s records and reports, the youngsters’ letters—all more quickly, neatly and agreeably done on this beautiful machine. It’s delightfully easy to use and so quiet that it disturbs no one.

And it is so easy to own a Noiseless Portable under the famous Remington Plan—the day purchase plan. In the complete Remington Portable line are six other models with prices starting at $30.00. See them at your Remington Dealers. Have him tell you about the convenient 10c a day plan. Arrange to have your Remington for Christmas. Or, if you prefer, just mail the coupon to Remington Rand Inc.

Please mail coupon below and see your dealer for complete details.

SINCE 1921

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calamine—And You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin’ to Go!

The liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this task is not performed freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays into your bowels. Gas builds up and the system gets constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, weak, and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn’t get at the source of your poison, your liver. It takes those two, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills again! Two pounds of this freshly made and make you feel “up and gay.” Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in quickening liver and blood pressure. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. Exclusively distributed and sold only at drug stores.
"Won't Marry Stokowski," Says Greta Garbo

(Continued from page 16)

Garbo out of her shell of aloofness. He brought to the surface a latent, bubbling personality. He was a "pal" to the Wrose beauty.

ODDLY enough, it was just outside the studio that Garbo first knew she had to go to that Garbo was no legendary figure, but a real person—a warmhearted, amiable, breath-taking woman, a mystery woman to the world, perhaps, but to her outer circle of friends, a keen-witted woman with a fine sense of living.

I waited no more time.

"Hello, Miss Garbo," I said, carefully assuming a nonchalance I was far from feeling. "Do you remember me?"

She gave me a long quisical look. Her silken tawny hair was in charming disarray: the girl with both her hands behind her back, her pale angular face, completely free from cosmetics. She was dressed very informally—beautifully tailored gray slacks, a simple blue blouse, low-heeled sport shoes. In her hand, just doffed, was a large flabby straw hat had she answered me slowly. "I do remember you."

I went on hurriedly. "I'm with the London Auxiliary of the R.A.F. and have been for a long time. We have a series of questions which you cut short with: "How did you find me? Did you follow me from my house?"


Then she made the famous remark that she had no regrets. "No, no—I will not marry Mr. Stokowski."

Her eyes sparkled as she said it. You could see she was not little ticked by the reports that she would marry him, I believed her, she was wholly in control. She says she is at all times direct. She would not tell a deliberate falsehood.

"These rumors are absurd," she went on. "I have never—never—loved Mr. Stokowski and I are very good friends. But as for marriage to him—no. That is out of the question."

So Garbo spoke, shattering all traditions. It was a brave thing to say and I am sure she was quite right. She had spoken about herself and for the world to know—Garbo about whom so little is actually known.

Then she turned to go. The open gate was closing on her and still I had not found out what I had come to find out—what Garbo would not marry Leonid Stokowski.

She must have read my mind, for "the question of marriage," she spoke once more and in so doing she, herself, provided what is perhaps the most potent reason for our believing that she will not wed the musical genius—and her answer is the key that will unlock a Pandora's box of secrets of her romance. She has been estranged from the world by the wall of mystery which surrounds her.

And her new picture of mine is about to open, they all say that I am going to marry someone," she said. There was tinge of amusement in the low, throaty voice, as she concluded, with definite emphasis, "That ought to be clear."

(Continued from page 62)

DO YOU KNOW
—what big Hollywood star bottles lemon juice as a business?

—the name of the prominent woman actress who makes chow mein "on the side?"

that Shirley—the minx—can drive as shrewd a deal as anyone—and on her own?

DIAMOND PIN MONEY by Gilbert Seldeis

gives away the business dealings of the stars and explains the reason for them. You'll be amazed and amused at what he tells—

In February PHOTOPLAY

Will have to pay me more money, gentleman," she told them.

The news of Garbo's engagement suddenly, You are a remarkable young woman," he said. "Name your figure."

HER four exhibitions in Madison Square Garden brought her a small fortune and the acclaim of New York, but more immediately what she wanted most was an offer from Hollywood. Oh, a man from Paramount looked her up and offered her a test, but when she went to take it they didn't ask her to skate. Instead she was made to enter a room, pick up a book, sit down, read a page, look sorrowful. Such pap was foreign to her nature, to the enormous vitality that burned in her. The studio representative remarked that on celluloid her nose was too small, her face too round, and Of-course-you-appreciate and We-are-so-soory and Maybe-later. However, there was to be a skating sequence in the picture and if she wanted to be photographed in action, at a distance, for reasonable sum.

"No," she told him. "I want to begin as a star, in my own picture,"—and showed him out. Within the week she knew she had been right: Paramount's casting director wired her to come to Hollywood. He would meet her there and they would discuss terms.

She telegraphed the time of her arrival but when she stepped off the plane at Burbank there was nobody—nobody, for the first time in her life—to meet her.

She waited three days and then phoned the studio, asking for the casting director.

"It's out of town, Miss Henie," a weary voice told her. "Perhaps he did have an appointment with you, but he was called away suddenly. Yes, Yes, I know. I'm sorry, but—"

Sonja replaced the receiver slowly, slowly put on her hat, walked with slow steps down all the Hollywood streets, thinking: I've been too confident. This is a hard city, this movie place. They are self-sufficient here, they don't care for anything or anyone. I had better go back to New York and begin a tour of exhibitions.

As she stood on a street corner, wait- ing for a signal to change, she was suddenly aware that two girls were talking

Skating Through Life

The advance sale of tickets was unsatisfactory, because few on the West Coast would see her. She had rented a private show room, that was opened to the public, and she had spent her money on tickets. In special boxes sat the seven most powerful men of the picture industry, for whom this exhibition was being staged—for whose desire she had rented the box, and paid her $15,000 more if it's a hit."

"Every other studio in town is after me," she said. "I can make that much money in one night, skating."

"Fifty thousand.

"I've decided on my price," said Sonja, looking as bored as possible. "I want $300,000 a picture—I'm worth it."

There was an electric silence. Then Zanuck relaxed again and leaned across his desk. "Now look," he said softly, "I know how good you are and how much you're worth to me. You're worth this much: a million dollars for five pictures a year, for two years. You'll begin at $75,000 and work up."

"Yes," she told him simply. The talk of other improve was dropped once more. After a few minutes, "One In A Million" was previewed. Now Sonja Henie knew that the greatest world audience it is possible to reach was applauding her at last.

THE events that followed so swiftly in a swiftest year after that may be told in a series of captions and Winchelli's and a few tidy notes. His, Her, and Power combine looks like eventual amalgamation. . . . "Thin Ice," in which she co-starred with Tyrone Pow- er, completed, Miss Henie will leave on a skating tour of the United States . . . "Dietro Hotel Strike Causes Power and Henie To Walk Seventeen Flights of Stairs For Breakfast . . . "Sonja and Tyrone at the Derby—at Prim's—at the Hawaiian Paradise.

And finally, "Sonja Henie's Father Dead."

"I went to Tyrole the night her father left her," Something fine is gone. And something else, too—you may not understand what I mean, but this thing between us—was—too soon, wasn't ready, after all."

She looked vaguely at him. "I'll be going back to Norway when this pic- ture is finished, to take father's ashes home. While I'm gone you needn't feel any lack of freedom. You understand: you must do as you like then."

She expected, all the way across America, and on the Atlantic, to find tears for Tyrole; and instead she found them only for Wilhelm. The minor tide of one feeling was lost in the flood of another. She emotion. She felt her- self without consolation of any kind. Until, as the boat moved slowly to- wards the wharf at Oslo, there came to her above the diminishing best of the motors a familiar sound, a reverberant murmur which to her was the recognize- able comfort, the familiar thing. She looked towards the dock and saw the black sea of passing people, waiting there for her. She took her hair, fixed a smile on her face, and stood ready at the rail.

I won't pretend I was surprised suddenly still, and the gangplank crashed down, the rising crescendo of applause engulfed her completely, drowning out thought.
So much so that I bumped into Billie Burke on the lot and she said never would have known me. "Why, I thought you were one of those pretty little stock girls on the lot," she said leaving us to make of that what we would.

Then Mr. Willinger took up where they left off and worked nobly but insufficiently to the tire disincomposure...we ended by laughing shot...I couldn't even cry in a wonderful...You saw the results on page 9 and much...I disliked the thought that we'd allowed a lesson in it...for all kids seeing--it does show what almost any girl must learn to face out...there is nowhere where people can criticize you so objectively and sincerely as in Hollywood and for the girls who really mean to stay in pictures, if they can take it and act on that criticism, they have learned the initial step toward greatness.

But if I had thought that I had suffered before Mr. Willinger's camera it was a nothing being photographed with Mr. Gable...though suffering with Mr. Gable is not actually the worst of all human agony...Clark had asked for that Vincente portrait of himself as Rhett Butler that was...newbie further issue though I was more than delighted to have him have it I had to see that Photoplay got something out of it too...so I asked that we get a shot of him receiving the drawing and they decided to count me in...

You knew it was all by way of laughing at you...well, the next time one of Clark's leading ladies tells that in her scenes with Mr. G. she is merely thinking about her income tax...I'll know what to call her.

For there is another truth there...personality is the main motive anywhere in the world...and here was the most possessed, charming and semi-man in the notion-picture star firmament having his own joke and being so grand about it that we were told he knew you were being mercilessly teased you were grateful for it...Clark says he will tell it just to you and he is a gentleman who keeps his word...so watch for it.

I hope the stories of all the ones you see how hard an editor's life in Hollywood really is...

As usual is getting a diamond bracelet...on Christmas morning, that's what it is...you knew it was all by way of laughing at you...well, the next time one of Clark's leading ladies tells that in her scenes with Mr. G. she is merely thinking about her income tax...I'll know what to call her.

The famous entertainer and his brother have stepped here for an hour to have their car repaired. They were en...enjoying a leisurely drive...to the Hollywood bus and then into the a...for...a...it was well to report the magazine...though she sometimes gives to his heroes in a love scene...it didn't mean a thing to him...that was all too apparent from the way his eyes were twinkling...it was just trying to see what that look could do...but after being just the man to work this morning...glance up and see that mocking look vanished upon you, even though it was all by way of laughing at you...well, the next time one of Clark's leading ladies tells that in her scenes with Mr. G. she is merely thinking about her income tax...I'll know what to call her.

So much so that I bumped into Billie Burke on the lot and she said never would have known me. "Why, I thought you were one of those pretty little stock girls on the lot," she said leaving us to make of that what we would.

THEN Mr. Willinger took up where they left off and worked nobly but...
How Tyrone Power Won the Lonely Heart of Janet Gaynor

(continued from page 15)

filled her studio dressing room and, after the picture was finished, the extensive publicity tour. She was through with 20th Century-Fox and went under contract to David Selznick to make "A Star is Born" in Technicolor and she knew that it was her last chance—her only chance—to retrieve her failing film fortunes, her weakening box-office value. Here was made, order to for her: she must make of it her rebirth to stardom.

She worked so hard during the week that when the picture was reviewed she knew the greatest personal triumph of her life. Janet Gaynor once again was one of the most important actresses in Hollywood.

This circumstance was, in all probability, one of the three factors to what happened then. This, and the realization between Sonja Henie and her fans that their friendship had run its course.

ON the morning after the opening of the new Gaynor picture Tyrone came out of the studio café and met a friend—a studio worker who also was an intimate of Janet's. "I know," he said, "did you see 'A Star is Born' last night? My God, don't miss it—it's marvelous. I've never seen such beauty, such joy."—in other words you like it, the friend said, smiling, I'm going to-night.

Tyrone was staring into the distance. You know," he said finally, "I wonder if she ever found out who sent her all those roses?"

The friend began to laugh. Why—now didn't we hear that it was Good heavens. I never imagined—"

"How did you know?"

"I'm just relying myself away. How did you know about the flowers, in the first place, if you didn't send them yourself?"

He smiled sourly. "All right. She's so wonderful—you suppose something would explode if I phoned her some-time? I'd like to very much. I mean, don't you think it's time I did?"

"I'll ask her at dinner tonight," the friend assured him. "That's the best way to find out—and went away before Tyrone appeared at the party."

Jane's friend gave Tyrone both the town house and beach cottage numbers. He called them and asked if she would like to have an engagement for the next day she accepted; that cracked the shell of reticence, so the story of the Sopranelli Derby he talked volubly, blithely.

She looked at him closely then, saw that in addition to his eyes, the dimly remembered nicty of his mouth and the good hairline were actual, too. His mind, young, but sharpened by previous experiences, was quick with inherent intelligence. He had enthusiasms about things: he had vitality. And his eyes volunteered her.

It was after he had paid the check and they were preparing to leave that she was suddenly aware of a miracle; a miracle which might have been able to wait until she returned if the mail hadn't begun to bring. In the midst of sengage boys hadn't left wires from her under his door and night—if the telephone hadn't rung so often to say, "One moment, please. New York is calling."

She fell in love with him because she couldn't help herself, but also because she needed him—and this love—more terribly than she had ever needed anything in her life. With that she understood that, you must know Janet Gaynor and the story of those ten years of a married man, woman and manhood, during which she lived out her twenty six and the beginning of a third one."

It's a story of many loves, of heartbreak and of great happiness, and it

begins with a man named Herb Moulton. He was with a Los Angeles newspaper and as a young actress, her friends will tell you that he adored her too much at the time, and so was un

happy when she discovered—very suddenly and very repressible fellow named Charles Farrell, with whom she was to make a picture.

As a matter of fact, the situation was better for Janet. Although, at the time, Holly

wood considered their romance a pub-

licity stunt, they had the feeling that each other was compounded of a stronger faith and a stronger emotion that had gone for before either of them.

It was the first tragedy for Janet Gaynor when they quarreled finally, ir-

revocably; she married Leydell Peck, an Oakland attorney, almost immediately, and of the inevitable happened.

She divorced from him after a long blank period—without significance in her memory—during which she felt not told him about anything, or anyone.

It was broken by one Dr. Veblen, a New York dentist, for a time; and then, later, she saw a little of Gene Raymond and they promised each other forever. All the time he had been Colleen Moore's husband, so that the marriage to Peck was a little more to her but she met Jeanette Mac

Donald.

A little bewildered, Janet faced a turning point in her life. Her career was at stalemate; and the thing she had always forced had happened to her at last. She had decided to fall in love with a man, but he had slipped sud

dently away before she had had a chance to tell him love about anything, or anyone.

Janet's rally was a brave one. She went into "Small Town Girl" deter

mined to make it a good picture, and her success was double, because she found Robert Taylor, too. They went everywhere together: to previews, to parties, to dances, and Janet was happy. She could not believe it, actually, when he discovered Barbara Stanwyck.

ON that day when Janet first saw Tyrone Power, in the Derby, her heart beat freely again—

A few months before she had been with a man of her own size, herself. Today she saw, at least poten-

tially, the rebirth of herself as a woman.

Consider these two: this young man in his early twenties, this woman. If you've been reading this story lately, you know that he has a reputation for having the worst case of youthful impulsiveness, remem

ber that although he is twenty-three in years he is a shrewd and mature man. His is an inheritance, and True Love comes out of a trilogy romance. At times it's pretty taffy, (Oct.

FLIGHT FROM GLORY—RKO-Radio

This thrilling story of planes and fliers has all the excitement of a picture of the most

impressive story of the most glamorous blackbirds. It contains not only a story of the new film which is the new one. This director, a man with the background of E. L. Robinson, brings to us a thriller that is the best of the best. It is

A GREAT GARRICK, THE—Walters

Set against the colorful background of the English background, this latest film of Soupy Sandy's is a story of the romantic love of England's greatest actor, David Garrick, played by Brian Aherne, and True Love comes out of Tyrone Power, and Tyrone Power with his love life, is completely devastating.

HIDEAWAY—RKO-Radio

The situations and gags are taken from a piece of plane.

HIDEAWAY—RKO-Radio

Tyrone Power with his love life, is completely devastating.

STAND Arger-United Artists

The story of a young man and a young woman and their love is very good entertainment. Scattered throughout the story is young man and young woman's love is very good entertainment. Scattered throughout the story are scenes of the streets of Los Angeles, it is easy to adjust to the story, because it is based on Eugene A. Silberer's "The Gay Divorcee," and it is the story of a young man and a young woman and their love life.

WATER—20th Century-Fox

Here comes the Janet family again—and in trouble as usual. Pa Jones (Judd Przybysz) is a candid

HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME—Paramount

This is the story of a young man and a young woman and their love life, is very good entertainment. Scattered throughout the story are scenes of the streets of Los Angeles, it is easy to adjust to the story, because it is based on Eugene A. Silberer's "The Gay Divorcee," and it is the story of a young man and a young woman and their love life.

IT'S ALL YOURS—Columbia

This consists mostly of the story of a young man and a young woman and their love life, is very good entertainment. Scattered throughout the story are scenes of the streets of Los Angeles, it is easy to adjust to the story, because it is based on Eugene A. Silberer's "The Gay Divorcee," and it is the story of a young man and a young woman and their love life.
IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER — Warners

This allows Bette Davis and Leslie Howard to depthily portray the dark, wayward side of the innocent and sweetest of the new comedies. The couple stars in a play with each other in the most temperamentally different roles: she is depicted as a worldly, independent, and often dangerous woman; he is shown as a timid, meek and submissive husband. The combination of their performances is a real highlight of the film. Leslie Howard is particularly good, and Bette Davis is also excellent. 

LANCER SPY—20th Century—Fox

If you like espionage thrillers, you won't have to wait for a dozen more similar films to come out before you find one you can admire. This one offers a tour de force performance by Bette Davis, who plays a Russian spy, and Leslie Howard, who is her British counterpart. Davis is superb as the cold, calculating spy, while Howard is equally impressive as the sensitive, idealistic officer. The plot is well-crafted and the acting is top-notch. 

LIFE IN THE PARTY, THE—RKO-Radio

For Tom Pearse's juvenile moments, Gene Raymond's character becomes a rebellious, sulky youth, and his first love interest is Dana Andrews, who becomes his wife in the next film. Though the maker uses his identity behind the camera, there is never a dull moment in this film. The story revolves around a young woman who, through sheer force of will and determination, takes the crime with the help of his wife, Kathleen Johnson. (Act.)

LOVE AT THE AIR — Warners

A new star, Ronald Reagan, makes his debut in this tense tale of espionage. As Air Force pilot, the kind of the bolder, he fights for freedom, not for love. Davis, in her first film as a writer, is convincing, and the cast is excellent. (Act.)

LOVE UNDER FIRE —20th Century—Fox

As a new production in the current cycle of Spanish war pictures, this one is well done. It is built around the famous story of a Scottish Yard man who is engaged in a desperate fight to stop the war. Davis, the leading lady, and Warren Williams, as the hero, are both convincing. The story is a tense one, and the cast is adequate. (Act.)

MADE IN AMERICA—M-G-M

Nothing new or original has been seen in this feature-length production through which Gene Williams is making his first picture. All the scenes are typical, and the story is poorly written. (Art.)

MAN WHO CRIED WOLF, THE—Universal

Unfortunatly, this introduces Kenneth Barkin of other films, performing with Bette Davis in the festival selection which is "discovered" during the big time on its way to Hollywood. (Act.)

MUSIC FOR MADAME—RKO-Radio

Now Marcello's famous concert at the Waldorf Astoria, this production contains the "Madame" which was not only the best of the season, but also of all time. The concert, a creation of Madame Mancini, is a triumph. (Act.)

MY DEAR MISS ALDRICH—M-G-M

Don't see this unless you're in a tolerant mood. It is a mixing newspaper headlines in which Margaret Dumont is featured and Bette Davis is a newspaperwoman who takes a dislike to the newspaperman. Her sharp wit and incisive reporting promise to be a pleasant addition to the screen. (Act.)

NON-STOP NEW YORK—GB

There's one thing this picture has plenty of—and that's the cast. Though the story is a simple one about an American who falls in love with an English girl, the cast is well chosen. Davis is superb as the independent woman, while Howard is excellent as the sensitive, idealistic officer. The plot is well-crafted and the acting is top-notch. 

ON SUCH A NIGHT—Paramount

Someone was bound to make a picture of the Mississippi flood, and this irritating murder mystery does it. Davis plays an innocent woman who is accused of the murder, and her relationship with Bette Davis is interesting. The film is well-directed and the acting is good, with Davis standing out as the main attraction. 

SOULS AT SEA—Paramount

An interesting intense story of a man and a woman involved in a massacre in the Mississippi flood of 1928. When his ship is wrecked, Gary Cooper, a man of such simplicity that he is not at all put on his guard by his wife's experiences, becomes the hero of the film, which is based on the life of his father's. Cooper, George Koles, Frances Dee and the cast are superb. (Act.)

STAGE DOOR—RKO-Radio

The hallmarks of a theatrical boardroom are the high-sounding words of the actors who dominate the proceedings. This one is different. It is a study of the life of an actress who is working her way for minor fame and-&mdash;more than likely &mdash;will become a star. Davis is excellent as the fresh young actress who struggles through the ranks, while Bette Davis is superb as the veteran actress who teaches her the ropes. (Act.)

STAND IN—Wanger-United Artists

Samuel Goldwyn (who produced the silent version) again brings to the screen this poignant story of tragedy to her. Bette Davis is outstanding, while both her and Davis are superb. (Act.)

THAT CERTAIN WOMAN—Warners

A remake of Gloria Swanson's "The Trespasser," this movie proves Bette Davis' ability to do justice to a difficult role. Davis is superb as the woman who finds herself in a love triangle. The cast is excellent, and the story is well-crafted. (Act.)

THIN ICE—20th Century—Fox

A happy combination of romance and music spectacle and comedy, starting Bette Davis in the title role. The score is by Victor Young, and the music is by Harold Arlen. Davis is the star, and the cast is excellent. (Act.)

VICTORIA THE GREAT—RKO-Radio

Another one of English history, the story of one of the greatest queens, has been made into a picture. Davis is superb as the queen, and the cast is excellent. (Act.)

WIFE, DOCTOR AND Nurse—20th Century—Fox

With a simplicity and lack of melodramatics that make an outstandingly convincing portrait of a nurse, Bette Davis is superb as the nurse. Davis is outstanding as the nurse, and the cast is excellent. (Act.)

WINE, WOMEN AND FIORES—Warners

Marcello Mastroianni takes on the role of the wine merchant in a grand, sensual picture. Warner Baxter is the suave, sophisticated, and handsome man who becomes the center of attention. The wine, however, is the real star of the show. 

WOMEN MEN MARRY, THE—M-G-M

A provocative story—an expose of the religion cult racket—and George Muriel's novel is superbly adapted for the screen. Davis is excellent as the woman who falls in love with a man who is a member of the cult. The cast is excellent, and the story is well-crafted. (Act.)

WON'T YOU CARE—20th Century—Fox

Something in the way of entertainment here, this gay, slyly suggestive, amusing comedy, is a real treat for the eye and ear. Love scene, Louis Howeck (nee Joyce Greer Lee) and Bette Davis are outstanding, while the music is by Victor Young. Davis, now the star, is superb. (Act.)

A cuoe drop's mission is a very simple one. We believe that BEECH-NUT COUGH DROPS BLACK OR WHITE will soothe membranes, relieve "throat tickle" caused by colds and taste as pleasant as any candy.
MY PRIDE, SIR!—20th Century-Fox.


THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE—20th Century-Fox.


THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES—20th Century-Fox.


ANGEL AUTOPSY—Warner Bros.


THE SHADOW StAGE—Paramount


MURDER IN GREENWICH VILLAGE—Columbia.


THE BULLDOG DRUMMOND REVENGE—Paramount


THE DROWNING—Warner Bros.


ZANZIBAR—United Artists.


THE SCOUNDREL—MGM.


THE BLUE YIELD—20th Century-Fox.


THE BODY SNATCHER—Universal.


THE HOBBIT—United Artists.


THE SWORD IN THE STONE—MGM.


THE MAD MASTERS—Warner Bros.


THE PRIVATE XMIRI—United Artists.


THE WINNERS—20th Century-Fox.


THE GREAT OYSTER ROBBERY—United Artists.


THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE—20th Century-Fox.


THE BULLDOG DRUMMOND REVENGE—Paramount.


THE DROWNING—Warner Bros.


ZANZIBAR—United Artists.


THE SCOUNDREL—MGM.


THE BLUE YIELD—20th Century-Fox.


THE BODY SNATCHER—Universal.


THE HOBBIT—United Artists.


THE MAD MASTERS—Warner Bros.


THE PRIVATE XMIRI—United Artists.


THE WINNERS—20th Century-Fox.


THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE—20th Century-Fox.

This little label will mean a BIG Christmas for Her!

... and she will remember you longer

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VITA-BLOOM is entirely new in hosiery—patented and exclusive with Phoenix. Thousands of women are going to have their first "VITA-BLOOM Christmas"... and they'll remember it gratefully as the Christmas that gave them a new conception of hosiery beauty and wear.

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THE ROMANCE OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S SECOND HONEYMOON
Hollywood's Case Against Monogamy  By FAITH BALDWIN
Also: JOUELLA O. PARSONS • ERROL FLYNN • GILBERT SELDES
To be lovely, charming, attractive to both men and women you must look well and dress well. Now Double Mint helps you to do both. Helps make you doubly lovely.

Look well • Discriminating women who choose becoming clothes, naturally chew Double Mint Gum . . . Every moment you enjoy this delicious gum you beautify your lips, smooth and teeth. Beauty specialists recommend this satisfying non-fattening confection. It gently exercises and firms your facial muscles in Nature's way . . . Millions of women chew Double Mint Gum daily as a smart, modern beauty aid as well as for the pleasure derived from its refreshing, double-lasting mint-flavor. Double Mint Gum gives you an instant beauty pickup wherever you are or whatever you are doing. It brings you immediate benefits whether it be as an aid to digestion, to whiten the teeth or sweeten the breath. Be lovely the Double Mint way. Buy several packages today.

Dress well • Style, what you wear is also important. Double Mint Gum has not overlooked this and therefore went to one of the greatest designers in the world, Elizabeth Hawes, New York, and asked her to create for you the smart, becoming dress that you see on this page. It is easy to make. Double Mint has even had Simplicity Patterns put it into a pattern for you. It's the sort of dress that brings invitations along with the admiration of your friends. So that you may see how attractive it looks on, it is modeled for you by Hollywood's lovely star, Joan Bennett.

Thus you see how Double Mint Gum makes you doubly lovely. It gives you added charm, sweet breath, beautiful lips, smooth and teeth. It keeps your facial muscles in condition and enhances the loveliness of your face and smile. Enjoy it daily.

Joan Bennett — beautiful Hollywood star
now appearing in "I Met My Love Again," a Walter Wanger production—modeling Double Mint dress . . .

. . . designed by Elizabeth Hawes, New York
Simplicity Pattern
at any Simplicity Dealer
No. 2718
THERE are millions who tread the lonely path; who have never known, and perhaps never will know, the sweetness of love; the tonic of good companions; the warmth of true friendship. You see them in little tearooms, hungering for a dinner partner; sunk in movie chairs drinking in the romance which they cannot share; alone in friendless bedrooms, groping for gaiety through a kindly radio. All have stood at some time, perhaps, on the threshold of happiness only to find the door suddenly closed.

Is it worth the risk?

Of all the faults that damn you with others, halitosis (bad breath) ranks first. It is unforgivable because it is inexusable. Curiously enough, no one is exempt; everybody offends at some time or other, usually due to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. All you need do to stop this, is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Among mouth deodorants, it is outstanding because of its quick germicidal action. No imitation can offer its freshening effect... its pleasant taste... its complete safety. To fastidious people who want other people to like them, Listerine is indispensable. Never guess about your breath; use Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and between times before meeting others.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

WHAT PUT PATTY in the MOVIES?

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE IS POWDER in the FORM of DENTAL CREAM

WATCH your dentist next time he cleans your teeth. Note how he makes his powder into a paste to keep the fine particles from flying off his rapidly revolving brush.

Similarly, for your convenience we "cream" the safest dental powders into a paste, which is easy to put on the brush.

You get the cleansing power of powder... in modern form... when you get Listerine Tooth Paste. It keeps your teeth sparkling and lustrous. Cleans and polishes them to gleaming whiteness.

The famous formula of this tooth paste contains no soap, pumice, grit, or harmful abrasives.

Get the economical double-size tube of Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter. You will be pleased because it works so fast. And you will like that brisk, clean, glad-to-be-alive taste which starts the day right for millions of users every morning.
Shopgirl's Millions...

Through the doors of that workshop ceaselessly flowed girls, girls, girls—each with a dream and a hope beyond reaching. Here is one shopgirl who lives a drama so unexpected, so amazing, so rich in deluxe living, that it will fascinate, enthral and excite you. And Jessie might have been you, or you, or you!

This is Jessie—a shopgirl—just like millions of others...."Some day I'll wear ermine," she said.

Fiercely, Jessie grasped at romance—with Eddie, who lives dangerously. Can she win happiness?

The wedding party interrupted by the wealthy Mr. Hennessy. Drama enters her innocent life!

Jessie tells to keep their "three-room heaven"...while Eddie gambles—with their love at stake!

"I've only come to you for advice, Mr. Hennessy. Your yacht and penthouse don't interest me!"

Joan Crawford
Spencer Tracy

Mannequin

With
Alan Curtis • Ralph Morgan

A FRANK BORZAGE Production
Screenplay by LAWRENCE HAZARD • Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by FRANK BORZAGE
Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz
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Choose the Best Picture of 1937

Complete Casket of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

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Discouraged, ready to return to New York, Marjorie Weaver was cast in "Second Honeymoon" with Tyrone Power and Loretta Young. Voilà! She becomes—Photoplay's discovery of the month

FIRST PRIZE $25.00

THE WINNER!

T HE PRISONER OF ZENDA" captures perfection, thereby squelching all my previous prejudices against costume films. The freshness of the dialogue gave me the exhilarating feeling that every member of the cast, from housewife to hero, was thoroughly enjoying the part he or she played. The choice of settings was picturesque and atmospheric and the photography was so dramatically handled that it intrigued me into seeing the film a second time.

How about Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.? No unpleasant dull menace he, but a delightful villain, unpredictable and unforgettable. Ronald Colman remained the infallible, by giving his character the usual dash and grace of the Colman touch. And the dueling scene! An amazing piece of business. Sharp steel, keen grace and keener wits—no ordinary sword-clanging this. But rather a symbolic sequence that interpreted all the glamour of court intrigue and royal romance.

MRS. CLARENCE HOPPER
Gardenville, N. Y.

A good consistent actress—that was Frances Dee's reputation. But what she gives to her rôle in "Wells Fargo" is a superb characterization that we call—the surprise performance of the month.

SECOND PRIZE $10.00

PUBLIC'S PRIDE AND CRITIC'S JOY

Which is my favorite movie star? Well, I'll let you guess. Her step is demure, her eyes amused and a little mocking. If she spoke, a husky charming voice would probably say "Pull-ease!"

"I want to look like her," sighs Miss America.

"And I want to marry her," echoes Mr. America.

Her nose is pert, her smile is quizzical, her hair is red. She is delightful, delicious and delectable.

"For public's pride and critic's joy," says Ogden Nash, "Is any film where boy meets Loy."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I GIVE YOU—MYRNA LOY!

IRENE M. WILKE
Lakewood, Ohio.

Miss Loy's most recent advice to American wives—whose perfect screen example she is—was "Keep your chin up and your hair waved. A wife must not allow herself to doubt her own powers of attraction."

THIRD PRIZE $5.00

THE JURY IS FOR ACQUITAL

Katharine Hepburn has been accused of being a tempestuous show-off, incapable of turning out really fine acting.

Ginger Rogers has been accused of being just a song-and-dance girl, dependent upon Fred Astaire for much of her success.

In "Stage Door," the Misses Hepburn and Rogers set out to prove the absurdity of these charges, and, boy, how they do it! Hepburn incapable of fine acting? Her "Stage Door" performance dashes to earth that silly rumor. Her work has taken on a fine humanness, a richness and poignancy that reach a climax in her speech to the audience on opening night.

And Ginger! The lesser half of the Astaire-Rogers team, forsooth! Ginger does a spot of dancing, to be sure, but it is her capable acting, not her dancing, about which one thinks after seeing "Stage Door." Ginger is a real solo star, dependent upon no

(Continued on page 86)
... the hunt for happiness ... relentless pursuit by an avenging law ... the merciless tropics—the glamour, the fragrant magic, the ecstatic beauty of star-strewn South Sea nights ... 'Midst this glorious setting, the exciting action of “THE HURRICANE” whirls to its tempestuous climax ... its vivid romance is lived by primitive children of nature unfettered by the chains of civilization ... a world of dreams is brought to life ...
ADVENTUROUS BLONDE—Warners
A breezy edition of the Torchy Blane series with forthcoming Cheryl Walker as a newspaper gal out to get her man in the person of Barton MacLane, a lazy, bumbling police lieutenant. Anne Southern and Roy Hopper join the chase. If you like adventures, come on! (Nov.)

○ ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN—20th Century-Fox
A pointed satire on the present administration, this is a refreshingly refreshing look at what Independence Day should be, with Sid Luft doing it well. With John Wayne, Ann Todd, and the rest. (Oct.)

○ ANGEL—Paramount
The languid Miss District in a velvet mixture of romance and European politics surrounded by Luft's stylized, sparkling direction, plush photography and a splendid supporting cast. Herbert Marshall is the precocious husband, Major Dourisman of our tragi. Better not miss it. (Nov.)

ANAPOLIS SALUTE—RKO Radio
Here's a worthwhile, simple presentation of naval middling at the Naval Academy. James Ellison and Van Heflin are in love with Murya Hunt whose father clients to her marrying. When scandal ruins its oaky head, the rats become friends. The background is refreshingly authentic, as the scenes were actually taken at Annapolis. (Nov.)

ATLANTIC FLIGHT—Monogram
Outside of the fact that this shows Young America a good look at Captain Dick Merrill, it's hard to figure out what's going on. Future pilot is mildly dubbed as the hero-marinade who saves Dick's ability to save the life of Welden Heflin. Captain Merrill himself does a swell job! (Nov.)

○ AWFUL TRUTH, THE—Columbia
The happy combination of Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, plus a delightfully dry and romantic story, make this one of the best pictures this year. Married, very much in love, but stubborn, they find divorce meeting its ugly head, but finally solve their domestic relations in a merry, mad and very modern way. Irene and Cary are terrific, Ralph Bellamy and the supporting cast equally splendid. A command performance. (Dec.)

BACK IN CIRCULATION—Warner
A better than usual newspaper yarn dealing with the part newspapermen play in the lives ofpeople. You'll see how much fun it is. From Blake Edwards is something remarkably good as the boys, Pat O'Brien is as ever and Sigrid is lovely, but it's the intimate view of their go-getting real for sensationalism. (Nov.)

BAD GUY—M-G-M
"Bad Guy" equals bad picture. Bruce Cabot plays the unholy fellow who gets into trouble after escape, finally comes to grief. Edward Norris is the good boy who reaps his reward in the love of Virginia Grey. Don't give a mind to this. (Dec.)

○ BARRIER, THE—Paramount
Real Blanche's novel who went to Alaska during the gold rush to escape into committed state, and of the romance which blossomed in the wilderness, retains considerable interest in its portrayal of the frontier. Pare Lorentz is terrific as the supposed man who marries army lieutenant James Ellison. Leo Carrillo steals the show as "Pooch," the trapper. (Dec.)

BIG CITY—M-G-M
Feel and weary drama of the city, set in New York, combined with an immigrant girl's problems in a new world, tangling Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer into many romantic though exaggerated situations. Tracy is a bit ponderous, Luise a bit coy, but it's a clever production and there is a fine supporting cast. (Dec.)

BORROWING TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox
The famous Bux family's honey tribulations this time involve the adoption of a wayward boy who is promptly suspected of robbing the Bux droppings. This is like sugar-candy brittle with moments on them. (Dec.)

○ BREAKFAST FOR TWO—RKO Radio
Barbara Stanwyck, having lost her heart, emerges as a spirited personage; Ray and Dorothy Hale who is gadgeted with a high-paying job. Backstreet business, Eric Blore plays assistant to Cagney, Donald Meek is a judge of the. (Dec.)

BRIDE FOR HENRY—Monogram
A lively comedy with a novel triangle, this has Anne Nagel marrying Warren Hull to suit Henry Hull who forgot to show up at the altar. Then Mollison joins Anne and Warren on their honeymoon. It's light and frothy. (Dec.)

BRIDE WORE RED, THE—M-G-M
In a Viennese version of the Cinderella tale, Joan Crawford impersonates a cabinet with a delightful color scheme to prove as a command performance. (Continued on page 99.)

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SHADOW STAGE
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It took 1,000 ARTISTS THREE YEARS to make it!

The most anticipated picture in 20 years will be the show sensation of 1938—and for years to come!. The most amazing advance in screen entertainment since the advent of sound!.. You'll gasp, marvel, cheer at its wonders as you thrill to an experience you've never lived through before!.. Without a human actor, it's more human than all the dramas that ever came out of Hollywood!.. Power to make you laugh, cry, throb with excitement!.. Music to fill your soul—8 big songs, several as good as "The Big Bad Wolf"!.. Romance, adventure, mystery, pathos, tragedy, laughter and beauty such as you must actually see and feel to believe!.. Truly the miracle in motion pictures—the new wonder of the world!

WALT DISNEY'S first full-length FEATURE PRODUCTION

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

in the marvelous MULTIPLANE TECHNICOLOR

Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES, Inc.
BY MOLLY CASTLE

A YOUNG man and a girl stood looking down on a small, secluded valley. The valley was white with wild lilacs. Tall spears of yucca cut through the lilac bushes, shaking their delicate bells clear of the thick underbrush. In the distance the tree-covered hills folded one inside the other like a misty pack of cards.

"It seems more beautiful every year, our little valley," said the girl.

"I must have painted half a dozen springs here already," mused her brother, "but every year when the lilacs bloom I want to paint it again."

The young man set up his easel and started to sketch. The girl wandered off down a little dirt track, dreaming dreams.

SOME years later a famous film star and her brand-new husband went looking for a site on which to build their home. After a while they came to this same Hidden Valley, newly opened for building. It was midsummer and the hills had lost some of their greenness, the lilac had faded, and on the yuccas there were only black seed husks. Nevertheless, the valley was beautiful.

"This is the place for us," said Arthur Hornblow, decisively.

"Why, I've been here before," discovered Mrs. Hornblow. (She is known to a few million people as Myrna Loy.)

So then and there the Hornblows started to plan their home.

It took time to build the house. For one thing, it had foundations, which also matched up to the life that was to be lived in it. And while the house grew up, the garden grew round it. The tangle of brambles which had wandered over the little stream was cut down. Lime trees that were planted gave their name to the house. A vegetable garden was started with a corner for herbs.

"We'll have tarragon," said Mrs. Hornblow.

"It's so good in salads. And rosemary and thyme and sage and bay for stews."

Some time, many years before, a Spanish farmer must have lived in the valley. It must have been he who planted the eucalyptus trees. There were old grapevines, too, and fruit trees, which had survived years of neglect. The Hornblows planted many other trees; olives to blend in with the hillside, willows to weep over the stream, peppers to dance in the sunshine; and a row of poplars to hide from view another house which had made a mushroom growth at the end of their garden.

They built, too, a swimming pool, curved and irregular like a small natural lake. "I hate those tiled swimming pools," Myrna told the architect. "They look like a bathtub."

They also had an outdoor grill, so that they could broil thick steaks over mahogany charcoal, the way it should be done.

The architect went over the house with them once more. The Hornblows' bedroom was not a large room: there was just space in it for a bed and maybe an armchair. Though, at one side of it, there were well-fitted dressing rooms for each of them.

"There isn't a room in the house which you can deck out with taffeta and cushions," said the architect regretfully.

"But then I'm not a taffeta cushion sort of a girl," said Myrna.

Meanwhile, during the house-building process, they lived an informal sort of life down at the beach. Because, at the studio, Myrna is entirely surrounded by hired help and because Mr. Hornblow, being a Big Producer for Paramount, is also subject to a certain clutter around his office, they had a lot of fun down at the beach being just by themselves. It didn't happen always, not even very often; say every other Sunday afternoon.

NOW Arthur Hornblow knows good food. But he didn't know much about the practical side of cooking until he started to dabble around with a cookbook of all nations. Delving through its 800 odd pages (you should see the page marked Eastern Asia: very odd indeed) he discovered a neat trick with kidneys.

One evening Myrna heard loud protests from the kitchen—and there was Arthur burning his fingers. He'd made a good start, removing the fat and skin from six lamb kidneys and had cut them up into thin slices. He'd melted butter in a frying pan and put in the slices of kidneys, a bay leaf and salt and pepper. It was then that the fun began...
He'd tried tasting with a metal spoon, left the spoon in the pan, burned his fingers removing it. He'd tried shaking the pan over the flame, too, which the book said was necessary, burned himself again, on the handle.

After that Myrna hovered around protectively like a trained nurse at an operation, handing out tools, doing the more unspectacular jobs, and giving every evidence of counting the implements afterwards to see if any had been left inside the kidneys.

When Mr. Hornblow had got himself a pan holder, shaken the kidneys for eight or ten minutes over a hot flame, sprinkled them with flour and stirred it in well, he added most of a bottle of white wine (you know how extravagant male cooks can be), put the whole lot back on the fire and stirred long enough to make the dish very hot.

**EVENTUALLY** the house was finished.

The red bricks outside were painted white. Bamboo furniture was put out on the terrace and covered with emerald-green canvas cushions.

The idea of the dining room is provincial farmhouse: French, mostly. That's why the shelves are filled with old hand-painted pottery, the buttercup yellow rag and drapes hand-woven, and the armchairs (there are eight of them and they never need more) covered with a small-patterned, quilted chintz made from material used in the aprons of Breton peasant women. Each chair has a different pattern.

French Provincial or not, one of the first dinners the Hornblows gave in their dining room was Russian: that is to say, two important courses were Russian, the borsch soup and the lamb shashlik.

The salad which followed the meat was American, except for its French dressing and its Swiss cheese accompaniment.

The dessert, crêpes Suzette, was French, too.

Still, the dinner was Russian in essence—partly in honor of two of the guests who had just returned from the Soviet Union. This was convenient of them because at the time the Hornblows had not only a Russian butler but also a Russian cook.

The cook was named Serge, pronounced as if he were a gentleman named Gay who had been knighted. He kept bobbing in his white coat to find out what the guests thought of his cooking and the Siberian rail-way. He'd worked on both, whereas they'd merely been passengers on one.

The shashlik was made from small rounds of lamb cut from the thick part of the loin. These had been marinated overnight in half and half red wine and salt water, in which there soaked a generous bunch of fresh garden herbs. Then he had stuck the meat on a skewer, with alternating slices of onion, and broiled it. The real way to make shashlik is on a revolving spit, said Serge, which no modern kitchen has.

But finally, perhaps to prove that the dining room really was French, it was the crêpes Suzette which made the party. To be any good, crêpes Suzette must be made in the dining room after the servants have gone back into the kitchen and shut themselves in, said Arthur Hornblow. They need a certain mood, and this mood is apt to be disturbed if the cook is still hovering around protectively, or is apt to burst in any minute. Nor is it any use to order the cook to make them. At best they will turn out to be ordinary pancakes, and at the worst you may have to dispose of them secretly, burying them in the garden or feeding them to the dog.

**ARTHUR** made the crêpes Suzette with all the right kind of flourish. Myrna, the good wife that she is, didn't even tell of the hard work she had put in in the kitchen, before dinner, collecting the ingredients.

There is, though, not much hardship attached to working in the Hornblow kitchen, which has bright Dutch-blue linoleum on the floor and an electric stove dyed to match.

Arthur began, as you should, with the sauce. He ground three lumps of sugar against an orange, one against a lemon, strenuously. It was strenuous, too, after a long day at the studio. He cracked them up and put them in a small pan and added a chunk of butter, a small measure of cognac, another small one of curaçao. The sugar had to melt slowly into the liquid so that it wouldn't burn or stick to the pan.

Myrna made the batter. She put 2 cups of flour, 2 tablespoonsfuls of sugar and a pinch of salt into a deep bowl, dropped 5 eggs in, one at a time, mixing them into the flour carefully and smoothly with a wooden spoon. Melting 3 tablespoonsfuls of butter and adding it gradually to 1 cup of milk, she beat this well into the flour mixture.

This batter was especially made before dinner so that it could stand at least an hour.

She added to her collection a bottle of cognac, a couple of small pans well wiped with butter, a portable electric stove and a metal dish to go on it. All had been made ready to appear in public at the end of the dinner, when everyone was feeling mellow.

At this point, with just the right amount of formality, Arthur warmed the first buttered pan on a low heat, poured in a little of the batter so that it barely covered the bottom of the pan, tipping the pan from side to side so that there was a thin and even layer all over the pan, and then cooked the batter very slowly. When it grew dry and a little bubbly on the top side, the underneath was then a golden brown and ready for turning—accomplished gingerly with a palette knife, or by tossing with a brave flick of the wrist. When the other side was also golden brown, the crêpe was stacked on a warm plate, the second buttered pan used in the same way. Meanwhile, Myrna was buttering the first pan over again.

By the time there was a goodish stack of pancakes it was necessary to heat the metal dish and pour the sauce into it. Then Arthur twisted the crêpe around in the sauce, moved each one to the side, and so on until all the crêpes were in the dish. He then sifted sugar on them and poured a little cognac over the lot. He waited until it was heated and then set fire. The best taste, he said, was obtained by letting the cognac burn itself out.

After that, coffee and conversation.

"It is a pity," regretted Arthur Hornblow, "that we can't have café diable. But it doesn't go with crêpes Suzette. Come again another night and I'll make you some."

"There is a man who likes to play with fire," teased his wife. "Except, of course, when he burns his fingers!"

**N.B.** There are probably more ways of cooking borsch than any other dish. Serge, the Hornblows' cook, has two ways: a party borsch which is very special, and one just for every day. If you would like to know how to prepare either or both of them, or if you would like Myrna Loy's recipe for bouillabaisse, hot lobster, or café diable, write to Molly Castle, in care of PHOTOPLAY magazine, 7731 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal., stating your request and accompanying it with a self-addressed stamped envelope.
SCREEN PLAY by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo and Richard Macauley

Original Story by Jerry Wald

HEAR "Can't Teach My Old Heart New Tricks"
"Let That Be A Lesson To You" • "I've Hitched My Wagon To A Star"
"I'm Like A Fish Out Of Water" • "Silhouetted In The Moonlight"

Screen play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo and Richard Macauley • Original Story by Jerry Wald
THE RODEO OF RADIO! THE TEN-RING CIRCUS OF PICTURES!

IT'S STARS, IT'S TUNES, IT'S LOVE, IT'S GIRLS, IT'S THRILLS, IT'S FUN, IT'S GREAT!

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HUGH HERBERT • TED HEALY
ENDA FARRELL • LOLA LANE • JOHNNIE DAVIS • ALAN MOWBRAY

MABEL TODD • ALLYN JOSLYN • EDGAR KENNEDY
and Direct from the Orchid Room of the Air

THE HOLLYWOOD HOTEL PROGRAM

with LOUELLA PARSONS

FRANCES LANGFORD • JERRY COOPER • KEN NILES • DUANE THOMPSON • RAYMOND PAIGE & HIS ORCHESTRA
and

BENNY GOODMAN & HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by

BUSBY BERKELEY

Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture
THE NEW-IDEA MUSICAL FROM HIT-MAKING 20th CENTURY-FOX
...and it's got that New Year ummph!

Walter Ben
WINCHELL • BERNIE
SIMONE SIMON
She sings! She sings!
in
LOVE AND HISSES
and LAUGHS AND KISSES!
and MUSIC AND MISSES!

BERT LAHR • JOAN DAVIS
DICK BALDWIN
RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
RUTH TERRY • DOUGLAS FOWLEY

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
who directed "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million", "Thin Ice", "Woke Up and Live"

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Screen Play by Curtis Kenyon and Art Arthur
From a story by Art Arthur

Seven hot-and-hissing songs including GORDON & REEVES' LATEST HITS:
"Someone" "Be A Good Sport"
"Broadway's Gone To Hawaii"
"I Wanna Be In Winchell's Column"

Darryl F. Zanuck, in charge of production and the maker of your biggest musical hits, gives you THE GREATEST 20th CENTURY-FOX MUSICAL YET!
BY RUTH WATERBURY

WELL back behind the scenes in Hollywood there has long been a most important man whose name you have probably never heard... Eddie Mannix... a modest, hard-working Irishman of very great ability...

When a few weeks ago his wife was instantly killed in an automobile accident Hollywood insiders began murmuring all over again about the curse that seems to have fallen on M-G-M in the sixteen months that have passed since Irving Thalberg's death...

For it was Mannix who in the last few months had been whispered as the man who could most help Metro... and now this crushing blow falls which must inevitably keep him saddened and retarded for many months to come...

What has been happening to Metro lately is symptomatic of what has been going on in the entire movie business... yet people believe that had Thalberg lived all the turmoil... all the output of expensive bad pictures... might have been avoided... at least by Leo the Lion...

THE truth is that pictures today are costing too much... that you and I... the public... have been educated to get too much for our money... that there is too much overhead expense anyhow and not enough amusement...

A year ago theater attendance was so good... we went so gladly to see almost anything... that box-office figures were fantastic... producers began pouring gold into productions... the million-dollar picture ceased to be anything remarkable and was surpassed by the two-million-dollar affair... and that in turn—as witness "Conquest"—was overlooked for the three-million-dollar product... and along about this time we, the public, stopped liking everything we saw... we became in fact as choosy as all get out... very good pictures are still making money but big expensive bad pictures are being left to die...

And the reason that one big flop after the other has been put out to us is that inside the movie firms politics have been going on... the creators who should have had their minds on their work have been preoccupied with the need for saving their jobs...

Metro... Paramount... Universal... RKO-Radio... Columbia... all have been involved in the most violent internal quarrels... the United Artists faction has been busy trying to find out if Selznick would go with Metro and Goldwyn with Korda... Harry Cohn has been battling with his greatest director, Frank Capra... the actors have a guild... the directors have a guild... the writers have a guild... and what those guilds have wanted to do generally has been quite different from what the producers have wanted done...

An agreeable guy like Gable who up to date has always played in whatever was given him got badly frightened by "Parnell" (and certainly no one could blame him) and now refuses to act until he gets just the role he believes is suited to him...

Bill Powell is holding up signing until he is sure of the type of picture he will get...

Miss Waterbury says—knowing the brickbats she's letting herself in for—that she believes she has an answer to avoiding some of the distracting elements producers face.

Fred Astaire wanted to try it without Ginger Rogers and did, and the box-office results on "Damsel in Distress" are not too forte... the whole of these distracting elements adding up to impossible confusion...

Of course I believe in my own simple dumb way that I know a means by which much of this could be avoided... or in other words I am now doing what is elegantly known as sticking my neck out...

A few weeks ago Sam Goldwyn was nice enough to run off some four reels of his forthcoming "Goldwyn Follies" for me, and I will flatly go on record here as saying that it is far and away the best musical-comedy material I have ever seen...

It has beauty and charm and originality and marvelous comedy... the ballet, photographed in the most dramatic use of color yet to reach the screen, is the most thrilling sight since the first time you beheld Sonja Henie in action... Charlie McCarthy will captivate you completely... if all has that final essence of chic and showmanship that Goldwyn always manages... but... and there is a big catch in all this, too big a one, I feel... the "Follies" cost more than two million dollars to produce...
I do not for a moment doubt that the "Goldwyn Follies" will bring back three times that amount... it will forever more make it difficult for any other musical film to surpass its box-office receipts... but just the same that is too much to invest in a single picture... that is literally giving us too much for our money when you consider that in a good many theaters those selfsame two-million-dollar "Follies" will play on a double bill with some other producer’s million-dollar production...

And another little item I’ll never understand is why Hollywood overlooks its Westerns the way it does... with “B” pictures (those “and also” productions you find on your theater programs) costing today between $250,000 and $400,000... and after all “B’s” are only imitation “A’s” and like all imitations pretty weak... the best Westerns which are a distinctive form of entertainment are still costing at most $75,000 each... and a majority of these cost even less... their box-office value has been proven since the very first year of picture making...

That same little Republic is backing its whole success on the money that Gene Autry is earning for them in musical Westerns... and on that success climbing very steadily up in the world... whenever Westerns have had the benefit of the writing and production brains that are lavished on the grand dramas... as witnessed “The Covered Wagon” and “Cimarron” and more recently, “The Plainsman”... they have made the most outstanding success... the figures are right there on the books for the entire industry to read and yet for some godly reason the producers continue to overlook them... while the money that must have gone into a picture like “Blossoms on Broadway”... is staggering to contemplate...

It isn’t so much that I disapprove of our getting all we can for our cash at the box office... that always has been the way of commerce... but there is such a thing as... so much icing on the cake that you get sick of the entire dish...

The motion-picture producers have the example of the Broadway stage by which they could profit if they only would... the great musical-comedy producers, the Ziegfelds and the Dillinghams did just this same trick... they put forth shows so opulent that even with the greatest public response they couldn’t afford to keep them running... with the result that they put themselves out of business and killed musical revues in the legitimate theater...

So here is my argument... please give us simpler and better pictures... people like caviar for parties but for daily fare they stick much more to beefsteak and potatoes for dinner and ham sandwiches for lunch... not fancy but just plain enjoyable... Hollywood with its unbelievable money... with its pursuit of glamour... its preoccupation with sex... rather naturally forgets how simple in our tastes the rest of us are... for some reason hard to understand it will overlook the success of the Jones Family and Charlie Chan and the Jane Withers pictures and never figure out why they are so popular... and concentrate to its own loss on a very expensive star like Dietrich in fabulously costly productions that have no following at all...

If I sound a bit gloomy on this I really do not mean to... the experimental group is coming up and getting constantly stronger...

Frances Marion, the writer, has gone to Metro as a producer and is intent upon getting American history on the screen in terms of entertainment... her first production will be a picturization of Kenneth Roberts’ fine story, “Northwest Passage”... Frank Lloyd this month has turned out a very great re-enactment of our history in “Wells Fargo”... Disney has launched his elaborate experiment “Snow White” for the first full-length cartoon feature...

David Selznick, the mighty, has been signed by Metro... I doubt that any amount of publicity or pressure will ever keep him from being original... so, too, has Mervyn Le Roy... I don’t mean to indicate that Metro is grabbing all the production brains, though with the addition of these two stalwarts they have a good start at it...

Mervyn did some very fine things at Warners... daring things like “They Won’t Forget”... he is a man of quick, worldly talent, of charm and keen intelligence, and it will be interesting to watch him... Warners who have always possessed the best ability to get out inexpensive compelling pictures (take a picture like “Silm,” for example, which I enjoyed as much as any I’ve seen all season though it has almost no money in it at all) are now giving more attention to their special productions, encouraged possibly by the success of their great “Zola”... to be able to compete with the colossal efforts of Paramount and Metro... all these things are working to make pictures better...

Still and all, the chaos of the motion-picture business today is a fact... my favorite crack of the season was published in my friend Irving Hoffman’s column in “The Hollywood Reporter” and credited to Jack White, the entertainer whom Walter Wanger hired for “32nd Street.” Said Mr. White, “So much of my stuff is on the cutting-room floor that the only fan mail I expect to get will probably be from the mice...” take that and the story of the smart critic who asked how anybody expected Jon Hall (he pronounces it John) to give a good performance if he wasn’t even able to spell his own name.

Behind such cracks there is a lot of truth... about the extravagance and the over-shooting and the miscalculation...

And also behind it all is the influence of Hollywood on the world... I know that the garment trade in New York is now seriously watching Hollywood’s effect on sports clothes... that hundreds of little girls all over the world now want long hair since Miss Temple has put back her curls... that Hollywood’s insistence on modern furnishings in settings for its drama is making the “second” set of furniture purchased by housewives today go toward modern lines, particularly in bedroom suites...

To my mind the answer to the whole thing is for the producers to get back to simplicity... for their own sakes and ours... to give us, straightforwardly and without elaborateness, the dramatic stories of love and faith and home... those eternal problems in which we are forever interested...

To do that, of course, they will have to understand themselves... and us, too... and that was where Irving Thalberg’s greatness came in... he loved people and understood them... and that great gift he translated to the screen in terms of our happiness... and his success.
"Every Day's a Holiday" all right when you can see the one and only Mae West herself in a roaring comedy-romance-with-music set in the hale and hearty days of New York's Gay 90's—a gala and glittering picture featuring the antics of five of the greatest screen comics of our time...a picture with the dash of Mae's Schiaparelli gowns—it'll have your boy-friend in hysterics and you in a gale of giggles.
Bright idea for after dark — a jacket fashioned of many FEDERAL Silver Foxes. Brilliantly silvered on a pure black background . . . deep, yet wonderfully light and pliable . . . most flattering of furs. A bright idea for daytime, too — nothing is smarter over wool frocks and suits. Look for the FEDERAL name, sealed to an ear and stamped on the leather side of the pelt; it is your assurance of lasting loveliness. FEDERAL Silver Foxes are sold in fine stores from coast to coast.
Why must love and marriage be different in Hollywood? Only a brilliant novelist could write this daring and candid analysis

BY FAITH BALDWIN

It has become a fixed idea with the vast motion-picture audiences all over the world that Hollywood marriages are like Hollywood sets—elaborate and short-lived; changed as often as a star's mind. When a Hollywood star marries for the first time, there is always a great to-do about it. "The first time? Not really!!" It seems almost as if the poor bride or bridaugre had broken some strange code in confessing that since reaching Hollywood he or she decided to enter into the bonds of matrimony for the first time.

It is true that many of the screen stars have been married more than once, and it will continue to be true, I suppose, as long as there are screen stars.

It is equally true that the ladies and gentlemen of our social register and of what Cholly Knickerbocker has named Cafe Society are equally apt to change husbands and wives with the climate and modes, but they are more or less scattered about the globe—New York, London, Paris, the Riviera, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore—while the stars are concentrated under the fierce white arc light of publicity in a little place called Hollywood, which hasn't a post office, I understand, and is merely a state of mind—and part of Los Angeles.

It would be, I think, interesting to inquire why the stars marry so often, and there are, I believe, any number of reasons. In these very reasons you will find Hollywood's case against monogamy—a case built up by the peculiar problems of Hollywood people.

Take some of the girls, for instance—the majority of them come to Hollywood very young, some have had stage experience, most of them have not. Some have won beauty contests, or been models, or danced or sung in night clubs. Some have had practically no professional experience. Extremely youthful, lovely and talented, they are flung into this little exciting artificial world...and, when one considers the superficiality of Hollywood life, one wonders how they keep their heads at all.

(Continued on page 88)
Famous film paragrapher finds that a column a
day and two on Sunday is a rest cure compared
with the life of a glamour girl in the movies

AFTER six weeks, four days, seven hours
and sixteen minutes (overtime) of
being a glamour girl in the movies, it
is really anticlimactic to find myself back at
my typewriter, a wobbling goil again, as
though nothing had happened. Now all I
have to do is write a column a day, a Sun-
day article or two, and be on the "Hollywood
Hotel" radio-hour—practically a rest cure.

Mayte I am self-conscious or plain embarras-
sed but I have a feeling when I meet my
friends, these days, that they are looking at
me with a quizzical eye. You really can't
blame Carole Lombard for greeting me with,
"Hello, Garbo"; or Claudette Colbert for
looking at me with amusement and saying,
"How's the star today?" My own husband,
if I take a fraction of a second longer to pow-
der my nose, says, "Oh, you look all right.
You're not facing the camera now."

I brought it all on myself, of course. After
some twenty odd years of praising or pan-
ning or being just plain indifferent to other
people's screen performances, I would turn
actress at my time of life.

Maybe it's retribution for an avenging fate
that put me before the all-seeing eye of the
camera, gowned by Orry Kelly, coiffed by
Jonn St. Oger and made up with a new face
by Perc Westmore.

But I claim all this expert attention does
something to a movie columnist who usually
works in old pajamas, has to be dug out
behind a typewriter and six tele-
phones, and gets a wave in her hair when
and if it's possible.

It took me a long time to be convinced a
girl's place was in a studio and not behind
her typewriter. But Jack Warner and Hal
Wallis pictured the life of a movie star so
glovingly, with a dressing room and real
"jools" to wear in the picture, to say nothing
of a slight case of salary, I couldn't turn it
down. Besides, the idea of anyone else's
trying to play me stirred waves of compas-
sion in my breast and I felt since Warner
Brothers were making a motion picture of
"Hollywood Hotel," the radio program which
I have hosted for over three years, it was
better for me (bad as I probably would be
as an actress) to play myself along with Ray-
mond Paige, Frances Langford, Jerry
Cooper, Ken Niles and our original master
of ceremonies, Dick Powell, the star of the
picture.

So, on September 20th, in the year of our
Lord 1937, accompanied by a secretary who
was scornful of the whole idea, a bottle of
aspirin and some homemade broth, I tim-
idly reported for duty on the firing line.

"You go to Perc Westmore's first for
make-up," said Bob Fellowes, the good-look-
ing company manager on "Hollywood Ho-
tel." And believe me, of that make-up de-
partment too much cannot be said. Why, it's
the very key to every actress' and would-be
actress' fate. There, by a few simple twists
of the wrist, the plainest face is converted
into a raving beauty and before you know it
you find yourself something you just "ain't."

Word passed around like wildfire that
Perc was doing Parsons and one by one the
clan gathered to wish me well—or maybe
to satisfy a morbid curiosity. Kay Francis, one
of my dearest friends, looked so-o-o beauti-
ful in her glamour make-up that it made me
wish I hadn't come. But when Basil Rath-
bone breezed in with a Buster Brown bob
for "Robin Hood," I began to feel maybe
there was some hope.

Bette Davis drifted by, a vision in her
"Jezebel" hoop skirts, while Olivia De Havi-
land came in for Perc's final okay on her
Maid Marian make-up.

But hectic as all these greetings and in-
terruptions were, and self-conscious as the
HURRIED out on the set to report to Busby Berkeley, the director, realizing that although I had left home at the crack of dawn, I was late on the set. The lights were already set up and the company was assembled. Dick Powell, Lola and Rosemary Lane, Alan Mowbray, Hugh Herbert, Glenda Farrell and Ted Healy were all there, ready to start. With all these "column names" rallied around, I forgot for a moment I was an actress and started digging for news.

Seeing Dick reminded me I'd heard that day that Joan Blondell was "expecting," so I put the question right up to the prospective father—who promptly denied it and added, "Now look here, Louella, you're here as an actress. So put away the notebook."

Ted was supposed to slap me on the back and I was to register surprise. For some reason, Ted, whom I have known for many a year, suddenly went coy on me and gave me a gentle tap.

"Hit harder," I begged. "I can't be surprised or annoyed with such a ladylike slap."

Ted took me at my word and in the next take almost knocked the fillings out of my teeth. After it was over, he gave me a wor-

Victim in the barber chair was becoming, Perc paid no attention and went right on with his facial landscaping.

He stepped back, put his head on one side, and looked at me in the critical manner with which an entomologist regards a squirming new bug.

"Hmm. The chin could be taken up," he said as if talking to himself. "The nose can be toned down, the cheeks high-lighted to look thinner—but the eyes aren't bad and the hair is okay."

Well, it was a relief that the eyes and hair passed the master's scrutiny. Taking up the face meant putting tiny plasters of fishskin at each temple and pulling up the face by means of invisible rubber strings which were tied on top of my head. A very "uplifting" experience.

Then came the transformation. What Perc does is amazing—especially to a woman who is no longer in her giddy youth. Defects disappear as if by magic and a new face looks out upon you. You hope fervently that the camera will see as much difference as you do.

Thinking back on the experience now, I don't have a very clear recollection of my reactions to the first scenes we made—I was too numb. There's a terror that grips your heart about this motion-picture work that is beyond description; "fright," "stage fright" and every other kind of fright are as nothing compared to it.

Firstly, there is that awful silence that descends on the entire stage like a fog when they call "Camera."

I was conscious that every eye in the place was on me. When I finally heard my voice, it seemed little and thin and far away. I began to wonder if I was really talking—or if Edgar Bergen had sneaked onto the set and was doing a Charlie McCarthy for me.

As usual, they were not shooting the script in sequence. One of the first scenes I made was with Lola Lane in which we tear into a little number portraying a newspaper scribe (that's me) and a temperamentally movie star (Lola). My introduction in the picture came later—with none other than my old friend, Ted Healy, as a partner. I was supposed to meet Ted in an elevator and because they probably didn't want to give the cameramen, George Barnes and Charles Rosher, too much of a shock, the scene was shot with my back to the camera.

Real "jooks" to wear in the picture and a slight case of salary were the bribes that got Lolly into the movies. But after that first scene with Lola Lane (left) it was her dressing-room office and typewriter that offered solace.
THE ROMANCE OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT!

BY HOWARD SHARPE

Exclusive to Photoplay—the story of two people who are gambling their careers for this first vacation together away from Hollywood.

That distant but piercing shriek you hear as you begin reading this is Claudette Colbert, diving headfirst into a snowbank at the foot of the Swiss Alps.

She should be there by now, if Jack Pressman's car didn't get stuck in a ditch somewhere in the Italian countryside miles from any village; or if the colored patch of a small inn's garden didn't intrigue them too much one afternoon, so that they delayed in the sun; or if they didn't decide quite suddenly one evening to pause at Venice, and ride a gondola among the palazzos.

This is both the Pressmans' second honeymoon, and behind it lies as romantic and gallant a story as ever came out of madcap Hollywood.

You remember—the many times you've lifted hazy eyes slowly from a travel folder, transported, on the instant, to a bazaar in Hindustan or to the Casino at Monte Carlo, you could hear the click of the roulette ball, smell the unwashed natives, see the glitter of silks and filigrees for sale. You've thought: if I had a lot of money—if Junior were a little older—if John could get away from that office for a while—now, we'd go now. Now, while we're still young, before it's too late.

Claudette Colbert, motion-picture star, also dreamed that dream, even as you and I. Ever since she married Jack Pressman a little more than two years ago and came back from a five-day honeymoon to Yosemite—which was not enough—she's said, "Someday the Pressmans are going to take time out from the routine of living and see the world together."

That time has come and the Pressmans are setting forth now together, now while they are young, and gloriously in love.

They haven't any doubts about their love; nevertheless, this trip involves a risk—and they are quite aware of it—to each of their careers. It is dangerous for a doctor to leave his practice. It is just as dangerous for a star to leave her public. But the Pressmans are risking that—because their real honeymoon is so important to them.
SECOND HONEYMOON

Claudette had more than the impetus of travelogue publicity and her own imagination to make her want to travel; seven years ago, with Norman Foster who then was her husband, she explored the earth in a tramp steamer. Outside edges, and the more obvious points, and the most apparent humps she touched and noticed—enough to make her say, "I'll come again, and next time I'll skip these places, hesitate in these, live for awhile in these." But "next time" was never to come for her and Norman. It has come for her with another man—and a greater love.

While the public shouts its praise of Claudette's performance with Charles Boyer in Warners' "Tovarich," the little star, herself, jaunts around the world—with fingers crossed. There's a reason.

Claudette was having her nails done in bright coral for a scene when I talked with her last, about the trip, and she was outrageously happy. In another three weeks "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" would be finished and then she could pack her fourteen trunks and fling them and her husband and his Packard coupe and herself aboard a train and be off, at last.

This she would do, knowing full well that after "Bluebeard" had been released and had had its run, she would be away from the screen for a period of almost eight months.

"But it's worth it," she said, waggling her glittering fingers to dry the polish. "I've worked as long as I can remember. I've had a good time doing it, but there has always been the feeling that after all—my life was before me; that someday I'd take time out and have freedom of movement, do all the things I'd always wanted to.

"Most people think the same thing, and keep on thinking it, and then when they're a hundred and ten they creak off on a trip somewhere, watching for draughts, all bundled up in shawls, luggage packed with rheumatism cures, and quite unable to dash around to cabarets or go skiing or tramp through a jungle, of course.

"Well, I'm young now. So's Jack. In another ten years we'll forget how to be mad and impromptu about things. Careers or no careers, we'll go now while we can enjoy it."

Thus when Claudette steps finally aboard that streamliner, gives one last shrug for Hollywood and its affairs, and reaches for her Baedeker, Claudette will have begun not only a three months' vacation but a new era for herself and for Jack (and she will be doing all of that just about as you read these lines). Behind her stretch seven years, during which a life begun on one tangent was forced, by circumstances, to shift to another; during which she lost one great love and pulled a shaky career out of the hot Hollywood fire and found a finer love and a greater happiness.

This, then, is a kind of triumphant celebration, a laughing salute to that other time when she left California with the world before her. She remembers it well.

"The Big Pond," her first starring picture, was still showing in the theaters of a nation that did not yet know what 1930 would bring. America, as a public, was just beginning to clamor for this new actress named Claudette Colbert and her studio, appreciative, had promised them Colbert until further notice.

France liked her, too; so much so that during the six weeks between the time she decided to go with Norman around the world and the date of departure they shot two pictures—one for the United States, made by day, and one in French for foreign markets, made by night.

Her chauffeur poured her, still in make-up, on the steamer just as it was weighing anchor; and when she regained consciousness the wallowing old freight-tramp was far out to sea.

Then, for three months, (until in Cairo (Continued on page 92)
DIAMOND PIN MONEY

Night and day they worked—all two hundred and fifty of Photoplay's spies—gathering data for this amusing article on high finances

BY GILBERT SELDES

A SHORT time ago the script on which Shirley Temple was working called for a pony. In Hollywood you can get a pony at least as easily as a rhinoceros, but the director was in a hurry—and there was a pony on the set. Miss Temple's own pony. And she let him use her pony—at ten cents a day.

That's a pleasing thing to know and gives you a warm feeling about the little girl. Older—but not necessarily better—actors and actresses earn larger sums in other ways, sometimes without showing as much business sense as Miss Temple did. They earn their pin money—diamond pin money—in a thousand enterprises. There is hardly a business, from canned goods to the prize ring, in which some player is not represented.

In fact, when you see how much money they make when they are not working, you sometimes wonder why moving-picture stars trouble to act at all. This is not an invitation to any nasty remark that most of them can't act. You, and I, and the gentlemen in the Income Tax Bureau know that Shirley Temple earns about fifteen times as much money on by-products as she gets from Twentieth Century-Fox and that Bob Burns made an additional eighty-five thousand dollars last year, not because of playing the bazooka, but by putting his name on it and letting other people sell it.

Yet, without the movies, little Miss Temple might have put her name on the manna from heaven, or on the original waters of the Fountain of Youth for a face lotion, and she would not have received a cent in return. And this goes for all the others.

To put it another way, the stars have to stick to the movies in order to have by-products, even if the by-products make the movie salaries look trivial—that is, look trivial to them, not to us.

Any time a star wants to kick about his or her movie salary and dares to mention the profitable by-products, the producer has an excellent argument with which to reply: it is that nobody has ever yet given a movie contract to a prominent endorser of breakfast foods and cosmetics—it all works the other way. And the boys and girls who want to make pin money out of radio or personal appearances or newspaper columns or endorsements have to stick very close to the studios and, what's more, be top figures at the box office.

When they are at the top, the movie stars move in the only un-vicious circle in history. Like this: the more they get in the movies, the more they get on the air; and the more they get on the air, the more they get in the movies. (Until the bubble bursts and someone else grabs off top place.)

Right now a radio contract is being held up because a star insists that she wants to lose money, in order to keep up her prestige. Let us call her Miss ABC—so she can't sue us if she doesn't get her contract. Miss ABC earns five thousand dollars a week at her studio. Another actress, Miss XYZ, a rival for certain parts they both play very well, gets thirty-five hundred dollars. Now Miss XYZ has been on the air at three thousand dollars a shot. (Not a week, just for one performance.)
Miss ABC, therefore, insists on four thousand for her appearance. Her business manager points out that at four thousand dollars a show, she will move into a higher income tax bracket and her net gain will be about fifteen hundred; whereas, if she takes three thousand dollars, her net gain will be over two thousand dollars per broadcast.

But Miss ABC is obstinate. She gets more at the studios than Miss XYZ, so she'll get more on the air—even if she loses by it.

There is another group of players who seems really determined to lose as much of their own money as possible. You look through the list and you find that Stuart Erwin owns a vineyard; Louise Fazenda has a walnut grove and an apricot ranch. (These movie people seem to have a passionate yearning for the soil.) Edmund Lowe owns a hothouse and it is said that he has crossed a pepper and a tomato, so you can guess what the name of the new vegetable is going to be.

It can't be with any great expectation of immediate profits that these highly speculative gardening enterprises are undertaken. Even a moving-picture player must know that the farmer always is in trouble. The spectacle of Ann Dvorak appealing for help to the AAA (or one of its successors) because her crop of orchids was a failure is funny rather than pathetic.

Half a dozen men, including Gary Cooper, (Continued on page 84)
SECOND CHANCE AT
LOVE

Virginia's new happiness came suddenly—as suddenly as it had come the first time. It came romantically—even more romantically than it did the first time—and it was spun of silver moonbeams and star dust from a Utah mountain sky, of two alone on a remote picture location, of loneliness—and loveliness.

But it came more maturely, more securely, more even and firm and sound this time.

The last time I talked to Virginia Bruce was a day or two after she had left Jack Gilbert. It was in the long drawing room of the Toluca Lake home Jack had built for Virginia's folks. Outside, their daughter Susan Ann, a tanned little mite, played in the sun.

Virginia Bruce was twenty-two then. Twenty-two. An age when most girls are having themselves a whirl, dancing adoring men at the end of their heartstrings.

That was all over for Virginia. In fact, most of it had never happened to her. But other things had. At twenty-two she had known fame, the exhilaration of a career, and a love so fiercely possessive that it swept all that aside.

She had known a tempestuous marriage that bewildered her, and motherhood. She had known the tragedy of watching the man she loved crack up under the weight of his own defeated spirit. She had known also the empty confusion of separation.

And so, at twenty-two, she said, "I won't get married again—certainly not for five years, anyway." She said it and believed it, for she couldn't imagine anyone else's ever making her forget Jack Gilbert.

Virginia Bruce never has regretted her marriage with Gilbert, tragic as it was. Indeed, she has been profoundly grateful for it. It brought her depth and understanding and character—and her daughter. In fact, meeting John Gilbert at a Hollywood party one night not long after she had divorced him, she made an unusual and self-sacrificial gesture. She took Gilbert aside and told him what he had meant to her. She told him how much happiness their baby had brought to her and thanked him for the wonderful way he had acted about the child. She told him, too, of the soft spot she would always carry in her heart for him. And she has ever since been profoundly thankful that she did what she did that night. For two weeks later John Gilbert died.

There was never anyone else in Virginia's heart, never anyone who really meant anything to her so long as Jack lived, although their romance was as dead as oak leaves in December.

There was a second reason why Virginia Bruce shut out a possible marriage from her heart.

(Continued on page 74)
THE REFORMATION OF JANE WITHERS

The Problem Child takes a turn for the better—with mixed results

BY KENT BAILEY

EVERY Sunday a little girl in pious black vestments and a holy white collar clammers into the choir stall of a Hollywood church. Raising her bright eyes heavenward in angelic countenance she carols of eternal glories. There is no doubt about it—she makes a very sweet and saintly picture, though there is sometimes a minor bulge in her robe. That can be laid to a hidden sling-shot or a treasured item from her collection of bowie knives.

Jane Ruth Withers wants very badly to be good. Jane Ruth is eleven now; coincidentally she is also eleventh in the hearts of her movie-going countrymen. The responsibility of this standing and the consciousness of approaching maturity have troubled her in no small measure lately. "Brat" is a horrid word to be applied to a budding young lady, even though its piquant stamp has done all right for Jane, to the tune of making her the idol of many millions of people who delight in juvenile wickedness.

Three years ago, when the Atlanta terror swept out of the South to spread consternation among the ranks of the Mama’s Darlings cluttering up the casting offices, her tastes were frankly—er—outre, I suppose is the word for it. "I want a machine gun," declared Jane Ruth, and she didn’t mean maybe.

At that time, I risked life and limb to find out something about the deadly little devil who had dared sneak scenes from Shirley Temple in "Bright Eyes." What I found, from Jane’s own artless self, included this list of preferences: blood vows, Chinamen with knives, pirates, cops, slot machines, gambling ships, horse races, murder pictures and marbles for keeps. She was rough and tough and hard to bluff.

Today, I must reluctantly report, Jane simply and genuinely overflows with the milk of human kindness.

Only most of the time it turns to hot water and Jane finds herself in it—up to her neck.

On the screen, of course, Gentle Jane can relax and let nature take its course. Fans like her a little—er—boisterous. It’s her private life that’s bothering her.

Like what happened one day not so long ago on a purely social excursion to March Field, the big army air base near Los Angeles. Among the forty or fifty odd juvenile Post population (officers’ offspring) Jane is something of a heroine. Doubtless the
The Land o' Ensenada

Our Young Man About Hollywood takes you, for new adventures, to this picturesque haven of the stars.

BY ERROL FLYNN

HE fact that Ensenada is fast becoming the most popular resort of the West Coast, especially among that crazy gang of rather pleasant idiots known as the "picture people," is the truth.

Of course, you will always have your lads and lasses going to Arrowhead in the mountains and Palm Springs in the desert, there to be photographed and be made much of, but we are speaking now of the so-called hideaway groups.

Mexico is thoroughly delightful and the people more so. Naturally, that doesn't mean the border towns. They are no more Mexican than they are typical small towns of the United States. It is not until you penetrate nearly a hundred miles below the border that you find the real, the genuine people of Mexico.

Not long ago Dick Powell and Joan Blondell were a-wearying of onyx swimming pools, crystal goblets and orchid-bedizened premières. They wanted a rest, far from photographers flashing light bulbs, far away from police escorts. They wanted to be just people.

We met at lunch in the studio commissary and they asked me if I knew how they could manage it. I'd just come back from Ensenada so, of course, that was my answer.


"Mexico safe? Don't be silly! You run a bigger chance of being held up in any city in the United States than you do down there. The Mexicans are quite sensitive about it nowadays—so sensitive that one of the few crimes calling for capital punishment is any form of banditry—and they mean it!"

"How about kidnapping?"

"Hasn't been a real case in a dozen years—which is more than you can say for California!" I answered. "Go on—you'll love it. They'll turn the town upside down—and when Mexicans really start paying homage to the honored guest, it's something to see. If you're not careful, they'll start having an annual Ricardo Powell Day!"

So the Powells took the stars off their dressing-room doors and packed them in with the toothbrushes and cold cream and started for a week in Old May-hico. They were both new to the country—and its tongue, and so when they saw the big sign by the Aduano
Station just outside of Ensenada that read both “Alto” and “Stop,” they stopped—in both languages. That proved they were greenhorns.

The soldier on duty leapt to his feet, stood at attention, saluted and rattled on brightly in his mother tongue.

“Bienvenida gran Señor y Señora!” This remark was followed by a garrulous and colorful flow of incomprehensible—to the Powells—Spanish.

“Well!” commented Mr. Powell to Mrs. Powell at the conclusion of it.

The soldado showed all his teeth, bowed graciously and jumped on the running board, a display of activity prepared for matters of international importance only. Barking important commands to pedestrians and sleeping dogs, he piloted the startled Powells down La Avenida Ruiz as though it were a tortuous channel and thence over the bridge to the famous La Playa.

The hotel was in a state. People were darting about in barely suppressed excitement. Red, white and green bunting festooned the Señor y Señora!”

Well, this was sure pretty swell, thought the Powells; turning the town out was right! Not many places where foreign picture stars were treated with such native courtesy. Quite humanely, the Powells began to develop a hidden affection for Mexico and its quaint people.

THROUGHOUT the dinner that night they were even more impressed by the feeling that at any moment the curtain was to be raised on some elocutionary act, amateurish perhaps, but sincere. After a couple of champagne, Dick and Joan were at the point of giving the simple little town a new library.

After dinner they went out on the balcony to gaze at the glorious moonlit bay and the Todos Santos Islands that had inspired Robert Louis Stevenson to write “Treasure Island.”

Almost as if their appearance were a cue, a loud (and exceptionally military) town band struck up a march and, with torches and flags, started down the road that just then the torchlight procession took a sharp turn off the road and marched bravely out along the pier to where the soldados were proudly puffing from their labors. They drew up to attention, facing the bay, where, barely discernible as it appeared on the dark water, a small tender was putting in from a battle cruiser, screened from view by the point.

Vociferous in the impressive stillness after the music and gunfire came the massed voices of the 200 inhabitants and 2000 dogs of Ensenada giving vent to three hearty cheers for the Governor of Baja California who had just arrived for an official visit!

It is reliably stated that Mr. and Mrs. Powell repaired quickly to the bar, there to meditate and take stock.

The presiding genius of Ensenada is Arturo Barreda. Officially, he runs the hotel; actually, he is known far and wide as El Rey toda Ensenada. Son of a Sonora hacendado, heir to a two-hundred-thousand-acre rancho, he is a man to be reckoned with. In him is a strange combination of the blood of the Conquistadores and modern Mexico. On duty he has the natural suavity of a continental diplomat; off duty he is a caballero on the loose. The well-banked fires in his eyes break into flame and Ensenada sits back in watchful admiration to see what Arturo will do next... he usually does it.

One of Arturo’s best friends is Jimmy Dunn—Moore has the same love of Mexico that you will find in anyone who has lived there and known the people intimately. Together they have bought three hundred acres just south of Ensenada upon which they plan to build a ranch. They will grow horses and cattle (from Arturo’s Sonora estate), beans (indigenous) and dudes (imported). They will also lease certain choice lots to a few Hollywoodians who like the country for something other than a place in which to get cockeyed, so that they, too, may build.

One of the first of these lots went to Grace Moore and her husband Valentin Parera. Between pictures it has been the wont of the songstress to tie herself and husband down to the Ensenada Bay in a trailer and pitch camp among the tectos and frijoles. She and your humble correspondent, along with several others, would long since be property owners in Baja California were it not for the fact that Mexico has passed laws forbidding the owning of property by foreigners. And for very good reason, when you consider the land and mineral grabbing propensities of certain of our wealthier men.

When the screen’s “favorite wife” decided to find out for herself what all this marriage business was really like and stepped into the bonds of holy wedlock, she did it in Ensenada. In case you have ever married Myrna Loy in the dark of a theater, you probably felt a certain jealousy toward Pro-

(Continued on page 93)
It’s fun to learn about yourself, learn about your friends!
Here is the first in a series of articles which explains away those mysterious markings on your hand, by the authority—

MATILDA U. TROTTER

WOULD you like to be able to read your own hands and the hands of your friends? Well, with the aid of the hands of some of your favorite moving-picture stars, I am going to show you how you can do it.

Begin with the backs of the hands. You can tell all about a person’s character from the backs of his hands. Be sure you have a good light; then place the hands, palms down, on a flat surface. Now note the following things: color and texture of skin; flexibility—how the hands and fingers fall; length of fingers and if finger joints are smooth or knotty; finger tips—spatulate, conic, square or pointed; nails—shape and size—and color.

To illustrate what I mean, look at the picture on this page of the backs of Joan Crawford’s hands. Then study the deductions I have made regarding them.

SKIN:—elastic. This shows originality, activity and versatility.

Miss Crawford’s hands do not bend easily. This shows that she has force and determination, can not be easily swayed or led, prefers people to adapt themselves to her rather than adapting herself to others.

NAILS:—long and rather narrow. This indicates honesty and frankness, combined with tact. In other words, if you ask Joan Crawford’s opinion she will give you an honest opinion, but will try not to hurt your feelings even though the opinion is not complimentary.

FINGERS:—fall apart with the middle fingers together. The middle fingers hugging together tell of a person who is always aware that the future must be faced. This person is never caught without a good alibi, either.

The other fingers, spaced apart, show generosity, versatility, an open mind, a modern viewpoint and an interest in and the ability to do many things well.

Miss Crawford’s fingers are short. She is impatient, impulsive, dislikes details, thinks and acts quickly and wants her associates to do the same. She is quick-witted, mentally alert. She is a good organizer, a good leader but not a good follower unless she is positive that her teacher knows more than she does. Then she will listen, in order to study and absorb all that the other person has to impart.

Her little finger is crooked. This shows shrewdness and the ability to judge people.

KNuckles:—knotty. These knuckles serve as a brake and make Joan Crawford stop and think before she speaks and acts. Short fingers need knotty knuckles. These knuckles also cause her to analyze and consider the deeds and actions of others.

Because Miss Crawford’s fingertips are conic and her knuckles are knotty, she is safe in trusting both her intuition and her powers of analysis. They will not fail her, even in a crisis or catastrophe.
JANE WITHERS
SKIN: elastic. This shows great originality
NAILS: perfect example of short wide fingernails. These nails make Jane a quizical, argumentative and extremely clever child
FINGERS: medium length. Jane’s well balanced and compatible if you will listen to her arguments and give in if her idea is right
FINGERTIPS: perfect example of spatulate tips, showing originality, activity and sacrificial love of all animals as pets

ANITA LOUISE
SKIN: fine-textured and white
NAILS: wide. This indicates that, although Anita is a very honest and frank person, she never goes to extremes
FINGERS: long, close together—the fingers of a conventional, reserved and extremely cautious person who dislikes showiness
KNuckles: knotty. Increase her caution and cause her to analyze everything with extreme care before coming to a decision

ALICE FAYE
COLOR: white
FLEXIBILITY: extremely flexible. Alice is easygoing and adaptable, prone to sacrifice her own desires to those of others
FINGERS: medium length with conic tips. Indicate Miss Faye is well-balanced, though a lover of pleasure and romance
KNuckles: smooth. This characteristic of knuckles shows Alice to be a person endowed with intuition and inspiration

The color of your skin tells about your temperament and your general health. Pink skin indicates good health, vitality, and a well-balanced temperament.
Red magnifies all the other characteristics and lines of a hand. It suggests a lusty nature, one apt to go to extremes in all things, a person violent both in love and in anger.

This person should learn to control himself early in life or nature will force him to pay for his excesses in later years.
White skin (that is, dead-white skin) implies a lack of vitality and, as a result, lack of ardor, generosity and sympathy. But, just as red accentuates, white tones down all the other hand characteristics and lines.

The person with yellow skin is often moody, depressed and cranky. If he has a sense of humor it is apt to be an acid one. He likes to be alone and often his outlook on life is so morbid that people elect to leave him alone.

When you are studying the color of hands. (Continued on page 82)
On the set they call her Leelee, as in French. Or they call her Spooks. Spooks is a creation of Jack Oakie's. "She comes and goes like a spook," he said of the little opera singer who popped in and out of the lives of the four musicians in "That Girl from Paris."

With Lily Pons standing plain before him, Oakie would get down on his knees and peer under sofas for her. She'd laugh at his antics, but the people on the set weren't quite sure how she was taking it, or whether the laugh was just politeness.

Till one day, having removed her make-up at the dressing table, she covered her face with a soothing layer of rice powder. Then she looked at herself in the mirror. "Booh! Such a Spooks!" she said; and thereafter, when a more formal mode of address was used, "Ze name eez Spooks." she'd say. The name has stuck.

Except for her voice, there's nothing of the diva about Lily Pons. She doesn't dramatize herself. Her own unaffectedness dispels the awe in which opera singers are traditionally held. That sense of "Sh! Sh! Here comes the prima donna" is conspicuous by its absence. She scorns the solitary grandeur of her dressing room. "Eet eez loinely zere. Erc I 'ave fun." So you'll find her out in the open, sitting with the gang, learning American slang from them, delighting in their foolishness.

In them she stirs something warmer than awe—something of the protective tenderness stirred by a child. This is partly because she's tiny. More essentially, it's because she has certain qualities we associate with children—she's natural, she's openhearted and she loves to laugh.

One constant source of hilarity is her way with the English language. She works hard at mastering it, but, if it provides a little gaiety on the side, so much the better. She knows that her fellow workers mean well by her. In fact, they're a corps of self-appointed tutors. Therefore, if they laugh, it must be because there's something to laugh at. And Lily joins wholeheartedly in the sport.

She's rehearsing a scene for "Hitting a New High,"
Slacks are Lily's daytime outfit, a fitting one for a diva who dares to admit she likes popcorn and practical jokes.

Right: Lily with Andre Kostelanetz, her constant escort. Her only comment: "So much I tell you—some day I marry."

Far right: on the set of "Hitting a New High." Jack Oakie is jester-in-chief; Lily, his main and most appreciative foil.

wink at his audience, who by this time has collapsed in the final stages of mirth.

"Jack," she chokes, wiping the tears away, "you are—you are scream."

"My public," beams Jack, and kisses her hand with a flourish.

From the first, she recognized in the American spirit something to which she felt herself akin. A fundamental simplicity in her responded to the informal in us. She revels, she glories in what we, who were born to this freedom, take for granted.

Nor has custom staled it for her. Her secretary, Margherita Tirindelli, known as Tiri, for short, is still likely to find her in gales of merriment over the morning papers.

"See, Tiri," she gasps, and points to some such headline as "Citizen Takes a Rap at Senator." "In Europe we say 'Ze Sen-ah-tor' and we bow four times. 'Ere zey rap on 'eem." She turns impishly solemn for a moment. "I tell you what 'appens tomorrow, Tiri. Tomorrow e geeves zem back ze rap, your Sen-ah-tor."

Tiri tells, too, of a letter Miss Pons once received from a young man. He enclosed a snapshot of himself in aviator's uniform; he told her what college he'd gone to, what clubs he belonged to, what work he did, how long he'd been married. He ended by expressing his admiration for her and inviting her to lunch.

An invitation to lunch with a strange young man made Lily's day. But through her amusement ran understanding, too. An (Continued on page 76)
HOLLYWOOD HUNTER—
AND THE HIGH SEAS

BY MARGARET CHUTE

The night before Ian Hunter and his wife left England on the Big Adventure that took them to Hollywood for the first time, we sat in Scott's, at the top of the Haymarket in London, eating oysters and drinking champagne. Four of us occupied the square table; Ian, Casha, who is Mrs. Hunter, an English actor who has known Ian for many years, and myself.

The trunks were locked. The household goods were stored. The tickets for the Paris were on a desk at the furnished apartment in Berkeley Square that was the Hunters' final home before they left London. It was mid-December, 1934; and with flags flying Ian and Casha Hunter were starting off on yet another of the adventures they face with so much gay bravado. That last evening "at home" was quite an occasion, with more than a suggestion of tears behind its smiles, for the Hunters were leaving their two small sons behind, until it seemed wise for them to travel 6,000 miles to far-off Hollywood. The next time I saw Ian and Casha—nobody ever calls her Casha—was in Hollywood, in a cottage at the edge of the sea at Santa Monica. No white tie or tails or trailing evening frock, that time. Just a swimming suit for Ian; slacks, a jumper, and sandals for Cash. And upstairs two small boys chattering and clattering, while their would-be stern parent shouted to "the blokes" to hurry up and get dressed, if they wanted to drive to Hollywood and collect some much coveted ice cream. The Hunters had settled down, in no uncertain fashion.

Nearly all the two and a half years since they have been in Hollywood, Ian and his wife have made their home by the sea. When they first arrived they lived in an apartment; then one adventurous afternoon they discovered the ocean. Now Ian has the sea in his blood. To him, there is nothing that can beat a boat, some sails, and a fishing line. So this vision of the sea was a joy beyond all telling.

There, stretched in front of their eyes, was a long, jagged line of houses, assorted as to size, decorating a curved sandy beach, with the Pacific breakers booming ceaselessly in the background. "That's a nice little settlement!" said Ian to Cash. "Let's see what we can do about getting one of those houses."

The "nice little settlement" was Malibu Beach, no less! Malibu, playtime-home of the stars, where even the smallest house costs a large chunk of bank roll. But Ian did not know this when he interviewed Art Jones, who more or less runs and manages the place. Having remarked airily that he had an idea he would like to get hold of a house along the beach, Ian was almost stunned at the price that was mentioned. In the end, however, he took a house; and then began one of the happiest stretches of his life in California. Accompanied by his wife and "the blokes," he spent the days that were not occupied at the studio fishing, swimming, sailing. Today, the Hunters live in a lovely, highly modern house that once belonged to Anna Sten, with a swimming pool, a garden banked with flowers, and a view of the ocean from every window.

The Hunter household consists of Ian, Casha, their eldest son, ten-year-old Jolyon (always called Jo), and their youngest son, seven-year-old Robin (always called Wampa, or something that sounds rather like the way I have written that word). The two boys are attending the Hollywood Military Academy, and think a suit of dungaree is the grandest kind of costume ever invented.

The rest of the household is important, too, (Continued on page 78)
When a movie actor turns his back to a camera, that's news. When Gable does, it's tragic. The compensation? Our close-up of a true-blue sportsman.

When in this and the following pages Photoplay brings you Hollywood at its pictorial best.
SHIRLEY KNEADS THE DOUGH
With her usual verve and vitality little Miss T. tackles the higher complications of the culinary arts. She gets flour in her eyes, but that doesn't floor her for there's Pekingese Ching-Ching, her all-time friend, to blink in absolute approval. Determination, self-reliance, persistence give her, in the kitchen as before the camera—perfection.
YOU'RE A SWEETHEART
A new dance combine is formed—torch-singing Alice Faye and the versatile George Murphy are out to make history. When the spectacular dance sequences of "You're a Sweetheart" were filmed, Photoplay's own cameraman grabbed these actual performance shots of the dancers, while five studio cameras followed the breath-taking routine which took the couple from a stage, up a flight of silver stairs, around the gallery and back onto the stage, over audience and orchestra, via a giant swing. Along with their dancing, Alice and George do romancing while Ken Murray and his stooge, Andy Devine and Charles Winninger humorize
KNOW HOLLYWOOD

CROSSROADS. Where stars are made, debts are paid and actors are a dime a dozen. The Times Square of Cinematown—Vine Street crosses Hollywood Boulevard. Left: Ken starts his camera cruise by a shot of Alice Faye, his co-actor in Universal's "You're a Sweetheart."

LANDMARK. The original Brown Derby on Wilshire Boulevard dozes placidly in the afternoon sun. Started by Herb Somborn (ex-husband of Gloria Swanson), it was an outgrowth of his desire for bigger and better strawberry shortcake and hamburgers. It gained rapid popularity, is now the scene of many big off-record deals.

CUPBEARERS OF THE STARS. Starched efficiency, pride in profession—those are the signs of the Brown Derby waitress. Here is a mother training her tiny daughter in the art of serving Miss Temple ten years hence. And this could happen only in Hollywood.

Taken especially for Photoplay by actor Ken Murray were these pictures of that fabulous town where a chariot race or Lady Godiva is a commonplace occurrence.
TOUR. The Goodyear blimp with its sight-seeing cargo circles the spire of the famous Church of the Blessed Sacrament on Sunset. Night and day, over Santa Monica's beaches, Pasadena's Rose Bowl, Hollywood high spots, this sky tour goes on.

HOLLYWOOD PISA. Many an unsuspecting tourist gapes at the brave man atop this waverino pile of old tires. A competent come-on for this particular business, his job holds no terrors for him: he is the dummy the movie hero used to throw over the cliff.

MODERN CONVENIENCE. In the Farmer's Market, where many of the stars do their own domestic shopping, is this novel wheeled wicker receptacle for a tagging Junior who rebels at staying home.

HOLLYWOOD PISTA. Many an unsuspecting tourist gapes at the brave man atop this waverino pile of old tires. A competent come-on for this particular business, his job holds no terrors for him: he is the dummy the movie hero used to throw over the cliff.

CLARA BOW "IT" REX BELL

TECHNOLOGY BUSINESS. Inside this monumental Sphinx goes the wondering tourist, in therein a thriving real-estate office, emerges the proud possessor of a "Top Home" or a dozen orange groves.

TEXAS IN TOWN. In the midst of the bustle of busy LaBrea Boulevard is this working oil well. Traffic darts deftly right and left around it, the tourist stands amazed, the native gives it not a glance—for of such modern miracles is this Hollywood made.

COMEBACK TRAIL. From a Nevada ranch, Clara Bow, with husband Rex Bell, comes back to Hollywood to hang her restaurant shingle among Vine Street bright lights. There she mingles with those friends she used to know, meets as guests the stars of new-found fame.
“DIME-AND” DEMOCRACY. Rich star, poor star, beggarman, extra, the five-thousand-a-week headliner, the fifteen-a-week prop boy—all snatch their “between-shots” lunches at these drive-in stands that sprinkle the byways of Hollywood.

GAY DECEIVERS. These professionals in the art of fictionizing deal out glamour wholesale—they can show you where Garbo bathes every morning at sunset, the glade where Mickey Mouse met Minnie, and the spot where Ken hides his salary.

SANDS OF TIME. The fabulous forecourt of Grauman’s Chinese Theater, the locale of previews, where, in cement, is the engraved roster of the great. A tiny tourist compares her handprints with those of Janet Gaynor, dreaming who knows what dreams—just as Janet herself, as the Vicki Lester of “A Star is Born,” came to stand in awe at Grauman’s.

DEsert Spoils. The mecca of the businessman is in Hollywood. Even as the gold rush era brought the hopeful from near and far, so today do prospectors come West—and sometimes, as this businessman above, find gold. Discoverer of a desert gold mine, this man is soliciting a partner.
with a dash of spice, is this twenty-
year-old star whose penchant for over-
extraordinary hours of sleep is a
"Discovered" by the great Rein-
mesself, she justifies his faith by her
self-laugh at herself, to wrinkle her
all absurdities, to act with simplicity
Demure Miss Bruce went from Hollywood to Broadway to become America's Most Beautiful Chorus Girl. When she returned, her publicity man advised she throw out her Ziegfeld modesty to pose alluringly as above (upper right).

Dolores Del Rio's wily press agent knew a perfect back when he saw one—thought the world would, too. Result was the lovely star didn't take her sun baths just for health's sake. But today she suns in private, wears slacks in public.

In the bad old days a new star was handed the credo—"Less clothes, more fame," and the poor gal just had to grin and bare it. Thus our Kay boomed the bead and feather market long before she was Fashion's "First Lady."
They dollyed up Myrna Loy as a slinky siren, but at that she wasn't such a smash hit... Came a brave new world and Mrs. Thin Man. Whereupon, as the "Perfect Wife" (left), she's the ideal of every girl with a wedding ring.

In sporty shoes and the very latest thing in beads, P.O.P.A. (per orders press agent) Ann Sothern (upper right), made her debut. Today she shuns such scanty garb, and smothers herself from head to feet in furs.
A resort hotel? No, just the little nest that provides shelter for the Fredric Marches and their two children.

HOME IS WHERE THE

A Holmby Hillbilly—this showplace houses Constance Bennett and her young son, Peter.

The house that radio built belongs to incorrigible Andy (Charles Correll) of "Amos 'n' Andy."
Breathing space is what Claudette Colbert wanted when she planned her charming home.

High on a hilltop overlooking Beverly Hills is the magnificent establishment of Sam Goldwyn.

Nestled in a heavily wooded section of Bel-Air is Warner Baxter’s English country home.

HEART IS

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES TAKEN FROM THE AIR BY CAPTAIN C. W. EHRMAN
Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy costar, for the first time, in this musical comedy (a love story of a West Point cadet and the princess of a mythical kingdom) made famous on the Broadway stage by the late Marilyn Miller.

All the allure of "behind the scenes" Hollywood is glimpsed on the sixty-acre set where the dancing spectacle of "Rosalie" is being shot. Extras, workmen, make-up artists, dancers and stars comingle as the camera travels from group to group for, perhaps, a look-in at Eleanor and Nelson in a star-to-star checkup; to a make-up man dabbing at Ilona Massey before she faces the camera; on to Albertina Rasch patiently coaching a few of the 500 dancers in the picture; or to Ray Bolger and Eleanor rehearsing a snappy tap routine; then again it catches Eleanor in confab with make-up aide Peggy MacDonald and George Lane. In other words—it's 9 o'clock, Hollywood time.
—but she's not Scarlett. She's "Jezebel," screen heroine of the stage play Warners bought long before "Gone with the Wind" appeared. While her contemporary Scarlett still languishes on paper, Belle Betta Davis slyly winks.
Topical tales about those Pacific Coast cliff dwellers whose amusing hi-jinks make for delightful reading

ARTHOLOMEW ARMS FOR COURT

Out of all the heartbreaking court battles recently endured by Freddie Bartholomew, comes this one amusing thing. Freddie now notes around a monstrous brief case, larger and fatter than any lawyer's, and literally rumbled with legal-looking documents. Freddie believes in preparedness.

YARN ABOUT THE "B.F."

Hey say it's only the most unfortunate of stars who believe in their own publicity. We're not so sure. Take that sweater Warner Brothers publicity department said Marie Wilson was knitting for her boy friend, Nick Grinde. When Marie heard about the dreamed-up yarn Warners had concocted as publicity, she really bought yarn and did make a ducky little number for the b.f.

Of course, it may be just a little baggy here and there, some of the stitches may have dropped out of their own accord, but Nick Grinde won't part with that sweater for anything. You see, it was Marie's first encounter with a pair of knitting needles.

HELLO BUT NOT GOOD-BY

One evening a telephone call from Providence, R. I. was put through to Shirley Temple's home. Before the little girl on the Rhode Island end could say more than "Hello, Shirley," the R. I. line was cut off.

Shirley put down her telephone and observed, "I'll bet that little girl's mama came home sooner than she expected."

TEMPER OR TEMPERAMENT

Frankly, we've always missed those colorful old days when Gloria Swanson and Lilyan Tashman used to stage their fashion wars. Seems like the present crop of Hollywood stars is afraid to step right out into the open and challenge all comers to a dress battle. That's why we are so proud of little Edith Fellows, Columbia's child star.

When she read in the papers that Deanna Durbin was to have seven changes of costume in "Mad About Music," she made a hurried mental check-up; she was wearing only six in her picture. The next morning she told the director about it. He wasn't interested. She told the cast about it. They gave her more encouragement. So she braved the front-office executives with a "shame on you for letting Deanna's studio get ahead of you" attitude. And now Edith Fellows will have ten changes of costume in her next picture.

LONG-SUFFERING FEMALE

HELEN BRODERICK has suffered two disappointments in one month and feels this's plenty for one woman.

First, the little green things all over Helen's trees turned out not to be little green oranges, as she had supposed, but avocados. There seemed to have been a slip-up somewhere in the planting.

Second disappointment came when Helen couldn't get away from work to witness her son's debut on the New York stage in "Of Mice and Men."

Then, right in the most dramatic scene of her new picture, Victor Moore accidentally pulled off the lovely wig Helen was wearing. But Helen doesn't count that as a major disappointment. She'd honestly be extremely disappointed if Victor didn't make a mistake somewhere.
Lucky Jean Muir! Let out by Warners after several years on that lot, Jeanie came East to try her luck on the Broadway stage. Being a frugal soul, she took a modest walk-up apartment on East Forty-eighth Street and resigned herself to the task of job hunting in what she knew was the poorest theatrical season in years.

Then came the unexpected break. A chance meeting with J. B. Priestley, noted British dramatist, one evening in the famous "21" Club resulted in an offer to star on the London stage in his latest play. Two days later a jubilant Jean was on her way across the ocean to what promises to be her greatest success. Once there, she was bombarded with offers from Hollywood at which she politely, but firmly, turned up her nose.

COME 7, COME "21"

REALLY!

M-G-M isn't happy, it seems, without a serious romance amongst its obliging workers. For instance, just as J. Walter Ruben and Virginia Bruce up and marry, along come James Stewart and Rosalind Russell to provide the thrills and publicity blurbs. Only it isn't all publicity, please remember. Jimmie really seems smitten with the lovely Miss Russell.

PARTY IN THE DARK

If you want to stay in the swim of social things in Hollywood, you must forever keep thinking up new and bizarre ways of throwing an ordinary party.

Claire Dold fancied up a honey to celebrate the completion of her latest picture, "Romance in the Dark." Her invited guests were ushered into a totally dark house. What's more, they had to fumble around until the whole party was present. But when Claire turned on the lights—oooh! On the floor lay a broken porcelain vase she valued at $1,500.

MY HEART BE STILL DEPARTMENT

Lana Turner has forgotten her fervent young love for Wayne Morris and all because of Tim Holt, handsome young son of Jack Holt.

However, Nan Grey hasn't forgotten Wayne and seems slightly bewildered at the young man's sudden switch to Eleanor Powell.

Jany Gaynor still holds the affections of Tyrone Power right in the palm of her little white hand. And Tyrone loves it.

Joe Mankiewicz is still the current head
feud between Leatrice and Judy seems to be more serious than that old feud between Hepburn and Rogers.

TRIVIA

Shirley Temple is being particularly proud and pleased this month, because her own special police force has been recognized at last. There are about five hundred people enrolled as members, now; Shirley gave them all badges and whenever she catches anyone without his button she fines him—then gives the money to a milk fund. George Reyer of New Orleans, President of International Chiefs of Police, sent her a notice making her a member and official mascot of his organization. . . .

Clark Gable has kept in constant touch with the police department of Los Angeles, by the way, ever since his pet pearl-handled revolver was stolen by a prowler. He'd (Continued on page 72)

That was this month—sometimes it's bike races, sometimes circuses. But Norma Shearer [here with David Niven and the Johnny Mack Browns] makes this the thing to do

The perfect excuse for a party—
Back row: Natalie Draper, Diana Lewis, Lucie Kaye. Front row: Paula Stone, Dixie Dunbar, Carol Stone, Anne Shirley, bride-elect Betty Grable, Sue Carol, the hostess, Mrs. Grant Garrett, Sally Haines

man in the life of Loretta Young. And need we tell you about June Lang and A. C. Blumenthal, New York millionaire—or have you heard?

LOVE BEGINS AT 14

Charles Peck (the poor little rich boy in "Dead End") is now working at Metro in "Benefits Forgot." The first little girl he met on the lot was Leatrice Joy Gilbert who took him for her own, refusing to introduce him to anyone—particularly Judy Garland. Judy, however, sized Charles up and then, when he was alone for a minute, went over and introduced herself. She invited him over to her set to see her work and now the

Wayne Morris ("Kid Galahad" himself) proved as worthy a judge of the Golden Gloves matches as of the numerous girls he romances
By James Reid

Marvelous place, this Hollywood. We open the door of a sound stage at Warners—and, presto, we step from a Twenty-first Century street into a great hallway in a Twelfth Century castle. Nottingham Castle, to be exact. Part and parcel of “The Adventures of Robin Hood.”

It has been fifteen years since Robin Hood last adventured on the screen. That was during the reign of Douglas Fairbanks, the First. People still remember Doug as Robin, remember him so well that, for fifteen years, no producer has dared to risk competition with the memory. Now Warners are daring. They have sound to help them, Technicolor, and—Errol Flynn.

Warners’ specialist in derring-do isn’t working today. But his costar—Olivia (Maid Marian) De Havilland—is. She is playing a scene with Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains, as fine a pair of conspirators as any heroine could hope to foil.

Olivia tells us, “I’ve always wanted to slink along a spooky hallway in a billowing dress—here’s my chance.”

The three men are in the foreground, in front of a great fireplace. Blazing logs give a flickering, eerie light to the vast barren room. Through one window, far to the right, streams a beam of blue light (moonlight, to you). The rear wall is about forty feet away. Down this wall, at a steep angle, goes a long, narrow flight of stone steps without a guardrail.

Olivia, at the top of these steps, hears the conspirators plotting; tries to steal down, unobserved, to warn Robin Hood: is trapped. This descent is an acid test of Olivia’s nerves and poise.

On the first “take,” she is about halfway to the bottom—and realistically clinging to the wall, we might add—when she gives Director William Keighley a bad moment. She suddenly sits down. He thinks the constant looking-down has dizzied her. In a flash, he is beside her.

He learns what really happened: she had stepped on her long skirt and had been pulled off balance. He beams with relief that her nerves are intact. But he says, with mock sorrow, “And I had visions of carrying you to safety! Why is it directors can never be heroes?”

We go on down the studio street, pull open another door, and are in a New Orleans mansion of a century ago. This is the set of “Jezebel,” in which Bette Davis is behaving in a Scarlett O’Hara manner.

As man to man: director Ernst Lubitsch shows Gary Cooper how to buy a necktie in “Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife.”
"Tush, tush!" says Bette to the rumors. "The only similarity is that the girl I portray, like Scarlett, is a hundred years ahead of her time. 'Jezabel' was a play on Broadway two and a half years before 'Gone with the Wind' ever appeared."

Bette's costar, in a name-studded cast, is Henry Fonda. The director is William Wyler, second husband of Henry's first wife, Margaret Sullavan. And everything on the set is harmonious. That's Hollywood.

For the first time in pictures, Bette is in costume—and very devastating, too, with her coiffure of brief curls and her Southern accent. It seems Bette, too, has long had an urge to glide across a room in a billowing dress. So here is her chance, also in a hallway.

She is alone in the scene. She steals into the hallway; takes off her cloak, folding it over her arms; pauses; turns on that Southern belle charm: then glides, chin up, toward the next room. Without looking down, Bette must pause at a certain mark on the floor. She will be out of focus if she doesn't hit it. Even an expert like Bette needs three tries to do the trick.

We go on to a third Warner sound-stage door, and are in a café in Montmartre; time, the present. We are on the set of "Food for Scandal," costarring Fernand Gravet and Carole Lombard, directed by Mervyn LeRoy.

This is Carole's last comedy before she does a drama "for a change."

It is a spicy tale about an American movie star on a trip abroad who meets a young, handsome, but penniless French nobleman whose principal assets are sauvity and a talent for cooking. He insists on becoming first her chef, then her suitor.

They meet, in the script, in this café. Carole is dining alone, incognito, in a brunnette wig. Two college boys walk up to her table, beg her pardon, then ask her to settle a bet. Isn't she Miss——, the American movie star? She fingers a tress of her wig and asks, with a heavy and phony French accent, "But isn't she blonde?"

The two boys have the same problem as Bette Davis. Without looking down, they have to hit certain marks on the floor. Time after time, in quick succession, they do the scene over.

As they begin, Carole has just lighted a cigarette. As they finish, she crushes the stub in an ash tray.

FROM there, we head for Universal, to see Deanna Durbin and Herbert Marshall in "Mad About Music." We step on the set and are in a Swiss girls' school. We see the Alps, on a backdrop, through the windows.

Deanna plays the offspring of a Hollywood glamour queen, whose public wasn't think she's old enough to have a fourteen-year-old child. Hidden away in this Swiss school, lonely, Deanna invents a tale of a loving father who is coming to see her. By amusing ruses, she persuades Marshall, who is visiting the town, to play the rôle of her father.

This time, Deanna is singing no operatic arias. She sings "Ave Maria" and four modern numbers. For the first time in a picture, she knows the pangs of puppy love. Jackie Moran is the boy (and, as far as he is concerned, it's a real romance). For the first time, too, Deanna is not being directed by Henry Koster. Her director is Norman Taurog—famous both for musicals, and for pictures starring children. This is the first combination of the two that he has directed. He likes it. "Deanna," he says, "is what I like a child to be: natural, unaffected, happy."

We ask him the secret of his handling of children. "I talk their language; I don't expect them to talk mine. I remember what unconscious mimics children are. I never act out a scene for them. I go over their lines with them, tell them what I'd like them to do, then say, 'Now do it your own way.' I also try to surprise them into emotions. Watch this!"

Deanna is talking with Marshall. Suddenly, she is to be conscious of a door opening, one of her teachers entering. She is to turn, startled. Taurog rehearses her until she knows she has her turn timed perfectly. He doesn't tell her to look startled, as we expect. Instead, he calls for a "take." The scene goes along to the point where Deanna is to turn and say, "We've decided, Marshall. Everybody on the set is startled—including Deanna. Taurog has what he wants, in one try."

AT Columbia, which we visit next, we see a clever fourteen-year-old in action—Edith Fellows in "Little Miss Roughneck." It is her first starring picture, and in it Producer Harry Cohn is revealing a carefully guarded secret: Edith has an operatic voice.

She plays, as usual, a youngster with a flair for getting into scrapes. This time she is a child wonder intent on getting into the movies. But today she is all sweetness and light. In a glamorous silk floor-length gown, she is singing "Cara Nome" from "Rigoletto," against a background of trees in bloom. Edith, in this scene, has long hair. Her grandmother-guardian assures us that it is Edith's own: "I cut it when she was little and saved it, and they've made it into a wig."

Next we get in on a Christmas Eve party on the set of "No Time to Marry," from Paul Gallico's story, "The Night Before Christmas," in which Richard Arlen, Mary Astor and Lionel Stander, among others, are having themselves a time.

There's always something new in Hollywood. Here, for example, we come upon a problem goat—Elmer, by name. Elmer, acquired by some inebriate member of the party, is supposed to eat the ornaments on the tree, the gifts, and part of a sofa. The script says so. But Elmer is reneging.

We see how a prop department can fool even a discerning billy goat. The gifts are unwrapped, the boxes are loaded with empty ice-cream cones, then rewrapped. The ornaments are dipped in a tasty syrup. Essence of garlic is rubbed on the sofa. Elmer is allowed a sniff of all the aromas, then turned loose on the set. Elmer acts as if he has been (Continued on page 91)
FRED ASTAIRE'S dancing once again proves him a better man than any of his tapping fellows. On his slender shoulders he carries almost the entire burden of entertainment, aided somewhat by George Burns and Gracie Allen.

P. G. Wodehouse's funny yarn about a titled English heiress who falls in love with a famous dancer does not make superior screen material; too much of the dialogue and action is shoehorned off on minor characters who are badly cast. Joan Fontaine, as the girl, is rather restrained. Burns and Allen join Fred's various numbers and together make amusing substitution for Ginger Rogers. You will be delighted with Astaire's rhythmic gymnastics, and his swing drum finale is the best he has ever done. George Gershwin's last score enlivens the piece.

WIThOUT the voice and enchanting personality of Lily Pons, this would be only a minor comedy starring Edward Everett Horton and Jack Oakie. Lovelier than ever, Lily lifts the tone too brilliant story to a high level. As a cabaret singer with operatic ambitions, she foaxes eccentric art patron Horton into thinking she is a bird girl from Africa; while he readies her for a great singing debut she warbles songs in a night club because she loves bandleader John Howard. This setup allows Miss Pons to wear bizarre feather costumes, most flattering, and to get into eventual trouble.

It may seem a little incongruous to see Diva Pons in tights, singing popular tunes, but her delightful operatic sequences, including the med scene from "Lucia," are in keeping with her reputation.

WEN a gangster buys a recording company and is torn between his own passion for jazz and his mother's demand that he record opera, much that is funny, exciting and entertaining should happen. It certainly does in this. With fine acting performances by Leo Carrillo, Gene Autry, Ann Dvorak, Tamara Geva, Phil Regan, Henry Armetta, Lais Albery and contributions by such musical hot shots as Ted Lewis, Cab Calloway, Jack Benny and Kay Thompson, the whole film goes to town in rollicking rhythm.

Phil Regan's romantic songs pack a punch and Miss Geva makes a most impressive bid for movie fame. Gene Autry is a two-fisted songaroo. Carrillo, ideally cast, has a field day in his role. For sheer entertainment and enjoyment, A-No. 1.

MAGNIFICENTLY staged and produced against a panoramic background of American history, this is the highly romantic and human story of a young couple fighting for happiness against the dangers of a growing nation. Marriage here is glorified dramatically, but with humor; and no two stars in Hollywood could have done a better job of it than have Joel McCrea and his wife, Frances Dee. Their superlative performances, plus the masterly direction of Frank Lloyd, the photography and production, make this one of those pictures which gives Hollywood its deserved claim to artistic greatness.

The story is an epic, rather long—but fascinating—account of the establishment of communication facilities in the early West. McCrea, an express messenger between New York and the then frontier town of St. Louis, meets and loves the exquisite, cultured Frances; when he is sent further into the wilderness she goes with him as his wife. Then begins the eternal battle between Joel's integrity in his work which keeps him constantly traveling and his desire to make a home for his wife. Poignant scenes arise from this conflict in loyalties. Frances is steadfast while he weather the gold rush and stops a run on the San Francisco banks; then a misunderstanding separates them.

Finale here is a triumph of married love and of the American spirit as personified in these two splendid characters. Bob Burns and Porter Hall are outstanding, but every cast member is superior.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Goldwyn Follies, The Wells Fargo
Nothing Sacred Damsel in Distress, A
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs Submarine D-1
Tovarich Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
Hitting a New High

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE
BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Claudette Colbert in "Tovarich"
Charles Boyer in "Tovarich"

Carole Lombard in "Nothing Sacred"

Fred Astaire in "Damsel in Distress"

Lily Pons in "Hitting a New High"

Frances Dee in "Wells Fargo"
Joel McCrea in "Wells Fargo"

HERE, truly, is something absolutely new in the amusement world. That Walt Disney is a genius in fantasy and drawing needs no restatement here, but in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" he has attempted his most ambitious achievement and succeeds as marvelously as he has in the past with Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck and all the Silly Symphonies.

This is the first time that he has turned his great gift to the depiction of human characters. He gives us here Snow White, The Prince and the Queen Witch. He is still greatest when he deals with animals and dwarfs, yet never once does the happy make-believe mood of this seven-reel production fail to beguile you.

Disney has been working on this film for three years. Mechanically it has many innovations. There is in it the first use of the multiplane camera, which gives the picture a third-dimensional quality unknown to films before. The color reproduction couldn’t be lovelier and the symphonic score is truly distinguished. That story is very brief, the usual fairy-tale setup of beauty under a spell, the enamored prince and the wicked villaness.

Disney has brought forth spectacular scenes like that of Snow White’s frightful trip through the woods when she is pursued by weird growing images, and other phenomenal transformations.

Go see "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Enchanting is the word for it.

BRILLIANTLY devised from the famous play, and with many additions from the inventive Hollywood mind, this combines the mostest sort of dramatic story with comedy in the new padded-cell school.

Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer, appreciative of each other’s talents and superbly matched, create together the characters of basically simple design, despite the direction of Anatole Litvak who often is inclined to the rococo.

With a leisurely beginning but without a perceptible flaw, there is unraveled an incident in the lives of two happily married White Russians of royal birth, who now after the Revolution live in the poverty of a Paris garret. Boyer, the husband, is custodian of some forty billion francs entrusted to him by the Tsar, but ideistically saves the fortune. He and Claudette, to be able to eat, hire eat as butter and maid to a wild family. Then ensues a merry and highly amusing interlude when the employer, a loony banker, his gooby wife and two youthful offspring all fall variously in love with the two new domestics. In the end both drama and buffoonery are climaxd at a dinner party at which Boyer and Miss Colbert are recognized by guests, and a Soviet Commissar makes a desperate plea for the imperial millions.

Melville Cooper impresses solidity and Isobel Jeans does fine work. Basil Rathbone is mordid, with polish, as the Commissar. You must see it.

A RIVETING color, an extremely smart Ben Hecht script, a competent direction of William Wellman, Carole Lombard and Fredric March have turned in a wild comedy drama that for this reviewer tops "My Man Godfrey."

It may seem unbelievable to say that a plot featuring Carole and Fred punching each other on the chin has a delicate theme, but it really has. Seriously dramatized, the plot might be grim indeed; but, satirized, it is packed with irresistible laughter, novelty and strange tenderness.

Unable to diagnose accurately Carole’s temporary ailment, Doctor Charles Winninger tells the press she has incurable radium poisoning. Fredric March, a reporter temporarily in the "doghouse," promises his editor to develop the situation into the season’s biggest sob story. Playing the benefactor, he brings Carole and the doctor to New York for a round of gay parties to tempt tears, public sympathy and increased circulation. Then he finds himself in love with the girl. When she plans a fake disappearance to end it all she merely pours rich oil on the comedy.

Miss Lombard is at her most scintillating and her darkened hair becomes her. March has not been so delightfully cast since "The Royal Family." Winninger and Walter Connolly contribute much to the picture’s importance and the wrestling match, the Frank Fay tableaux honoring heroines of history and the Sultan’s dinner are brilliant nonsense.

It’s among the ranking laugh-films of all time.

NOW comes "The Goldwyn Follies" to set a new high in his Disneyic, varied extravaganzas. Long known as the dream of sponsor Samuel Goldwyn, it now reaches you as a show within a show—a distinguished tapestry of beauty, color and comedy. Exquisite settings, gay situations share footage and appeal with the talents of an exceptional cast.

The story has to do with Hollywood’s original "no" girl (Andrea Leeds), and a producer whom nobody "noes" (Adolphe Menjou). Andrea Leeds has the picture’s biggest role. She plays the youngster who dares to criticize Menjou’s production, is overheard by him, and is suddenly vaulted to the position of his chief friend and mentor. Through her pertinent observations, she enables Menjou to produce a successful show. Romance reaches its peak when Andrea falls in love—not with Menjou, but with a hot-dog salesman.

Menjou, as the producer, is polished and perfect. Miss Leeds takes another big step towards certain stardom. Goldwyn’s showmanship has further glorified his "Follies" by bringing to you, from the Metropolitan, Helen Jepson. Balanchine’s American ballet, so beautiful in Technicolor, dances the famed Water Nymph Ballet sequence with Vera Zorina as premier dancer. Phil Baker rosse the Ritz Brothers for comedy honors to the tune of Charlie McCarthy’s deadly sallies, the songs of radio’s Ella Logan and Kenny Baker, and the poignant Gerahwin music. A production you will never forget.
THROUGH THE BREADS DON'T CRY—M-G-M

THREE youngsters with distinctly different viewpoints meet in a jockeys' boardinghouse and later find their experiences at the race track do much to fit them for the years ahead. Mickey Rooney walks away with a picture planned to introduce Ronald Sinclair as a new star. Judy Garland and Sophie Tucker look after the feminine interest and the music. The racing sequences are grand.

STORM IN A TEA CUP—Korda-United Artists

ONE of those gems that pop up with no advance ballyhoo to prove that the English have a definite flair for comedy, particularly that involving what they call "the lower classes." This is an extremely funny, at times hilarious, piece about the deflation in ego of a pompous Scotch politician brought about by a newspaper man who falls in love with the Scot's daughter. The cast is perfection.

HIGH FLYERS—RKO-Radio

WHEELER and Woolsey's farewell as a movie team is one of their gayest pictures in a blue moon. The boys are aided in the nonsense by Lupe Velez who sings several peppy songs and mimics well-known movie stars. The boys themselves set off in a seaplane to capture jewel thieves and their mad antics in the air furnish most of the laughs. You'll find it's fun for the whole family.

SH! THE OCTOPUS—Warner's

WITH the mysterious "Octopus" head of a spy combine as the object of search, screwball detectives Allen Jenkins and Hugh Herbert escort you through rapid and chill adventure in this. Most of the action takes place in a deserted lighthouse full of cobwebs and bodies and electric monsters, but the persistent comedy saves you from heart failure if you frighten easily. (Continued on page 96)

PHOTOPLAY

BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY—Schulberg-Paramount

THERE will be no bouquets for "Blossoms." The plot was ripped in the bud. Over elaboration makes one forget the theme; furthermore, a bunch of capable actors runs helter-skelter. Edward Arnold is a likeable rogue who keeps within the law only to find the heiress he was promoting is a phony, too. Bill Frawley wins laughs; Shirley Ross sings well; Weber and Fields are well presented.

BIG TOWN GIRL—20th-Century-Fox

A HAPPY little tale of an overzealous press agent. Alan Dinehart, who makes a great radio star of Claire Trevor, a small-town song plugg er. The things that happen to Claire on her rise to stardom, instigated by Dinehart, furnish most of the laughs. Donald Woods, as Claire's beau, turns in a grand performance as do Miss Trevor and Dinehart. A cozily snug little picture that you'll like.

LOOK OUT FOR LOVE—GB

TULLIO CARMINATI has not been seen enough lately by his many admirers, who will, therefore, welcome him as the hero of this complicated tale concerning the rise of a street singer (Anna Neagle). Through Tullio's sacrificial efforts, and despite the skulduggery of Robert Douglas, Anna becomes a famous dancer. Miss Neagle's song-and-dance, "Jingle of the Jungle," is a knockout.

FASHIONS

BY GWENN WALTERS

Green woolen styles Janet Gaynor's dressmaker suit created for her personal wardrobe by Omar Kiam.

High revers and neck scarf of henna top a single-breasted jacket and flared skirt with front godets.

Janet's henna felt hat is a Robert Galer model.
Across the page: Smart new lines distinguish this suit of dusty-pink woolen designed for Ann Sothern by Edward Stevenson for "She's Got Everything." The wrist-length, boxy jacket with full draped sleeves and flap pockets closes to an untrimmed neckline with black disc buttons. Beneath, Ann wears a black cashmere sweater to match the shadow thread that is woven into the suit fabric which also boasts a cream stripe. The skirt, straight in back, has a double kick pleat finishing the front.

Ginger Rogers wears this contrast suit, also designed by Edward Stevenson, in "Having Wonderful Time." The beige crepe hand-tucked peplum blouse with wing collar and tab breast pockets is worn over a brown woolen skirt, and the two colors are repeated in the plaid of the three-quarter length collarless coat. The slightly upturned brim on Ginger's brown felt hat has a smart quill.
Stradner's waterproof coat moss-green burberry (left), for weather. Leather-belted with inset pockets and flowing yes, its interest centers in a tie which crosses under the chin fasten on either shoulder. When worn as a head covering, the tie falls into a soft cowl collar.

Claire Trevor's diagonal grey and white tweed coat designed by Herschel for her to wear in "Big Town Girl" is a stunning model to copy for early spring. It will top your town or casual frocks with equal chic. Black antelope fashions the back collar which is attached to high, stitched revers. Note the triangular buttons and the piping around the large patch pockets.

Photograph by Frank Powolny
WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 98.
Harriet Hilliard, RKO star of "Broadway After Midnight," puts gayety into her winter wardrobe with a floral pattern on black crepe (opposite page, far left). The design grows from a slender skirt to the left shoulder of a simple high-necked blouse. The tie sash repeats the predominant colorings, emerald green and wood violet.

In another multicolor print (opposite page, center) Harriet's straight skirt and softly draped blouse, which is held by a tie of the dress fabric, assures a silhouette neat as a paper of pins.

Embroidered collar and cuffs of white piqué lend a crisp note to Harriet's black alpaca frock (opposite page, right). The dress is styled with a shirtmaker blouse and twelve-gore skirt and trimmed with self-covered buttons and a fabric belt with buckle of the same material.

A wide red suede belt and matching zippers that release soft gathers on the blouse add a colorful note to Harriet's light-weight woolen frock checked in two shades of grey beige (directly above). Stitched sunburst tucks give interesting detail to the front and back of the skirt. And—all these dresses are priced under $25.00.

To highlight a brown street frock, Frances Drake chooses this new high profile hat of canary-yellow felt with a wide-crown band and side trimming of brown grosgrain.

Gayly colored hats give dark costumes a new mood and suggest approaching spring. To complement a black dressmaker suit, Frances Drake, appearing in "She Married an Artist," selects a grey-blue felt hat trimmed with bands of black straw braid.

As alternate color interest for her brown frock, Frances wears an off-the-face hat of coral felt with a band of brown grosgrain ribbon that finishes in back with double tab ends. Vertical stitching adds interest to the novel high crown.

PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS A PRE-VUE OF HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS
Ultimate chic for formal days and informal evenings appears in Simone Simon’s suit of black broadcloth designed by Royer for her to wear in “Love and Hisses.” A flexible diamond flower ornaments one side of the black velvet collar which is a distinguishing note of the square-shouldered, short jacket. The dainty blouse of white crepe is smocked with black French knots. A double silver fox scarf is perfect complement for Simone’s costume.

Photograph by Hurrell

Annabella (right), appearing with William Powell in “The Bait and the Butler,” poses for her fashion picture, exclusively for Photoplay, wearing a silk coursette suit in bright burgundy from her own wardrobe. The jacket features large flap pockets (they drop to the hemline of the jacket), belt buttons and welt seams. The jacket has a front kick pleat stitched to the hipline. A scarf of heavy silk hides a grey cashmere sweater.

Photograph by Frank powe
ON THE
STUDIO
LOT

Cocktails at six and then a dinner date!
Not a minute to run home and dress. So
Mary selected this frock of black silk
alpaca with draped blouse and under-
skirt of the same fabric in steel grey,
and topped it with one of Hollywood's
famous "beanies" of black antelope

A frock of blue-green woolen (left),
and absinthe-yellow tweed coat and a twin
hat and scarf set of rust suède (above
left) assured Mary the perfect groom-
ing for an important luncheon engage-
ment during the shooting of "Doctor
Rhythm." The frock laces up the front
to a tailored collar with self-fabric cord-
ing. Matching bows trim the sleeves.
The insert shows how the novel scarf
reflects the treatment of her chic hat

Mary's two-piece sport frock (far
right), gayly skirted in stripes of red,
black, pink and grey, was donned for
a "Before Dawn" breakfast and golf
engagement. The black flannel gauch
shirt has a slit pocket banded in red
and grey. Mary purchased these
frocks from Josephy of Beverly Hills

What to wear when social en-
gagements crowd closely into
business hours! Paramount photo-
graphed these fashions of Mary
Carlisle exclusively for Photo-
play to show you how the stars
dress at work—for they, too,
have "career girl" problems
BY GWENN WALTERS

...continued

For the coming season, his shoes will be in two and three color combinations and will feature new leather made particularly for him, called “duckskin.” His little shoes have cutouts here and there; some are toelaces, to allow red toenails to peek through; and all have diminutive heels or practically none at all. One of his most important shoes has a padded sole that leads into a half-inch heel.

Joyce has had two interesting and novel motifs printed for his shoes this coming season. One, the market print, is scattered with tiny vegetables. The other, the cock and bull, has the cock adorning the vamp of one shoe, the bull the other. You’ll see these play shoes in every major city in the country.

MENTION of play togs reminds me to tell you of the wardrobe designed by Herschel for Dolores Del Rio to wear in “Shanghai Deadline.”

One costume is a suit of white serge with matching topcoat. The short jacket is outlined with a padded roll which also serves as top edging for two breast pockets. Beneath the jacket is a white-silk jersey surplice blouse that crosses high on the neck. The full-length topcoat draws its styling from Chinese influence. It closes to the left side at the waistline, with a scroll motif fashioned of a padded roll that extends upward to outline the opening of the coat blouse. This coat has a large patch pocket on the left hip.

A second ensemble is of silk jersey. The frock of white has a square neckline shirred two inches deep across the front, thereafter releasing the fullness into the blouse. This fullness is caught in again at the waistline by an inset belt of the dress fabric, and released again below the belt to flow into the skirt front. Atop this frock is a redingote of paisley printed jersey in shades of black, green and white, styled with princess lines and belted with green suede. A flat choker necklace of silver fills in the square neckline of the frock, and a matching bracelet jingles on Dolores’ arm.

Jospehine of Hollywood designed this fascinating Oriental jewelry.

June Lang appears with Dolores Del Rio in “Shanghai Deadline,” and Herschel has also created some attractive clothes for her.

One frock of powder-blue wool with a wrist-length jacket boasts a bias back, straight front and bell sleeves styled in shades of blue Rocher tweed with a brown stripe.

GWENN WAKELING designed two smart town frocks for Annabella to wear in “The Barones and the Butler.”

One is a dressmaker suit of pink beige. The slim skirt has a matching jacket that is edged with moss upholstery fringe which also fashions a military chest motif. A scarf of white crepe, monogrammed in brown yarn, crowds the neckline.

A tailored frock is of interest because of its tone of color and its leather trim. Finished of sheer brown wool highlighted by a shadow thread of beige, the frock opens to a deep V-neckline which is filled with a yellow chiffon scarf matching a large pocket kerchief. The skirt has a double inverted bias front pleat. A brown pigskin belt with a triple tasseled closing matches tiny cuffs on the five-eighth length sleeves which also have hidden underlay cuffs of sheer beige woolen...
Raft refuses role in "Temple Drake"... Raft falls producer in fight over line... Raft walks out on "You and Me"... such have been the headlines that have marked this actor's career and labeled him "hard to handle." But it's not just love of battle that makes George fight Hollywood branded him a bad boy—but few know or have tried to find out what lies behind the unemotional surface of George Raft's personality

BY EDWARD CHURCHILL

GEORGE RAFT, born on Forty-first street, New York City, son of a German father and an Italian mother, always wanted to be well enough known to be greeted by passers-by with "Hi, Georgie!" Running away from home at fourteen, after knocking out a schoolroom bully who taunted him because he was smart enough to skip a year, he "bummed" for a while, got
He toured the country, playing leading theaters, thrilled to see his name in lights. As his fame grew his salary mounted, and soon he was given the vaudevillian's chance of chances, looking at the Palace Theater on Broadway. He was billed over Ben Bernie, Paul Whiteman, Ted Lewis and other stars. For seventeen weeks, as his name became a bright-light byword, he appeared in four places a day, netted himself nearly fifteen hundred dollars a week.

"I worked at the Rivoli Theater, at another theater in 'The City Chap,' a play, at the El Fey Club run by the late Larry Fay, and at the Parody Club," George says. "People began yelling 'Hi, Georgie' at me when they passed me on Broadway, and I was where I wanted to go."

He'd done it all by himself, just as he'd promised. In a locality a few blocks from the apartment where he'd been born in very modest circumstances, a few miles from the school and the basement bed he'd deserted at fourteen, he was a public figure—a celebrity with a vague background hidden by the lights of a wide, wild street.

In 1923, when still climbing toward his goal, he met Grace Mulrooney, daughter of a probation officer at Welfare Island. After a friendship of several months they drove to Wilkes-Barre, Pa., where he had an engagement to dance, and were married.

Two years later, without the establishment of a home intervening, they separated because of differences in outlook as to friends and social activities.

It was in 1926 that George reached the peak of his popularity as a dancer. He toured England, received the highest salary ever paid to a dancer up to that time. He got a tremendous kick out of this reception.

"I think," he told me, with the echo of that applause in his ears, "that I began to feel I was too good. That I could go on forever, making more and more money."

He returned to Broadway to find that the soles of his popularity were wearing thin. The pay-off boys had forgotten his ability, his acclaim. He was offered, and offended by, a smaller salary than he had received in England. He admits that he couldn't take it. He staged a one-man strike.

George was on strike for two years, while Broadway already began to feel the approach of the financial debacle. For nothing can change George Raft if he feels he's right. That includes dynamite and the United States Supreme Court. He investigated the running of sundry race horses at Saratoga, Aquaduct and Miami. He studied the interiors of railroad trains on several different lines. Travel made him an authority on climatic conditions. He was always expecting someone to come up and say:

"Hi, Georgie! You'd better come back and hoof for me."

He wasn't annoyed by such propositions. The boys who had extended the glad hand along Broadway began looking straight ahead or in the other direction as George marched by. "Hi, Georgie!" became a mocking echo.

"I took stock of myself," says George. "I said, 'Georgie, you're just as good as you ever were. But something's gone wrong. If they think you're slipping, it's time to find yourself another career.'"

(Continued on page 90)
Glamour belongs to Hollywood, but it can belong to you—if you want to be the woman other women envy

GLAMOUR GIRLS—I think that one thing we all have in common is the desire to be glamorous, to be one of those lucky girls who carry an aura of glamour with them everywhere they go. Glamour is such an elusive quality that we don't know just what it is, but we can definitely recognize it when we see it. With the true zeal of the scientist, I started tracking it down; and with the aid of Ann Sothern and Olivia De Havilland I discovered that there are two ways of acquiring it. Ann did it by developing a new artificial personality, and Olivia by simply remaining herself. And they're letting me give you the benefit of all their experiences.

Ann realized with a cool detachment that she was a very pretty girl. She had a cute little baby face with no particular distinction to it, a lot of charms, but definitely no glamour. Obviously, something had to be done. Look at the study in glamour that is Ann now, and you can see that she did plenty.

First, she lightened her hair. Then she saw that that wasn't the answer. Glamour isn't just a matter of hair or eyes or color of rouge. It's a combination of your own basic personality and the dramatization of your features. She also saw that it wasn't something she could do overnight, because it isn't all done by make-up, but rather from the inside out.

For a frankly artificial personality and glamour, the first thing to be done is to develop your good points and kill the bad ones. Nervous habits, for example, are sure to destroy your glamour. The insidious part about such habits is that you don't realize you have them. Twisting a strand of your hair, playing with beads or rings, patting the back of your head—all such gestures are made unconsciously. You'd better ask a member of your family (they're always so brutally frank) and have him tell you of little mannerisms or habits of yours that annoy him. Then get rid of them. Watch your voice and manner of speaking, and don't talk too much—chattering destroys glamour. Improve your posture, and the way you walk.

Ann says that your new personality should be part and parcel of you. You should develop it to fit your type and to improve yourself. If you're a large girl, for example, it's absurd to develop a kittenish personality and think you're getting glamour that way. "Don't copy anyone else," says Ann, "but develop your own personality."

You can be frankly artificial on the outside. You can paint over the outlines of your mouth, you can arch your brow in an exaggerated manner; but the important thing to remember is to let the artificiality stay on the outside. Don't let it get into your soul. Underneath all her sophistication and glamour Ann is as sincere and honest as a child—a quality that makes for charm.

In developing your new artificial personality, dramatize one feature. It can either be your best point or what you consider your worst. Katharine Hepburn's cheekbones are not beautiful, but by accenting them she has made them fascinating. Merle Oberon lived up to her unusual eyes before she changed (Continued on page 80)
The year 1937—time to speak up and tell the world which picture merits the most distinguished award in the motion-picture industry—Photoplay's Gold Medal.

All the studios produced a number of pictures which, in the light of history, will be regarded as epics. The year ushered in a blaze of color, too, which must be reckoned with, and comedies are getting faster and funnier by the minute. Naturally, the first thing that often comes to your mind when you must decide what picture you like best is the fine performance of the star. But you must also consider the expertise of direction, the beauty and effectiveness of the photography, the settings, the realism of the story, the work of the supporting cast.

To jog your memory we list here outstanding pictures of 1937. Space does not permit to list every fine picture, and we wish to emphasize that any picture released during 1937 may be voted upon.

We have always pointed with pride to the pictures which have won Photoplay's Gold Medal in previous years. Not only was each inner the outstanding picture of the particular year in which it was chosen, but all the winners still rank in the first line of miracles of motion pictures. We have great faith in the judgment of our readers.

There are no rules, no restrictions in this section. All you need to do to vote for your favorite picture is to fill out the ballot below and write your choice on a slip of paper and send it to the Gold Medal Editor, Photoplay, 22 East 42nd Street, New York, New York. This shining medal symbolizes the highest honor that can be given a studio. Your vote this year helps producers decide what type of pictures to make next year. To know that the "public wants" is important to every producer, as naturally he wants to please you. So—if you had a favorite picture among 1937 (and who didn't)—vote for it! all your vote today!

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

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 BARRETTS OF WIMPOLLE STREET"
1935 "NAUGHTY MARIETTA"
1936 "SAN FRANCISCO"
never fired the thing but felt it brought him good luck on his hunting trips. Now, whenever a batch of weapons is brought in to the local sergeant's desk, Clark goes down and looks it over. It's a slim hope but he still thinks he may find his missing gun among the captured arms.

The Bash Ruthbones tell us that in building their new house they let the servants plan their own quarters. The cook said her only requirement was a kitchen with only one door, which would open outward.

RKO's Joan Woodbury, ill with the flu, came back after three days, raging fever and all, because she didn't want to delay production. But the weight she had lost forced the company to hold shooting another day while all her clothes were refigured; this tired her so she had a relapse.

Margo and husband Francis Lederer say they'll have an "important announcement" soon. It will be that they are planning to do a legitimate stage play together.

That Wayne Morris-Priscilla Lane romance is one of those "don't-let-em-kiel-yu!" things sponsored by his studio. He's still too intrigued by Eleanor Powell, although she won't wear the dress he gave her on the correct finger.

Anna May Wong took a complete set of 16mm movies of Shanghai just a week before hostilities started there. Her idea was a purely sentimental one, but now the reels of film have historical significance and are worth a good deal of money. A big studio is offering to release them as a news-travelogue.

And in her new home, Mala Powers, whose pictures were skittish in the past with no one coming near her, has raised a ruckus with her Winnie and towels. Her idea is to have the pictures done by a studio and save money on talent and costumes.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood
(Continued from page 51)

Fickle Fan

CESAR ROMERO tells this one on himself. At a recent preview an autograph fan hastily shoved book and pencil into Romero's obliging hand. Just as the penwell was poised for signing someone yelled, "Oh look, Clark Gable!

Like a shot the book and pencil were snatched from Cesar's hands and there he stood—and no one in sight.

Charity and Chickens

SIG RUMANN, who has played many a villain's role on the screen, is really just a softie at heart. Take that recent case of his Jap gardener.

When the man came to Rummam with the complaint that he was getting too old to do heavy gardening work and would have to give it up, the actor drew him into friendly conversation. He discovered that the Jap's ambition was to live on a chicken farm. So Rummam next purchased a twenty-acre chicken farm on the outskirts of San Diego, packed the Jap gardener, his wife and nine daughters, into two cars and, much to their surprise, drove them to their new home.

Because Rummam is making it possible for the man to repay himself, Marjorie the chicken ranch "Rumam and Mori, Inc." But that's just a way the old man has of showing his gratitude.

Short Shots

MARY ASTOR in her new Santa Monica home... Jon Hall will go native again in his next picture, and do native dances... Milton Berle, the comedian, will soon open a production agency for radio in Hollywood... Mae West poured out $5000 worth of gifts to cast and crew on completion of "Every Day's a Holiday"... Jean Rogers is wearing a five-carat emerald engagement ring from Danny Winkler, her agent... Don Ameche selected the University of Iowa's beauty queens for their year book... Hedy LaMarr (Metro's new ravel) said that she has put an expert sideburn low, and equipped with colored chauffeur...


Lee Tracy is glad about that New York play he's doing, "The Gig Stays In"... Sonja Henie has taken up roller skating... Don Wilson, radio announcer, has signed another picture contract with Universal... Jane Withers spends her spare time in the Hollywood dime stores... The romance between John Wayne and Frances Robinson goes on a blaze...

Bruce Cabot's jaunt into the desert hastened his film schedule. They needed him to sign for retakes but couldn't locate him...

If you heard that yarn about Lili Damita and Errol Flynn feeding at Chico location, with Lili leaving in a huff, you can forget it. Lili left to oversee a Caesarian operation on her husband's African Lion dog, "Stella," during which seven puppies were born...

Jimmy Stewart had a close call at March Field air show, when he took off in the path of three of the Army's best stunt flyers at maneuvers... Nancy Brilli was a courtesy guest at that studio dramatic school which she ran down in the papers...

Freddie Bartholomew edited an issue of the Hollywood Children's Hospital paper for them... Bing Crosby promoted that charity football game staged between his Alma Mater, Gonzaga, and Loyola in Los Angeles, December 5th... Phil Baker is settling permanently in Hollywood. He has leased the house vacated by Walter Winchell...

Ilona Massey, Metro's new Hungarian singer, found an old conservatory of music in one of her Vienna days singing in a chorus at her studio. His name is Ed Constantine... Don't let anyone tell you Leo Carrillo really was like that, for he's one of the few that doesn't write you a letter, and then you may think he's the most charming fellow in the world.

Time out for a wedding! Work on "College Swing" was halted as Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan said "I do."

Big Fine Doin's

CLARK GABLE: Good old Clark who for many years contritely plowed every role shaved by his way, at last has his luck up over a script which caused his studio a major headache" Test Pilot," announced as its next venture many months ago, is still being produced "immediately" with Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy in the supporting cast. Meanwhile, Clark had frozen out of the title role for "Test Pilot" and retained his valiant ranch town life.

Robert Taylor: Bob will be back in Hollywood at Barbara Stanwyck's by the time you read this. It's Barbe who is that bunch that Bob will want to settle down to a retired sort of "gentleman's es- seence on his newly completed (by bar in Bob's absence) ranch home, unless Babs is all wrong, Holly's won't see much of this Tal- ideol in the after-dark night spots.

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers For Fred Astaire popped up with an unexpected talent this month when he secretly left Hollywood with his wife for a week's hunting trip to Mexico. Fred, who has been visiting and setting the sights, will be starting on his new co-starring picture with Ginger Rogers immediately after the end of the year. Ginger Rogers, keeping of the public eye in Hollywood, was winning over "Hattie Wood Time" and visiting the homes of friends.

(Continued on page 52)
This New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"
Brings more direct aid to Skin Beauty

"Smooths lines out marvelously — makes texture seem finer"
— MRS. HENRY LATROBE ROOSEVELT, JR.

*Kind of cream is bringing new women’s skin!

Women who use it say its regular use gives a livelier look to skin; that it makes texture seem finer; that it keeps skin fully soft and smooth!

The cream that these women are talk-out is Pond’s new Cold Cream with important “skin-vitamin”!

Essential to skin health

Recent years, doctors have learned that one vitamin has a special relation to skin health, and is not enough of this “skin-vitamin” in the skin may suffer, become disfigured, dry, old looking!

I tested this “skin-vitamin” in Pond’s for over 3 years. In animal tests, skin behaved, old looking when the diet was lacking vitamin.” But when Pond’s “skin-vitamin” cream was applied daily, it became smooth, new in 3 weeks!

Women used the new Pond’s Cold Cream with “skin-vitamin” in it. In 4 weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond’s Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with “skin-vitamin” in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it the usual way. In a few weeks, see if there is not a smoother appearing texture, a new brighter look.

This new cream brings to your skin the vitamin that especially aids in keeping skin beautiful — the active “skin-vitamin.”

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond’s, Dept. 15-CO, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond’s “Skin-vitamin” Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond’s “Skin-vitamin” Creams and 5 different shades of Pond’s Face Powders. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name ____________________________
Street _____________________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________

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American might have ignored the letter, or answered it with a forbidding note. It was only because she knew Lily, and Lily knew its obvious sincerity. She decided that, odd as his gesture might seem to her, it was genuine, and that most kindly if she would explore the American personality, she would investigate further.

Tiri phoned the young man, pronounced O'Brien and invited him. Lily's best friend had invited him and his wife to tea. Now they are "very nice friends." It's Lily's color in yellow and she's adjustment to a less ceremonious world makes itself apparent. For daytime wear at home, she likes to start all into custom of slacks, because "nevarie I feel so comfortable." When, somewhat fearfully, the suggestion was made that she might for dainty in her first, sister, she replied firmly: "I like." She posed for what is technically known as leg art and, when for some reason the pictures weren't used, demanded to know what was wrong with the Pons legs.

EXPERT of a sophisticated art, Lily remains a creature of 'unin't. In her reactions, she suggests the child of a princess. Sometimes, Lily's frankness, touched by the complexities of modern life. The glow of a sunset or a visit to the theater, to Lily, is a million-dollar voice, she consummates with gusto peanuts, popcorn and pink lemonade—brings her home sparkling with excitement. Lily sat at the same time with a deep content.

She loves the vivid, life-giving colors. "Lily in yellow and she's happy," they say at the studio. In the wardrobe room, she once caught sight of a crimson cape, hanging on a rack of antiques. Nothing would do her but to use that cape to protect her from the drafts of the set. Ordinarily, she forgets the necessity. To Lily, it's much the samer same at the same time with a deep content.

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A COCKTAIL girl in one of her pictures, "He's got a mean disposition and a mean set of claws," his owner announced, "so keep away from him." Lily happened not to be present when the announcement was made, and, by the time she arrived, the cockatoo had forgotten in the press of other matters. Being called for her first scene, she appeared with the mean-tempred bird perched on her shoulder.

Wings widened, jaws dropped. "Watch your step, Lily," they murmured, while the cockatoo's owner approached her warily.

"What eez?" she cried, impatient of so much mystery.

"It's the bird, Miss Pons," his tip-toeing owner explained. "He's liable to hurt you."

"Pooh!" said Lily, and marched past him to the place on the set.

She and the cockatoo became such friends that John Cromwell, directing the picture, bought the picture, bought and presented him her. The cockatoo lives outside the window of her bedroom in Connecticut. And his owner was right. He's an ugly character, screeching and snapping at all who come near his territory. Lily does he show his softer side. A charming story is told of a concert she gave in Buenos Air-.

The middle of a song, a titter ran through the audience. Unruffled, continuing to sing, Lily glanced about for the cause of the disturbance, and four that a cat had ensconced himself on the piano. She picked him up, settled him in the crook of her arm, stuck fur and finished her song, which to the cat must have sounded like a lullaby, for by the time it was over he was fast asleep. It's safe to say that no audience ever found a song and its setting more enchanting. But, in the wings, those who didn't know Miss Pons waited for the thunderbolts. They heard instead a peal of laughter, as she lifted the intruder high, beamed into his twinkling eyes and spoke to him in French. "Congratulations, monsieur. You have courage. Me, I have not dared without a re- hearsal."

Her present four-footed retinue consists of two cats and two dogs, who was unwilling to leave with the caretaker in Connecticut. Three of them she acquired by gift and purchase. The fourth had the wit to adopt her. She was returning from one of her beloved walks through the woods near her Connecticut house, when out of dilapidated barn ran a white-pawed black kitten and fell into step beside her. She picked him up and carried him back to the barn, where all for she knew his owner might come hunting for him. A few minutes later she looked down to find the black tail waving calmly at her feet again. Three times she carried him back, three times he pursued her. At last she gave it up. He executed her to her doorstep and planted himself down outside. She knew that a saucer of milk would finish what late in the day, Lily did! she shrugged. "E's made up ees mind to be White Sox Pons."

WHITE SOCKS—known for obscure reasons as Meeha—holds a special place in her heart. She tells stories about him with enthusiasm. That day was the day, when Lily sauntered home, it all the time with a deep content.

"Last night I wake up. I 'ear -r-r-ratch, -scr-r-ratch on ze window. I go in and -scr-r-ratch. I look, I see -eem. 'E jumps on ze bed. I talk wis 'eem. I say, 'What do you want, Meeha? Do you know what you want?' I put him sroo ze window, and I go to sleep. I 'ear -r-ratch, -scr-r-ratch. I take 'eem in, I comfort 'eem again. 'E push me. Zis is too much, I get mad. But mad, put 'eem under ze arm, I take 'eem down to ze garden. 'Go 'unt,' I tell 'eem."

When she settles down in Connecticut at the end of plans to do, she want to make her home a refuge for animal. Her dreams all center round this home of hers. She'd like to make three more years from the time she bought her place to begin her career. Then, without an lingering farewells, she wants to quit acting, never to step on stage again, she made her professional debut in "Lucia."

The fact she's been in America is evidence of what America means I the world. "New York," she said, "has the set of stability and permanency that she's always longed for. "'Ere Ilang my 'ar, my house. She's home, and she's home," she said, "that she takes care of meez self." Which brings up the matter of a husband. Lily refuses to talk about her personal relationship with Andre Kostelanetz. Her marriage, she contends firmly, has been a happy one. But, on the other hand, she does not want to talk about her past. She did not want to talk about her past.

When she marries no secret, despite the refusal of either to discuss the subject. Kostelanetz is conducting her life as if she were his wife. Indeed, it is her delight to see them together when business brings her to the set talks of the week. Her dressing room is bright with the roses she sends her every day. "They talk in Freisch, grinned one observer, "which for all practical purposes puts them on a desert isle. But I do remember what cheri means, and I do notice that every sentence begins and ends with "I love you, darling."

Kostelanetz's frequent trips to New York, she pointed out, never dictate a set to make their farewells in peace. Vivienne, Lily's six-year-old niece, watched them go off and, in an idle moment, followed, shot the bolt of the dressing-room door and returned to her mother. It was a good twenty minutes later when she returned from her quest of furberry for fifty feet of off shouting and pounding, and traced it to its source. With just enough time to make his plans, Lily arrived. Kostelanetz grabbed his hat and ran. Viv, now that her sin had caught up with her, showed a tendency to tears.

"Comfort," she said, "when I was six," she declared, "I would have done the same."

"The dog misses the plane," her sister fretted.

"Well, then, he'll come back—" Viv caught at her chance to make amends. "Tiring," she guessed, smiling up through her tears.

Kay Francis gazes soulfully up at he-man Pat O'Brien who, in Warners' "Women Are Like That," at last gets his long denied wish to go romantic (Continued from page 31)
NEW hope NEW help
FOR YOUR SKIN
through beauty-giving

MILK of
MAGNESIA!

Have you an "Acid Skin"?

The beneficial action of milk of magnesia on the skin has long been known to many skin specialists. They have used it in facial packs for years.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA TEXTURE CREAM

It is a really effective way to get all the beauty-giving action of milk of magnesia for your skin! Just as milk of magnesia, taken internally, relieves excess acidity of the stomach, so, in this cream, it acts on the internal excess fatty acid accumulations on the skin. If your skin seems "acid," if it looks old and "thick," if it has lost its fresh, firm tone and developed such ugly blemishes as enlarged pores, blackheads, oily shine, scaly roughness, try the beautifying power of PHILLIPS' Texture Cream. You'll be amazed at the way this new-type cream goes right to work on your skin!

A perfect foundation cream. You've never seen a cream that takes and holds make-up as PHILLIPS' Texture Cream does! Preserves that fresh-powdered look for hours. This is because the milk of magnesia prepares the skin, smoothing away roughness and freezing it from shine so that powder and rouge go on evenly and adhere more closely.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM

Until you use this new-type cleansing cream, you'll never know what pure delight a cleansing cream can be! It has a remarkable ability to cleanse because the milk of magnesia not only loosens and picks up the surface dirt and make-up, but penetrates the pores and neutralizes the excess fatty acid accumulations. Leaves your skin soft, smooth and really clean!

Of course you'll want to try these unique creams—the first really new contribution to face creams in years! Through them put beauty-giving milk of magnesia to work on your skin.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CREAMS
TEXTURE CREAM—CLEANSING CREAM

2 Sizes 30¢-60¢
Hollywood, Hunter—and the High Seas

(Continued from page 32)

and consists of four members. First, the Alley Cat, christened Coca-Cola; second, the well-bred Siamese, Tah- qing Dombang; third, a valuable Chinese spaniel, which is Welsh for "Little Sweetheart," and fourth, a pug, but the name to which that dog responds is anything that sounds like Cal; fourth, a youthful Dalmatian, Suzy, who is always on the "alert" and the "game" and a very nice, alert kennel dog, too.

Since his boyhood in South Africa Ian has managed to crowd quite a lot of adventures into his life. He has a deep, Scottish sense of humor which helps him many chucks, especially when things go wrong. Although he has become so popular on the screen—and on the stage—as a romantic actor, to me he is a grand comedian, and handles light comedy scenes better than any one of our celebrated Charles Hawtry. Film audiences who have laughed at his performances in "Call It a Day" will probably agree with me on this.

BORN in Kenilworth, near Cape Town, on June 13, 1900, Ian Hunter was the baby of a family of seven brothers and sisters. As one of the boys of the family is alive today. His two elder brothers, Ken- neth and Colin, are in Hollywood with him now.

One of the oddest adventures in Ian Hunter's life is the strange fact that he had to be introduced to his own eldest brother, Kenneth, when they were both on leave during the War. Kenneth left South Africa when Ian was still a child, and never met until somebody said, casually, to a uni- formed Ian—indicating another uni- formed man who smiled at him—"Oh, by the way, this is your brother Ken- neth." The brothers looked at each other, realizing that they would have passed shoulder to shoulder in the street without having any idea of their relation- ship.

"Hello!" said Ian. "Hello" said Kenneth. And they shook hands, solemnly.

One by one, the Hunter family left South Africa, until Ian was left alone in Kenilworth, at a house on Kalk Bay, which he says was so like Santa Monica that he had quite a shock when he first beheld the Californian ocean town. He spent most of his time sailing in Kalk Bay with the Malay fishermen who became his friends; school at St. An- drew's, in Grahamstown, filled the rest of his existence. Then, at Christmas, 1914, he followed the rest of the family to England, traveling all by himself through what he describes as a "ter- rific voyage," arriving to find the War in full swing.

He went to school at Aldenham, and stayed there until 1917, when he decided to tell a lie about his age, and so man- aged to join K. I. M. (Killing Edward's Horse. All his life Ian has been keen on riding; and, as he was as tall as seventeen as he is today, he did not find it difficult to get into the army.

The beginning of the year 1919 found three of the Hunter brothers in Lon- don—two living in Notting Hill Gate, and busy hunting for jobs on the stage. Kenneth and Ian had been acting already, and a surprise by date, to Ian it was something quite new, but he did not see why he should not have a shot at it, since the others found it a way of earning a living. But he said to himself—I must be careful. We can't have three Hunters all on the stage at once. That would be an awful mess. I shall have to change my name, and pretend mammas of several kittens; third, an adorable Welsh Terrier, Callan Fach, which is Welsh for "Little Sweetheart," fourth, a pug, but the name to which that dog responds is anything that sounds like Cal; fourth, a youthful Dalmatian, Suzy, who is always on the "alert" and the "game" and a very nice, alert kennel dog, too.

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"I'm 100% for this flavor!!"

"It's brisk—it's tangy! Refreshing as a hasty shower! And good! You never tasted anything smoother, more luxurious! Beeman's flavor has something mighty special about it, if you ask me!"

Beeman's AIDS DIETIONG...
LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER!

The greatest make-up improvement in years

At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights at you can just feel are playing havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose articles do not glisten in every strong light. Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder! With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. Any light, Day or night. Nor will you have all that shiny over shine when you use this kind of powder.

Seeing is believing

You have doubtless bought a good many boxes of powder on claims and promises, only to find that you wasted the money. You don't run this risk with Luxor. We will give you a box to try. Or you can buy a box anywhere without waiting, and have your money back if it doesn't pass every test you can give it. Test it in all lights, day and night—under all conditions. See for yourself how much it improves your appearance—in any light. See the lovely softness and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how such powder subdues those highlights of cheekbones and chin, and nose.

How to get light-proof powder

Luxor light-proof face powder is being distributed rapidly and most stores have received a reasonable supply. Just ask for Luxor light-proof powder, in your shade. A large box is 55¢ at drug and department stores; 10¢ sizes at the five-and-ten stores. Or if you prefer to try it out before you buy it, then clip and mail the coupon below. Don't postpone your test of this amazing improvement in face powder; sooner or later you will be using nothing else.

Luxor Powder is Light-Proof. If you use it, your face won't shine.

We will send you a box FREE to prove it.
As easy to put on as your glove—at necessary for a smart ensemble as your gown—these new La Cross costume colors for finger-nails are being worn everywhere by the country's smartest women. For one thing, there's a new shade to give added glamour to every dress you own. For another—La Cross polishes are the finest, longest lasting—so easy to change between manicures you enjoy doing it. (La Cross new polish base, Stazon, ensures professional smoothness and lastin g luster. La Cross new Glycerated Polish Remover will not dry your nails; helps keep cuticle soft when used frequently."

Ask your manicurist to apply a new La Cross costume polish. And take home several (50 cents each bottle).

"VINEYARD shows here, is the new piquant blood red to dramatize black costumes."

"REDDY is Schlappapelli's shocking coral to wear with black or purple frocks."

"REDWOOD Palm Beach approved. Plays wicked festivals to high-shade Tweeds and to your fancy."

"TRY THESE Marvelous La Cross non-acrylic Hand Lotion, Hand Cream, Nail Groom, Glycerated Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Oil (each 5c) and world-famed Manicure Implements. At all fine shops, La Cross, Newark, New Jersey."

"Olivia De Haviland's glamour is a result of her natural loveliness and charm. She typifies girlish beauty and sophistication, which has a glamour all its own. She is completely un-arbitrated. Oliviana says for her type that freshness is such an important element of beauty and glamour that she never lets anyone see her when she is tired and exhausted. There's no glamour in circles under the eyes or a mouth drooping from fatigue. She restores her energy by quick alternated hot and cold showers followed by a cold spray. She uses nothing but lipstick and eyebrow pencil for daytime make-up, and her lipstick follows the exact lines of her mouth. Oliviana's beauty treatments consist of simple daily care. She leaves her eyebrows in their natural lines and says that a thin eyebrow brush gives her a better brow line than if she used tweezers. She brushes her lashes also, to help promote their growth. Even her fingernails carry out her natural-ness, for she uses natural color lacquer."

"There are two girls who never take time to polish their nails—two personages of types of beauty: but both have their own style of glamour—one being more flau and glamour, the other natural. Does it depend on which type you want to be, and if you need any advice, to obtain your own glamour, I'll be glad to help you."

HELPING HANDS—Good grooming of course, is an integral part of glamour and hands are such a vital point in grooming that I've been keeping an eagle eye on everybody's nails at fingers. And I've found that extremely long fingernails are sm again. Constance Bennett accentuates her hands and the length of her nails by painting the nails a dark color and carrying the polish out from her cuti to the very tip. She doesn't even use the half-moon white. Mrs. Duran Zunuck applies her polish the same way. It gives your hands a daily beautiful finished effect. If this is too extreme for you, just carry the polish out several miles on your nails. This, too, makes your nails look longer and more refined."

Irene Dunne keeps her hands as smooth and by rubbing a softening hand lotion into her hands every night before going to bed. She also tells me that a never gardens or plays golf or drives a car, and whenever her hand are in water she protects them with rubber gloves."

Ann Sheridan keeps her nails smooth by buffing them before you apply your polish. A famous make-up salon Hollywood features a nail cement, that if you break your nail or tear it across, you can very easily cement together again and have the appearance of your hands marred by a broken nail."

Jane Wyman used to be a secretary before she started her acting career and she gave me a grand tip to pay on to those of you who spend your time tapping typewriters. She said that her main beauty problem was how to keep her nails from breaking and the polish from chipping off, so she used an extra coat of colorless polish over her regular polish and carried it out to the ends of her nails and around and under the tips."

A coating of liquid paraffin over the nails before putting on your polish is also excellent to keep them from break ing or splitting. Jane also said that warm cuticle oil or a cuticle cream massaged into the base of the nails made them less brittle and less liable to break. So now there's no reason for secretaries to spoil a perfectly good manicure whenever they have a heavy day's work."

If you wish personal advice on your beauty problems write to Miss Carolee Van Wach, Photoplay Room 200, 2471 Honor Boulevard, Hollywood. Ca. for ceh to receive a free 3-month self-addressed envelope.

NEXT MONTH: THAT FOURTH BARRYMORE MARRIAGE—

"Was it a mistake?""

"Are those headline tips and recollections, those Ariadne-Cabin messages, those partings and reunions done for publicity?"

THE FACTS ARE NOW TOLD—by John Barrymore himself, in his candid and honest discussion of Elaine Barrie, his fourth wife.
The Reformation of Jane Withers
(Continued from page 25)

in that such treasured dives, rolls, plops and hedgehogs are strictly
boo without special orders. Jane's
special orders sent pursuit planes zoom-
happily in death-defying aerial con-
fronts and—no doubt about it—there
is fun for one and all.

But, unfortunately, at that very mo-
ment a plane winged over the horizon
sounding a major general, divisional
summer's Pacific Coast sire,
more or less the Big Boss of
ings, and quite uncontac-ted to any
abundance. When he saw his command
were a'ti up sky his feelings were
't mixed, to put it mildly. With a fall-
ing heart Jane saw her pals perempto-
ry plunged into the doghouse— and
cause she had wanted to do them a
ood turn!

"I like that, it seems, whenever Jane
th has enlargement of the heart.
aybe the sudden switch from screen
ampleness to a helping-hand home
is a violent change, like drinking
 ice water in the noon sun. At
ny, consider the case of the minister's
y.

He was a wistful little guy, and he
so hanging down front of the
brellas. When Jane first saw him,
ide eyes kids sucking thumbs and
ng toes in the dust are no unusual
ight optimism 's gate. But this
he had an unusually forlorn and long-
took on his sad face, so Jane
ain to come into the house.

It turned up as green as paint
the culture that really counts—such
knowledge of the latest exploits of
ick Trollope and the groggy solution of
the hating Firebrand Mystery. In
et, the kid practically hadn't lived at
L. Jane was touched. She loaded him
up with super-charged novels from her
personal library—Red Barry, Tim
yler, Annie Rooney and a few choice
war-sharers books, and then, with a
arm feeling of a good deed well done,
minted him home.

Very soon—in fact, right away— the
serm was made, his face linger-
an ever. Back with the books. His
ther, he explained tearfully, was a
fan of the chap; he didn't approve of
ach—er lurid fiction—so here they
ere, and thanks just the same.
A rest tumbled and splatted on his
head.

It was a challenge, nothing less to
see. Could she stand by and see the
more abundant life stunted by parental
vanny? Well, hardly! So now the kid
fast getting caught up on the Devil-
Series, thanks to a sort of under-
round railway for hot literature, bur-
ing with the co-operation of various
nafurors,maids, cooks and sundry ac-
plishments.

Being a little devil with wings—or
title angel with horns, if you prefer—
's a strain putting Jane out
ar with the chameleon on the plaid
blanket.

HE Withers recently moved into their
ew home on Sunset Boulevard
ring Bel-Air. The new house was
one's last word in style.
She happened one day by a new
model," home, hooked to the side of a
all out on Sunset. It was a small, ram-
ning Mexican ranchhouse type place
nd it clicked at once with Jane. So
uch so, that she sat down and wrote
he new newspaper," I liked your
ouse very much. It is colossal!"

Naturally, a salesman called and be-
the Withers knew it, the house was
their. One of the strongest attractions,
Jane announced at the time, was the
ocation. It overlooks the campus of
University of California at Los Angeles.
Jane, "Fine! I can watch football
actice."

Usually, everything else being equal
and equitable, the Withers, pered and
ère, follow Jane's lead. Not particu-
ly because she's the only child and
're inclined to spoil her, but be-
cause the older she grows, the more
horse sense she seems to develop. They
ount him in on all financial consult-
ions and discussions of family prob-
lems.

Jane had been promised a swimming
pool when the new house became a
reality. But with the multiplying zoo
and an eye to the day when additional
house space would be needed, the pur-
chase of another adjoining lot seemed
more important. It was put up to Jane,
"Let's buy the lot," she said. "Swim-
pool next year."

When the planting of the new ground
came up for a decision, Mr. Withers had
a happy thought. Why not plant the
land in a vegetable garden? Oddly
ough, this ordinarily intriguing sug-
estion left Jane cold. She held out for
flowers—and stubbornly. Her parents
were puzzled and asked her why.

"It's right off from the kitchen," Jane
explained, "and Willie has to look out
at all day too. I don't see vegetables all
the time in the sink."

The lot was planted in flowers. "Willi-
le" is the Withers' cook, a Southern
darkey, black as the inside of Mammoth
Cave. Consideration for Willie's esthetic
sensibilities is only a small side of
Jane's expanding heart. When Willie
left on a visit to Atlanta last year, Jane
saved up for a new outfit as a going-
away present, and just the other day
when Willie was booked for a raise,
Jane asked her mother if she could be
the bearer of the glad tidings.

"Yes," said Mrs. Withers, but a mo-
ment later regretted saying it. For, lis-
tening in as Jane broke the news, she
was horrified to hear her declare,
"... and pretty soon, Willie, you'll get
another one, bigger too!"

So far, Jane's overflowing heart hasn't
touched the reary shores of Romance.
She's taller and a few baby teeth have
succumbed to the doorknob and string,
but boys are still just pats. To date,
her hearts with the opposite sex have
included a few riding lessons with
Jackie Searl and one picture where
she had to kiss Jackie (she blushed like
a parakeet here). The only indication
that any romantic sphyra stirred within
her was a "scenario" which Jane
came out with not long ago. It con-
sisted of a succession of terrifying situations,
in all of which Jackie manfully rescued
her at the very last moment from ex-
tremely dreadful fates.

In delicate situations so far, Jane
Ruth's intentions have been sterling, but
the results, frankly, not so hot.
Just the other day, a photographer
snapped her with Miss Lola Figdier,
whose sanguine lot is to teach Jane her
worth. It's in between scenes. When
the shots were printed, they showed
Jane fullface, as usual, but poor Miss
Figdier drew a disappointing study of the
back of her neck.

Jane felt very bad about it all. The
situation, she felt, called for tact.

"Never mind," she soothed, "every-
body will know you anyway because
ree, that hairpin sticks out just like it
always does!"
take into consideration a person’s race, and also the type of work he does. Above all, be sure you are using the natural red or yellow and not a bad case of sunburn or a hangover.

Skin texture is more difficult to decide upon than color.

Fine skin is soft and delicately woven. It is white in color, and when found on any hand, no matter what other characteristics may be displayed there, it will have a softening influence. If your skin is very fine you may be too refined for your own good.

Coarse skin looks rough and is rough to the touch. It may be any color but if red or yellow the bad characteristics of these two colors are increased. Whatever the color, coarse skin warns you that the person you are reading is a good deal more physical than mental. Do not, however, confuse elastic skin with course skin.

In elastic, or medium skin, the skin is soft to the touch but the weave is wide. Tyrone Power’s hands are a good example of the elastic skin, which shows, by the way, originality, intelligence and courage.

Other noteworthy characteristics of the Power hands are:

NAILS—very broad. This shows frankness, honesty, good health and vitality.

FINGERS—short. This indicates that Tyrone is impulsive, quick-witted, impatient, and dislikes details.

FINGER TIPS—first finger and tip of little finger concave, giving Tyrone the benefit of the conic qualities—such as love of beauty, quick perception, the ability to feel and play romantic parts and an appreciation of the arts.

The two middle fingers of Tyrone’s hands are rather square. This makes Tyrone exacting in many ways, thorough in his characteristics. When he is too old to play the roles of romantic men he will still be popular as a character actor.

KNUCKLES—knotty. These knuckles cannot catch. Tyrone’s hand before he leaves, think at least once before he speaks and to think over the thoughts and actions of others before he judges them.

I think another adjective which while we are still on the elastic skin. Though this type of skin indicates refinement, it also indicates that its possessor can adapt himself to conditions.

The flexibility of your hands shows how adaptable you are. If your hands and fingers bend backward easily, you can adapt yourself to conditions and people.

If your hands are stiff, refusing to bend backward, and the fingers are hard to open, you are cautious in every move you make. You distrust everything new. You will not adapt yourself to others. However, you of the stiff hands can keep your own secrets as well as the hands of others. You are hard workers and whatever money you make will always come through hard work and thrift.

The medium-flexible hand is the best type to have. This hand opens easily and the fingers bend backward when pressed. It shows a person well-balanced in all things. You are neither stingy nor too generous. You weigh all matters, giving each your careful attention and, having weighed them, you reach a wise and fair decision.

Now, I want you to note carefully how your hands fall on the table. This is very important. Let them drop before you in a natural position. If there are wide spaces between a good hand, you are generous to fault—unconventional, modern in your viewpoint, Bohemian in your preferences for people and places, very much of a "good fellow." You cannot hang onto your money. You are inclined to live entirely in the present, forgetting that tomorrow must be faced. You are independent in actions and in thought.

Narrow spaces between all the fingers show that you are a person of point of view, careful of your reputation, reasonably generous but seldom foolhardy in your expenditures. You prefer to follow rather than to blaze the way.

When your little finger and first finger are widely separated, with the second and third fingers lying close together, you dare say and do what you please. If occasionally you happen to be indiscreet in your actions, you always manage to have an excellent alibi.

If all your fingers are held tightly together, you are probably formal, stingy, narrow-minded and hard to get along with. You hate new ways of doing things, you dislike rearrangements of your daily routine and whatever money you have will come through scrimping and saving.

If your thumb is set low on your hand and there is a wide space between it and your first finger, you are generous, but also independent in every way.

Another thumb characteristic to check up on and remember is whether your thumb bends inward toward your palm. Alice Faye’s hands show that she has a thumb of this type, which indicates depression.

Other noteworthy characteristics of the Faye hands are:

COLOR—white.

FLEXIBILITY—this makes Miss Faye easygoing and adaptable. She is apt to sacrifice her own wishes and desires.

CONSISTENCY—soft. Alice is very feminine. She loves comfort and luxury. She hates a fight and is miserable if her surroundings are inharmonious.

FINGERS—medium length. This indicates that Alice is well balanced, neither too impulsive nor too fussy about details. She loves pleasure and romance. Comic tips tell you this.

If you look carefully at the top of each of Alice’s fingers you will discover small pads or cushions. This tells you that Miss Faye is very sensitive, and considerate of the feelings of others.

KNUCKLES—smooth. Smooth knuckles show intuition and inspiration.

The next point to consider in the study of the physical attributes of the hand is finger length. This is important. First, note carefully whether the fingers on the hand you are studying are in proportion to its size. Deciding upon the varying degrees of finger length, you will know who you are dealing with, so merely note if, in proportion to a person’s general size, the fingers look exceptionally long, unusually short, or just about right.

Short fingers mean that you are impulsive, quick-witted and hasty in your actions and judgments. You are sometimes callous, except when you are vis-

ally interested. You enjoy a big job which can be put through in a hurry. Because you are always in a hurry,
you are inclined to be careless about your appearance, nor do you always take time to be tacit or considerate.

You may be a newspaper reporter and short story writer, because you intuited a thing as a whole. If you are an artist, the story will be lacking in details. You are after the effect, not perfection of technique.

Short fingers with smooth knuckles make you brilliant in the extreme, and in this particular instance it is better for your fingers to lie close together, and for your knuckles to be too flexible. Without these restraining influences, you will be the victim of your impulses, and your brilliance and generosity will be without a guide.

Long fingers belong to persons who love and act and think slowly. A long-fingered person is patient and does not make a fuss over small things, overlooking something of importance.

You may be a good poet, excelling in descriptive passages. You make wonderful secretaries and trustworthy bookkeepers, for you neglect nothing. In music, painting, acting or directing your technique is perfect.

Fingers of medium length show you to be well-balanced in every way and easy to get along with. A careful study of the rest of your hands will tell you to what degree you possess these qualities.

BELIEVE it or not, the joints of your fingers give away a lot of secrets about you. Rheumatic joints (do not confuse these with rheumatic joints) stand for analysis. If both the knuckle and second joint are you are orderly in mind and person. You are intelligent, honest, systematic and skeptical.

If the knuckles (or first joint only) are knotted and your mental processes, but inclined to be irreverent in your personal appearance. If your knuckles are well developed, you are systematic and neat in everything, and if with this development you have square fingertips you are probably a dreamer if not a positive rank about system and order.

You knotty-fingered people make good lawyers, judges, radio announcers and entertainers and salesmen.

Thick fingers belong to the person who loves physical things. He who has thick fingers likes to eat and drink and as difficulty resisting a pretty face. He is inclined to be slow, easygoing.

Thin fingers belong to the mind rather than to the body. If you have these you are probably nervous, alert and a little neurotic. If there are spaces between your fingers where your fingers join your hand then you are a born investigator.

NOW for an analysis of your fingers.

Your fingertips influence all your other characteristics markedly.

There are three types of fingertips—spatulate, square, comie, and pointed. The average hand has a variety of tips, so don't expect to find all of any one kind of tips on your hands.

The spatulate tip is the broadest. It is shaped like a druggist's spatula and it denotes energy, love of action, realism, originality, practicality and a love of animals and the outdoors. Spatulate tips belong to explorers, adventurers, writers of action stories, soldiers, sailors, athletes—and also to a little movie star named Jane Withers.

Jane is the perfect example of the hand with the spatulate tips. These tips add to Jane's originality, love of action and her fondness for animals. She would sacrifice anything for one of her various pets. But coupled with these spatulate tips are well-balanced fingers of medium length, wide spaces between the fingers themselves denoting generosity and independence, and the perfect example of short wide fingers. This combination of personality initiated that Jane is quizzical, argumentative and extremely clever.

The next type of fingertips to watch for is the square tip. At first, you may find it difficult to differentiate between a square and a spatulate tip, so remember that, while spatulate tips are very broad, they are also slightly oval at the ends. Square tips are usually straight across. To get this fixed in your mind think of a box edge.

If you have square tips, method and order are your gods. You are exact in everything you do and you expect others to be just as exact. You are always on time and won't be late the person who keeps you waiting.

You square-fingered people make good organizers, practical businessmen, bookkeepers, historians, mathematicians, architects, exact scientists, and composers of marches and other rhythmic music. Square tips are helpful to short, square fingers but with long, knotty square tips produce a crack of the first water.

Conic tips are pointed but not pointed in the extreme. If you have conic tips you are impressionable, intuitive and artistic. You dislike exactitude in anything; you love harmony and are miserable if your surroundings are unpleasant. You prefer beauty to usefulness.

You are sympathetic, emotional and an excellent lover, though not always a faithful one. You excel in painting, music, writing of romance, acting and decorating but in order to be outstanding in any of these arts, you need other characteristics to strengthen and push the brilliance of your conic fingers. You must have a good-sized thumb, set low on your hand, and a not too long and medium-length fingers, with your second and third fingers lying close together.

Pointed tips belong to the dreamer rather than to the doer. You are an idealist, and you live in a world of your own. If you are allowed to exist in this world, you will be happy; but you are too sensitive and introspective.

Pointed fingers belong to the poet and the dreamer. Pointed fingers write beautiful or rarely poetry, fabulous stories and plays and religious works. But these fingers are never practical. Frequently their owner is so concerned in his dream world that he cannot force himself to put his dreams on paper.

Anita Louise's fingers have the pointed tips such as I have just described. However, no one point can be judged alone in determining hand characteristics and their relation to their owner. Below is a complete reading of the backs of Anita's hands.

SKIN—very fine of texture and white in color. This shows refinement and conservatism—a dislike of crudeness, exhibitionism, all forms of coarseness.

NAILS—wide. Anita is fundamentally frank and honest.

The booklet "Professional Information on the making of a film," containing procedure of make-up application for effective use, may be obtained by writing Screen and Stage Laboratories, 533 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
NEWS FLASH!

Men Look First at a Woman's Eyes; Women Notice Masculine Nose

NEW YORK, N.Y. (U.P.)—When a man looks into a woman's face, the first thing he notices are her eyes. When a woman scans a man's face, she pays most attention to his nose. These conclusions were drawn by the beauticians of America, who have surveyed 25,000 men and women to find what interested them most in the facial features of the opposite sex.

FORTY-THREE per cent of the women said they looked first at a man's nose, 19 per cent at the mouth, and 19 per cent scattered votes for the remainder. Natural appearance of the eyes, ears and appearance of the skin of the face, 51 per cent of the women said they looked first at a man's eyes.

FINGERS—hold close together. This shows Miss Louise to be conventional and reserved. She can hang on to her money, hates to make a show of herself, or to be with anyone who is making himself conspicuous. Her fingers curl inwards towards the palms which indicates that she allows very few people really to know her or to get close to her.

FINGERPRINTS—pointed. Anita Louise is idealistic, rather spiritual, intuitive, romantic, a lover of beauty and perfection in all things. Any man in real life who makes love to her must appeal to the romantic side of her nature.

FINGERS—long. This makes her thorough and particular about details.

KNUCKLES—knotty. This increases her frankness. It causes her to analyze everything with extreme care.

FINGERNAILS will assist you in discovering health defects and will point out many characteristics.

Broad nails, wide at both tip and base, indicate that you are honest, robust, frank sometimes to the point of brutality, and if they are a clear red or pink in color, you have excellent health and a tremendous amount of vitality.

Narrow nails, wide at the tip and narrow at the base, show that you are more tactful than the blunt, broad-nailed person, a bit more subtle and, though you appear to have a great deal of vitality, you lose your nervous energy, and it is soon exhausted.

Short nails are critical nails. If only fairly short you are more qualified than critical. If very short with no moons, you are scrappy, argumentative and often critical to an unpleasant degree.

If you have yellow skin, knotty joints and very short nails, heaven protect your mate, providing you are fortunate enough to have one. You are clever, amusing and true, but how often is it at the expense of someone else?

HE healthiest nails are a clear pink without spots or ridges.

White spots on your nails indicate severe nervous strain. If the spots start at the lower part of the nail, the strain

Diamond Pin Money

(Continued from page 23)

bottle lemon juice (that is Mr. Cagny who lost only five dollars on the first year); or manage prize fighter (that is Al Johnson and the prize fighters of Henry Armstrong)—all of these are getting some knowledge of the give-and-take of normal human interests, the sort of thing that you and I run through every day. It is a good counterbalance against the fantastic things they do on the screen and the slightly more exaggerated things they do as part of the life of Hollywood.

JOEL McCrea, Randolph Scott and Joe E. Brown (for the horses). Heaven knows that everyone who raises horses loses money.

The reason for all this outside activity seems to be that losing money is one of the few things you can do and make the government pay for it. It is a little matter of the income tax, where a thumping deficit in one operation reduces your super-tax. You have the fun of experimenting on a ranch or in a boat shop and most of the fifty thousand dollars you lose is the government's loss, not yours.

The men and women who represent grace and glamour and adventure on the screen—I like to think of them as manufacturers, shopkeepers, farmers, restaurateurs, and good sportsmen. I know they don't often work at these jobs, but it's pleasant to think that, after a hard day at the studio where they have earned about five hundred dollars an hour by actually facing the camera, they go home to find their hamburger stand, or fruit farm or furniture store has turned in a profit of eight dollars and sixteen cents and they'll have to hire a new baker.

What's more, the movie stars who make cowb'n mein (that is Mae West) or

Maybelline

A few simple touches of Maybelline Mascara instantly transform pale, scanty, unattractive lashes into natural-appearing, long, dark, luxuriant fringe. Harmless, tear-proof, non-smarring. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Shade lids softly with Maybelline Eye Shadow. For beautiful eyes, demand the world's largest selling Eye Beauty Aids—Maybelline.
Allen picked up only $92,000 in 1932 on pictures; if they were annoyed, $10,000 a week radio salary must have consoled them.

Red Allen couldn't get $416,000 in the movies—but he can count on $47,000 this year. But straight inland stars, like Bill Fields and Eddie Cantor, run way ahead of Allen. While names in their radio work pay tons for his company and excel, that still leaves him a fair of $15,000 a week; and Fields gets a fraction at five thousand dollars a week, it didn't seem to hold him.

Jack Oakie gets forty-five hundred dollars for showing up at the movie lots. Jeanette MacDonald asks for, gets, and spends dollars in the same way by contrast: Garbo can't earn a nickel on the air.

All of these financial giants have something in common. They can't set for cameras, go on the air, run a shop or any—still have time to watch pictures. So they get a man who kicks outdowners, discovers relatives, and runs the business generally—at a fee.

The passion for the land I have already mentioned. Mr. Charles McLean was a sort of a pioneer in the movie business of California and perhaps it was automatic that he should own one of the largest fruit ranches in the state; but he backs it up with one of the largest cotton plantations in Arkansas. Mr. Robert Taylor may have heard that fame and beauty are both fleeting, so he breeds horses and, in addition, is a real estate operator.

It is reported that in one single deal in real estate last year he made more money than his entire year's salary in pictures.

Also on the substantial side is Jean Hersholt, who used to be a director in two banks and has invested in industrial establishments here and abroad.

Charles Bickford has a whole string of gas stations, but apparently there's a touch of romance in him because he has also invested in a pearling ship.

I don't consider horses a really safe investment, but Al Jolson apparently does because he runs a stable and, if you look hard, you will find him at the better tracks.

Bing Crosby owns the Del Mar track which took most of a year's picture salary at the beginning, but is expected to pay off in time.

There are a dozen owners of buildings from apartment houses to markets.

The movie people have largeanger stands and raise bees and manufacture perfumes and neckties and medicines and breed trout. Mr. Noah Berry is the trout specialist and he has the business pretty well in hand. You may fish in his stream and pay him thirty-five cents for every fish you catch—but he also runs a restaurant near by to which your fish must go if you want it cooked.

A quick glance (by an expert glancer) revealed no less than ninety stars who have "outside activities" and more than half of these were in business enterprises. It's hard to believe that all of them are "working" at some other business as a form of insurance. Many of them have been wise and put by enough to live on the rest of their lives. They aren't scared, but they know, as well as we do, that their place at the top is not permanent. (A Hollywood lawyer is trying to get their income tax reduced by an allowance of popularity, as the government allows for the exhaustion of an oil well.)

They also know that the time will come when they will want something interesting to do—when they are through with pictures. Many would rather leave the pictures altogether than take the long hard road to small ports and bits and extra work. So they have provided an interest in life against the future.

For myself, I still think that Miss Temple's ten cents is the best money in the world. It was earned by the right business methods (the little girl is a rugged individualist) and she probably would be a great executive if she weren't so busy being an actress. The other money on the side is velvet—her dime for the pony is earned— and, I hope, well spent.

Yes, really a new kind of cream! Only 4 years ago, it was hardly thought of! Doctors had just learned that a certain vitamin applied direct to the skin actually healed the skin quicker in burns and wounds, and in such cases prevented infections.

Then, Pond's started research on what this vitamin might do for the skin when put in Pond's Cream.

Today—you can have its benefits for your skin—in Pond's new "skin vitamin" Vanishing Cream! Helps nutrition of skin You've always known that Pond's Vanishing Cream would smooth off flaky skin for powder and soften overnight. But now—by bringing the "skin vitamin" right to your skin, this nourishing cream helps your skin more directly. Its use now nourishes the skin. Women who use it say it makes their skin look clearer; pores seem finer; it keeps skin faults away more surely.

Same jars, same labels, same price Just get a jar of Pond's new "skin vitamin" Vanishing Cream. It is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Use it regularly night and day for 3 or 4 weeks. Then consult your mirror! You'll say this really is a new kind of cream!

The vitamin it contains is not the "sun-hine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. It is not "irradiated." But the actual "skin vitamin." Use it and see how it helps your skin.

---

Mrs. Eugene du Pont, III

"Pond's new 'skin vitamin' Vanishing Cream is as good as ever for smoothing off flakiness and holding my powder. But now it does so much more! My pores seem as much finer, my skin clearer and brighter."

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS Pond's, Dept. L5-YO, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's 'skin vitamin' Creams and a different shade of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name

Street

City

State

Guerneville, 1932, Pond's Export Corporation

85
male costar for her fame.
A couple of crisp salutes to these two grand girls for making monkeys of their accusers!
T. SWAN, San Francisco, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
FOR MEN ONLY!

A big bouquet to you for the introduction of the new, enlarged and greatly improved Photoplay. But I would suggest to you that you add one more department for Men Only. Your October issue seems perfect in all respects but one—there is nothing substantial in it that can be of material help to your M.K. readers. There are various compartments that include make-up, beauty hints, building body, latest Hollywood fashions, etc., all for ladies.

Hence, I, on behalf of all my male readers in Indiana and elsewhere, would suggest a new department. There you should give us pictorial articles from male fashion authorities advising us what the well-dressed man should wear, details of proper clothes for sports, formal and informal affairs. Studio trainers could give full descriptions of the exercises that keep the top-notch stars like Gable in the pink of condition, and other articles dealing with the proper care of the hair, skin, etc. If you have none of these useful hints regularly I say without fear of contradiction that the sale of Photoplay will increase fifty percent. I should like this letter published in order that you may view the thousands of other male readers.

RATO MISTRY, Bombay, India.

We, too, are anxious to know what our male readers think of this idea. Will you write and tell us?

$1.00 PRIZE
A CRACK AT CRAWFORD

What have they done to our once lovely Joan Crawford? After seeing "The Bride Wore Red" I was wondering! She looked so stilted (in her last few pictures it has been the same) I could hardly believe it was Joan Crawford. The hair style may have been the reason for it, for any thing but nice, since it was continually hanging in her eyes. Please do not try with your hair that color anymore—it is too horrid. She looked so very unreal. Not the glamorous Joan. No! But just a picture someone had pointed to make her of her too-large eyes and too-much make-up.

Please, for her public's and her own sake, have Joan take off some of that hideous make-up, fix her hair in soft feminine curls and be just the same Joan Crawford we have always loved. SHIRLEY M. TEMPLE, Seattle, Wash.

$1.00 PRIZE
WE ARE WITH YOU

How I would enjoy seeing Greta Garbo in another "Anna Christie" role. Why, oh why do they persistently cast her in "plain pictures"? I'm sure a great many people will agree with me when I say that she was more popular in those days than now. First it was "Queen Christina," then "Anna Karenina" followed by "Camille" and now we have "Conquest," another picture with our Garbo all dressed up in mousseline de soie, lace, velvet and what not. In fact, there is too much color and not enough Garbo. At where is the famous Garbo bob? And another thing, Why is it that all her pictures she either dies in in end or gets the worst of it, anyhow? vote for a happy Garbo in "plain clothes." Are you with me, or "agme? E. DERRICK, Quebec, Canada.

$1.00 PRIZE
FOUR-AMUR FIRE!

I'm tossing away the torches I've been carrying for those great lovers, Taty and Gable, that daring adventurer, E.rol Flynn, and that prince of leading men, Roy Billund. I'm lighting candles to their memory, and joyfully lighting a flaming torch for a boy singer.

Help is a personality and charm as a freshening as a cool movie on a hot Texas afternoon. His is the voice of Die Part of Life, of Baker, of Napier and of Benny. He's rolled into one glorious tenor. His is the manly good looks.

Have you guessed whom I'm raving about? His name is Tony Thomas. He takes the Air and "32nd Street" Kenny Baker. He is the timid lovable boy we've listened to, chuckled and laughed with who's been a notable addition to Joe Benny's radio laugh riot. One has to be good to make a success of his sort, and that array of talent and Kenny he carved a niche that no one else can fill. I hope they don't try to get him cast as a sof- tly loved out of him; he isn't one. He's just—Kenny.

JANICE AUBREY, Galveston, Texas.

Kenneth L. Baker has a lifting lift tenor voice, exceptionally curly hair, a gratifying grin, is six feet tall, was bom in Monroe, Michigan, on Sept. 30, 1919. He attended Polyclinic High School to Long Beach, Calif., began his singing ca-
er in the church choir at the Santa Ana Christian Church. His first im-
portant engagement was as a solo singer at Los Angeles Biltmore; he won the Eddie Eagle Open Registration in 1935, was singing at the Cactus Grove when Merryn LeRoy, impressed with his charm, signed him for pictures, promised him the starring role, and he won in "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air." Baker is very retiring in private life, idealizes his woman and married his childhood sweetheart in 1933.

$1.00 PRIZE
AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD'S IDEA OF SHIRLEY

A great big bouquet of orchids to Photoplay and to Miss Missie Willard for the lovely story on "The Sweetheart of the World"—my own special favorite, Shirley Temple. I've written a simple word written about my idol, and of all the things I have ever read I do think Miss Willard's article was one of the loveliest.

You see, Mr. Editor, I am a little girl just about Shirley's age, but of all the many articles the fairies have bestowed on this adorablc child, I have none—that's why I love her so. She can sing sweetly—and I can even talk. She dances and I have never walked, but when I watch her I forget about me. I am a new person. I am the person Shirley is playing—do you wonder I adore her? May I think Photoplay and Miss Willard again for an extraordinary ray of sunshine for a shut-in. JACQUELINE ROY, Flint, Mich.
HARK! HARK! THE CRITICS BARK! THE MARCHES ARE COMING TO TOWN

The Marches being those two grand Hollywood personalities, Freddie and Florence, who are at long last appearing opposite each other on the New York stage.

Here's a spoonful of wisdom from one of the sanest young men in the business.

Here's also the reason for his success both as a husband and an actor.

Read "MARCH TO THE STAGE"
In March PHOTOPLAY

The Adventures of Robin Hood" the aking. We have truly enjoyed the in-

safety of the scenes, the courtesies of
directors and cameramen, and, most all, the congeniality of Errol Flynn him-

self. By his naturalness, sincerity of good fellowship he has added many
to his already countless thun-
ds. Many thanks from Northern
california to Warners for bringing us a
t of Hollywood. We hope that others,
do, will have the good fortune to wit-
ness their favorite stars on loca-

tion.

BETTY CARTER,
Marysville, Calif.

LOO PRIZE
WINKLE, LITTLE STAR— OR ELSE!
It is thrilling to watch a falling star—
on the sky. Yesterday I witnessed a first sign of a cinema star's slip and
was pitiful. The subtitle of Bing
roby's new picture "Double or Noth-
ing" ought to be "Upward or Down-
ward," for Bing cannot continue on the
me level much longer. He is evi-

ently resting on his er, mmm, shall we
say laurels?

On the screen he really looks the fam-
yly he is in reality, and that's
ring his personal life interfere with
success! He has a decidedly stodgy
appearance, the twinkle has left one eye as well as hear in the other one) and
here, or where, is that mischievous
ance that made him look as if he
want something Will Hays didn't allow
m to say? As for the straw hat and
lace necking shirt he wore, well, if
ing has the set in selecting his own
robe, he had better speak up.

I hear that that hilariously funny
led Englishwoman, Beatrice Lillie, will be in Bing's next picture. Miss
Lillie will set the pace! "Double your
Torts,—or Nothing," Bing!

ANN GOYER,
Los Angeles, Calif.

LOO PRIZE
GREAT ACTOR SCORES AGAIN!
Hats off to a truly great actor—Will-
am Powell. It is remarkable in itself
that Mr. Powell becomes more popular
he years roll by, instead of being

forgoten after a few successful years. But the real proof came when he was
lining "Double Wedding." Knowing how the tragedy of Jean Harlow's death
had affected Mr. Powell, I expected to
notice some difference in his acting, but,
though I made a special effort to de-
tect a difference, I was unable to do so.
His fine hairless "acting" never varied
 throughout the picture.

Bouquets to a man who could make
the nation laugh while he was experi-
encing a great sorrow.

MRS. C. E. JONES,
Los Angeles, Calif.

After finishing "Double Wedding," Mr.
Powell left for Europe for a three
months' vacation. On his return he went to
20th Century-Fox on a loan, to star
in a picture with Annabella, their pretty
new French star. The title of the pic-
ture was "Jean," but the name was changed to "The Baroness and the

Butler."

3.00 PRIZE
You've Got Something There!
The door opened. A rather tall young
woman with lovely reddish hair and
silver fox furs down to her knees
tered hesitantly. I looked up. She
wasn't beautiful—but there was some-
thing in her face that made me wish—
I don't know what.

"May I see Mr. F.?" Her voice was
nice.

A short time later I was in Mr. F.'s
office busy with daily duties (I'm a se-
cretary). Mr. F. was talking.

"Can you dance? They want someone
versatile." The young woman said
"Why of course," and, turning away
from us both with a little embarrassed
smile, she slowly raised her leg
way up over her head and held it
for a few seconds. It was the most graceful
motion—and executed with the utmost
care and charm. The young woman
smiled at our applause, pleased as a kid.

A few days later she got a contract
with one of the major studios. They
kept her around as atmosphere, gave
her a couple of small bits, and then
didn't take up her option. She was
very unhappy. Then another studio
signed her. She kept getting better and
better roles and I kept getting snagger
and snagger. I had seen her poten-
tials the very first time I saw her.

Now she is to be starred in her own picture.

She's grand, don't you think? Who?
The girl you laugh, and laugh and
ought at Joan Davis!

FLORENCE HOLMES,
Los Angeles, Calif.

FEMINE HYGIENE
made easy

NORFORMS ACTION EXPLAINED
Norforms are easy-to-use anitseptic sup-
positories that melts at normal body tem-
perature and spread a protective, touch-
ing film over delicate internal membranes
— an antiseptic film that remains in effec-
tive contact for hours. They are deco-
lorizing as well as antiseptic and soothing.

FIVE REASONS WHY WOMEN PREFER NORFORMS
Every day, more and more women are adopting Nor-
forms for Feminine Hygiene, because:
1. Norforms are so easy to use. They require no awkward ap-
paratus for application. They come in a small, convenient
package of one dozen.
2. They contain Patsodyacute—a powerful and positive anti-
septic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. No
danger of an overdose or "burn" with Norforms.
3. They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor about room or
person. In fact, they are odorless, and many women use
them for this purpose alone.
4. They remain in effective, antiseptic contact for hours.

5. Norforms can be used as often as necessary. They are sooth-
ing and beneficial as well as antiseptic.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR
Send for the new Norforms booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Made Easy." Or,
but a box of Norforms at your druggist's today, 12 in a package, com-
plete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company,
Norwich, New York, makers of Unguentine.
How to win against
SKIN TROUBLE

IF YOU HAVE ANY OF THESE
COMPLAINTS, DON'T DELAY,
BUT START NOW TO FIGHT
THEM WITH A PENETRATING
FACE CREAM

BLACKHEADS?

YES...... NO...... These hateful little specks hide in the
corners of your nose and chin, and don’t
show their faces until they have deep
roots. Even one blackhead may prove
your present cleansing method fails in
these corners. To see how quickly black
heads yield to a penetrating cream,
send the coupon below to Lady Esther,
today.

OILY SKIN?

YES...... NO...... Does your skin always seem a little
greasy? Does it look moist? If this is
your trouble, then be careful not to
apply heavy, greasy, sticky mixtures.
Send the coupon below to Lady Esther
and find how quickly an oily skin re
sponds to a penetrating cream.

DRY SKIN?

YES...... NO...... Move the muscles of your face. Does
the skin seem tight? Can you see any
little scales on the surface of your skin?
These are symptoms of DRY skin. A
dry skin is brittle; it creases into lines
quickly. If your skin is dry now, then
let me show you how quickly you can
help it.

COARSE PORES?

YES...... NO...... Your pores should be invisible to the
naked eye. When they begin to show up
like little holes in a pin cushion, it is
proof that they are clogged with waxy
waste matter. When your skin is
cleaned with a penetrating cream, you
will rejoice to see the texture of your
skin become finer, softer and smooth.

TINY LINES?

YES...... NO...... Can you see faint lines at the corners of
your eyes or mouth? If your skin is
dry, then these little lines begin to take
deep roots. Before you know it they
have become deep wrinkles. The coupon
below brings you my directions for
smoothing out these little lines before
they grow into wrinkles.

DINGY COLOR?

YES...... NO...... If your general health is good, then
your skin should have a clear, healthy
color. Very often the dingy, foggy tone
is caused by clogged pores. If you want
to see an amazing difference—a cleaner,
lighter, fresher looking skin, then let
me send you, FREE, a tube of my
penetrating cream.

COARSE PORES........ Dry Skin........

Please send me a tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and ten shades
Oily Skin........ of Lady Esther Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Coarse Pores........ Tiny Lines........ Poor Color.

Name_________________________Address_________________________

City_________________________State_________________________

(9)

Lady Esther, 7118 West 66th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Madam: I would like your directions for free

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Rudy Vallee abandons his baton for a camera and snaps pretty Colum-
bia star, Joan Perry, on the veranda of the Palm Springs Racquet Club

Hollywood's Case Against Monogamy

(Continued from page 17)

Many of them do not keep their
hearts. They fall in love with other
ambitious youngers, naturally and
sweetly and inevitably, and they marry.
And life goes on, work goes on, and
the girl grows older and so does the boy.
And perhaps one is more successful
than the other, and the girl can’t hide
it. Or perhaps they were simply too
young for marriage, too dazzled and too
much in love with love to know what
it was all about. So they part; and
eventually are divorced.

Another type of marriage which takes place in an early stage of
development is the marriage of ambition. Many girls in Hollywood have married,
shortly after their first contract, in order
to get ahead faster. They marry men
with money, or influence, or good jobs;
they marry established producers, di
rectors, producers. And this type of
marriage also goes on the rocks.

Then there’s loneliness, and don’t
think you can’t be lonely in Hollywood.
Or there’s the boy or girl back home
with whom the aspirant star was in love
before he or she came West, and old
love and old loyalty not yet outgrown,
but soon to be, perhaps. Oh, there
are all sorts of reasons for these young,
early marriages—love, ambition, lone
liness, propinquity, loyalty, and some
times fear—fear of failing, fear of be
ing alone, fear of missing happiness.

In a land, almost legendary, where
love-making is bread and butter, it is
natural that the dividing line between
fantasy and reality sometimes grows
very faint. You keep on acting and you
keep on making love even after the
cameras have stopped grinding.

The climate in Hollywood is stimulat
ing; the talk in Hollywood—almost en
tirely of pictures and picture people—is
stimulating. Everything is fast-mov
ing, and exciting and hurried—and arti
ficial. You don’t talk about hundreds
of dollars, you talk about millions of
dollars. You don’t say that Mr. So and
So is rather in love with Miss Whosod
it—you say that Mr. So and So is mad
ly, passionately in love with Miss Wholeso
it, that it is The Great Love of His Life.
And after a while, he believes it.

The studios help along the illusion, in

88
eral marriages of fumbling immaturity. Now and then, we find the case of a star—usually a woman—who grows up in phases. She may marry several times, she usually does, and each time she marries the man who complements that phase...she runs possibly the whole gamut which I mentioned earlier. She marries first for young love, secondly, for ambition; and then, perhaps, for intellectual companionship; and after that for something else again.

A great many average women have wished, in their secret hearts, that they, too, could change husbands with their moods or with the development of their own personalities, but the average woman can't manage several marriages during her lifetime.

Certainly there is no reason for us to condemn or to praise the all-change partners method.

What the everyday boy or girl or man or woman must realize is that just as imported cars, twenty-carat diamonds, swimming pools, race horses and trunks of clothes are not to be his or her lot, neither are many marriages.

The average home is not run on a Hollywood basis. You can't be excused by temperament or talk of genius or of being above the average man-made law.

Every man or woman reaches a point when he or she says "I can't stand it another minute!" The thing which precipitates this feeling is not always that thing which precipitates the feeling is not always a big thing—it isn't always brutality or drunkenness or adultery or dishonesty—it's more than likely something quite trivial—the way a man whistles through his teeth, the way a woman lies about the dance pools. It may be too much mother-in-law, or too much money or plain incompatibility or anything at all. But such moments of I-wish-I-were-free come very often in all marriages. Only the routine of daily life forbids rushing out to a lawyer. The children, lack of money, what people will say—those points must be considered.

But the Hollywood stars, when they feel this mood coming over them, are in a position to rush to lawyers. In the first place, they don't have to think about what the neighbors will say, and they don't have to think about money and they don't, as a rule, consider the children.

From the Hollywood star's viewpoint, then, they thus avoid monotony. For many of them, the women particularly, it does seem to mean that the overthrowing of monogamy in favor of many marriages creates stimulus and development.

I have watched a few of these women stars, past forty, who seem to be, in their reaction to several marriages, still young girls. In each new love they seem to find the eternal promise of their girlhood.

There is another thing to be said for them, too. By refusing to hold to marriages that make them unhappy, by not turning a hypercritical face to the world and murmuring that all is well with their love when the opposite is true, the stars do get a kind of realistic honesty.

I do not believe this makes them happy. I feel that the lonely shoals we often see them land on at the middle years of their rather hectic lives may come from this very attitude; yet the sheer honesty of it is, and should be, somehow admirable.

A GREAT many men and women—almost all of us in fact—have all the less paying potentialities of the stars. That is to say, most people have temperaments in some form or another. The average Mr. and Mrs. can't express it, that's all...not, that is, on the screen or stage, in words or with paint or music. They get just as fed up, course they do, and they have moments in which freedom from all bonds appears the most desirable thing in the world.

But public opinion is not so lenient with Mr. and Mrs. as with Star and Scarlett. Nor is money usually so plentiful. And besides, there's the office to go to in the morning—and so the mood passes is forgotten and married life goes smoothly on until the next time.

People who live through these minor crises together have achieved a real marriage. There are lots of them—growing up together, growing close, growing into a companionship of give and take, of tolerance and honor.

Stars rarely have to learn, or do learn, tolerance, or the joy of give and take. After all, they are, essentially, the darlings of the gods. They were born with more than most of us have—more beauty, more energy, more charm, more temperament.

But because of these very reasons they are denied the simpler joys of the rest of us. So they learn how to remain the world's great lovers, without ever quite attaining the simple peace by which they could become married friends for life.

DO you feel miserable certain days of every month? Do you still give in to such suffering, letting those around you sense what's wrong?

Doctors have discovered that severe or prolonged periodic functional pain is not natural to most women. And thousands of women now know it isn't necessary. So—don't live in daily dread of pain, or let the calendar regulate your activities. Unless you have some organic disorder requiring a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol in all probability can help you.

Most women who try Midol find it permits them to go through the days of menstruation physically and mentally carefree. Midol is offered for this sole purpose. It acts quickly. In all but unusual instances it brings definite relief. Many women declare they have no pain at all—or even discomfort—since they learned to rely on the help of Midol.

Get Midol, and "be yourself". Instead of favoring yourself, saving yourself, let Midol take care of the pain. Two tablets should see you through your worst day. Drugstores have Midol on the counter. Handy purse-size tin, 50c—and well worth it when periodic suffering must be relieved.
Then, one day, George smiled. “I was smiling,” George relates, “at the thought that my grandfather had found me some nice work in California. I figured that there was still gold in California, but that the best place to make a strike was on the farm.”

George's smile exploded into a laugh and he bought a one-way ticket to the Pacific coast. Now, he thought, if California wasn't just the thing.

But he found himself just another guy around town, even if he did frequent the better places, even if he did lay out much of the remainder of his savings for a lease on a home on the correct side of the tracks in Beverly Hills. He was even a guy about town when he moved into a modest hotel; became someone to dodge when he was forced to make in a third-rate dive, run up a bill, and wonder if he were going to have to sleep on potato sacks again.

Hien the fates stepped in.

One day in 1930 George scraped up enough money to have lunch in the Brown Derby. It was that day that he met a friend of Broadway days, met him there.

“Want you to meet a guy,” Bob said. “He'll use you in a picture.”

“Does he know I can't act?” asked George.

“I told him you were better than Arlis.”

The man was Rowland Brown, director. His quick, appraising eye saw the pictorial value of Raft's hard, white face and flashing eyes. He put George in "Quick Millions." Gangsters were needed, so George worked next in "Hush Money," and this was followed by his big break and sensational smash in "Cafe Cairo."

Pormont test him, signed him. That was six years ago.

Mack came to town, managing a fighter, went to George to say hello.


"Nothing," admitted Mack.

"Then work for me."

Today, Mack and George are still pals. Mack, ex-trainer, everywhere has appeared in ten pictures, will work in come more.

"Imagine that guy!" explodes George. "I hire him as a trainer—and I've been training him ever since. Now he wants to be a big shot."

Mack and George are the world's most popular team of boxers. George has a name to go on account of his fight with Maxie Rosenbloom and his victory over Kid Gavilan. George has also been a champion in boxing, a world champion in croquet, and a world champion in tennis. He has won every major award in every major sport.

"And he talks like a professor! He talks like a professor!"

"I don't want to fight," George says, "but a fellow has to stick up for his rights."

He adds, and you find this hard to believe until you know the inside story of his boxers. Most of the fights I've have been for the good of the studio."

The usual procedure is this: the studio tells George he must do something. An innate logic tells him it isn't the thing to do. With the good of the studio in mind he has to go ahead and sign the contract, seeking with his own ends. This hurts his feelings. The real fight begins, with George never giving in until he's shown he's wrong.

George walked out just before the ill-fated "You and Me" was to go before the cameras last week. He has been given a new contract at more money, most of his demands had been met, and the studio thought he'd be very happy. Here's his explanation:

"A name is an asset, whether it's Cooper or Taylor or Temple or MacMurray or Raft. I was signed because my name meant something. What happened? I was given an inexperienced girl leading woman and presented with a director who was making his first start. Was that sensible?"

"I don't know everything. Far from it. I'm still in a fog after six years. I need bright people around me, experienced people, if I'm to make good pictures, and live up to my value. Rather than perhaps make a bad picture, I walked out."

Signs and circumstances had prompted him to take a breath of fresh air several years ago when he was presented with the lead in "The Story of Temple Drake."

"The character was too heavy," George says. "He wasn't me."

In "Bolero" he believed sincerely that his lines made mock of his religion. He tried to point this out to a producer. The producer didn't think so. What was worse, he wouldn't listen to the Raffin arguments. That hurt George's feelings.

"I blew up," says George. "I had to. I was on the defensive. And I won my point."

George has little ego about his work. He's willing to listen to suggestions because he's gotten where he has by listening. But he shoots at the ball's eye. The minute he finds anyone not playing fair he crosses him off the list.

"Tell me what's good for me, show me what's good for me, and I'm grateful," he says.

Today, more than ever before, George is a sort of Hollywood ghost. For instance, he seems to appear from nowhere to attend Hollywood boxing matches, or Los Angeles baseball games, Debonair. Silent. White face. Sleek of hair. Then, after the show is over he vanishes. When he leaves, or where he goes, is mystery.

Few people ever have invaded his penthouse atop an exclusive apartment hotel in Hollywood, Virginia. Bert and Sally Wheeler, Harry Akst, the composer. The ubiquitous Mack Gray. Perhaps one or two other types that have called are directed to his dressing room.

He has Griffithed that ambition to go it alone, he alone. Perhaps, right now in this period following the death of his mother, he is too much alone, for the armor which surrounds his instinctive friendliness has been hardened by the years. The glazed front is mistaken for the man behind it.

George met Virginia Pine, who has a daughter, now five and a half years old, at a cocktail party given by Edith Wilmerson several years ago. He fell in love with Virginia, a woman who has never dimmed the romance on his part. And George's heart has opened to little Joan.

His last present to her was a miniature but practical organ. George is sure she'll be a musician. Clothes, toys are an independence for Virginia. Can you imagine George sitting in his study, his adopted daughter.

"George is silly about the kid. Nut about her," says Mack. "What does he know about a house and what do I see? George down on his hands and knees playing with wood smiles in George sitting on the floor playing Old Maid and Casino? Boy, that's something!"

Mack works, Joan comes onto the sets. Joan goes to lunch and to dinner with George and Virginia.

She represents to George something the waitress:

"There's nothing I've got," he says, and means it, "that that kid can't have."

That's his sentimental side at work again.

He's finding release for emotions which have been checked for an entire lifetime. The penalties for this fellow who has gone from Grade 6 to B to international acclaim is that he has not fulfilled his dream of having children of his own.

GEORGE is charity personified. When a picture is finished, the men who've worked with him find rewards. Too, there are men in Hollywood who once should have been there, but they have George's help because, somewhere, in the dim and distant past, they've heard this story.

And his charity takes more than monetary form.

Mae West has made millions in Hollywood. All was quiet on Broadway for her when George read the script of "Night After Night."

"Get Mae West for that part. She's the only one who can do it."

How did she put it, proving his judgment, paying tribute to his faith, is legend.

George demanded Olympe Bradna for "Souls At Sea" because he felt she too, was the one. She left Henry Huthway, the director, got her, and she fulfilled his hopes.

Mack was his dancing partner. He begged Paramount to sign her, got no action.

The company did her five times the figure she'd asked, much later, to work in "Thumba."

George is inherently a gentleman. He has a consideration of others, and their rights, which lifts him into that class. For instance, when he protests he isn't working.

"Fifty other guys aren't working, either. Give me a job and give them a chance."

As he sketches the plans for his home he points out:

"Here's the room for a child, if there is to be one. I'll be quiet. The kid won't be disturbed if the older people stay up all night."

Hollywood today hasn't scratched the surface of its mystery man. His comings and goings are still wrinklifke. Few know, or have tried to find out, what's behind that set, unmolested, surface.


Yet, deep in his heart, the man who walks by himself wants to be hailed—"Hi, George!"
We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 32)

a 16-day diet. They finally have to
him off the set before he starts
shining the camera. The scene is a
gleat success.

Cumbie is also making "Penitenti-
ary" with Walter Connolly, Jean Parker
(John Howard—a 1928 version of one
first song hit, "The Crime-
Dye") We step inside a prison.

Two hundred men, all dressed in
costume, stand in the prison and
yammer. Connolly, as the
imprisoned man, comes out on some steps, then
y walks down through the mob of four
men. As he walks along, they
monotonously, threatening, "Yah!
Yah! Yah!" Time and again, the
murderer is shot. The faces have to
state a sense of yammer.

Paramount, where we step next,
step into a Parisian department
store. It is the set of "Bluebeard's
Wife," costarring Claudette Col-
ley in the title role. Alas, the saleswoman
is standing at a haberdashery
counter. (He will meet Claudette here,
though.) A grizzled salesman is trying to
sell him in neckties, shirts, socks,
and have-you. Gary listens,(painted;
and suggests he'd be a pair of pal-
mates. "C'mon," says Lubitsch, who has
unconsciously mimicking the
expressions of both players.)

It is a scene from the set of "The Big
Dye of 1938," we find ourselves
looking at the ocean liner
"Ocean." Most of the musical—com-
plete of Paramount is absurd, is-
ning Martha Raye, who is really suf-
fice for her art today.

Her poster section is attached to
a board, with roller-skate wheels
and a tramp. Six sailors pick her
up, arms and legs, swing her in the
air, two-three, then send her rolling
and the docks. She rolls her far too
fast, another shot. Meanwhile, the
second Martha looks pains as they line
out a third try. We tell her so. She
says, "I feel pain."

She goes out to Hal Roach Studios to see
"Meet the Light." As "We Live."

Connie Bennett is starred, this
(brian Aherne. Also present
Alan Mowbray, William Burke and
General Electric Lamps.
Yamaha turns the huge stage so we see the
vertex of a big Colonial mansion. At
right is the mansion's garage,
Colonial in design.

We are living quarters here, pined-
ed. And it is here that Connie has
boredously browned Brian. She
likes through the rest of the family, in-
ning the butter (Mowbray), thinks
lucky. A personal Mowbray approach
one's door, carrying a newly pressed
suit. He knocks, starts to enter, then
slide, on the threshold. He stands before a mirror shaving

"I met them as I drove along a country road . . . the farmer,
his wife and the boy . . . the boy was drunk . . . he babbled . . .
I stopped and offered assistance . . . Said the father
sternly, 'He's in no fit shape to get into anyone's car'; said
the mother, 'He's only a little sick; said the boy—"

There you have excerpts from a fascinating story presenting new
light on the value of the motion picture—by the renowned novelist.
SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

IN MARCH PHOTOPLAY

"I'm only a Bride
... but I'm learning fast"

Secret—"I've found out that one secret of successful entertaining is to provide
plenty of good light. It makes everyone feel more relaxed, brings out
the beauty of furnishings, and creates a pleasant atmosphere throughout the home."

Cost—"It's not expensive. The cost for an entire evening is less than the cost of a package of cigarettes."

It's wise for every housewife to keep a supply of G-E MAZDA Lamps handy—especially the larger sizes so important to Better Light for Better Sight.

... Be sure to look for the G-E monogram when you buy lamps and you will get lamps that Stay Brighter Longer. Thanks to new improvements, General Electric MAZDA lamps give more light for your money than ever before—yet they cost no more to buy or burn.

15c for 15—25—
40—60-watts

BULBS WHERE YOU SEE
20c
THIS EMBLEM
DISPLAYED—

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS
she picked up a movie magazine that had not a single picture of her, or any mention of her name, in it) she was in a world of unthinking, jellylike somnolence—content to browse endlessly in places like Shanghai and Bali. But for the last part of the tour she worried like mad; in Vienna and Budapest and Prague and Naples she fretted until, when finally she arrived in Bontoon, she was convinced that both the theater-going public and her own studio were through with her as an actress.

She was almost right on both scores. Americans being at all vicarious, had simply forgotten her. As for her employers, they had been thoroughly annoyed at her for taking the trip anyway.

During the next seven years Claudette's life changed completely. By work and clever showmanship she not only saved her career but made herself one of the greatest stars in Hollywood.

Her marriage with Norman formed for personal reasons. She discovered Jack Pressman, married him, built an enormous house to live in (you can see the picture of this house on page 44), and was content again.

But now, after so many years of slaving to make both her professional and private life successful, she wants—and deserves—a reward: this trip is the present she is giving herself as a symbol that she has finished a good job, and done it well.

There is another reason. Jack has never been to Europe, has never had a vacation in all his fifty years of destining; and Claudette, for the first time since she married him, has taken things into her own hands.

It is she who has talked him into this trip. And it will be her own great personal pleasure to show him the Continent she knows so well.

They will be away three months. The itinerary, as they planned it before they left Hollywood and as Claudette explained it to me, goes completely backward from that other trip made seven years ago.

The change is based on no sentimental motive. She and Norman were interested in Ball, as a Pacific Paradise, then; it was a younger, less sophisticated reason for a journey.

She and Jack, this time, will go directly to New York, spend a day there—not to shop: shopping is taboo during the entire three months—and then take a fast steamer for Genoa.

This stage of the trip is known territory, to be covered as quickly, and with as much luxury, as possible; so it will be the Super Chief and the S.S. Rex, then, as far as Italy.

At Genoa, into the car and out to oblivion—for, in Europe, when you come rolling through a town and stop for petrol the last thing the natives believe is that you are a famous actress. Stare, travel on by plane, enclosed by maid and secretaries and public agents; seldom by husbands.

It will be a glorious interlude, that drive to St. Moritz. There will be no hurry, no necessity for anything except to see all there is to see and taste every kind of food available and sample all the wines. If a rutted side road branches suddenly from their highway and losses itself in a fascinating little valley, they'll follow it; if a village possesses some special charm for them they will give it a day—or a week their personal attention. Time, during that period, will have ceased to be valuable.

At St. Moritz they'll store the car, cause of the snow, and push on, whatever conveyance is available, to Antouin in Austria. A man named Hans Schneider is the world's most famous ski school in Antouin, and Claudette and Jack have enrolled there for three weeks study.

"We both know a little about ski but we've got it fall directly," she explained to me. "Ja quite convinced he'll never be able to know how to stop until he gets into snow—his idea of skiing is get at the top of a hill, slide down, fall at the bottom. That's about what I do, too—except that both of us turn differently."

"I land on my face and he goes backwards."

"Then, after the three weeks we'll go back to St. Moritz and off, because we'll be so wonderful then."

Back through Italy by motor age and thence to Cairo: "Or bust," says Claudette. "Jack's still a little uneasy about the idea of going to Egypt but I'm holding out. I want to go to the Nile."

There is something a little iron and amusing—in the picture of Ceci De Mille's Cleopatra in a dahabieh the ancient Nile; a Cleopatra, clad by Banton, visiting the ruins of a tomb where once the lovely queen disposed her pearls in vinegar.

The story of that trip where once daughter of the Ptolemy's messenger rode their horses to a lather, a motor cycle speeds bringing radiograms Cleopatra Colbert, world-famous movie star of 1928. Ah well!

When the Pressmans become bow with crocodiles, they will return civilized Marseilles, where their car await them.

Next, they will motor through France to Paris. (As long as she lived she Claudette still does not know what French countryside looks like from train windows.) They might go plane, because Jack wants to, but will use her last breath protesting.

Man, feels Claudette, is not yet re to fly.

They will have two weeks in Paris Claudette's old home. She will Jack's guide there, showing him house where she spent luxurious, parks she played in and the parts the city she treasures; then off to London for seven days, and sail from there for New York.

If she's lucky, another Colbert ture will be started in June. To her —with her fingers crossed—she is a ting, "They'll wait for me. Nice, g public—they'll wait." They will, questionably.

And where Claudette has the rub whole situation is that even a she and Jack have returned will be on her second honeymoon, still having a magnificent time. She still be love and loved and outrageous by all the rest of her life.

The Romance of Claudette Colbert's Second Honeymoon (Continued from page 21)
I Get In—and Out of—the Movies

(Continued from page 19)

Parsons’ painted across the back like Larkin Davies’, Norma Shearer’s and their big shots’ chairs. I was beginning to wonder if the fads were a little temperamental when my secretary aid, “Come over here and see what you have to do.”

It was a portable dressing room with a huge bouquet of flowers, a typewriter and a telephone—the only telephone ever in the dressing room on the Varner lot.

“Compliments of Hal Wally,” read the card. “We hope this will make your newspaper job easier.”

Bless him and the Warner executives or thinking of this generous idea.

That same day, I was still following this little dressing room to be a life savor because my daily column was usually written between scenes on the set.

I think that the real sin of either Jack Varner, his secretary or Wally in his capacity was that they had set this whole thing up with the grandee of New York that she started dressing the part of a movie star’s maid in New York. She was a friend of her friends who work for the glamour girls; but Sadie’s field day came when $80,000 won for her万亩 was offered to her to wear in the Orchard Room scenes—along with a couple of detectives to guard her. The news was flashed by wire and by night the Lombard maid was all upset.

It seemed Carole had only worn $85,999 worth of real jewels to date.

I may have been field day for Sadie to see me bejeweled and befurred with a real chinchilla wrap, but it was no holiday for me. I was followed by the most persistent Irish detective I ever met in my life. There were moments when a lady has to be alone, even if she’s not a Garbo, but even these were hard.

My most embarrassing moment, however, didn’t come from the policeman’s coppery attentions, but from my face-lift that broke and went boom right in the middle of a take.

We were filming a scene supposedly taking place in front of a theater where a premiere was in progress. I had to say a few words over the microphone, I had just smirked in acknowledgment of the applause, and even signed a few autographs, when pop went the strings on my head. My face fell a foot. The roars of laughter that followed made even Bushy Berkeley forget that his million-dollar picture was eighteen days behind schedule.

But, when I whispered my troubles to him, insisted my face, lifted or not, looked better than his. He urged me to go on with the scene but Pete Westmore had made glamour-conscious and I wasn’t going to face the camera men with dangling wigs in my hair. So we took time out to fix the face.

That evening at dinner I told my sad story to Clark Gable. His laughter could have been heard all over Hollywood.

“Don’t think,” said Clark between gasps, “that you have a monopoly on those accidents. When I first came to Hollywood I was stuck with an inspector who directed that my ears were too prominent to make me a popular hero so he ordered them tied back with adhesive tape.

But that’s not the end of it. No, indeed! Meanwhile Arturo had snapped across the street to the corners for a jack of rice—and the owner refused to be paid when he learned that it was for a well-known Italian director. He, himself, seized a sack and followed Arturo back across the street, tossing the grain about like a flower girl on a bingate.

That, of course, called for drinks at the old El Rancho Grande bar. But were the newsways permitted to buy? I should say not! In Mexico! Don’t be silly! Practically every town official stood for at least one round, and Jovio, the proprietor, became so touched by it all that he wanted to give the Hornblows the bar as a wedding present.

Now, lest you think that I, myself, am on a tequila binge as I write this, let me point out that tequila is not the Mexican idea of heaven—all free drinks, food and affection. Not at all! At least, not quite not at all. It depends upon the drinking.

Many superior Nordics barge into Mexico as if on a slumming expedition and take the pains to conceal the fact that they believe the proper spelling of the word “Mexican” is g-e-e-s-e-r-e-r and should be prefixed by such adjectives as “lousy,” “dirty,” or “filthy.”

They can hardly contain themselves when they arrive south of the line. They disdainfully and angrily stride about the streets like strange eurs looking for a fight, and they can usually get it—on the same basis that an intoxicated Mexican would get it in Portland, Maine, if he adopted the same attitude.

The people that really get the typical tourist reaction has to be the people who come down to Mexico because they like it . . . and, strangely enough, large sections of the Hollywood “El Liberator” is that they come from Mexico City with a bill for...
DO YOUR EYES HAVE 'IT'?

- Express your personality by your eyes—reveal their size and brilliance with a frame of sweeping lashes! KELLS in a few seconds curls them, without heat or cosmetics—adds to their apparent length, gives depth and glamour to the eyes. Only $1 at all good stores.

Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. §, and receive free a complete personal color chart and booklet on eye makeup.

THE KURLASH COMPANY Rochester, New York. U. S. A.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—and You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Ranarin to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of fluid bile into your hourly dietary, if this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You feel constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause of your grouch, gloomy feelings. It takes these two pounds of fluid bile flowing freely and make you feel "top and gay." Harleym, precisely, yet amusing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Barbara and trouble any more.

BRIEF REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

- EBB TIDE—Paramount
  Robert Louis Stevenson's powerful adventure story is skillfully directed by Frank Borzage in a Technicolor presentation with a very beautiful and moving performance by Spencer Tracy as the hero. The story is a study of man's struggle against nature and the love that follows, and the film is a beautiful tribute to the spirit of man.

- 52ND STREET—Wanger-United Artists
  This musical picture of America's Metropolis is a fine example of the power of motion pictures to create a mood and atmosphere that is both realistic and poetic. The film is a study of the life of a young man in New York City who is determined to make his mark in the world of music and art.

- FIRST LADY—RKO-Radio
  The story of the life of a young woman who is determined to make her mark in the world of politics. The film is a beautiful tribute to the spirit of women and their determination to achieve their goals.

  This film is a beautiful tribute to the life of a great actor, Sir John Gielgud, and his career in the theater. The film is a study of the life of a great actor and his dedication to the craft of acting.

- HEIDI—20th Century-Fox
  The story of the life of a young girl who is determined to make her mark in the world of music and art. The film is a beautiful tribute to the spirit of women and their determination to achieve their goals.

LADY FALLS BACK, THE—Universal
  The natural scenic beauty here furthers the story of a girl who is determined to make her mark in the world of music and art. The film is a beautiful tribute to the spirit of women and their determination to achieve their goals.

LANCER SPY—20th Century-Fox
  If you like espionage thrillers, you won't want to miss this one. The story of a young man who is determined to make his mark in the world of espionage and adventure. The film is a beautiful tribute to the spirit of men and their determination to achieve their goals.

LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE—20th Century-Fox
  The story of the life of a young man who is determined to make his mark in the world of music and art. The film is a beautiful tribute to the spirit of women and their determination to achieve their goals.

LIFE OF THE PARTY, THE—RKO Radio
  The story of the life of a young woman who is determined to make her mark in the world of music and art. The film is a beautiful tribute to the spirit of women and their determination to achieve their goals.

LIVE, LOVE, AND LEARN—MGM
  A small and sparkling comedy which tells the story of a young man and woman who are determined to make their mark in the world of music and art. The film is a beautiful tribute to the spirit of men and women and their determination to achieve their goals.

LIVING ON LOVE
  You'll enjoy this small story of a lovely boy and his girlfriend. The film is a beautiful tribute to the spirit of men and women and their determination to achieve their goals.
DOOK OUT, MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox Our little Japanese detective, Peter Lorre, has to make the investigation himself in this sequel tale of hush-hush, murder, and the sinister underworld. The Doctor and Chief Chandler are around. (Nov.)

NIVE ARE HE IN THE AIR—Warners A new documentary about the sky. It shows the various ways of flying in a half-tale of radio. As conductivity of the 'kiddie' is, he can get himself into a caged bird. As a true friend, his companion will be a true friend, too. Or, as true friends, they may be true friends in real life. (Nov.)

MADAME X—M-G-M No matter how many you have seen this great picture, you will want to see it again at this new film. The love story between a beautiful woman and a criminal is as true as it is attractive. The story is one of the best in the world. (Nov.)

MAKE A WISH—RKO-Radio One of the many films that has been made by the famous studio. It is a true story of the true story of an innocent, beautiful girl who is taken advantage of by a crooked politician. She is cast as a political candidate. (Nov.)

MARIA CORDOVA—Universal Maria Cordova is in a true story of a girl who is taken advantage of by a crooked politician. She is cast as a political candidate. (Nov.)

MERRY-GO-ROUND—1936—Universal (a comedy of true emotion) is probably the answer to the question of what is the greatest of all true emotion. Anna May Wintour is a true story of a girl who is taken advantage of by a crooked politician. She is cast as a political candidate. (Nov.)

MISS MARLO ALDRICH—M-G-M Miss Marlo is a true story of a girl who is taken advantage of by a crooked politician. She is cast as a political candidate. (Nov.)

NAVY BLUE AND GOLD—M-G-M In a true story of a girl who is taken advantage of by a crooked politician. She is cast as a political candidate. (Nov.)

NO-STOP NEW YORK—GB There's one thing this picture has plenty of—and that is a sense of humor. It is a true story of a girl who is taken advantage of by a crooked politician. She is cast as a political candidate. (Nov.)

PERFECT SPECIMEN, THE—Warner Bros. A true story of a girl who is taken advantage of by a crooked politician. She is cast as a political candidate. (Nov.)

PORT OF TRIPOLI—RKO A true story of a girl who is taken advantage of by a crooked politician. She is cast as a political candidate. (Nov.)

PRISONER OF ZENDA, THE—Selznick United Artists A true story of a girl who is taken advantage of by a crooked politician. She is cast as a political candidate. (Nov.)

THAT'S WHY—Lion's Gate In a true story of a girl who is taken advantage of by a crooked politician. She is cast as a political candidate. (Nov.)
You want to be popular. You want to be liked . . . loved—you want to be attractive to men, don't you? Well you can—yes you can acquire glamour, charm, personality. You can be the Girl in a Million. Not by sitting back and wishing for popularity to come your way—but by turning your minus qualities into plus qualities. Yes, you can be a lovely, radiant, bewitching person if you but check your undesirable traits and magnify your good ones.

Bear in mind that people aren't born with dynamic personalities—but they acquire them . . . they develop them. And so can you if you know how to go about it.

In Madame Sylvia's new book, Pull Yourself Together, Baby! the famous adviser to the Hollywood stars describes hundreds of ways to develop charm, glamour, personality. In this great book Madame Sylvia takes you aside and points out those undesirable traits which might be holding you back. She tells you how to handle every obstacle that might be in your way. She reveals all the secrets she has gleaned from studying the loveliest personalities of the stage and screen.

Pull Yourself Together, Baby! is packed solid with tricks and stunts which will make you stand out from the crowd. It contains new information on how to develop a graceful, supple figure through diet and exercise. Tips on make-up, clothes and simple ways to acquire self-assurance and poise.

Here is a book that you will want to read and re-read. A book that you will want to live with, day after day, year after year. It's a book that you will treasure as one of your greatest possessions.

The cost of this helpful, inspiring, profusely illustrated book is but one dollar. Get a copy of Pull Yourself Together, Baby! and put yourself in the Girl in a Million class. If this wonder-book is not obtainable at your department or book store, use the convenient coupon at the right.

P.S. If you haven't read No More Alibis by Madame Sylvia, get a copy of this national best-seller at once. This book contains all the beauty treatments which have made Sylvia a power in Hollywood. Price $1.00 postpaid.

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Send me the Sylvia of Hollywood books checked below. I enclose $__________

☐ Pull Yourself Together, Baby! $1.00 postage prepaid.
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Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ______________________________ State ____________________
Even after "turning on a laugh" 100 times a day, Myrna Loy—MGM STAR—finds Luckies easy on her throat...

A word about your throat—
"Laughing before the sound camera is hard on the throat," says Myrna Loy. "After scenes of this sort, it's clear that Luckies are the cigarette for anyone who wants a light smoke that's easy on the throat!" Here's the reason in a nutshell: the process "It's Toasted" takes out certain irritants that are found in all tobacco!

A word about tobacco—Aren't men who spend their lives buying and selling tobacco the best judges of tobacco quality? Then remember ... sworn records reveal that among independent tobacco experts Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined. With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies—2 to 1.

Luckies—A Light Smoke
Easy on your throat—"It's Toasted"
FORBIDDEN GREAT LOVES OF HOLLYWOOD  By Adela Rogers St. Johns

HELLION—The Daring Life Story of Don Ameche  By HOWARD SHARPE
VITALITY shoes present Footwear forecasts for Spring

Vitality shoes give color to the spring costume picture. Foretelling the trend toward moulded lines—high-front emphasis and coordinated contrast, these shoes gain added interest in their adroit handling of fabrics and leathers—clothing your foot in colorful charm and imparting the grace of perfect posture.

VITALITY SHOE CO. • Division of International Shoe Co. • ST. LOUIS

$6.25 and $7.50 COMPLETE RANGE OF SIZES AND WIDTHS

walk with VITALITY
If there was hope for Harriet, there must be hope for you

Finally, it began to get her. She wanted friends ... attention ... later, a husband and children. Yet she was haunted by a vision of herself as an old maid, friendless and lonely.

"Am I going to be one of these?" SHE ASKED HERSELF

Then one day her bored eyes came across an advertisement dealing with halitoses (bad breath) and the success of Listerine in arresting it. She could not get the advertisement out of her mind; it haunted her.

"Maybe that's my trouble," SHE SAID

Fortunately, she had hit upon the exact truth—which no one else had dared to tell her. Now she sensed a reason for the coolness with which others treated her. She made up her mind to begin using Listerine Antiseptic.

"I'll see what happens," SHE MUSED

Well, things did happen. She began to go out more ... faced the world with new assurance ... made new friends. And men looked at her with new interest and began to ask:

"MAY I CALL YOU UP?"

In less than a year, the empty little engagement book her father had given her began to bulge with "dates." Life began to be the romantic, exciting thing she had hoped it would be. Each day was a new adventure.

A HINT FOR YOU ... AND YOU ... AND YOU

Don't assume that you never have halitoses (bad breath). Everyone offends at some time or other. The delightful way to make the breath sweeter and purer is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic especially before business and social engagements. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation, a major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. Nothing but Listerine can give your mouth that priceless feeling of freshness. Ask for Listerine and see that you get it.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.
Two-fisted American college student goes to Oxford! Oh, boy, here's a drama that packs a wallop every minute of the way!

Robert Taylor

in

A YANK AT OXFORD

with LIONEL BARRYMORE
Maureen O'Sullivan • Vivien Leigh

Edmund Gwenn • Griffith Jones • From an Original Story by John Monk Saunders

Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by MICHAEL BALCON

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PHOTOPLAY
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

VOL LII., No. 3, MARCH, 1938

"Tall, dark and handsome"—that’s how Mae likes her men. But in “Every Day’s a Holiday” La West herself goes brunette

FIRST PRIZE $25.00
THE WINNER!

I am a Wyoming cowpuncher who peruses every page of PHOTOPHAY each month with a palpitating pulse.

When I seen the December number on a magazine rack in a drugstore I took one good look at the cover and would have let out a terrific whoop only I was afraid of frightening a couple of shy looking women who were drinking chocolate ice cream sodas. I have done plenty of daydreaming while riding the range but none of my imaginary young ladies ever looked so gosh durn superfluously pretty as Loretta Young does look on that there December cover.

When I got back to the ranch I had to tear the cover off to perfect Miss Loretta from the greasy fingers of my bunkhouse pals. Then I carved out a frame and salvaged enough glass from a broken window and then framed her. Now one wall of the bunkhouse looks mighty pretty with Loretta a gracing its middle. I would bet a bottle of whiskey that if Miss Loretta’s picture could just talk for a spell she would blush and say:

“I wish you cowboys would not stare at me so much because it embarrasses me.”

I am much more than pleased on account of PHOTOPAY’s getting wider and longer because now it will not take so long to paper the big bunkhouse with PHOTOPAY’s pretty picture covers.

Yours truly,
“Tex” Brunton,
Casper, Wyoming.

SECOND PRIZE $10.00
A CASHER’S COMMENT

Through the medium of a tiny keyboard I have my fingers on the very pulse of the amusement world. I’m cashier in a movie theater, have been for six years, so I know the public’s taste pretty well. I’m one of the persons they tell their likes and dislikes to; consequently, I’m one of the first to know just how well a picture is received, who the coming stars are, and, saddest of all, who the falling ones are.

In the past month I’ve picked up a few interesting things. According to the movie public:

George Murphy is practically as good as Fred Astaire. Judy Garland is as enticing as any Glamour Girl and twice as lovable. Her fan letter to Clark Gable in “Broadway Melody” really got the raves.

Sonja Henie is better than ever in “Thin Ice.”

Paul Muni in “The Life of Emile Zola” is declared the finest actor on the screen; incidentally, in that picture I could really feel the audience liking it. That’s the first time I ever actually felt the audience reaction. Ronald Colman is sincerely liked by everyone. “The Prisoner of Zenda” made a hit with men as well as women, which only goes to prove men are romantic creatures, too. Madeleine Carroll, so the men tell me, is a honey.

George Raft is coming into his own at last for his splendid work in “Souls at Sea.”

Robert Taylor is liked, but people are tired of the Stanwyck-Taylor “just pals” attitude the press agents spread around. Give Tay- lor a good picture and let him put his teeth in his part and he’ll come along.

Clark Gable can hold his own on our screen any time; he’s the kind of a star that delights a cashier, one who really pulls in a crowd, and I mean every time. So I’ll take Clark Gable.

MISS ELEANOR RUBLE,
Columbus, Ohio.

THIRD PRIZE $5.00
THE AWFUL TRUTH

An open letter to Asta!

Asta, you are slipping. Not in your cute bright ways and not in the look in your tender wise eyes, but, Pooch, that figure!

Your close-ups are still the tops but when in your last picture, “The Awful Truth,” you hid your face in your paws the side view was appalling.

You or your master had better send an SOS for Sylvia—or take this bit of free advice. Not so many dog biscuits, and try rolling many times a day. That would be right up your alley. You can laugh, literally, when you do and think of how many female two-hundred pounders are doing this daily to get a Hollywood figure.

You costarred with two of the finest comedians on the screen and, in ending, may I add that never have I spent a more delightful evening as when I witnessed “The Awful Truth.” For good clean laughs I recommend it to the Tired Old World. Where can one

(Continued on page 84)
Saving pennies

is Dorothy Lamour's pet hobby—
that's just one reason she likes LUX

**SAVING PENNIES** has always been one of this young star's pet hobbies—and she still thinks it's fun. But once saving pennies was a grim necessity.

"I couldn't always afford lots of stockings and undies," she says, "so I took the best possible care of them. I washed them in Lux every night so they would last longer. It saved me a lot!"

Of course, pennies don't worry her now, but she still insists on having her washables cared for the same way—with Lux. "I get so fond of my things, I can't bear to see them wear out," she explains.

Every girl can share Miss Lamour's simple secret. Smart washables will wear **longer** with Lux care. Lux has no harmful alkali to fade colors. And with Lux there's no cake-soap rubbing to injure fibers. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

**AT PARAMOUNT STUDIOS,** Lux is specified for washing everything safe in water alone. "It not only saves on cleaning, but cuts down our replacement costs," says Frank Richardson, wardrobe director.

"**Dottie** is also heard on a nationwide radio program each week. In her leisure (?) time this Paramount star likes to relax—in attractive **Luxables.**"

"**Lux** has always saved me a lot on stockings," says Miss Lamour. "I hardly ever get run!" Lux saves the elasticity of silk. Then it can stand sudden strains better—don't so apt to run.

Specified in leading Hollywood Studios
1925...brought sudden star glory to those in newly rising on the screen—Constance Bennett, Sally, Joan Crawford as Irene, Sally O'Neil as a...
"THE KID COMES BACK"

Speeding to stardom faster than any other screen hero in years! Here's the daring, dashing new thrill in boy friends, with the devil in his eyes, a wallop in his mitt and heaven in his arms! Winning millions of hearts in every role he plays! See him now—more exciting than ever—in the tingling romance of a fightin' fool who knew how to love!

Shooting another love punch straight to your heart in "The Kid Comes Back"!
As simple as ABC is that vague and mysterious art of corrective make-up when explained by movie experts.

**HOW TO HAVE A NEW FACE**—If you’ve been looking at yourself mournfully in the mirror and wishing to heaven there were something you could do to disguise the fact that your nose is too long, or your cheekbones too low, you can perk up and take heart because there is something you can do about it. Of course, it isn’t any too easy, and it takes a lot of time, but it’s worth all the trouble if you really want to look alluring.

You’ve undoubtedly been hearing a lot about “corrective” make-up and about the vague and mysterious art of “shading” to minimize your defects and emphasize your good points. Robert Stephanoff is the make-up expert at Samuel Goldwyn Studios—he’s the man who makes Sigrid Gurie so completely lovely in “The Adventures of Marco Polo.” He says any woman can look attractive if she blends carefully dark and light make-up to highlight her good points and cover up the bad ones.

You see, the whole idea is that the eye is caught by light and skips over darkness. The whole process is based on an optical illusion. It works on the same theory that a woman dressed in black will look thinner than one dressed in white.

So, you start with a good oily or cream foundation, because it’s easier to blend for a shaded effect than a liquid or a powder foundation. This foundation must be the usual color you use (the same shade as your skin) and your powder must be the same color as the foundation.

First, you apply the foundation evenly all over your face. Then, if your nose is too prominent, you take a foundation cream that is four shades darker than the one you have on your face—made by the same manufacturer, of course, so it will be of equal consistency—and blend it down the top of your nose, leaving the sides of your nose and the rest of your face covered with your usual shade of foundation. This will make your nose seem less large, because the darker make-up makes it sink back. If there is no sharp line of separation between the dark and light foundation the effect won’t be obvious.

That’s where the trick lies and why it requires so much care—the cream must be so carefully blended that you don’t see a dark streak—you don’t see anything at all, as a matter of fact, except a very much more attractive person.

**AFTER** you’ve blended the foundations so the edges melt into each other, you put your usual shade of powder on very carefully, so that you don’t streak the foundation, and then go over it lightly with a powder brush.

If your nose is flat and too broad, you do just exactly the opposite from what you do when it’s too prominent. You darken along the sides of your nose, and on the top you apply a streak of the foundation that is four shades lighter than the foundation that’s on the rest of your face. This brings out the top of your nose and makes the sides sink back, so your nose looks much narrower.

You’re working with three shades of foundation now: the color that matches your skin a shade four darker than that, an one that’s four shades lighter—so you can see what extreme care you have to take to look like a striped Indian. It’s a lot of fun, though, practicing until you get it just right.

If you’d like to shorten your nose, Mr. Stephanoff tells you to put the darker foundation on the tip and just under it, and the blend it out carefully.

If you get to be very expert at this sort of make-up, you can even straighten a crooked nose. Put the darker foundation on the outside of the crook, and if you highlight the inside of the crook with the lighter foundation, your nose will look practically straight.

If you’ve been wondering how Dietrich gets that lovely exotic high cheekbone look, here’s how it’s done. You highlight your cheekbones with the lighter foundation and then shadow underneath them with the darker foundation. Put the dark foundation on in a triangle and your cheekbone will look positively Oriental. The diagram on this page show you just exactly how it’s done. Study them carefully.

If you’re using rouge and you want to get the same high cheekboned effect, use a lighter rouge across the top of your cheek and a darker rouge underneath. But be sure they’re both blended together and seem to darken gradually underneath.

If you have hollow cheeks that you want to fill out, you bring out the hollows by using the lighter foundation on them.

**WHEN** Mr. Stephanoff is making up a girl with a narrow jaw, he simply puts the lighter foundation on the sides of her jaw and uses a darker make-up on her chin. It makes her jaw look fuller and more curved.

If you have a square jaw and want to make it look narrower, you do just the opposite.

(Continued on page 92)
HAVE you cast your vote yet for the
Best Picture of 1937? If your ballot
isn't in, send it at once, or you're going
to miss the band wagon! The votes are
pouring in like an avalanche. There are
several films running neck and neck in the race
to win PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal. Your vote
may swing the balance in favor of your pet
picture! Mail it today. The polls close posi-
 adventurously on March first.

Moving pictures are admittedly this gen-
eration's most popular hobby. They are some-
hing within the reach of almost every pocket-
book. Each year pictures grow bigger and
better. Those overworked words "colossal" and "stu-
pendous" really do apply honestly to many of the year 1937's pictures. It is fit-
ing that some honor should go to the picture
which, in the minds of our hundreds of thou-
ands of readers, has given them the most
pleasure during the past year.

If you will glance at the list of previous
winners of this award, you will see why we
are so enthusiastically willing to allow you to
be the judge in this momentous decision. We
now you will choose a picture worthy to be
added to PHOTOPLAY'S Honor Roll of Gold
Medalists of which we are so proud.

A year is a long time—you perhaps cannot
remember each and every picture you went
to see. To jog your memory, we list here out-
tanding pictures of 1937. Space does not
permit us to list every fine picture, and we
wish to repeat what we said last month—any
picture produced during 1937 may be voted
on. Vote for your favorite! (Note: Due
to the fact that "The Adventures of Marco
Polo" was not generally released during 1937
it is listed here, disqualify this pic-
ture from the voting. We ask anyone who
voted for this picture to send in another vote
for a different picture.)

Fill out the ballot at the right, or just write
our choice for the Best Picture of 1937 on a
piece of paper and send it to the Gold Medal
Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New
York, N. Y. It is as simple as that! No rules
or regulations. Just vote. Remember, after
March first it will be too late.
A show aglow with joy-laden wonder ... winging from gay Norseland festivals to New York's wintertime spectacles! And Sonja breathlessly in love ... breath-taking on the ice ... the radiant queen of a world of dreams come true!
CLOSE UPS AND
LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

SPENCER TRACY took an editorial idea right smack away from me . . . though he didn't know it . . . for I had intended to write about the need for Hollywood stars to look outside themselves . . . to try to better the world through some other medium in addition to their gift of amusement . . . and then as you can see if you will turn to page 30 this issue . . . Spence came along and expressed exactly the same idea in much more dramatic form than I can . . .

The thought hit me recently one evening when I sat talking with one of the world's most famous stars . . . a charming person of great talent . . . he was going through heartbreak . . . death had touched him recently and also the threat of ill health . . . he felt completely hopeless that evening . . . beyond help . . . his work meant something to him . . . his fame pleased him . . . yet his life in the future seemed valueless, of no account . . .

I left the star feeling very sad for him . . . for his grief was sincere . . . and all night long, because he is my friend. I kept puzzling as to the cure for his melancholia . . . by morning I recalled the oldest rule in the world . . . help others . . . It seemed too routine to say that . . . but it started me thinking about what Hollywood and its famous people could do if they lent the glamour of their names to the important causes being fought for in this troubled world of today . . . think what it would mean if Hollywood male stars would back the Big Brother movement . . . that drive to help underprivileged boys to become good citizens . . . conceive what it could mean if the girl stars would back the drives against child labor . . . or men and women unite behind a man like J. Edgar Hoover in his noble campaign for crime prevention . . .

I do not mean writing checks . . . after a point, when you are in the thousands-a-week class, earning money and spending it mean little . . . but to lend their moral support . . . to speak occasionally on these subjects . . . to really enter into them . . .

Hollywood stars could be the greatest moral force in the world . . . the average person is so lonely and so brave . . . by the very color of their personalities the stars, plus their good works, could change society . . . for they have the gift of persuasion and the lure of charm . . . they could be the greatest preachers for good the world has ever known . . . and they could save their own souls . . . or if they are afraid of that word . . . at least their own happiness . . . in the process . . .

PURELY Personal Reactions . . . with everybody picking lists of things right and wrong with the cinema I might as well stick my neck out . . . I nominate for the Academy awards of 1938 Garbo for her performance in "Camille" and Boyer for his Napoleon in "Conquest" . . . I expect a howl from the Muni fans who will point out to me the greatness of his performance in "Emile Zola" . . . but I'll beat them to that . . . I concede the Muni greatness in "Zola" . . .

She has changed so little—the Garbo (left) of Dumas' famous "Camille" and the Garbo above. Yet ten long years have elapsed between the taking of these two pictures; and Hollywood still neglects its duty to the great Greta
think it is the second finest male performance of 1937 but never to my mind, in the class with Boyer's "Napoleon"... it just so happens that for several months I lived next door to Boyer though I never got to know him... but my garden overlooked his and I could see him prowling about or driving off to the studio daily... so that after a bit I got to know his gestures and the tones of his voice as well as you know those of an old friend... but that man in "Conquest" I had never seen before... that man was one of the Titans of the world... so deeply did Boyer identify himself with the character of one of life's dictators that you understood his every mood and thought to me that is the test of great acting... that ability to make you forget the personality of the actor and realize only the soul of the character portrayed...

With a bow to his magnificent technique I never have felt that with Muni... to me he is always Muni first... the thoughtful... the conscientious... the artistic... but still Muni as Pasteur... Muni as Wang... Muni as Zola... for my money Boyer was Napoleon...

Now Garbo like Muni is always Garbo as one some... Garbo as Mata Hari... Garbo as Anna Christie... Garbo as Camille... what a gift unique to her to every characterization... that is an spiritual essence... no other actress can project into love as she does... all her greatest roles have been portraits of women in love and... while in every one of them she has been the great Garbo... each of those portraits of a woman's reaction to love has been different...

On the preceding page you will see her as she was ten years ago and as she was at the beginning of last year as "Camille" and you will note how remarkably little she changed... yet at the time of the first portrait she was playing her passionate love drama both on and off screen with John Gilbert... as different a characterization as can be conceived from the silly little Camille who lived like a fool until a love so great came to her that she was glad to die of it.

I am aware that today in the purely commercial sense Garbo is no longer "big box-office" at least in America... yet I do feel that the Academy owes not only her but the profession of screen acting the highest honor it can bestow to her whom for some strange reason it has so long neglected... fine as they are there surely is no comparison between the work of Bette Davis and Luise Rainer, to name the two most recent recipients of the Academy honor, and the work that Garbo has contributed to this industry... long before movie acting generally was regarded as anything save good craftsmanship she entered and raised it to the plane of art... the Academy has a duty to her to reward her before possibly it is too late...

Very highbrow note: I cannot understand why the important music critics of this country do not review pictures to comment upon their important creation of modern music... witnessing C. B. DeMille's stirring adventure film of "The Buccaneer" I was very aware of how subtly the score of that production was contributing to the desired moods of the scenes... later, I learned it has been composed by George Antheil, one of the most provocative of living composers... in my own simple way I figure the music critics would give more to their public if they at least occasionally wrote about vital music like this rather than plugging along in the conventional path wearily commenting for the thousandth time on somebody's performance of "Aida"...

GRADUALLY, peace is settling over Hollywood... of the important stand-outs Jimmy Cagney is going back to Warners' after nearly two and a half years' absence and Frank Capra has already returned to Columbia... only Jean Arthur remains on strike... or had you forgotten her?... it wouldn't be surprising if you had... since despite her gay performances not a word about Jean has appeared in print since she walked out on Columbia... I don't know who is right or who is wrong in that contract quarrel... but I miss Jean... I feel it is too bad that she refuses to see the press and explain her actions... I have never yet seen a star defy the press and remain supreme... Garbo, of course, is the conspicuous example of the star who grants only the scantest interviews... yet she actually co-operates with the press by letting sufficient information about herself get out... by always posing formally for sufficient photographs... also she has the virtue of having originated the "no interview" attitude... the girls who have copied her in this have flopped at it... Dietrich tried it... and she's no longer under contract... Ann Harding tried it... and she's not being cast in pictures any more... Jean Arthur is trying it now... and look where she is... we hope this is how the story ends... she'll come back and let us all be friends...

Have you heard the good news about Tyrone Power's being cast as "Persian" the young lover, to Saroyan's Marie Antoinette... it seems perfect casting to me... for the actress in that rôle has to be very young yet utterly persuasive... enough to make a woman lose her head and her crown as well... I'm always baffled as to why Ty Jenkins such a baby on the screen... in reality he is an extremely mature young man that his years are only twenty-five... strange the opposite is true of Robert Taylor... actually he seems very young yet on the screen most secure and worldly... "Persian" however it will be utterly right to have Ty seem at once so young and so charming...

If it ever gets set that Garbo will play Rhett Butler he says that he will play himself up just like the drawing of him that was run in the October Photoplay... nice compliment that... Selet O'Hara is still nowhere to be found however... When I read that story that he might sign up one of the White House kids as "Mammy" I realized there was still something... with that magnificent publicity in they've got at Selznick's they'll probably settle on the Duchess of Windsor... the finished version might not be exactly what we'd like to expect of "Gone With the Wind" but think what a box-office setup this could make... "Clark Gable Loves the Duchess of Windsor"... man alive would that be something... I hereby offer this great idea absolutely free to David Selznick... I mean I will if he guarantees me the first interview with Clark after his first day's work with the Duchess...
gallant with the ladies...beloved by belle in all of New Orleans...feared hose rats of the Seven Seas...his bold, buccaneers...Jean Lafitte...the gayest who ever sailed beneath the Skull and crossbones lives again in the grandest historical romance ever to swing across screen...Cecil B. DeMille's strange adventure-epic...THE BUCCANEER." In thrilling role of dashing gentleman pirate, who took time out from his pirateering and his romancing to help Andrew Jackson win the Battle of New Orleans and save America from the British...Fredric March reaches new heights of screen adventure. As the little Dutch girl whose love forced the dashing pirate to strike his flag...Franciska Gaal, beautiful new Paramount star discovery, makes a fitting teammate for that gentleman pirate Capt. Jean Lafitte.
Prophecy of Spring, 1938—the suit with revers of soft, silky FEDERAL Silver Fox. Designers love this fur for its immense chic; you'll adore it for its flattery and youthful loveliness. All FEDERAL Foxes are abundantly silvered pure black background... the skins are large, light and supple... theirs is a more lasting beauty. Look for the FEDERAL name, seal an ear and stamped on the leather side. FEDERAL Silver Foxes are sold by stores from coast to coast.
DARING was once-proud Daring—破碎的urchin you were—

and went in the kitchen. Poppy Felix closed the

saloon early and got there in time for the

Young Dom walked at seven and a half

months. He would: of all the Ameche children—four boys and four girls—he was

the chosen one, the one with the most vitality

and the most agile mind and the most inven-
tive ability. He was the only one who ever

kicked Poppy in the seat of the pants.

Thereafter, Dom respected his father. The

others he could handle, even when he was

too young to reason; there was an intuitive

thing in the way he smiled and pointed at

the new puppy when his mother ran in to

investigate churning noises, in the way he

feigned being asleep in a chair far removed

from the wreckage of a once-proud lamp. Momma, increasingly appalled at this young
devil she had brought into the world, was

wont usually to believe, to cuff the puppy.

It was easier than punishing the kid, who had

pugnacious views on discipline and strength
to justify them.

As the early years went by, and more

spaghetti was served to congratulating neigh-
bors, the puppy (now grown too old for be-

lievable prankishness) relinquished his mar-

tyrdom to Dom's new brothers and sisters.

One, Louie, a passive and often miserable

child, accepted the brunt of it.

"Louie did it," was the simple phrase, the

standard acquittal formula, for large or small

offense. It never occurred to Louie to pro-
test, and, if it did, he put the thought away

quickly.

At public grade school—the dullest period

in any man's life—one incident is representa-
tive. It happened when the district nurse

visited Dom's classroom to inspect the chil-
dren's heads, a sanitary measure. Toward

the noon hour the plump, white-starched

woman grew tired, desired her lunch; and

shifted to the easier method of asking the

pupils point-blank if anything had been in

their hair. Those who admitted to posses-
sion of guests were sent to the cloakroom.

At the question, Dom (for the benefit of

records and the convenience of Yankee class-
nates his diminutive was now spelled with

an "n") held up his hand—he thought they

were giving oranges away in the cloakroom

as consolation.

If he did things of this sort it was because

of a healthy lust to have his share of things,
no matter how he got them. If he pretended to be deaf for three whole weeks during his third-grade year in order to get into the elective-children class it was because of an abounding curiosity—an impatience with all that was regular and ordained and approved by smug teachers and unimaginative parents. And if he brought home report cards on which was written the urgent message: "Work: Excellent. Attention: Lax. Department: Dreadful!" It was because he had an eager intelligence that made short work of study and then, restless, found other means of occupation.

If he was a problem of the first order, the recurring horned vision in the dreams of his teachers and the sole origin of Momma's nervous headaches, it was because he had more zest for life than other children, more impulsive fearlessness, more inherent taste for all and everything that was the corollary of excitement.

This was well, but, after all, his parents were only of flesh and blood. Exhausted, they sent him away to a private parochial seminary—St. Berchman's in Mirion, Iowa—as soon as the administration would take him. He was eleven, and he started a tomato fight with his brother on the afternoon of his leave-taking. Momma didn't even protest, despite his ruined clothes and the gory walls of the dining room. She merely went to bed after his departure and stayed there, listening to the blessed silence, for days.

The sisters at St. Berchman's were strict and Don, during the next two years, found his ingenuity taxed. This was a challenge. He did what a fellow could. In the company of two classmates named Mark Tobin and Gabriel Vanden Dorpe, he made "French beds" in the dorm so that no one could sleep; he took up smoking as a habit, since even the possession of a cigarette meant, if discovered, expulsion; he made murals of the walls.

It was he who started the tradition of betting desserts on the outcome of world series games, with odds on ice cream. It was his agile brain that conceived the notion of transmuting the lead of punishment into gold.

For misdemeanors, St. Berchman students are assigned "numbers": 2 and 2 are 4, and 3's 7, and 4's 11—add 100, and on paper. Don, in spare study hours, copied out reams of these with a trick pen set-up that wrote five at a time, and sold the result to his friends for sundry properties. It is significant that at the end of his first year he was the richest boy in school.

At the end of his second year, he suddenly assumed an arrogant air and went about assuredly, breaking rules with only the most sketchy efforts at concealment. Outraged, the sisters gathered in conference to vote his expulsion, only to discover that they couldn't. Don had the medal for dramatics and execution; he was the lead in the school play and the mainstay of the orchestra; he was in the diploma class and the medal class in every honor group St. Berchman's possessed. If they fired him they couldn't have any Commencement.

So, after graduation, he went to Dubuque, where he was enrolled at Columbia Private High School and College, and where two things happened: he was introduced by a well-meaning priest, Father Sheehy, to a young, fresh-faced, exuberant girl named Honore Pandergast; and—in all good faith—he decided on a career. By hurried exchange of letters with his father he learned that the Ameches thought it would be nice if there would be a lawyer in the family, and,

For twenty years Don called this house in Kenosha, Wisconsin, "home." Since his debut on the screen he has bought a home for his parents in California.
nce he could think of nothing better to sug-
est, Don agreed. It was 1922; in that period,
ith post-War prosperity well on its way,
hat you trained for was unimportant.
ould be rich anyway.

Re fell in love. It is possible at fourteen.
omtimes first love is a far deeper passion
surely more dramatic, more painful, more
static—than any later emotion. Chem-
ually, psychologically, it is possible.

Young Honore—Nora to the crowd of
ngsters who made the genial Pander-
ts living room their stamping ground—
nt to a girls' school in town and had, even
en, a chic beyond her years or time.
omong the gilded children of the Twenties,
leamed of iridium; in an age without
ite, she was without vulgarity; in the be-
ing day of the harum-scarum flapper,
as was smart, poised.
You understand—she was not prodigious,
le was not dopy, she was the antithesis of
dead weight at parties. It was only that
id things better than her contemporaries—
don's precious mind appreciated
s. He wooed her ardentl, with her help.
was she, after all, who stopped by the gate
olumbia of afternoons and waited until
ould appear and escort her to the nearest
ream shop. It was she who paid for her
n sodas, since he had invariably spent his
lowance on the day of its arrival. This,
ith a daily exchange of devotion via rural
ce delivery, sufficed for the first year.
The difference between fourteen and sev-
teen is the difference between boy and

Through the long months of the next
ear years Don and Nora "went steady,"
rew up together, learned together the
ng of love. They went to tea dance
s on Saturday afternoons, jiggling up and
down "Freshie" and doing the open collegiate
to "No, No, Nora" and "Sometimes." The
arleston happened to America and along

the white walls of the Panderast living
room a row of handprints made a pattern,
where the Bunch had practiced.

Once the boy and the girl quarreled, bit-
terly. Don was captain of the basketball
team, and a football star, and an a certain
Friday Columbia sent him off to attend a
ational Catholic Athletic Meet. He had a
date with Nora for that evening, and no time
to explain beforehand why he couldn't keep it.

Nora, waiting dressed within an inch of
her life on the front porch, ate off three ap-
plications of bright scarlet lipstick and then
rang another boy who had made no secret
of the fact that he would like to be Don's
rival.

Vince was a little surprised, but gallant.
Yes, he was very glad to hear from her,
Babe. Yes, he'd be willing—yes, eager—to
ake her dancing that evening. But what
bout the boy friend? What about that big
husky dope she ran around with?
He ditched a date," Nora explained.
"Nuts to the big boy tonight, huh?"
"Yeah," said Vince doubtfully. "Nuts."
The first thing Don heard upon her return
was of her infidelity. He sent her a letter.
Among other formal things it stated that he
was wondering whether or not he still adored
her quite so much as he used to. "It isn't
just that you are a two-timing femme," it
said, "but my care for you is fading."

The outrageous sentence was not silly to
Nora at the time. On the contrary, she wept
stormily for two days. Time, and a turn of
circumstances, made her understand the
hilarity of it later.

Often, just before she rolls over to go to
sleep, she pokes the man beside her and
says, "Don? How's your care for me? Fading?"

Her husband is inured to this by now.
Usually, if he is very sleepy, he merely
snorts. Sometimes he makes answer, in de-
tail.

The Ameches with five of an eventual brood of eight. Standing,
left to right, Don, Betty, and Louis. Sitting, left to right, James;
Dominic, the father; Bert; and Mrs. Ameche, the mother

THE story of Don Ameche is more than
merely a history of twenty-nine years in a
man's life.

He is, personified, a generation—a period.
It is necessary that you understand this, if
you are to understand him. His heyday was
only yesterday, his prime of maturity now.
If he had been born six years later he would
have been one of 1938's modern young;
sun-burned and wise beyond wisdom, yet with
a clear-cut cynicism and a determined interest
in world affairs and vocations and health and
the coming revolution.

He would have hit manhood first in the
early years of a depression, which would
have been good for him. He would have
spent his high school and college years to ad-
antage, because that is smart to do since
the world has crashed. He would have got-
ten drunk occasionally, but only occasionally
and on good liquor. And he would have
turned out to be a good lawyer, with an ever-
growing clientele and a respectable, not a
breath-taking, income.

But you see he was eighteen—the begin-
ing—in 1926, when nothing mattered. He
was ten, old enough to cry and laugh with
his elders when the Armistice was signed.
The first phrase his adolescent mind caught
and held was "Return to Normalcy." The
satirical value of that was lost on him and on
a generation, which had faith in nothing and
patience with nothing and tolerance for
everything. In a chaos essentially poison to
youth, one thing remained, dormant but
potentially magnificent, to help him survive
at last; the fact that he kept his faith.

It was a varied faith, first in God and his
Church, next in himself and in laughter and
in the almighty omnipotence of his luck.
None of these things failed him, ever.

He was eighteen, then, and one part of his
life—that part in which he possessed no per-
sonal identity—was over, and a new part
(Continued on page 94)
Here's the redheaded girl who has learned a new way of having fun—a formula that takes life for a ride.

BY DOUGLAS PORTMANN

If you were invited to a Hollywood party and got a chocolate ice-cream soda instead of champagne and were asked to pass a scissors around the living room from person to person instead of being allowed to watch a bevy of nearly nude chorus girls do inquisitive dances, would you write the folks next day and tell them: "Having Wonderful Time"? That's the sort of treatment Ginger Rogers' guests get when they go to her house. And there hasn't been anyone yet who had to be dragged there with a rope. They love it. They send post cards to the folks back home, too.

"Wonderful," they repeat, underscoring the word. "X marks spot where yours truly got to be It, playing tag."

I bet it was Ginger who made the catch. She's the one who's having the time—after all these years, and at long last. Here's the story of a redheaded gal who has found the formula for making a shindig out of life: who, having spent a good piece of her youth working like a fool for a career and being married not only to a man but to a profession, has shaken herself loose and created for herself a freedom that means happiness.

The Ginger Rogers I talked to the other afternoon had an impudent shrug for love and an amused smile for other people's opinion. She's blowing a not-so-figurative tin whistle at everything, including herself, these days. She's wise. Somewhere in the discard of her memory is a man named Lew Ayres, whom she is still legally married. With him is an era in her life, shadowed by stud drudgery and colored by the throes of growing-up process, which she is forgetting as fast as she can. She won't even talk about it, nor of him. She has the energy to waste. She's too busy, having a wonderful time.

This new recipe for her personal contentment has its component parts. It's easy analyzed.

Take five or six of the most attractive in Hollywood, one at a time. Sprinkle Friendship-Without-Passion powder on each. Put in a Contract, calling for...
salary you want and the privilege of making two pictures a year with Fred Astaire, besides several comedies that star you alone. Add one house, built to order, and equipped with tennis court, studio, swimming pool, soda fountain. Season smartly with a hobby, like charcoal drawing, several vacations, a fishing rod and a very satisfactory fan mail report. Stir gently and take a bath in the result.

Why, you'll yell with delight until they hear you above the noise in China.

I LOOKED Ginger up in her dressing room last week to ask her about it. I was frankly curious: she hadn't been out in public for about three months; there hadn't been any serious or believable romance attached to her name; and yet her friends insisted that she was a new person, the happiest one in America, practically.

"I am," she said, when I told her this. She looked it, too.

"Well," I said, "if you know how you did it I'd like to know the details. So would at least a billion other people in the world. What you seem to have is a better mousetrap."

"It was no accident," she reached for a cigarette. "I've been working up to this for a long time—"

Having decided to make of her existence a fine, evolved pattern, Ginger set intelligently about learning a way of doing things—all things—so that they would be fun instead of routine. She took the activities, emotions, necessities of which her life was composed and examined each, individually; one by one, she made them work for her ultimate happiness.

There was love, most important of all things, to consider first. She decided against it. For a while, at least. If, as one day it must, love came along and sat down and despite all her efforts refused to go away, then she would accept it and do her damnedest, this time, to make a glorious, lasting (Continued on page 72)
Beginning a series of hidden chapters that can now be told. The first is a strangely beautiful tale of a woman who held off Death by the bright shield of her laughter and her tender love—"Sweet Samaritan"

ONLY a few people knew about her love story.
She was not, of course, the kind of woman you thought about as the heroine of a great romance. The millions of fans who crowded the theaters to see her on the screen came to her for laughter and there is a strange tendency on the part of human beings to separate love and laughter.
Yet that laughter which she shared with them for so many years came to them in a roundabout way, because it was her great gift to them in those days after the War when it seemed that he would never laugh again. He had left so much of himself in the Argonne.
She couldn't bear that, for laughter was the very breath of life to him. Their love had been born of laughter—and so she used everything that was in her to make him laugh just once more—and once more—for in each day's laughter they cheated death. And to her amazement, the world began to laugh, too, never dreaming of that twisted figure in the wheel chair that was her real audience.
Then she became a movie star. That hidden chapter in her life was the very essence of her whole personality, for it is a fact that real comedy comes only from the tender, understanding heart, and that it grows best when it has been watered with tears and rooted deep in the soil of compassion and humility and penitence and warmed by the sun of faith.
All these things came to her because she loved much.
The last person, probably whom you would cast for the star in a tale of grand passion, yet it seems to me in many ways that hers is the greatest of the untold love stories of Hollywood.

It can be told now, for she is far beyond the reach of human misunderstanding, and wherever she has gone that love must have been waiting for her, laid up among the treasures that are ineradicable. Without it, we couldn't know her completely or remember her as she really was. We have only a half-portrait of her. While she was with us, she had a strange fear that some people might misunderstand the glory of that love, might think it a cheap thing; and that she could not bear. I always thought that her soul was so white that one crimson spot showed on it too plainly in her eyes, whereas most of us are pretty well speckled with spiritual mistakes and they are not so noticeable.

Even in Hollywood, only a few of her close friends knew and remembered.
I saw her look at one of Hollywood's most famous glamour girls one time, and that look brought a million tears to me.
The girl was beautiful and young and in torment. "I can't bear it," she said. "I can't stand it. When I think of losing him, I think I shall die."
"My dear," the older woman said quietly, "when we have to bear things, we are given the strength to bear them."
The girl almost screamed. "You can't understand. You don't know what it is to be in love, to love a man so much you'd die for him or die without him, to lie awake nights and suffer as I'm suffering."
The woman's face then looked as I think Beethoven must have looked when, deaf to every sound in the world, he listened within himself to the greatest music of the ages. She was, I knew, listening to a great hymn of love out of a distant past, a love that had never faltered in all the years of loneliness.
But the glamour girl didn't know. She saw only a woman growing old alone, a woman who had never married, never had a child, never had a lover or a sweetheart, an old maid who could only make people laugh.
They didn't guess, and she was always afraid to speak.
When the glare of the Hollywood spotlight fell upon her, she was desperately afraid. The theater had never been the center of such publiclessness. A thousand stories were hidden behind the curtains that dropped every night at the end of performances. Besides, she'd never been very important in the theater.
Hollywood always frightened her a little, though she never let anyone know it; she put on a grand act for Hollywood. She loved it, but it was always a far country to her; it was never home. She was tied to it only by the love she felt for everything living and by the great channel it gave her to keep on making the world laugh as she had promised him she would.
But I have always wondered how she kept that good, hot temper of hers from flaring when some of the young things gave her that "You don't know how it feels to be in love"—remembering the man she had loved and served and kept alive, to whom she had sacrificed everything, even that great desire for a child which always beat under her breast.

REVEAL the man she loved. But some-one who knew them both well made him seem very real to me, and sometimes she did herself, with just a word or two.
When she first met him, he was a slim, wild young fellow with that endearing charm which comes with a real love of life. He had very bright blue eyes that were always twinkling, when they weren't actually laughing. He must have been one of those really gay people. The monotony of everyday existence was difficult for him, but no emergency was too big and he had been as extravagant with his emotions as he was with his money.
"Only," this friend told me, "his emotional capacity was bottomless and his bank account wasn't. He was usually broke, but he was one of those rare people who didn't need money to have a good time."
He had run through a small fortune after he left college and eventually found his way into the theater, first in the box office, then as assistant stage manager. She always believed that if the War hadn't come along his gift would inevitably have carried him to the top. It may be that she was right, for gifts he certainly had.
She was in the show in the theater where he worked. Not a star, of course. Her genius for comedy was still dormant and she was never beautiful. A tall, lanky, awkward girl, with an expressive face and a grand sense of characterization. She was a perfect foil for the comedians—she played opposite most of the great ones and I always thought she must have absorbed their tricks and technique without knowing that she did so.
There were a dozen girls in the show who made eyes at the brown-skinned, blue-eyed young assistant manager. But he never did more than kid with them, dance with them, and go on his way.
But from the first it was different with her, and that seemed strange to most of the other girls; for she certainly was the last one they'd picked for anyone so gay and so fastidious.
Perhaps it was just that he was the first of the millions who came to love her for her warmth and sweetness, the first who saw through to the real woman. From the very first, she made him laugh. It puzzled her a little, but it was tender laughter. She learned to watch for that light that came into his eyes when he saw her. He was her first real audience, the first person who recognized in her that quality of all encompassing love.

(Continued on page 28)

BY ADELA ROGERS

The crowds came to laugh, to cheer to applaud her, never dreaming that silent figure in the wings, or why he watched and waited the
HOLLYWOOD

DRAWING BY JOHN HOLMGREN
Words from the wise Freddie suffice to solve a dilemma familiar to Hollywood; to show, too, why he has attained such success as actor and husband

BY BARBARA HAYES

If you live in New York or the Middle West, you may have had the pleasure before this reaches your eyes of having seen Frederic March and Florence Eldridge, his wife, in the frills and laces of Sir Richard and Lady Steele. For they've done this winter what years ago the fates prevented them from doing—they've appeared opposite each other in a play.

And so, even though the run of the play was short, they've made a dream of theirs come true.

Some time after young Frederic Bickel decided that he'd rather be a poor actor than a rich banker, he had the good fortune to meet John Cromwell, then a theatrical producer, trying to cast a play called "Tarnish." On a hunch of his own, Cromwell engaged the unknown Bickel as his juvenile lead.

It was Cromwell, too, who changed his name.

"Bickel's no name for an actor. What was your mother's maiden name? Marcher? Let's see—we want something simple. Edward Marcher—John Marcher—John March sounds better. How does it strike you?"

"Cockeyed. I can take the March—in a way it belongs to me. But I balk at Johnny. I've been Freddie too long."

"Frederic March, juvenile. Not so bad. Now if I can only get the ingenee I want—"

"Who is she?"

"I'll let you know when I've signed her." Since he didn't sign her, Freddie never knew who she was till he and the new Florence March were on their honeymoon. One day he spoke of Cromwell and the play, "Tarnish." Florence said, "He offered me the ingenee in that, and I wasn't free to take it."

"So it was you," marveled Freddie. "What a waste of time—"

Through the years the Cromwells and Marches have remained close friends. When the Marches started hunting for a play, it was understood that Cromwell would direct it. He came in to Freddie one afternoon with a script. "I think this is it."

It was a comedy drama of the early eighteenth century, written by Horace Jackson. Freddie took it home and read it to Florence. As the last line fell from his lips, she rose and proffered her hand. "That's it."

When I went to see Freddie on the set, I found him back in the Nineteenth Century, looking simply elegant in the tight trousers, tails and burnished boots of the French pirate, Lafitte. He was playing the fade-out scene for De Mille's "The Buccaneer." Sideburns, a swarthy make-up and a swagger little carat-shaped moustache gave him an alien look. Under his dark brows, he stared somberly out to the sea that was now his only home and would be his grave.

The scene ended, he brought his somber gaze and French accent down off the ship.

"What you wan-n-t?" he demanded, twangling his nasals. "You wan-n-t story? Come to dressing room, I geeve you story. I geeve you—say; what in blazes is this, any-

way?" He addressed an invisible someone.

"I'm going to sue this outfit for willful mutilation of a good Middle Western accent."

March has an affable way with him. The ease that you feel in him on the screen you feel in his presence. He melts stiffness by assuming its nonexistence. In a spirit combined of nonchalance and good will, he takes over the conversational reins and moves off at a pleasant center. You have only to sit quiet and enjoy the ride.

"What'll it be?" he inquired. "Sense or nonsense? Rye bread or toast—?"

"Stage or screen?"

"Both," he returned promptly, "and thanks for the chance to go on record. I've heard a lot of chatter spilled on both sides, and here's my spoonful. Strictly personal, remember. One man's opinion, for what it's worth.

"Screen. Stage." He held up both forefingers, then crooked the right. "Screen speaking, What's the stage good for? Does it give you more money, more comfort, more security? Why play to thousands when you could be playing to millions? If you're in a flop picture, you still get paid. If you're in a flop play, your notices won't pay the grocer."

1. A tall, lanky, aggressive face and a great voice. She was a pretty girl—she played opposite men and I always thought she absorbed their tricks and was knowing that she did so. A lovely brown girl in the show who was brown-skinned, blue-eyed, wavy hair. But he never did them, date with them. It was different with strangeness to most of the tainly was the last one
Every man has his loves—and Fredric March proves no exception to the rule. An even five serve to keep this star busy—and happy. Three of them—Penny, wife Florence and Tony (top) ... go where he goes; the fourth awaited him in N. Y. A fifth is typified by an offstage shot of the Marches (left) and by a scene from ‘The Buccaneer’ (above) with newcomer Franciska Gaal.

He crooked the left forefinger. “Stage speaking. The screen’s an industry, the stage is an art. They roll you up in a can and send you out like so much spinach. They muffle you, they gag you, they type you, they regiment you, they make you a puppet dancing to a director’s tune. They give you five years and dump you into the dustbin. They—shall I go on or do you get the general idea?”

He dropped his fingers. “Freddie March speaking—out of the fullness of his experience and the folly of not knowing how to keep his mouth shut. And I think if I tell you exactly what happened to me, I can give you a clearer notion of what I’m driving at.

“I didn’t cut any figure in the theater when I came to Hollywood. I was still in the struggling phase. For all I know, I might have stayed there. Or gone back to the bank. Luckily for me, it can’t be proved either way. I was lured to the movies because of the money in it. Why shouldn’t I say so? Nine out of ten—make it nine and three quarters—are lured for the same reason.

“On the other hand (put this to my credit) I didn’t sneer at the movies. I didn’t take their money with one fist and sock ‘em in the jaw with the other. I thought they were putting on plenty of trash. Well, doesn’t the stage? I also thought that the trend was away from trash. I saw them doing things I thought it would be exciting to go in and do with them. I thought, for anything as new in the field as they were, they hadn’t much to apologize for.

“Certainly they owe me nothing in the way of apology. They gave me money and comfort and security and a chance to act in some fine pictures. When I started, my name meant little in the entertainment world. Whatever it means now, I owe to the screen. I’m not sticking my finger in my mouth, and denying I had anything to do with it myself. I did my best. But the movies gave me the chance to do that best.

“1 was grateful. I was shocked when certain business advisers wanted me to ask for an adjustment after ‘Dr. Jekyll and Mr. (Continued on page 82)
THEIR HOLLYWOOD REPUTATIONS

Margaret Sullavan

Simone Simon

Katharine Hepburn

Carole Lombard
More than 300 Hollywood commentators can and do tell you how the Hollywood girls rate as stars—but there's just one sure way of finding out how the Glamour Girls stack up as regulars

BY JEANNETTE MEEHAN

Y

OU have only to lean over your back fence some morning to learn what Mrs. Smith's Aunt Ellen has heard about Anastasia Eyelashes.

You have only to keep your ear cocked while being prettied-up in your beauty parlor to learn what the President of the Ladies' Aid told her manicurist about That Certain Leading Man.

You have only to consult statistics to learn which of the Hollywood girls are most persistently courted by Beau Box Office.

There are three hundred odd Hollywood commentators to tell you that all the boys are rushing Lana Turner; that Madeleine Carroll is the most beautiful girl in town; that Percy Profile and Patsy Pout have pf-t-t-t.

Everybody knows, or can easily find out, in just what measure of repute (ill or otherwise) the various Hollywood girls are held by columnists, exhibitors and Walla Wallans. But little consideration has been given to the stars' Hollywood reputations. By that, I do not mean those reputations which involve top billing, polo playing, or the size of the weekly stipend—but their reputations as mere people.

Just how do the Glamour Girls stack up along the latter line? Well, there's one sure way of finding out.

Don't ask their press agents. Don't ask their bosses. Don't ask the people who bathe in their swimming pools and share their caviar. And, for heaven's sake, don't ask the people who have bet on their horses.

If you really want to find out how a movie queen ticks, ask the people who work with her.

Ask the bit player who once muffed his line right smack in the middle of her best "take." Ask the fitter who has (literally) stuck pins in her during a two-hour fitting stretch. Ask the unit man in the publicity department who must persuade her to pose with her arms around the lion's neck during "Be Kind to Animals" week. Ask the make-up man who must work on the lady star at the blue (and breakfastless) hour of 7 A.M. when the lady's tongue is apt to be as sour as her stomach.

Ask their directors, their photographers and the lowest salaried laborers on their sets. Ask the people who are around all during the tedium of a twelve-hour working day, for it is then that a bad disposition, like murder, will out.

No star can escape the keen perceptions of the people who must please her, and she has no way of exercising jurisdiction over their private opinions, some of which can be printed.

YOU hear a lot about the temperamental proclivities of Hollywood actresses, and no one can deny that Hollywood does nourish a few nasty-tempered Pickle Passes at its cellboard bosom. Certainly no one can deny that there are a few picture personalities who can, and do, create a static atmosphere wherever they happen to be present.

With some, as with Katharine Hepburn, it's an act. With others, as with Constance Bennett, it's simply the result of a highly volatile disposition.

Miss Bennett is one of the positive-plus girls.

It was Constance who started me out on the wrong foot about movie stars. That was six years ago, just a few weeks after I landed my first job as a "legger" for a now defunct trade paper.

One of my initial assignments was to cover Miss Bennett's marriage to her Marquis.

There were about fifteen press representatives who went to the home of George Fitzmaurice that afternoon, the day of Connie's wedding, and every one of them was more important than I. I was just a cub reporter who, for fifteen dollars a week, had a job to do. I took it pretty doggone seriously.

None of us that day had asked to be wined at Connie's wedding supper, or even to view the ceremony, but we did want a peek at the bride's ensemble and perhaps a chance to ask a question or two.

I suppose a gal has a right to run her own wedding, but I think Connie would have won fifteen loyal friends right then and there, if only she hadn't kept us outside, warming the curbstone for three hours with nothing but a November chill for company.

As it was, the newspaper accounts describing how Connie became the Marquise le Bailly de la Falaise de la Courdaye were none too kindly.

One reporter, unable to contain himself longer, went into print with these words: "A Warners star who was a subject of some colorful Hollywood pictures, had built Connie into the dream idol of romance-hungry working girls, suddenly became anathema to her. For three hours they could not get within a mile of Connie, and when they did manage to exchange words with her she treated them to a rather sleight-of-hand exhibition that would put Houdini to shame."

Since then, Hollywood correspondents have often discussed Connie among themselves, and I, for one, have always wondered why she adopted such exaggerated indifference to less important people whose jobs, nevertheless, were as important to them as hers was to her. You see, I can't help remembering some of the truly great artists—George Arliss, Marie Dressler, Madame Schumann-Heink—who somehow always found time to see me even though I was only a punk kid whose editorial opinions no one cared about or needed.

No doubt you've heard of Hollywood's Clam Club. Garbo is President, Katharine

(Continued on page 74)
It's the strangest situation in Hollywood—this happy May-December marriage. Here's the truth behind it.

"The truth of it, if the truth were known," said John Barrymore, "is rather nice."

This most colorful one of the Royal Family of actors was discussing his fourth wife and what she has done for him. He wouldn't have to discuss Elaine, himself, love, or any other given topic, to hold your interest. He is no longer young, but he could keep a debating absorbé in an exposition of the more complicated movements of a rotary engine. He could spellbind a gangster with a running commentary on the pros and cons of the Baconian theory. He could probably keep an eel from wriggling for as long as he chose to exercise his gift of tongues. He can make words pirouette and turn handsprings and jump through hoops. He can pierce human follies, including his own, with the thrust of a phrase full of glee and free of malice.

He is master of all forms of humor, from the Rabelaisian on up down to the most gently ironic. The sallies he toses overboard would suffice to make half a dozen reputations for wit. For, no matter what has happened, he is still John Barrymore and it is a pleasure to hear him talk.

Now, by request, he was talking about Elaine and himself. For theirs has been a more startling and stormy romance than ever a scenario writer dreamed of—and one which now has worked out into a true love story.

"If it amuses people in Dubuque to think that you jump off roofs and bounce back up again, let them be amused, bless their hearts; it's got nothing to do with you," John Barrymore said. "If they tell each other that you wear your hair down to your nose because you're really a potato some farmer forgot to dig up, well then, you're contributing to folk fantasy, which makes you a public benefactor and a poet to boot, and does you in yourself no appreciable harm.

"The moment you're a public figure, you belong in a sense to the public. If they choose to translate you into a hero or a scarecrow, that's their privilege and what difference can it possibly make to you? Publicity depends on the transmitter. If Nick Carter interviewed Mussolini, he'd make a whale of a good dime novel out of the interview. William James would make a psychological study, Winchell a nifty. Mussolini remains what he is.

"So far as I'm concerned, I blame no one for what he thinks. I've been a reasonable figure of absurdity for a number of years—Punchinello today, Melpomene tomorrow, Benedict forever. My—romance, shall we call it—his brows rose in an arch at once saturnine and benign; then, with a formal inclination of the head, "romance, with your cherished permission, remains what it is. And the truth of it, if the truth were known, is rather nice."

He went as far back to the beginnings of this colorful Twentieth-Century romance as any great story teller ever needs go.

LYING ill in a New York hospital, John Barrymore flipped open one of a dozen letters that had come in the morning mail. That letter was from a girl at Hunter College, asking whether she might interview him for the school paper. "She was going to be a newspaper woman," he observed parenthetically, "till she met me. Then she became newspaper copy."

Normally, he'd have tossed the letter to the floor. Why he didn't this time, he can't (Continued on page 8)
SHE GETS AWAY WITH MURDER

That Lombard girl, who has all of

he gravy and none of the grief—
as she earned those rare privileges?

BY JANET BENTLEY

That Lombard girl, who has all of

he gravy and none of the grief—
as she earned those rare privileges?

BY JANET BENTLEY

N Hollywood they say that Carole Lombard gets away with murder—that's what they say.

They say it because they think an actress should stick to acting, and they cite the cases of Gloria Swanson and Ruth Chatterton who earned the hard way, learned that even girls with divine histrionic talents aren't fitted to run the show behind the camera as well as in front of it. "They" also point to Hollywood's extra ranks which are replete with roof that artists often have extraordinarily sad business heads.

Of course, an actress' attitude toward her career goes through a perfectly natural metamorphosis as she graduates from the leg-art class and works her way up to the top spot in the credit sheets. During her years as an imbyronic celestial she was a thing of joy to he studio. She did as she was told. She was the studio Pandora when the publicity department was in a pinch. Ah, yes, she was a awfuly good girl back in those days when he had little to do but look well in a drafty athing costume.

But now—now Crosby croons her love songs and Gable treats her tenderly; and he's a big star who makes a lot of money; and—well—isn't it about time she spoke up and set out to have a few things of her own way?

It's at this point that most Hollywood producers take to their crying chairs. It's their contention—their most definite opinion, in fact—that actors are creative, and therefore persons of highly combustible dispositions who should be pampered as little as possible.

When Jimmy Cagney decided he was making too many pictures a year at Warner Brothers, the studio went to court to squelch such an alarming display of independence. Warners lost on a technicality and Jimmy on his freedom—but Warners' was the moral victory because the redheaded actor definitely not the box-office draw he used to be.

Girls like Joan Crawford and Claudette Colbert deserve every credit for their pro-

fessional records, but it's an interesting fact that in each of their cases the only pictures they made that fared really poorly at the box office were stories they both fought for. In Joan's case it was "Rain"; in Claudette's it was "Maid of Salem."

NATURALLY, both producer and star have their just arguments (and I ain't takin' sides!). However, people can say what they like about "buttonhole-makers" when they refer to movie producers, but no executive is deliberately out to ruin his own product. After all, the Thalbergs and the Goldwyns were already guiding influences in a million-dollar industry, with their fingers firmly on the public pulse, when the Joan Crawfords were still winning beauty contests. And these same producers feel that the less control a star is given over her own career, the happier the whole movie family will be.

This policy has provoked many a producer-actor battle. It's one of the things that lends excitement to the Hollywood scene. But, while the betting is usually even, the producers seem to have an edge on the victim's side—judging from the cases of Bette Davis, Myrna Loy, Ann Dvorak, Constance Bennett and Mr. Cagney.

Then—along comes Carole Lombard who demands a lot of almost unheard-of privileges—and gets them! Not only that, but she got them with a minimum of unpleasantness. There were no suits or sulks on either side. Not a sour grape was thrown.

Well, when that happened the Hollywood gang simply had to say something about it, and so they said—"the gal gets away with murder."

Indeed?

Facts, you know, are sometimes like horses—they look entirely different when viewed from two different directions!

And so it is with the facts about Carole. Consider her particular state of stardom (Continued on page 88)

There's not a producer in Holly-

wood who wouldn't jump at the chance to put this dynamic young blonds under contract—at her own price. What's the answer?
The father said, "He's in no fit shape to get into anyone's car." Said the mother, "He's only a little sick." Said the boy—

Listen, HOLLYWOOD!

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON
Through a strange and arresting story, a great novelist gives you, the film audience of the present, his idea for the movies of the future

I L L U S T R A T I O N  B Y  C H A R L E S  D. M I T C H E L L

A man living as I do, most of the year in a small town, visiting neighboring towns, picking up an occasional country man in his car, talking with him, talking to town men and women, trying to get sense of the feel for life in these people ... such a one can't help thinking more and more about the movies.

They do seem to offer such a wide sweeping opportunity.

For what?

It comes back to a question of what these people, for that matter, all American people want.

On the surface of life there can be no question of the profound effect the movies already have. A man sees it on the bathing beach of a little mountain lake in the mountains near my farm. There you see young girls from farms, from near-by towns, striving heroically to imitate, in movement, in pose, in a way of walking, some movie queen. I have an idea that our women are more affected than our men. It may be that the modern mechanical development of life has freed women more than men. There is a certain dullness and sameness to small-town life. There is the temptation to live in this dream world, always being fed by the movies.

Any man who writes is always looking at people, thinking about them, trying even to think with them. For us storytellers, people are our materials. A man tries constantly to lose himself in others.

What do these others want? Perhaps, after all, we want only escape from self.

THERE is a good deal to be said for romance. We more serious storytellers are always trying to arrive at a thing we call "truth to live." It is mighty elusive. Not many of us can escape the grind of existence. The coal miner who spends five or six days out of every week buried away in a dirty hole down under the ground, and who comes home to a shack in a company-owned coal-mining town, crying children on the floor, a tired and overworked wife—such a man goes off, on a Saturday night, with two or three comrades, to get drunk.

There is his break in an admittedly dreary existence. Your drunken miner feels suddenly brave and big. He slaps his comrades on the back; boasts of the number of tons of coal he has dug out of the earth during the week; even, perhaps, on his staggering way homeward, with one or two other miners, he joins in a song, or speaks a little tenderly of his wife,

"The old girl will give me hell again when I get home, but things are tough on her, too. I'm going to blow her and the kids out to the movies, that's what I'm going to do."

The movies are a kind of drunkenness for her and the kids, too.

THERE are all these strange people, out of this strange other world, so close there, as you sit in the small-town movie theater. If you let yourself go you can imagine yourself up there on the screen with them. You go into such houses as, in the real life you seem destined to go on living, you know you will never enter.

You are in the house of a millionaire and a butler enters. You see people eating rich foods, see how the insides of rich people's houses are furnished.

You hear these faraway people, now brought close. They are talking. You are at Saratoga, at the races, you are in strange foreign cities, on an ocean liner going to Europe, in an African village, in a Western gold-mining town. You see kings ride through cities, hear their voices speaking.

Up and down the earth you go, in and out of cities, in and out of houses. You fly through the air, walk in strange streets.

You are there in the little movie theater with the farmers, who all day have been cutting corn, or plowing for next year's wheat. The little merchant who is about to fail in business, who owes a note at the bank he can't pay, is there with his wife and daughter. His daughter is tall and handsome. She has arranged her hair after a style copied from some movie queen. The man who cleans the town streets has come with his tired-looking wife. She has been ill for a long time but is trying heroically to carry on, to do her own housework, keep her little furnished house neat and clean for her man.

These and dozens, even hundreds, of others you have come to know rather well, all crowded into the little theater. A book to read tonight would cost a dollar, two dollars, three dollars. We can go to our little movie theater for twenty-five cents.

It's good anyway to get away from the house and among people.

However, there is something. There is always present a kind of stinging regret.

Why is it that presently, when we go out of the theater, there is this letdown. So many of these lives, pictured here on the screen, stay so far away. They stay forever in this queer dream world we try so hard to draw close to and can't.

Couldn't something be done to make more real our own lives?

A young man is sitting near me in the movie theater. He is a young fellow of twenty-two. He has a rather strong, serious face. He is sitting with his father and mother and with a younger sister, a girl of fourteen.

It happens, you see, that I know this family. The father, a tall thin man with big gnarled hands, has come to the theater in his overalls. They have, however, been freshly washed and he has had a shave.

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Right: the new Tracy playing polo with Joan Crawford. Above: working with Bartholomew in "Captains Courageous"
To a question that has bothered many of us, this brilliant actor gives an amazing and inspirational answer

BY GLADYS HALL

SOME thirty years ago, in one of the large apartment buildings on Prospect Avenue in Milwaukee, a pair of distraught parents faced one another. The mother said, between tears and nervous laughter, “He’s run away again.” The father answered, “I have developed all of the abilities of a master sleuth since he came into the world. But I’ll track him down, never fear.”

And he did. He tracked the small, sturdy boy down to the South Side, found him playing Cops and Robbers in an alley behind a saloon, with two youngsters known by the tasty names of “Mousie” and “Ratty,” sons of a saloon keeper.

So the small boy was returned to his mother; there to be gathered to her heart and wept over. The small boy wept, too, with the quick rich sympathy for another’s pain which was his even then. But even as he wept he knew that he would always want to run away, all of his life.

A few years later this same boy, now in his teens, sat, one night, at the family dinner table, trying to muster up the courage to tell his parents that he wanted to join the marines; that he meant to lie about his age, if necessary, for love of his country. The restive youth sat at the table, clearing his throat loudly and repeatedly; but when the folks would look at him with their warm affectionate eyes, he’d ask them to pass the potatoes!

He did, a few days later, try to join the marines; told the truth about his age and was rejected. Next, he tried to join the United States Navy; meant to lie about his age but when faced with it found that he couldn’t; told the truth again—and was accepted. Then he had to tell the folks. He walked around the block fifteen times and chewed seven packages of gum before he could muster up the courage. Then he barged home and his mother wept and his father patted him on the back with a big hand that shook and two days later he was off for the naval training station at Norfolk, Virginia. He fought the war at Norfolk, looking eastward to the sea. A cruise in a whaling ship was as near as he got to France.

The rest is, for the most part, recorded Tracy history.

For the little boy was Spence, of course. And Spence, today, is the same little boy.

 WHICH all leads up to what Spence told me recently across the teacups in the M-G-M commissary. (Spence has become a habitual tea drinker.) He said, “I’m thirty-seven now. I’m facing forty. I’m beginning to take stock of myself. I’m trying to make a map of where I’ve been and where I’m going.

“I’m trying to appraise myself, find out what I am, what are my assets and what my liabilities. I’m trying to make a list of what I’ve accomplished in, say, the past five years. And another list of what I’d like to accomplish in the next five or fifty.

“First, I take a look in the mirror and know that anything can happen! I must be the Miracle Man, no foolin’! For I take a look—and what do I see? I see a guy who’s getting away with murder!

“I don’t look like an actor, not even to myself. I don’t look like any actor I’ve ever seen. I’m just a plain-looking mug who might be driving a truck if things ran according to magazine covers.

“Next, I try to figure my outstanding characteristic. Is it brains? Nope. Is it fire, the kind that sweeps everyone and everything along in front of it? Nope. And then I eliminate most of the qualities that make a man a little important and I come to nerve.

“That’s the answer. That’s what I’ve got the most of—nerve. For it takes the helluva lot of nerve, when you come to think of it, to be competing in the same medium with these Gables and Taylors and all.

“THEN,” Spence said, “I check back and make notes on what I’ve accomplished; the things I’ve done that have meant the most to me. First, there was my move to M-G-M. That opened doors to me, gave me the chance to make ‘San Francisco’ and ‘Captains Courageous’ and ‘Fury.’ Then there was knowing Will Rogers. You can’t have had Bill for a friend and not be more of a man than you ever were before. There was the birth of my daughter and there is the progress my son Johnny has made, in school and in every way. And there i. having one farm all paid for. These are the things that have meant the most to me in the past five years.

“And now I’ll kind of check myself over, figure out a bit what are my virtues and vices, faults, good points, habits, and so on . . . well, I’m not extravagant. I’ll say that. I have my polo ponies, but they are my only luxury. I don’t have a yacht. I haven’t got a ‘little place’ down at Palm Springs or Malibu. We’ve only got the house we live in, all bought and paid for. I haven’t any hobbies or ‘collecting’ bees in my bonnet. I don’t belong to ritzy clubs. I don’t gamble. I don’t even play cards, can’t sit still long enough. I don’t give a damn about clothes.

“I’m not temperamental. I’m not fussy about details. I always put my ‘o.k.’ on stills—if I bother to look at them. I do have definite convictions. When I feel a conviction working on me I’ll fight for it, being Irish. But what I fight for has got to concern me deeply. I only fight when I have to, not just for the hell of it.

“I’ve got one big virtue, just one—punctuality. I’m the On-Time Guy all the time. In fact, I’m the best set-opener-upper in this business. Whenever I have an appointment of any kind I’m always there, chewing my fingernails, twenty minutes ahead of the other fellow.

“I think I’m a pretty good businessman but I haven’t any consuming ambition to possess a lot of money. I’m one of those who believes that you can only sleep in one bed at a time, ride one horse, eat one meal, wear one suit of clothes.

“I’m too trusting. I always believe the best of people and often get fooled. I like people, like to have people around me. I’m not self-confident, far from it. I never start

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We spun the lovely words of Byron’s poem over in our mind:

“She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that’s best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;”

We knew the one woman who was like the poem. We wanted to ask that one woman the one question that has always bothered us: how does a great beauty judge other women?


And the one woman who is like the poem, the magnificent Mrs. Gibbons, whose other name is Dolores Del Rio, answered us quickly, emphatically, “I judge by one thing . . . she must be soignée!”

We flipped back the mental pages of our French-English dictionary and remembered that soignée meant not only dressed according to style, but also, no room for criticism in any form . . . a woman who was as she should be, in all qualifications.

“It takes much work. It takes constant self-discipline. It takes schedule.” She saw the predatory look in our eyes, and went on, “And since you ask me, I shall tell you what I, myself, do.”

Impressed, we grasped our pencil firmly, listened carefully, made notes meticulously, and wrote the following. It’s the how, the when, the why of being soignée—Del Rio version.

First of all, regardless of her own qualifications, Dolores Del Rio has a husband who is a thoroughly artistic, distinguished and handsome gentleman. For several years Cedric Gibbons has been the art director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and is responsible for the fine, tasteful backgrounds of their pictures. The home he has created for Mrs. Gibbons, in the modern style, is a perfect setting for her, and he likes to see her each evening when she comes down either to dine with him, or ready to accompany him to some glorified Hollywood party, in that setting.

He also likes to see her, not when she is dressing, not when she is debating what gown to wear, not when she is powdering her sun-

(Continued on page 78)
Six feet two of brawn, plus an infectious grin and
a naive personality, made Wayne Morris a runner-up
on Hollywood's heart-throb list. Rumored engaged
every five minutes, he's wed only to his career.

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES
PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD
AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST
SURE
THEY DO THE BIG APPLE
IN HOLLYWOOD

You must have done it—this swing version of the old-fashioned square dance. No, it's hit Hollywood! At this tropical party at the Troc, glamour girls go to town when the leader shouts Swing That Thang!

Photographs by Hyman Fisch
Lana Turner (far left) cuts a mighty cute figure while Mrs. Tom Brown (upper left) shows Billie Dove and Tom it's all in the legs; and Kay Francis (lower left) Shags with Ray Bolger. Even a busy executive and his wife, the Jack Warners (above left), Truck. Single out to "Rise and Shine," Claire Trevor shines with her eyes shut when Jimmy Ritz improvises. But the surprise of them all is Marlene Dietrich (above) with Hal Roach
Once stardom waned for this veteran but after "In Old Arizona" it was brighter than ever.

A gangster rôle in a stage play won him a film contract but they said he'd never make a star.

Ernest Carlton Brimmer is his real name. A saga of the early West won him greatest acclaim.

His superb interpretation of life of a famous scientist made him last year's "finest actor.

Who are they?

They're as well known to you as your next door neighbor—but do you recognize them here? Check up on page 92.

Gary Cooper, in his latest picture, has the support of a fine character actor. Do you recognize him?

Director Lloyd Bacon and Robert Montgomery are amused at what this star has done for art.

He frightened little children in this make-up but the Academy statuette was just reward for what fine performance.
By birth, Hollywood has brought him his greatest success. He first starred in Western films but proved he was as versatile in the salon as in the saddle. She came to films from musicals; they cast her in drama, now they discover she's a fine comedienne. Usually a portrayer of suave roles, who breathed life into what Victor Hugo character?

She's in England now making films. She came to films from musicals, they cast her in drama, now they discover she's a fine comedienne.

You haven't seen her on the screen for more than a year—but Hollywood's first lady of sophisticated roles is returning soon. Usually a portrayer of suave roles, who breathed life into what Victor Hugo character?

A little old lady isn't Whistler's mother—she's America's No. 1 box-office aristocrat and a world favorite. You haven't seen her on the screen for more than a year—but Hollywood's first lady of sophisticated roles is returning soon. Usually a portrayer of suave roles, who breathed life into what Victor Hugo character?

Hiding behind those specs is which glamorous movie queen? She's top notch in smart comedy or drama.

Teddy Roosevelt came to life again when what-the-heck actor played this role with Babs Stanwyck. You haven't seen her on the screen for more than a year—but Hollywood's first lady of sophisticated roles is returning soon. Usually a portrayer of suave roles, who breathed life into what Victor Hugo character?

Slant-eyed Orientals—one famous for gangster roles, the other for beauty. Recognize them?
Newest Queen

Her father named her Myrna after a flag-stop on a hick railroad; she picked up the Loy on a detour through vamp roles. But her fans made her 1937's Queen of the Movies.
Robin (Errol Flynn) entertains his prisoners, Lady Marian (Olivia de Havilland), Sir Guy (Basil Rathbone), Sheriff (Melville Cooper)
SHOOTING from the outlaw's angle, as the Friar carries Robin. This time Robin is enjoying himself, brandishing Friar Tuck across the butt with the flat of his sword, and treating him like a capricious steed. But in midstream the friar gives a mighty heave and Robin goes flying over his head into the stream. He manages to retain his sword but when he does, thigh deep in water, Friar Tuck is waiting for him, sword in hand. Without further ado they cross blades.

The dialogue waxes hot, the fight hotter, as Robin and Little John (Alan Hale) battle with staffs in the middle of the bridge. Robin ends in the creek but Little John joins his outlaw band. Below: Little John catches merry Friar Tuck (Eugene Pallette) pulling a fast one as King Richard (Ian Hunter) looks on in amusement. Lower Left: Robin and Friar Tuck in hectic battle to see which will carry the other ashore. Neither wins
As Marian approaches them. She is nervous but determined.

MARIAN:
I want to help him.

WILL SCARLET:
How did you find us here?

MARIAN:
Never mind that now! Oh, please — don't stand there staring! Tell me what I can do!

Friar Tuck looks at her long and earnestly. There are tears in her eyes. He turns to the others.

FRIAR TUCK:
She's speaking truth.
(to Marian)
Have you thought of anything?

MARIAN:
Yes!

Above: Robin has just won an archery tournament that has placed him in the hands of his enemies, the Normans. Sir Guy and Prince John (Claude Rains) now order his arrest. Robin is captured after a terrific sword fight between Prince John's men and the outlaw band. Below: Marian, ward of King Richard and Robin's lady fair, risks her life to escape from Nottingham Castle and joins Robin's band at an inn near the outskirts of Sherwood forest. Here she seeks aid in a desperate plan to help Robin Hood.

FOLLOWING THE SCRIPT OF ROBINHOOD
Scion of the Hollywood that has made him both famous and afraid of fame, this young Ne-
braskan is now the victorious "Yank at Oxford." Still young enough to like polo shirts, victrolas
and new ties, he's adored by many girls, adores only one. Earnestly anxious to be a good actor,
he's also inordinately proud of the grain busi-
ness in his own home town, for should acting fail, he wants to be Robert Taylor, businessman

Possessor of the husky voice of Sunday-night
radio repute—Dorothy Lamour. After her
one year of screen work, American wives
(and husbands) think she's glamorous; pro-
ducers know she's box-office. On the set,
she handles her roles intelligently (witness
"The Big Broadcast"); off the set, she tackles
the wife business likewise, with young or-
chestra leader Herbie Kay as beneficiary

GLAMOUR BOY
Through childhood, Eleanor's dog was her pal.

Gay and laughing today, she was bashful at this age.
Baby Eleanor and her mother.

Beginning a career—night club dancing at 15.

Swimmer at 5, medal winner at high school age.

From ballet to tap dancing with.

Dancing cured shyness and made her.

The Family Album.
The "World's Greatest Feminine Tap Dancer" saw the light of day 24 years ago in Springfield, Mass. . . . her friends call her Ding . . . long-legged and awkward, she went to dancing school not to become a dancer but to overcome shyness . . . a new world opened to her . . . at 12 Gus Edwards discovered her doing acrobatic routines on the sands of Atlantic City . . . signed her for a kid revue . . . same season danced in a night club revue at $75 per week . . . following two summers found her dancing at an exclusive club in Atlantic City . . . was honor student throughout school but decided on Broadway rather than college . . . tap dancing lessons from Jack Donohue put her in line for a job with Ben Bernie at his club Intime . . . when engagement ended tramped streets for months before landing rôle in "Follow Thru" . . . "Fine and Dandy," Ziegfeld's "Hot Cha," "The Varieties" followed . . . "George White's Scandals" took her to Hollywood . . . she created no excitement and was again doing four-a-day on Broadway when M-G-M signed her for "Broadway Melody of 1936" . . . is five feet six and a half inches tall . . . weighs one hundred twenty pounds . . . her eyes are blue and her hair reddish brown . . . no time for marriage now
BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE

Background: the opening scenes of Paramount's new Continental comedy, with stars Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert. Setting: a department store in Nice. Situation: the problem all has to do with the purchase of a pair of pyjamas. Gary wants to buy only the tops! Claudette, a complete stranger and French, enters and offers to buy just the trousers! That, as you can imagine, leads to things! Perhaps the most versatile actor in the whole production is one you'll never see on the screen—Director Lubitsch himself, who tries on pyjamas and makes love to Claudette (all for art) with a technique that merits an Academy award.
GREAT ACTOR

Success and royal rank mark Boyer’s recent rôles. His private life remains the same—a quiet world of books and music; its center is his wife, Pat Paterson
life, love and the pursuit of fun—
that's the formula for this month's
headline news of the gay Gold Coast

MIDDLE AISLE TIDBITS

VIRGINIA BRUCE calls her new groom Jack—which proves that habit is strong. Jack Gilbert was her first husband, J., which may account for the Jack) Walter Ruben is her second.
A first marriage has taught her practicality, Virginia claims. Instead of a monstrous diamond engagement ring, Virginia asked for a family town car and got it. Together, they bought a cozy Beverly Hills home and had the wedding ceremony held there. Mr. Ruben carried his bride out of the house instead of over the threshold. The bride, need we add, never looked lovelier.

THE LAUGH OF THE MONTH

T was all caused by those two hundred monkeys that escaped from the zoo scene in Bing Crosby's new picture, "Doctor Rhythm." Overnight the monkeys made a wholesale exodus from the studio lot, leaving the entire town of Hollywood alive with capering animals.
Workmen in a near-by factory practically swooned when the place was suddenly alive with jibbering monkeys. A hysterical neighbor lady even summoned the local police to remove one from under her bed.
A reward of two dollars each brought back a few of the monkeys, but somewhere in Hollywood thirty-eight monkeys have decided to go native.

SURPRISE FOR SPENCER

W hen Spencer Tracy returned home from the preview of "Mannequin," in which he shared honors with Joan Crawford, he found a registered letter containing a new M-G-M contract which boosted his salary an even thousand dollars a week.
BIG APPLE—DIETRICH STYLE

The gaiety of Marlene Dietrich since her return from Europe has all Hollywood wondering, especially since Marlene's screen future seems slightly problematic, what with her Paramount contract at an end. However, Marlene doesn't seem at all depressed—she has become the greatest exponent of the "Susy Q" this town possesses.

The other day at a very sedate party given by Dolores Del Rio, Marlene began to dance and, before the evening was over, she had Errol Flynn, Lili Damita, Cedric Gibbons and Dolores deep in the midst of the hottest Big Apple imaginable.

BITS FROM THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT LINE

When it came time for Carole Lombard to treat the "Food For Scandal" cast and crew, Carole proved again that she's Hollywood's most original thinker-upper. Instead of the usual case of coca cola or ice-cream cones, Carole had one hundred pounds of bananas delivered to the set.

Joe E. Brown had the most unusual accident of the month. While driving through Malibu, a buck deer ran smack into Joe E.'s car, plunging a hoof through the radiator. "I must have had my mouth open and the thing was trying to hole in," Joe E. explains.

Whoops, we're off to the races. Carole Lombard and Clark Gable have taken up sulky racing. To see the two tearing through the highways and byways in a little sulky behind a monstrous horse, is—well, you name it.

After being starred at Columbia for two years Richard Dix has been re-signed by RKO where he was a star for seven years and where he made a notable hit in "Cimarron."

Walt Disney has entered the educational field. He has just completed a child's primer, which has been accepted for use by the N. Y. public school system. So now Mickey Mouse will teach first-grade children their lessons. The text book will sell for forty cents.

A VICKI LESTER NEVER FAILS

These young movie players do get around. In April Walter Wanger brought ten New York artist's models to Hollywood for "Vogues of 1938." Dorothy Day was one of them. Her picture was seen and Miss Day was signed by Mervyn LeRoy, Warner producer who changed her name to Vicki Lester (Janet Gaynor's screen name in "A Star Is Born").

After she had appeared in "The Great Garrick" and "Food for Scandal," LeRoy agreed to release Vicki from her contract so she could be assured a featured contract with Pan Berman at RKO. RKO thinks Vicki a future Carole Lombard.
BIGGEST HEART THROB OF THE STARS

THERE is something about Hollywood stars and new houses that goes a point beyond understanding.

Trips to Europe, town cars, leading rôles and all the trappings usually leave them in a more or less normal frame of mind. But let stars build a house and then watch the reaction! A strange new gleam comes into their eyes, a spring creeps into their step, a gosh-what-a-swell-world attitude radiates in all directions. Even when they declare the building is driving them crazy, you know they really love every minute of it.

For instance, there's Ray Milland and the new house he's building. Ray was so downright goofy over that house, that on the night he came home from a three weeks' location trip, he couldn't wait for daylight and insisted upon a bit of night prowling right then and there.

Armed with a flashlight, Ray and his wife were thrilling to the odor of new plaster on the top floor when footsteps were suddenly heard below. Dousing his light, Ray motioned Mrs. Milland to be quiet. Slowly and stealthily, the steps came closer and closer until a harsh voice close at hand cried, "Put 'em up, buddy. I've got you." A ray from the flashlight caught the reflection from a gleaming revolver as Ray demanded to know what was going on. Of course, it turned out to be a policeman who had seen Ray's light in the darkness of the house.

AND then, there's Kay Francis who just built her new home out in Gopher Gulch. Kay simply haunted the place, urging workmen to hurry, and even tugging at a few bricks and boards herself. And when it came to moving, Kay insisted on doing most of that herself, piling her car full of belongings and following the vans every trip.

There was a time when Bob Montgomery's friends thought of calling the home builder to one side and telling him the worst—that, frankly, they had stood all the house-building stories they could possibly stomach and if he didn't soon switch from the wonders of bathroom fixtures to the problems of the Guild, they might do something drastic.

But George Raft was the worst. Since he had never owned a home of his own, you can well imagine his hysteria over his new house. The trouble was George interfered so much with the carpenter's work by insisting on everyone's knocking off every hour for a coca cola bust, the Union or something threatened to picket Raft by wearing huge signs reading:

George Raft is unfair to his own house.

As we said, we don't know what it is that gets them about a new house going up. But it certainly gets them. (Cont'd on page 67)

George Jessel explains the mysteries of pari-mutuel betting to his mother and Edward G. Arnold. Mrs. Jessel, Sr. is well known to radio from her son's broadcasts
METRO spent about $2,000,000 on this and it ought to be something pretty special. That it turns out to be just a good show in fancy dress may be the result of too many expectations, or it may be that mixing a West Point football story with a mythical kingdom romance was not such a great idea. It curdles, at times. Still, for your money you get the greatest set ever constructed anywhere, a generous helping of Nelson Eddy's voice singing good Cole Porter tunes, plenty of Eleanor Powell's incomparable dancing, lots of Frank Morgan's funny hesitating speech, and a lot of other things too numerous to list here. Ilora Massey, attractive newcomer, sings beautifully. Ray Bolger is Eddy's pal. "Rosalie" and "In the Still of the Night" are hum-mable tunes.

A GAIN Joan Crawford is magnificently the shop girl who, by intelligence, beauty and ambition, rises from the slums to happiness and wealth. This time she gets out of the button factory by marrying Alan Curtis, who's new to the screen but not to life, apparently; he has definite vitality. When he shows himself at last as the rotter he is, Joan goes noddy into a gown shop to model clothes by Adrian. At last she marries good, kind, rather dull Spencer Tracy who grew in the gutter himself and made his pile with bare fists. Trouble comes with a strike and Curtis' attempt at blackmail—but Joan holds up her chin, hitches her girdle, and sails in to prove that the good always survive. Joan is stunning; Tracy gives staunch support.

ONE always expects a deft handling of suspense, sane dialogue, and expert delineation of character in Director Alfred Hitchcock's pictures, and this one is no disappointment. The story plot itself, however, unless you believe that faith moves mountains, is apt to seem built on coincidence, and certainly English police methods are too leisurely to an American accustomed to hearing our police sirens.

Nova Pilbeam is the constable's daughter; Derrick De Marney, a young man accused of murder. The clue is a belt from his coat found around the dead woman's neck. Nova believes in his innocence, and attempts to help him escape. The entire cast is exceptional. You will like this British picture.

ENCOURAGED by the fine success of their first feud screen comedy, Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie return with even greater gusto to another smart battle of wits and half-wits and moxie and gags. The result is outstanding and, incidentally, surprising; for, displaying a birdlike singing voice and an entirely new personality, Simone Simon shoplift top honors while Ben and Walter are fighting it out in the background. Bernie asks Winchell to give a boost to Simone, a foreign singing star. Winchell claims she is a fraud in his radio and newspaper chatter, so Bernie engages Georges Renavent to dream up a dramatic story in which Simone is his daughter who deserts society for show business. Winchell fails for it. When he finds that he has raved about Bernie's protégée he arranges a typically theatrical coup and fixes everything, including Simone's romance with Dick Baldwin. Much hilarity goes on as Ben Bernie's protection. The plot is the plot's salvation.

Those who were roundly cussing and discussing Simone are now shouting her praises; the diminutive French actress finished under the wire as just about the biggest surprise of the year with her exceptional singing voice. Smart showmanship, clever production, and the unfailing Zanuck formula contribute to make this exceptional entertainment.
THIS is a potpourri of music and buffoonery put over with abundant but not too brilliant enthusiasm by Dick Powell, the Lane sisters—Rosemary and Lola—Louella Parsons with her radio clan, including Frances Langford, and a large cast.

In the course of the one-syllable plot of small-town youth making good in Hollywood, Dick Powell performs in his popular shy-boy manner. He also sings some tuneful airs to pretty Rosemary who, as Cinderella girl doubling for glamour queen Lola, warbles engagingly at his side.

Louella Parsons offers a natural bit of acting in her movie debut, but Lola over-force the pampered star role. Happiest contributions are Benny Goodman and his swing band, and Raymond Paige's arrangement of "Black Eyes." It's all noisy fun.

PRESCRIPTION FOR ROMANCE—Universal


DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI—Paramount

A NNA MAY WONG enlists in the U. S. government's campaign to capture leaders in a smuggling ring along the Pacific Coast and contributes considerably to an otherwise tame picture. Miss Wong deserves better than this picture offers. Snarling Charlie Bickford, J. Carrol Naish and barrel-chested Larry (Buster) Crabbe have outstanding supporting roles. Just another movie.

EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY—Paramount

HE'LL all be holidays for Mae pretty soon, if this little number is any indication. Since film sex has gone subtle she's left with little to do except walk, which isn't enough. Paramount produced this lavishly, but the story of a female crook who dabbles in turn-of-the-century politics drags like the West inflicts. Edmund Lowe and Lloyd Nolan, with Charlie Winninger, try hard to entertain.

CHECKERS—20th Century-Fox

JANE WITHERS clicks again in this story of a race horse that endangers the romance of Stuart Erwin and Una Merkel. Together Jane and Erwin own the horse and, while the two are traveling from track to track, Una responds to the wooing of Andrew Tombes. To top it off, the horse breaks a leg and Stuart has miseries until Miss Fix-it Withers steps in.
—and find that scene stealing, cob-web making and toiling stars are all a part of a Hollywood working day

BY JAMES REID

In "Naughty Marietta," Nelson Eddy made his first appearance singing at the head of a company of Louisiana foot soldiers, slogging through a swamp. It was an effective "entrance." So effective that M-G-M repeated it in "Rose Marie." Only this time Nelson was riding—at the head of a platoon of Northwest Mounted Police. That was even more effective.

Now, for the third time—in "Girl of the Golden West" (in which he again costars with Jeanette MacDonald)—he enters at the forefront of a horde of men, all singing Out on the vast back lot at M-G-M, he is riding a horse down "a mountain road." On his left is Leo Carrillo; on his right, Leonard Penn. Behind them string a band of bandits, all on horseback. Nelson, tricked out for the occasion in sombrero and chaps, is the bandit Ramirez.

The camera, mounted on a truck, and centered on Nelson, precedes the bandits down the road. But it also catches Carrillo, whose singing is done with that happy-go-lucky, attention-attracting, scene-stealing Carrillo smile. That is all right with Director Robert Z. ("Pop") Leonard. The nearness of Carrillo makes Nelson "give" all the more.

However, something unscheduled happens on the first "take." (Something usually does.) Carrillo's mount, despite Leo's frantic efforts to keep him under control, starts rearing, cavorting and prancing. This will never do. Director Leonard calls for a re-take.

"A fine thing!" says Nelson, feigning outraged innocence. "I give my all, and what happens? Carrillo's even got his horse trained to steal scenes!"

"Their Majesties," Myrna Loy and Clark Gable, get plenty of razzing from another star and champ scene-stealer in "Test Pilot".

Leo is embarrassed by the left-hand compliment. This is a trait common to his scene-stealers. Consider Spencer Tracy, for example.

Tracy is playing an airplane mechanic in "Test Pilot." Clark Gable has the title role with Myrna Loy as his wife. The scene-stoppers are King and Queen of the movies in a recent newspaper poll.

Spencer has no reverence for their regal stature. He harries them. He mortifyingly hails each of them as "Your Majesties!" But, on the other hand, he has no reverence for Spencer Tracy.

He does a praiseworthy scene with Clark Gable and Director Victor Fleming praises the "Yeah," says Spencer, "Power and Talents could have done better." Or he does a notable bit of solo acting, and Fleming says so. Spencer says, "It smelled like horse me." Some of his own comments on any of his best performances are unprintable.

We see him steal a scene as he probably never did before. By accident.

The set is the small kitchen of the apartment that Clark and Myrna, now married, have just rented. Spencer, as interested bachelor-buddy, is inspecting the place. He opens this cupboard, takes a look, slams it shut, opens another.

In the middle of the "take," unwariedly slams a door on one of his own fingers. What does any man would do under the circumstances. He yowls in pain and surprise.

Carole Lombard, costarring at present with French Fernand Gravey, has her own interesting definition for playing comedy.
scene. And between scenes he groans constantly about his fifty-eight pages of dialogue.

"Do you know how tired I am?" he demands. "I feel like a nerve that's fallen out of a tooth and is just walking around. I came out here to lose weight. And, so far, I've gained five and a half pounds. I tell you, there's no justice."

In the script, Alice Faye inherits a boat. Everybody troop down to the water front to see if it won't do for a showboat. It eventually will, but when they first glimpse the ship, it is a tired wreck, filled with cobwebs. Action on the set is now at a standstill, while a "special effects" expert artfully sprays cobwebs over the scenery. Allen, lazily watching him, says, "There is the meanest man in Hollywood. He even keeps the spiders out of work. He can turn out more cobwebs in an hour than eight thousand spiders could in a year."

Allen still is shaking his head about this incredible business of movie-making as we move on, to the set of "The Baroness and the Butler."

This is the picture that brings Annabella, the French star, to the American screen. Opposite her is William Powell. She asked for him as her costar after meeting him in Paris on his recent trip abroad. It was carefully explained to her that he was under contract to another studio. She still couldn't see why the costardom couldn't be arranged. It was arranged. Annabella is that persuasive, even in person. (P. S. She is blonde with lively brown eyes.)

Powell looks rested after his long vacation trip. But you can't be around him without sensing that he still is low-spirited. He says, "From now on, I'm going to do only two pictures a year. That's enough, if the two are good. If I rush through five a year, only one of the five may be good. This way, people can expect more by seeing me less. Also, there is such a thing as trying to do too much. I've seen it happen: people overworking, wrecking their health, even dying."

Though he still may be playing comedy, he is not forgetting Jean Harlow.

Again, as in "My Man Godfrey," he is a butler. The setting, however, is Budapest where the People's Party elects him to the same Parliament in which his barron-employer (Henry Stephenson) serves. We see the scene in which the barron, who doesn't know how to lace his own shoes, begs Bill to reconsider, while the barron's daughter (Annabella) upbraids Bill for being a "traitor." Bill blithely replies that he expects life to go on as before, when the parliament isn't in session.

Before the scene begins, Bill, standing close to Stephenson, absent-mindedly plucks lint off Stephenson's coat. He is so used to being a butler now that he even butts between scenes.

Next, at Warners, we see Carole Lombard, the ex-Mrs. Powell, making a comedy about a butler and a queen—a movie queen. It's tentatively titled "Food for Scandal." Fernand Gravet is the butler.

They are doing one of those scenes that everyone present, including the players, enjoys. Carole, living up to the popular idea of feminine glamour in a décolleté gown, is having a tête-à-tête dinner with Ralph Bellamy in a cozy alcove of her luxurious apartment. Gravet, toggled out in a wig and a
"My Man Godfrey" is back again butting in the inimitable Powell fashion in "The Baroness and the Butler." But Bill issues an ultimatum that won't please his legion of fans.

gold-braided uniform, knee-length, that makes him look like one of the King's footmen, is serving the meal, assisted by Marie Wilson and Allen Jenkins.

Bellamy has romance on his mind. But every time he attempts to get it off, he says no more than two or three words when one of the trio of servants enters, interrupting his thoughts. First one, then another appears, until his frustration mounts to the explosion point.

The tough thing about doing comedy is, according to Carole: "selling yourself on the idea that what you're doing is funny. Usually, that's no cinch. The only time it comes easy is when you're doing a scene that would be funny, no matter who played it."

We look in on Stage 22, to see what Bette Davis is doing, in the curls and crinolines of nearly a century ago, in "Jezebel." Bette, it seems, is coming up to a death scene.

She and Director William Wyler are having an argument. A friendly verbal bout but—still a bout. Willie isn't satisfied with Bette's make-up for the scene. She "isn't pale enough"; she "doesn't look tired enough." Bette is arguing that she has done death scenes before, has always worn this kind of make-up, and has "always looked realistic."

Neither can convince the other. Finally, Bette says, "Willie, don't tell me you won't listen to reason! Don't tell me I'll have to go temperamental on you!" She flounces off to her portable dressing room, as if she's going temperamental here and now.

Wyler, with a gleam in his eye, stalks after her. He takes off her door the white board with the name "Bette Davis," turns it over, prints something on it, then hangs it back up. The sign now reads: "Simone Simon."

Bette flings open the door to see what he is doing, and unwillingly laughs. But she isn't changing her make-up until make-up expert Perc Westmore (already sent for) arrives, to referee the argument.

They still are waiting for Westmore, and the business manager is shredding his hair over the production delay, as we head for the Warner back lot and the set of "The Adventures of Robin Hood." Here, another business manager is rendering himself bald over production delay. The picture is in Technicolor and, because of lighting problems, they can work only five hours a day. And today there are nine hundred people on the set, and it takes an hour to line them up for one "take."

This is a vast set—a market square in Twelfth Century England. In the center of the square towers a primitive gallows. All about the square are extras in tatters, representing the angry populace, being held in check by other extras in the chain-mail uniforms of medieval soldiers. At one side stands a silken pavilion, housing nobles who have come to watch the sport of seeing Robin Hood hanged—Robin Hood being played by Errol Flynn, who has Olivia de Havilland for his Maid Marian.

Two cameras are filming the scene, from different angles. Sun reflectors have to be set for each of them. Then, because of the size of the set, Director Michael Curtiz has to do his directing via a loud-speaker. Between his accent and the echoing acoustics the extras have their troubles, finding out what they are supposed to do, and when, and where.

The extras, after standing around and being pushed around for an hour, aren't up to being excited when Robin Hood is finally trundled into the square in a two-wheeled cart. Curtiz calls for a retake, meanwhile delegating an assistant director to bawl them out in plain English. The second take is better. The third is perfect. But by that time the business manager, incredulously feeling the top of his head, fails to find a single hair to tear.

Driving on to Columbia, we find Francis Lederer, back from his honeymoon, involved in a melodramatic fantasy titled "The Lone Wolf." It's about a jewel thief, a good fellow withal, who comes to the aid of a deserted princess (Frances Drake). His bride, Marga, was originally penciled in for a rôle in the picture, but is not present. The reason is amusing, if unromantic. She is wearing a crapaud on her teeth, which she doesn't want to remove till April.

We find Frances Drake making some "transition" scenes with some minor players getting in and out of a hotel elevator. Lederer is sitting on the side lines, gingerly smoking a cigarette. It seems that the script calls for him to smoke throughout the picture. Being a non-smoker in real life, this is a real chore for him. He reeled in a scene this morning. So now, between scenes, he's building up his resistance.

A girl near us comments on Frances Drake's "beautiful figure," very noticeable in a low-cut satin evening gown. Lederer.

(Continued on page 87)

PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Katharine Hepburn wears this colorful Howard Greer ensemble in "Bringing Up Baby." The black frock, striped in red and white, has long, tight sleeves and a tiny upstanding collar. The beige double-breasted Cabby coat has a straight front, a flaring back, huge buttons and exaggerated reverses.
Silver-bullion embroidery, studded with tiny cut steel beads, lends a glittering note to the sheer black woolen dressmaker suit Adrian designed for Joan Crawford to wear in "Mannequin." Draped sleeves and a snugly fitted waist are new features of the short jacket which reveals a velvet vest. The skirt is pencil-slim, short and has side slits. Adrian repeats the suit fabric and embroidery motif in the envelope bag and, as final accent to the costume, adds a large, shallow-crowned hat of untrimmed felt.
Rosemary Lane, appearing in Warners' "Good Hotel," wears so stylishly. A wide belt joins the flared skirt to a tailored bodice. A concealed front closing, double breast and tiny back collar underscore details. Rosemary's black dress is draped of the fabric. Note the interlacing of suede shoes.

Photograph by Elmer Fryer
White stripes the fabric of Dolores Del Rio's three-piece woolen suit designed by Irene of Bullock's Wilshire. The full-length topcoat is single-breasted with triple button closing to match the styling of the jacket. The skirt has two front gores that release fluid fullness. Irene, the designer, stressed the coloring of the fabric stripe in neck scarf and gloves. Dolores is appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Shanghai Deadline."
Una Merkel, M-G-M player, adds zest to her spring wardrobe with this two-piece frock of brown, tan and burnt-orange plaid. The jacket, collarless, with button closing, patch pockets and studded belt, shares detail interest with a skirt which achieves distinction by means of minute godets. A pheasant quill pierces Una's brown felt hat.
Marjorie Weaver, appearing in "Sally, Irene and Mary" with Alice Faye, suggests light felt hats to give new life and verve to dark street or sport costumes. Navy suède bows and matching suède band add chic to her Byron sport hat "Allure," (above). Note that this felt flaunts a cleverly rolled back brim and an effectively draped crown.

A casual grosgrain ribbon bow is perched right at the front of this smart felt model, aptly called "Town Talk" (upper left). It's one of those youthful, gay off-the-face models created by Byron. Worn decidedly back on the head in the season's newest manner, here is a hat to top off tailored or casual costumes of the North or South. Marjorie Weaver of Hollywood gives you a preview of this model.

A gay red bug (center) coquettishly perches on the edge of the grosgrain ribbon trim of "Town Chatter," a Roxford model. Here is a felt with the spirit of 1938 caught in its soft-rolling off-the-face brim and cleverly molded crown. Marjorie gives you an idea of the charming possibilities of this charming hat. Smart enough to cause "Town Chatter" indeed.

Look to the lower left for Roxford's "Caprice," a smart whim of fashion in felt. That rolled back brim has infinite flattering possibilities—the crown is one of the new crushed-top types that gives a smart high-low effect. Suède in contrasting color forms a tailored trim—the final accent is a gleaming metal buckle. Marjorie Weaver shows you what a wise choice for spring this model is.
Dark dresses with touches of white are indispensable in a spring wardrobe. Phyllis Brooks, appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "City Girl," wears a black crepe frock (above), tailored for town wear, with a bias skirt and fitted blouse, a stand-up collar and cuffs of embroidered crisp white piqué.

Another dark dress which Phyllis wears with touches of white (directly above) is also for dressy occasions. Styled with hip yoke and circular skirt, it is of navy sheer with cuffs and yoke of lace and embroidered batiste. The smart new sailor hat, white gloves and blue bag provide the proper dash.

The bolero frock is still the chic costume for afternoon wear and this one of black crepe (above center) is contrasted by a striped blouse in shades of deep rose and dusty pink. Phyllis is holding the smartly cut jacket.

Phyllis' sport frock (right) is of lightweight beige woolen printed with a brown geometric motif. The high-necked, short-sleeved blouse is joined to the skirt of sunburst pleating with a belt of the softest brown calfskin.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on page 96.
Atop her suit skirt of deep green, Eleanor Powell alternates matching tailored jacket with gay Tyrolean sweater coat, in a design of red, yellow, and green on a white background. Her green brushed velour dress is banded with a silk cord of contrasting color. Costarring with Nelson Eddy, Eleanor is appearing in M-G-M's musical "Ride on, Ride on," directed by Mervyn LeRoy and produced by Alexander Hershenson.
or repose this ensemble woolen, worn by Anita aims top fashion honors. frock has crescent breast that close with brown but-natch those that line the evening. The topcoat of bly yarn plaid has a tuxedo lynx. Anita's "beanie," and shoes are beige and her dskin handbag comple-

In Anita's latest film
"LUCKY SEVEN" HATS

Look what the "Snow White" dwarfs have done to milady's headgear

Adaptations of the caps worn by the dwarfs: "Doc," modeled by Ann Miller, is of pale blue antelope and styled with rolled brim and flat, peaked crown.

Here's "Sneezy," a black antelope chosen by Lucille Ball. In the hand it's perfectly flat; when worn, it fits snugly around the head with a slight double peak in the crown.

"Happy," worn by Anne Shirley, is of larkspur blue felt. The cocky brim is pleated in the front, and the gnome-like crown is extended to form—of all things—a chin strap.

"Dopey," another of Ann's selections, is made of violet felt (the same gay shade of an Easter egg) and is typically fairy-tale with its amusing crumpled crown and rolled brim.

There are several ways to wear "Sneezy." Here Lucille has knotted the tails in back. Above left, she pulled the cap over her shoulders. But sometimes she knots them on...
CHIP OFF THE YOUNG BLOCK

At young fourteen-year-old son of Bill Powell's is plenty art. The other night, Bill took the boy out to dinner in a restaurant anyone in town. Powell, jr., immediately selected the cadet.

But, in the car, driving to the fast night spot, the lad suddenly changed his mind. You see, the young dad knew that at such a popular spot his dad would be meeting so many of his friends that he would have little chance to talk to him. It was an important evening, too, standing much talk, Junior figured. He has just been made editor of his exclusive military school paper, and he had a small matter of printing-press gift to try out the paper at the studio.

So the boy settled on a small, inexpensive restaurant off beaten path where Bill could sit none of his friends.

ENNA—HOLD THAT LINE

It's carrying the weight of the Hollywood studio on her shoulders, still she can't get big-headed. That's Deanna Dur- ing you. The other night, after working late at the studio, she and a Los Angeles playhouse woman, she could get tickets to a legitimate show. Only if she could pick up the tickets ten minutes before curtain time, the voice on the other end of the line informed her.

"But why didn't you tell them who you were?" a friend asked her, when she hung up the receiver dejectedly. "They would have held them for you."

Deanna frowned. "Oh, yeah? They would probably have said, 'and who does she think she is?'"

IT SOUNDS SUSPICIOUS

It will be a long time before Joan Blondell forgets that trip she and Dick Powell took to the Cleveland auto show. Dick, when he was there, secretly bought their little three-year-old son a miniature auto, equipped with a one-cylinder motor. It was delivered the other day. Of course, Dick expected the little one to hop right in and drive off. But, despite the lad's enthusiasm for doing just that, Mamma Blondell thinks it's far too dangerous a toy for a baby of such tender years.
Please turn your hands over and let's study your fingers from the inside. To make it easier, divide your fingers into three parts: the upper part, or the part with nail on the back, indicates your mental ability; the middle portion shows your business or money-making ability; the lower denotes your physical propensities, your fondness for food, drink, pleasure and luxury.

Note the lines running across your fingers and whether all three parts of each finger are of about the same length. If they are, you are exceptionally well balanced. You should be wise, practical, intelligent and prudent, and you stand an excellent chance of succeeding in whatever you undertake.

If your fingers are not well balanced in their division, compare the three parts and see which one predominates. The predominating one rules you. If it is the upper, you are intellectual, interested in the things of the mind. If the middle rules, business and acquisition of money concern you chiefly; and if the lower part is very thick, you are a physical person, and care mostly for the sensual pleasures of life. Note the even proportion of these three sections on the hands of Deanna Durbin. Deanna is exceptionally well balanced.

The lower section of your finger rules and your palm is red, you will be completely dominated by your physical desires and appetites. If the upper part rules and your hand is dead white, you will be so intellectual that you will not trouble to eat enough or take the proper exercise, the result being that you will not have enough vitality to accomplish very much.

The thumb also should be divided into three parts: the upper, which denotes will power and determination; the middle portion, indicating logic and reason; the lower Mount of Venus, the fleshy part between the thumb and wrist denoting love, sympathy, passion and grace.

The upper part of your thumb should be a little shorter than the middle part, otherwise you are domineering, stubborn and unreasonable. However, if the upper part is very much shorter than the middle section, you are inclined to be vacillating, weak-willed and, while you always know the right thing to do, you seldom have sufficient will power to make yourself do it.

Large thumbs stand for strength of character, force, practicality, generosity, determination in the face of all obstacles, and independence in thought and action. Notice Clark Gable's thumbs the next time you see him in the movies. Or study the picture of his hands on the next page. Much strength of character and determination are disclosed by those thumbs of his. Other points of interest shown by the famous Gable hands are listed below. Read all the points carefully; then check your own hands against the characteristics of his and make your own deductions. It will prove an interesting and informative game.

Flexible Hands.—this shows that Mr. Gable likes most people; but, whether he likes them or not, he can adapt himself to them.

Fingers.—spatulate, showing his love for outdoors and country life, sports of all kinds and fondness for animals. He is original and demands originality in others. Even though he is somewhat conventional in his own ideas, people who are narrow-minded and stuffy bore and irritate him.

Thump.—shows stubbornness and determination in the upper part; in the second part, logic. This means that Clark may be coaxed; but don't ever try to force him to do anything. His motto is live and let live, and the person who wants his companionship had better abide by this. He can see both sides of any question and he makes every effort to be fair in his judgment and in his dealings with others.

Heart Line.—if you will use your magnifying glass, you will discover chains and irregularities in Clark's heart line. This means he is attracted to many. However, the lines of affection on the outer side of his hands tell that he gives his love and affection to few.

Head line.—there is much more slope to the head line in Clark Gable's left hand than in his right. This tells you that Clark is much more practical now than when he was younger; that he is less possessive and also that he no longer allows his imagination to run away with him.

Wide Palm.—this increases his restlessness. love of adventure and travel. He would have made a splendid officer either in the army or navy, and he also could have been a great explorer, had he chosen to follow that line of work.

On a woman, a large thumb tells you that she will marry only the man who can support her. She is practical in the extreme. No gigolo need waste his time knocking on her door, for she will have none of him.

Small thumbs are romantic. Their owners see and desire sentiment and beauty in all things. The woman with a small thumb carries for love. Can her husband or lover support her? What cares she, so long as she has love. In fact, supporting him would be the least of her worries, just so long as he remembers the small services of love so dear to the heart of the romantic.

In judging the size and quality of a thumb, be sure to notice how it is set onto the side of the hand. The nearer the thumb is to the wrist the lower it is set.

Low-set thumbs indicate generosity, freedom in speech and action, and determination. Medium-set thumbs denote well-balanced views, even temper, fairness and logic in all things (if the logic is not overbalanced by a too-heavy upper part). High-set thumbs are not very adaptable, and the higher the setting the lower will be.
ANE WITHERS:
Jane's palms are an excellent example of the fine-napped network that occurs in some palms. Jane is so impressionable that she orders upon the psychic

CLARK GABLE:
The Gable thumbs are the keynote of the star's make-up. They show much strength of character and determination. Surprisingly enough, his spatulate fingers show that he is somewhat conventional in all his ideas

CECILIA PARKER:
These are the hands of a person who has won her way through her own efforts and abilities. Her conic fingertips show you that she is of a romantic make-up, has the power of quick perception, as well as the gift of intuition
Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, Bill Haines and Kay Francis go into a huddle—but they aren't discussing pictures. Kay's getting some free advice on decorating that new house of hers (see page 51)

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 61)

William Powell: Bill is feeling his old self again. On loan out to 20th-Century-Fox for the lead opposite Annabelles in "The Baroness and the Butler," he has all of his new friends on the lot raving about his friendliness and grand sense of humor.

Jane Withers: they are calling little Jane "Hollywood's gift to B pictures," since her award as sixth in the "Big Ten Box-office Champions of 1937." It's the first time a movie star, making strictly B pictures, ever made the "First Ten." She leaves in late February on another tour of personal appearances, and will visit in her old home town, Atlanta, Georgia.

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers: will be hard at work again in "Carefree," their reunion picture, by the time you read this.

Sonja Henie: getting in the "First Ten" was a real thrill to the unspoiled little Norwegian skating star, since it made her the first player to ever achieve this distinction with only a year's work on the screen to her credit. Following her tour of principal cities with her Hollywood skating troupe, she will immediately start another picture, since her new contract at 20th-Century-Fox calls for three pictures to be completed during this year.

Gary Cooper: the same shy, "there's nothing new about me" guy. Home and the new baby are more attractive to him now than ever before.

Myrna Loy: after holding out for considerable time, Myrna this month signed her new contract with Metro, calling for a terrific raise in salary. Besides having a picnic working in "Test Pilot" with Gable and Tracy, Myrna has her hands full thinking up gags to top those of William Powell.

Keeping Up With the Joneses

JUST before the precious Jones baby arrived, Allan went around town deep in thought. He wanted to buy a very special present for it, but couldn't figure out what it should be. Irene was more than a little shocked with his decision. He took home a new-born colt that night. It will grow right up with the youngster.

It's practically the charge of the light brigade when Phil Regan and his famous brood ride up hill and down dale in cinema city. They are (left to right) Joseph, Marilyn, Phil, Sr., Joan and Phil, Jr.
"My skin's delicate" says Joan Bennett

"I depend on ACTIVE lather to guard against COSMETIC SKIN"

COSMETIC SKIN—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—comes when pores are choked. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather guards against this because it removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics thoroughly.

"I use rouge and powder, of course," says Joan Bennett. "But I always use Lux Toilet Soap!" And Louise Platt tells you: "I use this nice soap because I think soft, smooth skin is very important to charm!"

Don't take chances! Protect your skin, keep it lovely by using this gentle soap before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed.

"I wouldn't dream of risking COSMETIC SKIN: it's easy to guard against it with Lux Toilet Soap"

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
bounty of it. But until then—a stop-

Love would be a nuisance, upsetting
her careful plans, troubling her sleep,
making her nervous and discontented.
In a moment of hopeful, freshly
groomed swans who came bearing gifts
and invitations, Ginger made house an-
swer in exultant feeling. It had been
way your hair curls, it is fun to dance
with you, I can't imagine anything nicer
than wearing your orchids or eating the food
you'd made.

But if it's love you want, I'm sorry.
Forget romance, and I will go with you,
and will have a wonderful time to-
gether.

In the last year, five men have liked
her enough, if not to keep from falling
in love with her, at least to respect her
ban on sentiment. Jimmy Stewart, gay
and infinitely a smart bachelor-
about-town, and nearer forty than
fifteen. You saw them everywhere: dashing
through the rain from theater exits in
slacks; in white tie and décolletage at the Troy—usually laughing, sometimes
in solemn conversation about who in-
vented buttons or technique on a record
playing. Ginger herself had been seen
around with Virginia Bruce. Neither girl
was a rival of the other.

The other three, all broke and a long,
and went away for a long rest, a young socialist
named Alfred Vanderbilt, Jr. to town,
and not for anything, the most famous
had fun together. They gave a roller-
skating party that almost every impor-
tant star in Hollywood went to—so that
day most of the people in every
studio came to work limping. And
the papers said, in effect, "Oh you Vander-
bilt Rogers!"

But before very long he'd gone back
to New York and Cary Grant had rung
Ginger's doorstep, bringing candy and
flowers. They made a marvelous team:
he's robust and indefatigable on the
dance floor or in sports and his sense of
the funny was such a contrast that's all;
and he likes to laugh better than
almost anything else in the world.

I SPENT a Sunday at that beach house
Cary and Randy Scott share together,
and Ginger, due to show up at eleven,
was driven from the house at two
afternoon. She'd been to church, she
did. Cary called her "Goldy," with justifi-
cation: the new Ginger Rogers was
with that vibrant sheen. They clattered
off in her car a little later, to look at
real estate—Cary'd heard of a hilltop
for sale at some outrageous bargain.

The watching columnists had wonder-
ful time with this, too. "Co-ry luvs Gin-
ger!" they said through their type-
writers—albeit through their hats. Be-
cause, in a few weeks, it was Robert
Raskin, the scenarist, who sat next to
Ginger at previews and brought her
to parties.

Just now they see Lee Bowman has
summoned Ginger to chat just as the
right word; because, since all these
men were only her friends in the begin-
ning, the game was all yours, or hers.
But then, the publicity department has
to have something to write to the press
syndicates, hasn't it?

And then she was a one of those of love, then;
and there was her career. Ginger
fixed that by going in and having a little chat
with her bosses at RKO. She's a shrewd
showwoman—she knows that one of the
most important reasons why she is in
the big box-office Ten is her entente with
the graceful Astaire; they are
listed as a team. Still, if she makes
nothing but dancing pictures as his co-

star, she loses her respective identity
with the public. She's half a star, shar-
ing her glory with another personality
just as vital.

In her own right, Ginger is a good
comedy woman. The answer, then, was
to make pictures like "Stage Door," in
which she stood or danced alone. Two
pictures with Fred a year would balance
nicely with the other schedule.

There was learning what to do about
vacations. She's had in the last three
years and they've all been hectic,
nerve-racking, much more tiring than
her regular work at the studio.

The first of these she needed fearfully.
She'd been sailing for two and a half
years without a rest. They offered her
a week in New York ("A whole week,
they said) and she went happily.

New York tore her to pieces. For
days and four of the nights it
mobilized her, it came for interviews,
she asked her to pose for stills, it besieged
her to autograph little books. Finally,
in desperation, she put on the dark wig
she had used for her last picture and
took a car up to Harlem. In the noisiest
elevator was the hole the most beautiful
was with Florence Lake and several
celebrants asked for Ginger's signa-
ture, but they ignored Ginger. She
stayed until four o'clock in the morning.

A LITTLE later, Texas asked her to
come to their Centennial celebration so
they could make her the admiral of their
navy and she went: but it wasn't much
fun. After all, she was still a movie star on
parade.

She got three shopping days in
New York again and that was just plain
work. When the studio allowed her another
three days before she started "Stage
run like crazy back to the cottage,
to spend the dreary day playing backgam-
mon before a fire.

Two afternoons were clear. On the
first, Ginger caught one small fish,
which that evening tasted rather like
broiled carpet but which she ate
determinedly. On the second she saw
an Indian in full regalia and with an Ox-
ford se. He was so pretty she de-
cided to make a charcoal sketch of him
and he posed willingly for an hour, until
it started to rain again. Then he with-
drew into his blanket.

Ginger wasn't finished. "Tomorrow,
at the same time," she told him. But
the next day there was a storm, and
for six days thereafter. And the seventh
day was the Soloth, and Ginger came
home to Hollywood.

From now on she'll spend her vaca-
tions in bed, where at least you can't
get raised on. And Ginger will make
her whole life one long vacation, any-
how, since she has learned to enjoy her
work at the studio.

THE final—and I rather think the most
important—thing necessary to her hav-
ing wonderful time, all the time, was
the house which she built last year.
Since its completion she has made it
her home for all of her life; and it's why
you never see her at any of the
night spots in Hollywood.

"She asked of me, "Should I go out
and spend some man's good money
for something I've got at home? If
I liked to drink it would be different,
but as it is I just sit and get bored in a
cabaret while everyone else gets tight.
My own food is better than what you
invited people have at the night clubs.
I don't give a hoot about the publicity,"

Ginger and her mother moved the
bungalow, which was only a bed for
furniture. Last Year's Eve, just after she had
a possession, Mervyn LeRoy and Jean
Raymond had given a dinner, and
invited her to a house party. But,
of course, she was the only one
invited. They came, however. Ginger
wanted to come to her bedroom, light-
ests, candles and flashlights, off for
hours. The house was only room in
the house that had been plastered.
Caterers shuffled half
around in the sawdust, stumbling over
levels and some of experiments left by the carpenters. We
that Rogers girl has an enthusiasm
admits of no half measures.

The friends who crow her her
are friends she has known for yrs.
Ordinary, a star plays politics as
only because she likes their looks.
the old ones stay.

Ben Alexander, Florence Lake (G-
ginger's " Baltic" cousin), Phyllis
Pryor, Courtney Crosby, Joseph
Ball, Mervin Sullivan, Andy Dev-
Betty Furness and Johnny Green —
Next she's going to come to Chez Rogers to play games
and have a wonderful time. No one ever
she got around from eating too many glutinous con-
tains at the fountain, but not tight
there's no time. Everybody's always
busy trying to beat someone else

GINGER, for that matter, is the
most game-conscious hostess in Holly-
Her favorito is a thing she calls "Q-
tations"; you divide up into two ten
and separate; then each person with
a quotation or a trite phrase like "It
rains but it pours" on a slip of paper.
The teams get together in the playroom,
and exchange slips. With a 15
minute time limit, you have to get
and set out the quotation given you
then, and hope that you get to know what it
—and it's all panitome. For instance
for the "rain" phrase you indicate:
write: "He rained hard, but Ginger for
"never," stand huddled under
imaginary umbrella, tilt a pitcher
of "rain" over and go. Sometimes
get around to famous events in hiatus
like Cleopatra and Anthony on the

When a Rogers party plays Murd
all with the lights out, you can
them in Westwood Village, fifteen
miles away. I often have.

They like to do another digitise
thing, too, which is a take-off on kids
and-seek. One person hides and
the everybody starts searching. Those
hiding are supposed to stay quiet until
him wherever, he is, until last of
poor goat is left wandering around

The last time they did this Andy
D and mine was last but not exactly the
game. "The goat," Ginger, who was It, had
to hide in a small closet full of
and things. And there were lots
persons playing the game. And they
extracted them when Andy finally opened the
doors and another hour to replace all the
deer location.

"So it's fun," said Ginger to me, put-
ting her feet up on a table. "I've
got this goat," she says. "Last time, I'm
not in love—I've got everything
that I want—I'm having a wonderful

What makes one woman's skin so smooth—vital looking? Another's dull and dry, even rough?

DAYS, we know of one important factor in skin beauty. We have learned that a certain "skin-vitamin" aids in keeping skin beautiful. The important "skin-vitamin" about which we are hearing more and more every day!

Aids skin more directly

Aids skin more directly four years ago, doctors found that this vitamin, when applied right on the skin, helped it more! In cases of wounds and burns, it actually helped the skin quicker and better!

Aid's found a way to put this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cold Cream. They tested it—during more than three years! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily. And this improvement took place in only 3 weeks!

Women report benefits

Today, women who are using Pond's Cream—the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it—say that it does make skin smoother; that it makes texture finer; that it gives a livelier, more glowing look!

Just try this new cream yourself! In a few weeks see if your skin is not smoother, brighter looking! Use it just as before—for your nightly cleansing, for the morning freshening-up, and during the day whenever you make up. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Pat it in especially where there are little rough places or where your skin seems to be dull and lifeless.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Mrs. Ogden-Goelet

Blonde, petite, with a delicate fair skin. "Pond's Cold Cream with the 'skin-vitamin' has done wonders for my skin. Now it is never rough or dry—seems to keep smoother and fresher looking always."

Mrs. Goelet's home is in New York, where her appreciation of music and art is well known to her friends,

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

AT LOCAL STORES

While they last! With purchase of a regular 2½-oz. jar of Pond's Cold Cream, you get for only 1½ extra a large introductory bottle of DANA, Pond's new-type preparation for the hands.

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

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Hepburn is Vice President in charge of Dignified Silence. Margaret Sullivan being absent, Pauline Dietrich is eligible for membership.

All are expert camera-dodgers. Getting an interview with any one of them is like gaining an audience with The Presence. And the people who work at their studios consider that if the ladies are all vastly unco-operative when it comes to matters involving publicity, portrait sittings, and conversations under which they are willing to work.

It’s only an exclusive few who call these girls by their first names and there’s very little personal informality on their sets. I was very amused, for instance, by the electrician who told me that the ambition of his life was to catch Marlene Dietrich in a crap game.

Simone Simon is a perfect example of a girl who has learned that the marketable value of temperament or temper is questionable.

At first, Simone’s erratic conduct was a defense mechanism. During her early days in Hollywood she understood very little English. We can appreciate, then, why the questions of Hollywood reporters and photographers used to unsettle her. She was terribly afraid of saying the wrong thing, and it was because of this phobia that she made her mistake. Instead of admitting her dilemmas and seeking experienced advice, Simone would “dumb it down” any nothing at all.

Reporters found her a deadly emulator of the Sphinx.

Simone also made another mistake. She carried her silence and her reluctance to co-operate into her professional association with studio executives. She was always late, always forgot appointments and not to keep them. When she was disciplined, she pouted.

Today, Simone recognizes her mistakes and is trying to change the opinions of those people at the studio who still regard her in the light of a cantankerous colt.

Of course, there are two sides to every story. At least, these girls have the knack of making their excuses sound like a damn sight more plausible than other people’s. Everyone, naturally, has his or her special favorite, and it’s too bad there isn’t more space to give every lady her proper due.

You’ll hear, for instance, that Joan Crawford comes down near being the most graceful and charming of all pictures. There isn’t a member of her working crew for whom she hasn’t, at some time or other, done something extraordianrily thoughtful.

For example, there was the laborer who fell from a scaffold and broke his leg during production on one of Joan’s pictures. Because of certain circumstances surrounding the accident, the man discovered that studio compensation covered the resultant doctor bills for only one week.

Joan discovered it too, and for five additional weeks, while the ailing man’s needs dictated, she paid the bills.

You’ll hear that Carole Lombard is a fairy godmother to newcomers—ask Margaret Tallulah, or Dorothy Lamour, or Fred MacMurray, any one of whom will tell you that Carole is responsible for more than one rung in his or her ladder to the top.

You’ll hear that Ginger Rogers is the darling of the news photographers, because Ginger always chooses the opposite of those exasperating glamour queens who get all gussied up to go somewhere where they know perfectly well they’ll find photographers and they don’t want their pictures taken.

The scrubbers are all fond of Shirley Temple, too, because she’s not the spoiled moppet you’d expect, but a really good child who minds her mother. They admire Myrna Loy because she’s a girl, her “own girl,” and doesn’t care who knows it. The man, of course, is her husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

They all cheer for Sigrid Gurie because she’s the only movie girl imported from Norway who will admit that she falls flat on her face every time she puts on a pair of skis.

But, in all the acquired evidence, the names of two girls occurred with increasing persistence. One, uh, is that cute blonde comedienne from Kentucky, Una Merkel.

A studio-employed chauffeur told me that Una was one of the few out of the many movie girls who “always was somebody.” When she was growing up, the man, in his high position, had some dealings with town who always talked to him as though he were Somebody—who always finds time to say about his or her kids. It was during production on “Saratoga” that one of the prop boys learned that Una’s father was suffering from influenza. Unknown to Una, during a lunch hour, he took time to drive home for a prescription that had once helped him fight the same bug. He wanted Mr. Merkle to have it.

“I didn’t mind the trouble,” the boy said to Una later. “You’re such a nice person, and I’m sure Old Man must be a nice guy, too.”

When it comes to being nice, Una is like a living example of this saying about—she never forgets. And when you speak of the very normal size of her headgear, Una will answer like this:

“Ah, but you don’t see how her face looks.”

“Is she walking on or off a raft?” she says.

And if she says she’ll tell you, so won’t keep a foot cold in his heels and his temper for a ten-year period of inaction. And if she says she’ll talk, she means it literally. There will be no coy evasions.

We, here in Hollywood, know the movie stars have to think a lot about themselves, and for that reason we’re glad to be satisfied with anything but movie stars.

Claudette is the only one who ever theatre her hands and will the repurlor jobs, but the press guy will vote for Claudette any day, because she doesn’t go in for any hanky-panky
drugs—nor if the whole interview wasn’t just one big typographical error!
The smartness of sophistication and the simplicity of youth... the dignity of distinctive design and the gaiety of glamorous color... the symmetry of perfect proportion and the relaxing ease of accurate fit... all are artfully blended to flatter the foot in Queen Quality Shoes.

QUEEN QUALITY SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS, MO.
Division of International Shoe Co.
DOES a thrill run up your back when you attend a wedding? I hope so, for you will be better able to understand my mood as I commence this letter. I have just come from Twentieth Century-Fox Studios where I watched Alice Faye take marriage vows in "Sally, Irene and Mary." I'm brimful of romance and dying to chatter about brides and trousseaus, for I think there's no greater fun in all the world than helping a bride-to-be plan and select her lovely clothes.

As I was leaving the studio I ran into Gwen Wakeling who designed Alice's exquisite wedding gown and from her I gathered trousséu notes galore.

Miss Wakeling's first suggestion for the spring bride was that her clothes be gay—even her wedding gown! For instance, an ice-blue tulle gown printed with miniature bouquets of spring flowers and styled with a bouffant skirt, a tiny waist, a shirred bodice and piquant sleeves—the veil of ice-blue tulle, short, and held to the head with a cluster of flowers to match those printed on her gown.

Miss Wakeling also urges the bride who is to be married in a going-away costume to skip the conventional and plan something really exciting—an outfit that will be sentimentally packed away in a trunk and saved forever for its beauty as well as its memories.

In this year of color Miss Wakeling suggests pastel chiffon tweeds for a going-away ensemble. A frock of slate blue, golden yellow, leaf green or pink beige, simple in cut—straight-line—trimmed only with a novel choker necklace or clip with duplicate bracelet; plus a topcoat of matching color in deeper hue, unfurled (or if furred, preferably with lynx); a hat of felt the shade of the frock with contrast trim to match shoes and bag. Choose the latter in navy blue for green, pink beige or blue, and rust for yellow. Altar-bound, this type of costume is surprisingly flattering; it is smart as punch for honeymoon travel and practical wear.

It's time to talk of trousseau and bridal gowns and brides. Here are some of the smartest wedding proposals ever made in Hollywood.

The topcoat of this wedding costume serves with equal chic to ensemble several other frocks. Let's pretend your coat is ice-blue. Alternate it with frocks of dusty rose, steel grey, green and a gay print or one. You'll have several complete outfits—each individual as the other (in fact, it's breathtaking what smartness you can achieve any wardrobe with one well-chosen coat! set of accessories plus varied frocks).

A trousseau should include at least one jacket frock. Miss Wakeling suggests and navy shear worn with a matching length box jacket of Chinese influence and loose sleeves, a tiny upsized collar and a trim look about the shoulders. If the frock, short-sleeved and slim, with a waist and bosomy blouse in red, and white of those smart navy straw sailors made by Byron with a tiny veil tied around the edge of the brim.

Then from this one smart frock make several by adding a half-dozen extra little jackets. Say a brief bolero of tweed, or a broidered fabric; one of suede in color with matching gloves; a bust-length jacket of fn or one of brushed angora; and, later on in the season, have some of printed linen—and of white piqué.

I COULD go on forever about clothes: the spring bride, but I must get on with this month's news of Hollywood fashions.

"The Joy of Loving" stars Irene Dun and Edward Stevenson has done a magnificent job of dressing her for this picture. In fact, on the set the other day Miss Dun look lovelier than I have ever seen her. She was wearing a purple pansy chiffon wool dress cut with a high neckline, long sleeves and slim skirt which boasted slight front fullnesses. The waistline was girdled with a crush of the dress fabric, and a large cluster of green grapes highlighted the right side of the neckline and matched a wide bracelet. Joie de Hollywood created this exciting jewel.

Kalloch of Columbia is busy creating wardrobe for Joan Blondell to wear in "There's Always a Woman." The outstanding feature of the collection to date is a bolero ensemble of navy cashmere. The frock straight-line with crescent-shaped skirt pockets embroidered in white angora to match those that finish the circular corners of the bolero and trim the closing detail of the seamed fabric belt.

On the Warner Brothers lot Carole Lombard is stunningly gowned by Travis Bant as she films her next gay comedy with Fernand Gravet. Don't miss seeing her. That's all for now. Next month, I'll write about resort and cruise clothes—giving you grand advance hints of summer clothes.
**The Star of Warner Bros.**

"Jezebel"...**Bette Davis**...

**Accents Her Beauty with this New Make-Up**

All Hollywood has discovered, as you will discover, that color is beauty's secret of attraction. To emphasize this attraction, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, created Color Harmony Make-Up...harmonized shades of powder, rouge and lipstick...to bring out the individual beauty of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. Originated for the stars, the luxury of this new kind of make-up is now available to you at nominal prices. Note coupon for special make-up test.

**Powder...**

You'll note the difference the very first time you make up with Max Factor's Face Powder. Amazingly fine in texture, your skin will appear smoother. The color will be more flattering. Hours later your make-up will still be beautiful...$1.00.

**Rouge...**

Rouge must be in color harmony to give a lifelike touch of color to the cheeks. When you first apply Max Factor's Rouge in your color harmony shade, you'll see how much more attractive you'll be...creamy-smooth, it blends easily...50¢.

**Lipstick...**

We give lip make-up a severe test in Hollywood, so you may be sure you can depend upon Max Factor's Lipstick always. It's super-indelible and moisture-proof...two features that keep your lip make-up looking lovely for hours and hours...$1.00.

*_New!* Max Factor's Invisible Make-Up Foundation keeps your make-up smooth and lovely from morning till night.

Max Factor *Hollywood*

---

**Here's Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up for Bette Davis**

To accent the appealing charm of the delicate blonde beauty Bette Davis, the correct color harmony make-up in Max Factor's Face Powder, Blended Rouge and Vermilion Super-Indelible Lipstick.
She Walks in Beauty (Continued from page 32)

*Continued (Continued from page 80)*
And Now—
CURTAINS
CUSTOM BUILT
for Your Home

To the standard line of Quaker Curtains—the line which has cur- tained more American windows than any other—we have added a new Quaker Deluxe line.

This line is designed, hemmed, finished and ornamented to decorators' specifications in "Custom built" style.

The photographs in this page exemplify the note of newness in Quaker Curtains, and their ideal adaptability to curtaining America's interesting homes.

QUAKER CURTAINS

1. are "custom built" to decorators' specifications.
2. are so sheer that they veil your windows without obstructing your view of outdoors.™
3. have a half-century reputation for quality: the ability to wear, wash and retain their beauty indefinitely.

SEND FOR BOOKLET ON CURTAIN PROBLEMS
"Correct Curtains," a booklet containing over 50 photographs of American window problems and solutions, will be mailed for ten cents.

QUAKER LACE COMPANY
330 Fifth Avenue New York

* Quaker Curtains have been described as a series of fine threads tied around a series of holes—then threads preventing outside view from staring into your house; the holes providing maximum vision of outdoors. Only curtains made as Quaker Curtains are made give best this duplex service.

LEGS ARE YOUNG
in QUAKER STOCKINGS

For sheer beauty, dull lustrous glamour and sleekness, there is nothing more beautiful than a Quaker stocking. For all their delicacy, they wear unusually. All year-round, from $1.00 to $1.65. Quaker Hose Company, 330 Fifth Avenue, New York.
She says she "doesn't perspire in winter—yet underarm odor spoils all her charm!"

She's a popular girl, Mary—in summertime! For she wouldn't dream of letting underarm odor spoil a summer romance! She knows that she perspires then because she sees it.

Too bad she neglects underarm precautions as soon as cold weather comes! It's so easy to think you "don't perspire" in winter—to foolishly trust a bath alone to keep you sweet.

Wise girls use Mum! They know that even when there is no underarm moisture, odor is there. A penetrating odor that clings to heavy woollens, to tight, close-fitting sleeves. An odor that can be prevented before it starts—

If you follow up your bath with Mum! MUM IS QUICK. Just half a minute to use! Apply it even after you've dressed.

MUM IS SAFE. Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, nor irritates the skin. It's actually soother even after underarm shaving!

MUM IS SURE. Mum's protection lasts all day. No worries about hot rooms or warm clothes. Mum makes unpleasantness impossible. Use Mum every day...you'll be a girl men like all year round.

IT TAKES MORE THAN A BATH—IT TAKES MUM

Along with unusual jewelry, Del Rio wears unusual clothes. Dramatic clothes. She hates anything that is inimitated. She insists on designing her own. She's the first to pick up new fashions, to find the success of a lovely, unapproachable design in others, and to make herself unique. This was the case with M-G-M.

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(continued from page 78)
The Miracle at the John Barretmorens

(Continued from page 26)

"Ask fate, ask Winchell," he was bored, maybe he was right. In any case, Elaine Jacobs is a telephone call that every day. John Barrymore. Are you the young woman who wrote me a letter? All right, I'll see you at the theater tomorrow." Then Jacobs arrived—a dark-haired girl with a poise beyond her years, not of experience but of fear—"Why do you want to interview me?"

"Tell her, I was when I was twelve or thirteen. I fell in love with you."

"He cocked that eyebrow. "Very interesting. What was I playing?"

"He lunged back his head and whooped, "No wouldn't! His amusement left his own. "Best gag that's ever pulled on me," he moaned at point falling. "So when you've been married, and you think you've had young honesty, to her large," he added, "to a spirit and zest that are his own. He found himself, falling in love with her." What she is conjecture. One can guess that if Barrymore and Elaine got married, they would be happy in marriage, Elaine, while she might not have got her interview, would certainly certainly been happy in the marriage and career of her life. Inwardly, at any rate, and wife and husband and wife must have all of the associations of the marriage. Barren's sole and deep concern with the aspect of the affair is that once it's all over, her name is not forgotten by his."

As for Barrymore, his eyes soften at mention of Carole's name. "Tobot and MacArthur wrote that play," he told me. "Gene Fowler had the hand in the screen version. When they got me, the whole fullness resolved itself into a portrayal of the real me. Then along came Carole like a siren from the desert and found her destined niche. We people were all bitten by the dotrice fly at birth. I never met Gene Fowler's mother or Carole's; they never met mine. But I think if those three ladies could have seen themselves together, you'd have found them both in joyous collapse on each other's shoulders."

Don't ask Carole whether Barrymore was cast in her picture because she insisted on having him. She'll turn into a small tornado. "Go fly a kite," she'll tell you. "I had nothing to do with it. Neither did anyone else but Barrymore. When a studio's lucky enough to have the services of the finest actor in Hollywood and a part that yells for him to play it, whom would you expect them to put into it—Mickey Mouse? They don't need me to teach them their business. If they did, my name'd be Zukor and I'd wear pants."

That as it may, the rumor persists. And whether or not she's concealing the facts, Carole made no secret of her joy when Barrymore appeared on the set for work. She all but beat drums and clashed cymbals. Like a dotting mother, boasting with pride and pleasure, she brought up members of the crew and cast to be introduced. Never what one would call a phlegmatic person, her spirits that day seemed to touch an all-time high.

Barrymore, given his fattest part at Paramount, proceeded to furnish triumphant proof of the fact that he still belongs to the theater's royal fam-

I'VE GOT A DATE!

SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIEST WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

HERES HOW CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP WORKS... ITS RICH, DEEP-CLEANING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY OIL AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH ITS UNGESSING PERFUME CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN!

MARVELLOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap on both face and body. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics, leaving your skin cleaner, softer... more radiant and alluring.

NOW ONLY 10' WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET COLLECTIBLE SOAP

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTRY—BATE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

at drug, department, ten-cent stores

(Continued from page 26)

The fact that, despite misunderstandings, these diverse people have clung to each other, are happy in each other. Like all the world, Hollywood laughed at them. Well, Hollywood, who knew them better than the rest of the world, has stopped laughing. It has seen John with pride from a swirl of emotions upheaved into a haven of peace. It has seen John the mercurial turn into John the steady. It has seen him content to spend his evenings playing (of all things!) parlor games with his wife and mother-in-law, laughing at his expense as he watches Elaine's discreet maneuvers to throw the play first to one, then the other, unmasking her at length. "You moved this piece to help your mother, now you've got to move that one to help me," chortling over her discomfiture, and asking no greater evening's diversion.

It has seen John (who once worked when he chose and, when he didn't, studied what they knew what he could do) give his best picture to picture again picture at Paramount, climaxing the whole with his superb performance in "True Confession." It has seen his tormented eyes grow clear, his haggard face smooth. And who can have said the charge? Why shouldn't Hollywood take off its hat to her?

Rumor has it that another woman was in part responsible for his confidence in "True Confession." Ever since Carole Lombard came into her own as the lead opposite Barrymore in "20th Century," he's been missing his previousrv. At last, again and she has said: "He taught me more in six weeks than I'd learned in six years before knowing him."

As for Barrymore, his eyes soften at mention of Carole's name. "Tobot and MacArthur wrote that play," he told me. "Gene Fowler had the hand in the screen version. When they got me, the whole fullness resolved itself into a portrayal of the real me. Then along came Carole like a siren from the desert and found her destined niche. We people were all bitten by the dotrice fly at birth. I never met Gene Fowler's mother or Carole's; they never met mine. But I think if those three ladies could have seen themselves together, you'd have found them both in joyous collapse on each other's shoulders."

Don't ask Carole whether Barrymore was cast in her picture because she insisted on having him. She'll turn into a small tornado. "Go fly a kite," she'll tell you. "I had nothing to do with it. Neither did anyone else but Barrymore. When a studio's lucky enough to have the services of the finest actor in Hollywood and a part that yells for him to play it, whom would you expect them to put into it—Mickey Mouse? They don't need me to teach them their business. If they did, my name'd be Zukor and I'd wear pants."

That as it may, the rumor persists. And whether or not she's concealing the facts, Carole made no secret of her joy when Barrymore appeared on the set for work. She all but beat drums and clashed cymbals. Like a dotting mother, boasting with pride and pleasure, she brought up members of the crew and cast to be introduced. Never what one would call a phlegmatic person, her spirits that day seemed to touch an all-time high.

Barrymore, given his fattest part at Paramount, proceeded to furnish triumphant proof of the fact that he still belongs to the theater's royal fam-
ly in more than name. When the picture was previewed, he was offered a long-term contract. He asked Elaine what she thought.

"Are you comfortable there? Do you like the people? Well then, why not stay where you're happy?"

Beyond that suggestion, she refused to influence him.

"Living with me," said her husband, "is a little like living with one of Sir Henry Morgan's Buccaneers. When you put the long pants on them, they're likely to chafe a bit. When you give them advice, they look at the other side and it becomes intensely attractive, merely by virtue of its being the other side.

Elaine doesn't give advice. If she fulfills the functions of a college professor, she's at least unobtrusive about it. Myself, I can conceive of no pleasanter lot than to be guided unwares by a college professor to her attributes of Elaine. She was born wise. She was also born, thank the propitiatory stars, with a sense of humor.

Looking back to the turbulent phase of their marriage, was it that caused all the excitement? A girl loved a man and said so. That pleased the Hollywood natives. It also amazed the man John Barrymore for a while.

"When we got on a train," John said, "the representatives of the press would come up and ask questions. I was always in a sweat. You must understand that through all these vicissitudes I had become a little—ah—gun shy, I believe, is the word. I was always wondering what the devil Elaine would find to say next. Gradually, through our association, it was borne in on me that I was worrying about nothing. Whatever she found to say, she said it with a sweet simplicity and that directness which disarms. She was so damned direct that it is impossible to lie to her.

"When at first I attempted to correct what I mistakenly considered the error of her ways, she'd ask why—she's forever asking why."

"Why? she'd say. 'It's the truth.'

"You can't always tell the truth."

"Better than a lie. People know you're lying, and hunt for dreadful things behind it. If you tell the truth, then, even if you lie, like me, at least there's nothing worse to hunt for."

"That gave me to think. I was once a member of your loathsome profession myself."

He caused his eyebrows to bristle severely at me. "And I knew the traditional ways of divas with the newspaper boys and divas like me..."

"Are you going to marry So-and-so?"

"March Versus Stage"

(Continued from page 22)

"Hyde." Now don't make me out any noble spurner of cash. I appreciate money and what it can do for you as well as the next, and I was just as eager to get my due. But here I was earning more thousands than I'd ever hoped to earn before, and I was so impressed by the go in and ask for more thousands. I couldn't do it with a straight face. So I didn't do it.

"All right. When my five-year contract was up, I wanted to do it always. For several reasons. Primarily, because it would give me more freedom as to choice of story material. Because you're grateful to the movies is no reason, to my mind, for ignoring the fact that they have their weaknesses—even as you and

L. Mine's a cola color," he observed paradoxically. "What's yours?"

As I told him, down to the smallest detail, you can't turn into a star: it's an investment of piece of property. I thought the studios sometimes fail to handle these investments wisely. I do build them up. I don't miss all the possibilities. You go into a big plot like 'Jekyll and Hyde,' then you shunt into some minor effort that people see. By so much, your va, depresses, it's one step forward, because you can turn the studio's fault. They don't have ex big pictures. Stories are their #1 need and always will be. Luckily for me, I didn't have to solve the studio's problems. Only my own.

"I also thought I was making

The New
Evening in Paris face powder
with skin affinity*
vy pictures—too many for the public, much less for the bank account, too many for my health and morale. People get sick of you when they see you often—in person or on TV—and I can’t blame you. You can keep more yourself by earning less, and with time you save you can rest or travel. I don’t blame you. I have no will to sign another two-year contract. Those people called me that I play your agent. You are not going to keep complete security for you and the two children. That worth another two years, I decided.

That time I stuck to it. I felt like active golf ball, with every corner a putt, but I stuck to it. I’m in style, offers pour in from all a. They call your agent. Your agent wants to free-lance—he say, Boloney! Let me talk to him, call his bluff. Your agent says, I made up his mind. They say, ask Tom and Dick and Harry. Try ok at em. You can’t even find em. A ‘Becoming free-lanced.’

Finally they write you letters—in the oldest style. I’m telling you this your own good, Freddie. At the end of a year, if you persist in your vie, you’ll be earning half your presalary. At the end of two years, I’ll be the same. Keep this letter, it away in your safe. I’ll save us the pain of a personal I-told-you-so. The shoulders, “That’s shuddering,” he explained.

What did you do at the end of the years?

I’m reported. “Like a noble fellow, I clamed from gloating and tore the up.

Being wrong wasn’t the worst of it. That was bad enough. But if dare hint that you’d like to go to the theater for a while, you have to go only to see you. One of our best actresses was raging for a fine play on Broadway. I can’t be of it, I said. Her agent said, can’t get her. She’s rehearsing.”

Rehearsing for what?

She’s rehearsing for a Broadway production.’

“Nonsense! She doesn’t want to do lay.

It seems she does. She’s been regarded for three weeks.”

“Well, what’s the cost of the rehearsals—” I’ll pay her. Get her out here.

“Listen,” said the agent. “I’ll talk you and plain. It’s a question of a path or money. She wants—“

“I don’t believe it,” said the producer. So the agent hung up.

I think that can happen to you. The industry’s growing up. In all artforms—including publicity, save—her head. Even the great starrs were told to keep their ees and husbands in the dark—it was passed to enhance their importance ap scare such peppercorn.

I’ll never forget the time to March, we got a divorce and asked me in seriousness, “If you and Mrs. Robbins or getting a divorce, would you go along with it? I give you my word, I told them with my jaws open and didn’t snap ‘em shut again. It’s a symposium,” she said.

I was a dozen players: the eee question. Purely theoretical, you understand. They’re all happily mar-

It’s just to give our readers an

By that time I got my breath back. I’ve never lent the matter any sight. We’re never going to. Give readers that idea, will you?

Not long after, this writer was married herself. I phoned her. “If you and Mr. So-and-so were marrying, would you go to Reno or Paris—or Timbuctoo?”

She sputtered for a moment, and then she caught on. “OK, Freddie,” she said, “I had it coming.”

“Well, that couldn’t happen today, either. And yet when you talk about going back to the stage, there’s still this business of curling the lip and giving you the wink—let’s call it a half curl and a quarter wink—since it’s not quite so incredulous as it used to be.”

He turned to me abruptly. “Do you like string beans? My mistake. But suppose you did like string beans. That wouldn’t make it a crime to like callilflower, too. I happen to like both. Each has its points.

“Having played to millions, I want to play to thousands again, or to hundreds or tens. Having gone out in a can, I want to go out in the flesh, get the feel of the theater, that sense of audience reaction. I’ve got no picture commitments at the moment, we’ve found a play, and I’m free to go. That’s all there is to it. Simple as that.

“Another thing. Mrs. March has it coming to her. When we came to Hollywood, she was an established actress, far better known than I was. She gave all that up. I’m not painting her as a lily-white martyr, or saying she made a terrific sacrifice. I wanted a home and she wanted the children, and out here she could have them. Just the same, the stage in your blood, it’s there to stay. Now I’m no lily-white martyr, either. Get this straight. If Mrs. March weren’t involved, the stage would still have called for me. With her in the same boat, the pull’s that much stronger.

“Don’t think we have no misgivings. We’re bound to have. In fact, if you want the truth, we’re both scared to death. But that’s part of the game. If you knew in advance what was going to happen, you’d miss half the excitement. It wouldn’t be the theater, it wouldn’t be a rest cure. Which is all right, if that’s what you’re looking for. Only we’re not.

“We think we have a good play. If the public doesn’t—” He shrugged. “If they pan the daylights out of us, we can take it. At least, we’ve tried.”

So Mrs. March went on ahead with the children, while her husband finished, “The Buccaneer.” Tony and Penny had been to New York before, and were wildly excited at the prospect of returning. So was their cocker spaniel, Coco.

The day I saw them, Coco had come in to help with the packing. A dozen times little Penelope had to fish him out of a trunk drawer where he had set himself in token of his readiness to depart.

Far away in New York, they drew, for Daddy’s edification, pictures of all they see and do—with captions dictated to them by them.

“This is Penny and Tony playing in Central Park.”

“This is Penny and Tony waiting for the snow to fall but it didn’t fall yet. When will it?”

“This is Penny and Tony in the elevator train. They have brushes in the ceiling to hold the people.”

And at the end of every letter: “When are you coming, Daddy?”

He practically at his way the day I saw him—to Florence and Penny and Tony, three of his loves.

From the stage, his fourth love, he was to know personal success but though the play proved too steep for Broadway.

But, regardless, in Hollywood ready to welcome him on his return, waits his fifth love, the screen.
equal Irene Dunne, whose loveliness is
of the kind rarely found in Hollywood
or elsewhere. Freshness that radiates
that grand SOH (Sense of Humor)
which is much better than the much ad-
vertised SA.
As Grant, Cary Grant is perfect. May
we see many pictures with the three of
you together.
ELEANOR ALLAN,
Buffalo, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
WEE WITTY WITHERS

Bouquets by all means—give them to Jane Withers. She's my favorite of all the
card stars, and, according to her
box-office rating, I think the general
public likes her, too.
She is the Tom Sawyer of yesterday,
modernized and dressed in skirts today;
but at heart there's not really a great
difference between the two of these lo-
able, laughable naughty children. They
both represent the all-around 100%-
American child, the kind of healthy ani-
mal you love to see, the children who,
despite all their misadventures, turn out
to be fine citizens.
To me, Jane Withers is the most hu-
man of all the child stars. She acts the
way all kids would if they dared—
just the way you and I wanted to act
when we were her age. She calls back
a happy childhood to adults, and creates
an exciting one for children. More
power to her, and more fun for her fans.
Mrs. Raymond J. Ross,
Bridgeport, Conn.

$1.00 PRIZE
WE SECOND THE MOTION

I'd like to nominate a new star for
Hollywood. His name wasn't mentioned
in the major credit lines, but certainly
one of the greatest performances in all
time should be credited to the special
effect man who staged the superb se-
quence in Sam Goldwyn's "Hurricane."
With his guidance has come one of
the most spectacular storms in cinema his-
tory. He has blended all known terror
and suspense into an unforgettable
quarter-hour e-i-ne-a masterpiece.
Surely the masterful skill and show-
manship of the special effect man who
made this scene prove his right to a
place in movieland's Hall of Fame.
I. E. WARD,
Long Island City, N. Y.

All credit to "special effects" man
James Basevi for his twenty-minute
"blow," which not only stunned the in-
habitants of the South Sea Islands in
the "Hurricane," but awed audiences
everywhere. Mr. Basevi has also made
earthquakes—as in "San Francisco"—in-
crust plagues—as in "The Good Earth."
Nice work if you can get it!

$1.00 PRIZE
THANK YOU, MRS. SMITH!

I came to de-ride—I stayed to admire.
My opinion of movie magazines was as
a rose in a mud puddle—there might be a
trifle worth reading in them but it
wasn't worth all the mud one had to
wade through to get there. When I
brought home your January Photoplay
my husband looked at me in astonish-
ment. I explained I admired the photo-
graphy (said nothing about having
seen an article on style and beauty) and
decided to satiate my curiosity re-
garding the audacity of anyone's charg-
ing twenty-five cents for comments on
the Hollywood factory and its workers.
After finishing Photoplay I realized
the part movies play in America's cul-
ture, and understood for the first time
that the beautiful women and handsome
men of pictures are real flesh-and-fig
people from whose life stories one
gains real inspiration. I
know now that movies and cinsemia
movies should be part of my educa-
tion for living and even discovered
me for my two-minute weekly church.
Thank you, Photoplay.
Mrs. CLARE SULLY
Jackson, Michigan.

$1.00 PRIZE
BOYER, TAKE THE COUNT

Hats off to Charles Boyer in "A
quest" on three counts: first, be-
cause of his sharply etched characternites
Napoleon. It is as though he had sta-
ed out of the very pages of history to
live the romantic and dramatic
ment's of "the little emperor." Nor-
leon's wild fantastic dreams of brief
Europe under one government, his
cocksure confidence in himself, and
charm—all are here in Boyer's for
portrayal.
Second, because through him Garbo
becomes a radiant, vivid woman.
As Marie Walewska, whose bunt
hope is to save the Emperor from
litical destruction and to find sec-
and happiness in their flaming love,
Garbo becomes spirited and intense
he as though Boyer challenged her
awaken and find the Garbo who
thrilled to John Gilbert.
Third, because Garbo and Boyer
ceeded in doing what no actor is
upposed to do: steal the show.

SALOME PARKER/BURLINGTON, Seattle, Wa.

$1.00 PRIZE
RAPS AND SCALLIONS

A couple of Boos and a boisterous
scallions to the makers of "The Bar-
Here was a splendid opportunity
to make a thrilling screen drama of a
oping story, but it turned out to
series of close-ups of Jean Parker's
James Ellison reciting endless didle
c Rex Bech's stirring tale of the
rush days of Alaska was filmed
ten years ago. It was a gripped
play with a fight sequence to
be passed all screen houses in any
years. There was a fight that
fight.
In the present version, Leo Car
ishes off the villain much too
and most of the scrap is out of the
spectator. Then, when one is
in the mood of the play of the
Northwest, Jean Parker bursts into
while washing dishes by a
something about "Moonlit Path
spills the illusion. Carrillo
sings. I don't think Beach thought that.
In the old days, film probe
the story and left the boy
Pin Pan Alley alone.

HARRY BAILEY
Los Angeles, Cal

The first time "The Beverly
filmed was in 1917. Rex Beach pro-
traged itself with Mabel Jullanne
Necia, Mitchell Lewis as Polons,
Victor Sutherland as Lieve. Bur
d by the crew, it was followed by M
with Marceline Day, Mario Carillo
Norman Kerry in the chief orde-
rôles. Lionel Barrymore was the
lating Stark Bennett in the 1926 vers
As "tabbed" had not arrived then, to
ually both the above were aban

$1.00 PRIZE
A BACHELOR SPEAKS

You ladies may coo and sigh
Taylor, Flynn and Gable. You
Hollywood peace! (Slap!)

"Merry-Go-Round or FRESH say give. Soon they I might resemble "e silence id uld i>pe own ather and I row cck. Billy in the jag ved of siers. PRIZE acting live the ships.

I'll Field, never avoid the mighty Davidson, official of the world's holland and Billy and Bobby a mighty pat on back. (Slap) I live the Mack Twins and may row up to be real pipe-smoking resold and unmanpered, just as I give as to take. When I'm in as where I soon hope to be, I call on them in person.

E. (The Minnesota Blizzards) David, Kettle River, Minnesota.

PRIZE MY POINT OF VIEW Being born and brought up in the with an aviator for a father, I was tried to stay away from all wars and avoid all aviation films. The ships were so old you could time knocking in the en they were so new that even ly had never heard of them. On an Armistice Day I decayed a film with my dad for these films went to see "The Road Back." It own at the road at one another's emotions in strife. It was one of the people that I shall hope to see. The characters might have been anywhere in the country following any confusion, the turmoil, the up could have been the same. Acting was near perfection, the colors the feelings of men lost "the road back." The photo was split, together, it was a striking drama of men who cried for peace and truth and look in vain the end of their old life.

HELEN DOWE, Mitch Field, Hempstead, N. Y.

PRIZE ME AND SLAMS There is nothing so dismaying as con-tumacies of previous successes. We have been so surfeited with mistakes that we almost feel like getting up in our seats and screaming. Advertisements in newspapers read "It's another 'Thin Man' or "Another 'It Happened One Night.'" Comedy can be overdone, and if the producers think they are putting a feather in their caps by offering their best stars in the weak and ridiculously silly situations, they are serving up at the same time, fast, they are as crazy as the "screwy" plots of the stories. Metro's latest comedy opus, "Double O. 0. 0," is the biggest insult anyone could proffer to the supreme talents of the versatile and skillful stars, Myrna Loy and Bill Powell. It was a cruel blow to their vast audiences. It's up to Metro to get busy and rectify this mistake by giving those two stars a spiffy, modern and smartly intelligent comedy as soon as they can get around to it. It's about time someone put an end to this whole goddamned idea. After all, we don't want to go back to the old Keystone days.

WILLIAM L. McCARTHY, Springfield, Mass.

S1.00 PRIZE GLAMOUR—JUST GLAMOUR Thank you for proving what I have for so long endeavored to prove. In a recent issue you published two con-trary photographs of Marlene Dietrich, the first showing her as a plain German girl, the other showing her as the "glamour queen" of Hollywood. I'm sorry, but I disagree with you. The only beauty I see in the second picture is painted on; the same effect can be achieved by anyone, with a mask. That is all Miss Dietrich's face is—a mask. There is no emotion or reality there. But the other picture. To me, the first picture shows real beauty, humanity, warmth and character. What is glamour without character? Her face plainly shows the determination, sensibility and courage that put her where she in today. In other words, why is it bad taste to show your good qualities?

MARGY DAVIS, San Francisco, Calif.

S1.00 PRIZE AUDIBLE AND ADMIRABLE In the twenties there was Rudolph Valentino in "The Sheik," John Gilbert in "His Hour" and Ronald Colman in "Next Year in Jerusalem." All the great romantics, all heirs to the glamorous traditions of the finest swashbuckler of them all Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. But Valentino has ridden into his last sunset, and Gilbert has lived and died, finding failure after success as cold and empty a movie as the Russian street across which he pursued his heroine. Only Colman remains to come back in "The Prisoner of Zenda" after a series of Bud Booth and Sydney Carton to remind us that romance and adventure are still the most pleasing ingredients of a cinema play. As I see it, his performance is the resumption of a tradition. In his Radcliffe he took all the great swashbucklers of the silent era are audible.

SHIRLEY DOWE, New York, N. Y.

YOU'LL miss a lot in life if you stay in the rut of old habits and never risk a FRESH start. Take your cigarette, for instance. If your present brand is often dry or soggy, don't stay "spliced" to that stale number just because you're used to it.

Make a fresh start by swinging over to FRESH, Double-Mellow Old Golds... the cigarette that's tops in tobacco quality... brought to you in the pink of smoking condition by Old Gold's weather-tight, double Cellophane package.

That extra jacket of Cellophane brings you Old Gold's prize crop tobacco with all their rich, full flavor intact. Those two gate crashers, danapress and dryness, can never muscle in on that double-sealed, climate-proof O. G. package.

It's never too late for better smoking! Make a FRESH start with those always FRESH Double-Mellow Old Golds.

THREE DAMP FOOLS SCREWBALLS by birth (and preference)—all the world's a stage for those merry zanies—the RITZ BROTHERS. Read their hilarious story in

APRIL PHOTOPLAY

Copyright, 1939, by P. L. O. U. G., Inc.
lack of vitality, that bigness of personality which the screen later captured. She always seemed to me to fit the screen as though it had been tailored for her. The theater was never big enough, somehow.

In the beginning, neither of them recognized what was happening to them. She had never had a real love affair. She usually just went along because she was such good fun on a party. Her popularity was great, but it was impersonal, impersonal. Everybody loved her, but no man was in love with her. And her heart was hungry for love, understood love, visioned its great and extravagant beauty and its heights and depths so much better than the hearts of some of the girls who won it or its imitations so easily.

They drifted, without much thought, into a constant companionship. He said once to a friend of hers that she was the only woman he had ever known who was "all there." He missed nothing in his close friendship with her. Even then, I am sure, there was a quality of grandeur about her which perhaps grew in scale as she grew older. And of one thing concerning him we may be sure. It was in him to love the highest when he saw it and that is something rarer in men than we sometimes realize.

He had been, in those months, that he was falling in love with her, he would have told her sooner the secret that had to come out at last. That, at least, is what she always believed. Perhaps, quite literally, he forgot. He was a forgetful young man, easily carried along upon the pleasant stream of life, enjoying and grasping the moment. Or it may be that, in what he regarded as a friendship with this woman who made him laugh, who was so fine a comrade, there was nothing that made it necessary for him to reopen old wounds and drag out the dead past.

When he did tell her, it was too late for either of them. Whichever way they moved then, heartbreak stared them in the face.

If I suppose, a commonplace little story of love. But you stop to think, you will realize that stories grow commonplace because they happen so often to real men and women.

He was married.

I do not know, of course, a great deal about that early marriage. But it had been, from his point of view, very unhappy. He had been very young when he married; there had been children; and then, as she knew, a long parting before he had come to her. He told her little about that marriage except that he hadn't lived with his wife for years.

But he admitted from the very beginning that there was no possibility of a divorce. His wife, he said, did not believe in divorce and would fight against it under any circumstances.

The news, coming as it did after the glory of discovering that at last she had found love and a great love, must have been a crescendo of despair. For she was, above all things, the sort of woman who wanted marriage and children. A mother woman, as Hollywood knew; for she envied everyone that came within her reach for years.

They faced all the facts together.

They were, you see, two very real, very human, very alive people. And I think they were both honest with themselves and with each other.

Forbidden Great Loves of Hollywood

She was by nature a giver. A flirt. She gave bounteously, with her hands; she couldn't deny love an a fort and peace to anyone. Yet she had been brought up in a rigid moral. To live without him seemed impossible, like choosing a living death. And the long, long years ahead with his voice, his state, his blue eyes in her thought of him caused him to stand and cut out her heart.

That's the way she loved—she could love a man.

To live with him meant to go against her own code and meant giving up forever the days she longed for motherhood that she had been for.

I don't think she had any really. It simply wasn't possible to give him up, to send him away. So she gave him everything, the great wave of song and beauty that we called patriotism.

Then came the War. Of course her went, among the Born adventurer, he couldn't stay. So she gave him the loving goodbye of loved ones to carry on his own behalf and to carry on the life they had built together and go on, and time her life.

But to break it blew every day to carry your head high and keep your eyes bright is to me so great a thing. I believe it stands at the very top in man's courage.

The sight of him in that wheel was something that broke her heart first—and went on breaking every day for years. The sight of him struggling with his head bent and his arms outstretched, with an empty sleeve at his right hand. And sometimes, with his aching man, his hand on a table, his arm outstretched, with his with his hand on a table, his arm outstretched, with his hand on a table, his arm outstretched.

Sight of him in that wheel, she thought, that broke her heart first and went on breaking every day for years. The sight of him struggling with his head bent and his arms outstretched, with an empty sleeve at his right hand. And sometimes, with his aching body, hands behind his back, with his arms outstretched, with his hand on a table, his arm outstretched, with his

Oh, she must have wanted to see him.

But she did not. She was a woman. So, instead, she brought to a price that I think no one would ever the great gift of laughter.

She had to bring laughter to him. If he had wept over him, he said, she had died at once. But tears would have drowned forever by the spark of spirit in the story of the every that tried dauntless to outway the witch of his body that was also word thing in a wheel chair.

Dreskin COOLIES—by The Makers of Italian Balm and Dreskin

Special Introductory Offer

Large Jar Pads .......................... $1.00
Compact ................................ 25
Dreskin COOLIES—by Campana
We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 56)

is a philosopher, is amused. He tends to us: "Look closely now. She does have a beautiful shape, you know why? Her figure is normal, perfectly proportioned. You go to a race track or a dance where she is beautifully dressed. Or if you go hunting and every ant you shoot is like another, you're all beautiful. It is a whole world..."

A red-eyed, onluminous race horse, which wears no pins, is Anyone will not know anything about the "famous Hollywood dollars,"

king that Thought for Today in mental script, we head for the Bata Shoe Factory. We are the "Awful" 

Dunne is doing another funny comedy, "The Joy of Loving." It is about a glamorous and interesting topic, the "LIPSTICK MAN." To make up the costume, two women and a man from the Brussels, France, are working together on the new style of lipstick. They are the one that earns Hollywood dollars.

TO BE LUCKY IN LOVE, says this famous star, you must look your very lovely. There's a danger in misty makeup... odds and ends of unmatched cosmetics that can't possibly look well together—or on you!

ARE YOU SURE your makeup matches? Are you sure it matches you? You are, when you wear Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. For the face powder, rouge, and lipstick—your eye makeup, too—are in complete color harmony. It's makeup that matches you... for it's keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes!

ARTISTS, fashion experts, beauty editors—and thousands of girls who wear it—agree this eye-matched makeup flatters all your features—your skin, your hair, your type! Stage and screen stars, lovely women everywhere, find Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup brings them immediate new beauty.

THE PRICE IS LOW... and you needn't wait to buy a complete set. Start now... buy that lipstick you need—or rouge—or face powder in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup... only 55c each (Canada 65c). For your type and drug or department store will recommend...
from one angle, and it does seem as though she might have a few of the boys buffalos.

Let's begin back in 1934 when the monetary compensation provided by Carole's Paramount contract was already a four-figured affair. One fine fall day, shortly before that contract was to expire, Carole approached her bosses and informed them that she wouldn't sign another contract unless they tripled her salary.

Well—they laughed at her. But the determined actress stood by her thunderbolt. She thought she was worth that much to them. They could think it over.

They had cause to think. When they discovered Carole was serious they stopped laughing. They countered with offers of considerably less sums. They pleaded and coaxed, and one or two of her bosses were guilty of a few historical tricks of their own—but Carole got her salary tripled.

TWO years later, we hit another high spot in her career: a spot at which we find her at odds with her producer over what was then her current picture. For obvious reasons, both the picture and the producer had best remain unnamed.

The picture had been two weeks in production when the producer decided it was all a terrible mistake, and that he'd best scrap the whole shootin' match.

Carole differed. She went straight to the producer's office and said so. Pardon her, but if they'd just make these few changes—why—the story would be as good as any they had on the lot.

In the end, Carole's suggestions were put into effect and the picture was completed, which amounted to historic leniency on the part of a motion-picture producer. The success of that picture surpassed everyone's wildest dreams—except Carole's.

A few months later, the same situation occurred in reverse. Paramount assigned the blonde explosive to a picture, and this time it was Carole who wanted it scrapped. She refused to put on a single false eyelash unless the studio would assign her a gag writer (of her own choice) to go over the script scene by scene. Such adamantine behavior does not usually enhance one's desirability in the eyes of producers—but against Carole's demands were granted.

**People** also refer, quite colorfully Carole's last contract with Paramount. On the strength of that agreement, Lombard functioned more importantly in the guidance of her own career if any other contract-star in Hollywood with the possible exception of Gable. Again she asked to have her salary tripled, and it was. She named number of pictures she would make per year. She had the privilege of mak her own deal for one vehicle outside studio every twelve months—and usually most producers would cut it off. She was not grant particularly to stars like Carole whom they could have demanded $5,000 on a loan-out deal.

Besides those items, Carole exerted a ruler's control over almost every phase of her productions. She chose her own directors, okayed her own supporting casts, named her own cinema photograph and her own "still" man. Whether worked on or off the Paramount Paramount's Travis Banton designed picture wardrobes. No one could ask to work after six o'clock in the evening and she refused to begin a picture, unless the script was compiled before the starting date. Not a sin was "still" picture of her could be made until it had passed through her hands. She made no fashion sitter. Her attitude toward publicity was strict, and while several Hollywood respondents had a few things to say about it, no authority at the studio questioned it. She refused interviews right and left, and she expressly instructed the studio publicity department to for about her.

When that contract expired in Mar, 1937, Carole did not sign another. No she has only a 'gentlemen’s agreement' with Paramount to deliver her services for two pictures a year, and with B. Seitznick for one picture a year—if he offers the right stories.

Today, then, Carole is her own f agent; virtually, an artistic dictator in does have to make a picture for anybody unless all matters are arranged suit her. So it's no wonder, really, if people are gasping. But consider that other angle.

If Carole lacked anything between...
carole lombard the calendar said: "SOME OTHER TIME"

MIDOL said: "NOW!"

In the Palm of Your Hand

Your first finger is known as Jupiter; the second, middle, Saturn; the third, Apollo; and the fourth or little finger, Mercury.

To be normal in length, Jupiter should reach to the middle of the upper part of Saturn. Saturn, the balance wheel, should dominate your entire hand. Apollo should reach the middle of the upper part of Saturn. Mercury should reach to the beginning of the upper part of Apollo. Any divergence from these lengths adds to the strength of one finger and takes away from the strength of another. For this reason be sure to discover if one finger actually is long, or merely seems so because of the unusual shortness of the one with which you are comparing it.

Also, notice very carefully if the finger which appears to be shorter only seems so because it is set lower on your palm.

Today, more and more women who once let the calendar dictate many of their activities have discovered how needless it is to live in dated dread of severe periodic functional pain.

You should be one of them, enjoying this new freedom. If you are not, get Midol before another month rolls around. For, unless you have some organic disorder demanding a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol in all probability can help you "carry on" in comfort.

Most women who try Midol find it permits them to go through the days of menstruation physically and mentally carefree. Midol is offered for this sole purpose—easing the unnatural pain of a natural process. It acts quickly. In all but unusual instances it brings definite relief. Many women declare they have no pain at all—or even discomfort—since they learned to rely on Midol.

Get Midol, and "be yourself!" Instead of favoring yourself, saving yourself, let Midol take care of the pain. Two tablets should see you through your worst day. Drugstores have Midol on the counter in convenient purse-size tins.

The Calendar said: "SOME OTHER TIME"

In the Palm of Your Hand

(Continued from page 68)
WHICH COLOR WILL BE YOUR LUCKY STAR?

See how one of these ten thrilling new face powder colors will win you new radiance, new compliments, new luck!

Don’t it make you happy to get that second look from others—that interested glance which says, “You look stunning!”? But maybe you haven’t heard a compliment on your skin in a month. Is honest with yourself—have you? If not—did you ever wonder why?

But don’t be too quick to blame yourself—when maybe it’s not you, but your face powder that’s at fault. For you know that the wrong powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift. "Why, my face powder isn’t like that," you say. But how do you know it isn’t? For there’s only one way to find out. See with your own eyes the electrifying change that comes over your skin when you apply a lifelike, friendly, flattering color.

Where is this transforming color? It’s in one of the ten glorifying new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. But you don’t have to buy these colors to find which one may be your lucky star. For I will send you all ten, free and postpaid, because I’m so anxious to help you help yourself.

Let me help you find your color

When my gift arrives—try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then STOP at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours. See what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft I leave your skin!" You’ll see how the color seems to spring from within... it’s so natural, so lifelike, so much a part of you.

Have you a lucky penny?

Here’s how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Powder. Mail the coupon today.

If it is set low on your palm it takes away some of the qualities of that particular finger. If all your fingers are set evenly on your palm, it means that you possess some of the qualities of each finger, and that you are well balanced and versatile and will stand a very good chance of accomplishing your dreams. A good example of a woman's hands, well balanced as to shape, length and proportion of fingers, and markings, is that of Cecilia Parker's, illustrated on the opening pages of this article, with the analysis of my findings below. Her hands show independence and determinations. They are the hands of one who has won her way on her own.

FINGERS:—please note that the two middle fingers of Cecilia's hands are held closer together than the other fingers. This tells you that Cecilia is broad-minded, agreeable to a certain extent, but that she feels the conventions must be respected and that the future must be faced.

FINGERTIPS:—conic. This tells you of romance, quick perception, intuition and gaiety.

THUMB:—small with conic tip. The upper part of Cecilia's thumb shows determination to the point of stubbornness if pushed; but the lower part indicates a person who will both listen and yield to reason, who is very romantic and the man who wows and wins her must appeal to that side of her nature. However, once married to him, she will stick through all sorts of adversity. Love means more to her than money. Cecilia's hands also give a good example of the low-set thumb.

LINES:—if you will study the lines of Miss Parker's right hand with a magnifying glass, you will discover the wide separation of the head line and heart line. This shows a person who is independent in thought and action.

HEART LINE:—this line goes toward the finger tips. This shows idealism; a person who is inclined to put those she loves on a pedestal.

HEAD LINE:—slpes slightly. Some imagination, but an imagination under perfect control.

LINE OF APOLLO:—Cecilia has a good talent line.

It is very important to decide which finger or fingers predominate on a hand. If you take Jupiter and Saturn, you will have the characteristics of both these planets, Jupiter, amition, leadership, religion, a keen sense of honor, vanity, justice, early marriage, fondness for rich food and drink.

If Jupiter reaches beyond the middle of the upper part of its companion finger, Saturn, you possess these characteristics to a marked degree, and should be successful in politics, church work, club work or as an army or naval officer. You are a born leader and organizer and people instinctively turn to you for guidance. If the rest of your lines are good, this line means that you will have something big in store for you.

If the upper part of Jupiter predominate, you are idealistic, and enjoy writing about leaders and politicians and great battles. The middle part predominating will make you a combatant, and if the lower part predominates, you will be a politician or enter some form of politics where you can and will make plenty of money.

The lower part predominating may call for you in politics, law, literature, painting and drinking and the pursuit of sensual pleasures that you will have little control over ambition left with which to carve out a career.

Saturn, your middle finger is, or should be, the longest finger on your hands. If it is not, there is something out of balance in your make-up.

The characteristics of Saturn are prudence, wisdom, sobriety, gloom, superition, love of mysticism, caution, skepticism, love of the old and a decided preference for solitude.

As you can see for yourself, we have some of these characteristics in balance. However, if Saturn is especially long, you possess these characteristics in the extreme and you will meet difficulties as a chemist, engineer, a mathematician, a doctor, or anything having to do with the occult. In investments, she likes real estate. You do not care for art, nor will you make any effort to enhance yourself for others. You care little for art, but you are sympathetic; particularly music that is sad. Often make good composers of this type music. As writers you excel in history, scientific works, mystery stories and works dealing with the occult.

You seldom marry young and, if do, your husband or wife will prove a hard time because you proutolitude to companionship and you are inclined to be moody, sensitive and morbid. You doubt and s at everything and you are very suspicious.

If you are a true Saturnian, you tall and lean and have skin with a yellow tinge to it. You don't in the mind having all the above characteristics, so I don't have to worry about having wounded your feelings or vanity.

The finger of Apollo is the finger talent. Its leading characteristics: musical ability, acting, dancing, cre powers, brilliance, gaiety, virility, imagination and a desire for fame and the companionship of celebrated peers.

If this finger is the same length as Jupiter you are indeed fortunate, for means that you will probably succeed your desires and ambitions. If Apollo is longer than Jupiter, you will excel the arts. An Apollo as long as its finger mate, Saturn, makes you a born gambler and not always a wise one. You will take any risks in an attempt to carry out some ambition. If Apollo is long than Saturn you have no control or your gambling instincts.

If the finger of Apollo dominates your other fingers, you will be successful as an actor, a writer, a singer, dancer or artist. If you have a single strong vertical line directly under the finger Apollo you are a genius and will be well-known for your talent. If you have Wollcott has this talent line. Whenever you see such a line you will know that its possessor is unusually gifted. He or she is already famous it will be interesting for you to study the rest of his hand to discover if yourself where and why you were born.

If you are a true Aquarian you can adapt yourself to everyone and everywhere. You love to be the center of attention and while you are a good friend and a delightful lover you are not always a faithful lover. You can talk well on almost any subject, and if you are thoughtful enough into thinking you know a good deal more than you do. You have a quick and a hot temper, but you can calm it down quickly, so if you think you wish to on occasion. You have an excellent opinion of yourself and see now yourself in other people's eyes.

If the upper part of Apollo predominate, you will succeed as an artist writer or poet.

The second predominating will make you well adapted in business organization, artistic merchandising and commerce.

The third part predominating will...
you to love display, to love show color both for people and in your own appearance. You will make a public figure. A woman, or a social promotion of flashy enterprises. A writer of blatant advertising.

CURY is your little finger, and really, should reach to the line which is the upper part of Apollo from middle part. If Mercury is longer than this, you are a Mercury. If this is longer than this, you are lacking in the Mercury's characteristics. For a Mercurian you are quick reading and physically and know how to everything to your own advantage. You are a shrewd, persuasive, and agile. You love to-study, to see new subjects, and find new of doing things. You are a great admirer of nature. You know how to play upon the susceptibilities of your less astute acquaintances. More clever a person is the more enjoy your victory over him.

Mercurians make fine doctors, diagnosticians, mathematics, women or saleswomen, orators, business and women, actors, teachers, lawyers and social workers. You are an excellent social scientists. You money and you get it, for you are a shrewd business person of the four and it is not difficult for you to the Jupiterians, Saturnarians and onions. The person ruled by Mer- cury is a great imitator; also you may need. You are a rested and of travel. You marry early and end of your mate, loyal to and of him or her. You are a devoted one. You are high-strung.

There are some very bad Mercurians. They have long enmeshed little fingers, and other fingers, shiny eyes, yelow skin and nails like claws or bird's talons. They make excellent robbers, pickpockets, shyster lawyers, quack doctors and confidence men. They also excel in charlatry and fortune telling, preying upon the trust and confidence of honest but unhappy persons. Watch out for them, and don't let them get you in their clutches. They have a low order of intelligence and a high order of shrewdness, craftiness and roguey. They love of money and ease in obtaining it by dishonest methods, has caused many tragedies. Again let us warn you to beware of this type.

If the upper part of the finger of Mercury is longer than the second and third parts, you are very eloquent and will make money as a salesman, orator, actor mimic, writer, advertising man.

When the middle part predominates, you make splendid doctors, lawyers or scientists. With the third part predominating, you will succeed in any business.

Before closing this branch of the study of the hand, let me call your attention to the hand that has fine lines running over the whole surface of the palm in a fine network. Look at the picture of Jane Withers' palms shown you on the opening pages. Study those palms under a microscope. Here is an example of how one will ever find of this network in any condition, and it indicates a person so impressionable as to be psychic. These are the palms of a genius and Jane Withers is only at the beginning of a remarkable career.

One who understands the mysterious markings of palms (notice that the lines are different in every hand) can readily foresee his own and other people's futures. In April PHOTOPLAY, Miss Trotter will explain how easily you can learn to read palms.

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Spencer Tracy Faces Forty

(Continued from page 31)

ture without a good boast of stage from. I haven't got a very good dis- position, as I am apt to be moody. But I enjoy it when I'm feeling low. I can't live by schedule because it is monotonous. I eat and sleep when I'm eating and sleeping, not what the clock says so. I don't sleep very well. I get up at 5:30 or 6 o'clock every day. I have an electric percolator and I put my bedside table in it in when I wake up and have a cup, or several cups of coffee as an every morning. I do my reading, then, in early mornings. I go out and around the farm and clean out wimming pool or something.

At tea-parties, Louise and I never have 'em. We have a few in for dinner now and then-- the Flemings, Joe Mankiewicz, the Braggartes. A lot of evenings we get in the car and cruise around the city, going nowhere, stopping when it feels to us to look at the moon or a hot dog at some roadside 1, I still like to browse around in the woods. As we drive, talk to myself and hear the crickets, as I would feel more at home with crickets than with actors . . .

There it is and here I am," laughed Tracy.

The first forty years of a man's life, his first forty years of a man's life (and I'm the average man, you bet), are all a matter concern. of laying the groundwork not making your family rich against misfortune if anything should happen to you. Once that's done, you're done. That's what I'm doing now. And this is what I've discovered. It's time I did something for my fellow man.

What I mean is, we've gone through the period of establishing ourselves, Louise and I. We've got the farm all paid for and I can rest easy about the family if anything should bump me off. I've made my mistakes and Louise has forgiven them. Now I'd like to do some good with the talent I've got.

Spencer sat there, across the table from me, stumbled back in his chair, fiddling with his spoon, running his hand through his rumpled hair, trying to look unconcerned, trying to sound casual and offhand, even kidding about what he was saying; but failing to convince that he wasn't nervous because the light in his eyes betrayed his heart to me.

Spencer talked on, looking fixedly at his tea-cup. He reminded me of a stol-wart kid who takes the Scout Oath with his eyes fixed indignantly on the ceiling, the while his heart flutters.

Spence said, "I want to spend my next forty years helping folks. Yeah, a Crusader, if you want to put it that way. Why should we live?"

"I've been reading de Kruif's articles in the national magazines, articles crus-ading against the social diseases. That's the kind of thing I mean. That helps. Well, why shouldn't an actor help, too, use his medium to wake up people to the miseries and ignorances around them? Why shouldn't I use the pop-ularity I've earned or had manufactured for me, whichever way you look at it, for something better than putting on a buck and wing or doing a parlor, bed-room and bath farce?"

"People will listen to us—the Gables by Munsingwear are fashioned of a remarkable new fabric . . . shimmering pin-striped Cordura Rayon. Cordura looks luxuriously gossamer and is decidedly long-wearing. It wears and washes and comes up smiling. There are panties, bandeaux, briefs, slips and sleeping and lounging garments . . . and every one beautifully made of this smart new fabric. To get them, simply ask for "Munsingwear" at the Munsingwear store near you.

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These new 1938 "Lovelines" by Munsingwear

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Munsing Wear

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New, simple principle brings out the loveliness that is in
every feminine figure.

- No strenuous exercises.
- No apparatus.
- No dieting.
- No drugs.
- Eat what you like.
- Do what you please.

What does your mirror say? Are you satisfied with your figure? Does it sag or bulge in the wrong places? Are you overweight or underweight? Do you get tired easily?

You want to correct these faults to protect yourself against them. You want to be attractive; you want admiration. You want a lovely figure—a body radiant with bewitching beauty. And what you want you can have: YOU CAN HAVE A BEAUTIFUL BODY.

Every feminine figure is inherently lovely. But in many women this beauty is often asleep. ERECTITUDE, the amazing new and natural key to loveliness of body, awakens your sleeping beauty.

How? Here is the secret—ERECTITUDE lengthens the line between waist and chin—that part of the body that so inordinately and so negligently sag and bulge in the wrong places. ERECTITUDE is a scientifically planned series of graceful poses and gentle movements which stretch and tone the body up and back, so that the abdomen is flatter and firm, the hips and waist tapered, the bosom lifted. The whole body acquires a new balance—the balance that Nature intended—a balance so perfect that you are not conscious of your own weight.

Think for a moment. Almost everything you do—
dressing, bathing, cooking, playing bridge, driving, typing, etc., etc.—shortens the body forward. No wonder the figure becomes so unattractive and so out of balance. And when after a long spell of leaning forward at some task, you experience a pain in the back, what do you do to relieve it? You bend back. In that simple experience you have the proof, of the correctness of the premise of ERECTITUDE.

But ERECTITUDE is not just standing up straight or bending backwards. It is a dynamic posture that revitalizes the whole figure and inflames it with poise and "aliveness." ERECTITUDE explodes the old exercise theories of stretching up still and straight and of bending to the earth. ERECTITUDE "reaches for the stars." The old-fashioned exercises made one strong. ERECTITUDE makes you lovely.

Lilyan Malmstead, discoverer of ERECTITUDE, is one of the foremost lecturers and writers on Beauty and Health in America today. Graduate of the famed Sigma School of Physical Education, she has worked under the direction of the renowned Dr. L. E. Malmstead and has lectured before leading educational institutions of America, England and France. Miss Malmstead is living testimony to the success of her own teaching. Her figure used to be intractably humpy. Today her proportions are those of modern Venus. Her figure is perfect in its dimensions and her body exhibits dynamic poise and vivacity.

Miss Malmstead's famous system of ERECTITUDE has gained 100,000 happy people in body and experience. Thousands have paid her thousands to attend her private classes. Now the system which has beautified so many has been placed in a book.

With the aid of diagrams, exercises, scientific explanations and complete illustrations (over 50 Miss Malmstead's system of ERECTITUDE is transferred to the printed page so that you, too, may have a beautiful body. And the price of this book is only $1.00.

Remember, no strenuous exercises, no dieting, nothing to do except adopt a few simple postures and movements for 6 minutes a day—just before you retire at night. And you will always look younger even that much time for long. In 3 weeks you will note a marked improvement in your figure. Soon you will achieve the pose and balance of ERECTITUDE naturally, and no more patience will be necessary.

Do you want to know more about this system? Then use the coupon on the back. And remember, no money is required on approval. The cost is only $1.00.

AWAKEN YOUR SLEEPING BEAUTY

By Lilyan Malmstead

SEND THE COUPON NOW!

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Please mail me a copy of the book "Awaken Your Sleeping Beauty" by Lilyan Malmstead, price $1.00.

Money enclosed. [ ] I'll pay postman. (Post plus postage)

Name ________________________________

Address ________________________________

WHO ARE THEY?

Here are the answers to the "check your memory" questions on pages 36 and 37.

Top row, left to right:

Warren Beatty in "Those Who Dance"
Clark Gable in "Stronger Internally"
Richard Dix in "Cimarron"
Paul Muni in "The World Changes"
Leslie Howard in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"
Gary Cooper in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"
Irene Dunne in "Cimarron"
Ford Madox in "Les Miserables"

Middle row, left to right:

Fredric March in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"
Shirley Temple in "Curly Top"
Norma Shearer in "His Secretary"
Clauudette Colbert in "Four Frightened People"

Bottom row, left to right:

H. B. Warner in "The Adventures of Marco Polo"
William Holden in "Every Seven Years"
Sidney Blackmer in "This Is My Affair"
Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young in "The Hatchet Man"

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 8)

To make a receding chin look firmer, highlight the chin with the lighter foundation.

Mr. Stephanoff says that the difference between white and dark is what makes your eyes appear large or small. So, to bring out deep-set eyes or make them look larger, you frame your eyes with a dark pencil to make the whites stand out. Of course, you have to blend out this dark line so that you hardly see it, otherwise you look terribly made up. If your eyes are too prominent, use shadow all around them. You can use blue shadow on the top lids, or whatever shade you usually use, but use a brown shadow underneath your eyes.

To make your eyes seem longer, you blend the line out at the sides. The corners of your eyes are naturally darker, so you can extend them with a brown pencil (never black)—and make a triangle at the outside corners of your eyes. Then you highlight with a touch of the lighter make-up. That's how Mr. Stephanoff got that lovely long-eyed effect on Sigrid Gurie.

Carrying out this same theory of dark make-up to minimize your facts, Mr. Stephanoff says that if you have a large mouth and want to make it smaller, use a dark lip rouge and apply it very thinly on your outer lips. To enlarge a small mouth, use a very bright lip rouge applied with brush just over the ridge of your lip line, or dark shadows under your eyes are eye-catching and can make your lips look disfigured and tiring even when you've been going to bed at 8:00 o'clock every night for a week. Drinking water is very good for the skin. Furthermore, to make them less not summer, you can use a lighter foundation, the hollows and shadows under them.

I think you'll find all the trouble worthwhile when you see yourself looking as pretty as you were before.

If you have personal advice on beauty problems, write directly to Carol, 3rd floor, Photoplay Building, Hollywood, Calif., and you'll get a $1.00 worth of expert advice free.
Listen, Hollywood!

(Continued from page 29)

as for the mother, who today washed the overalls for her husband, the young sister, a pretty, dark-haired girl with blue-black hair and blue eyes who will be tall like the mother— they have been crying, as has here, the slightly-looking young man of thirty-two, you see sitting there beside the mother and sister. He is occasionally turning to glance at ... they are afraid ... they are going to understand him.

It is all too sad, but we have to deal with it. The young man was shot. Has he had rather than been taken? He was shot in the back. In this way: the young man was in bed. He had and the young man went home.

I had been told by some brave man: "He's a good man." This is a brave man and a prohibitionist. He fears his son may become a drunkard.

"We have to understand this," he said.

He said this after the mother had told me an incident he, trying to protect her son—"He's only a little sick." The young man's legs would barely hold him up. He kept shaking his head and waving his hands, trying to make them understand some thing. That it was only an outbreak, a sudden unaccountable thing; that it meant nothing. He was just now trying to get it all over. He was just as sick as can be.

There would be the drunken attempt to explain the talk. Then they got him home, his father and mother hugging him along the country road in the darkness, the father in the road behind crying; later, on the young fellow's part, silence.

The father and son would work together that same day in silence.

There was a tense silence in the house when they came in from their work. The father was looking at the young man in a new, strange way.

"But why did he do that?"

"Will he keep on doing it?"

The tension finally broken by the father.

"Come on. Let's all go to the movies." At least, here, they are all, for a time, carried away from the strange baffling time of misunderstanding.

But a man wonders. There is a hunger. He comes out of the movie theater wondering.

Why can't these simple tragedies, these stories out of our everyday life come more into the movies? It is such a sad sight. The possibilities stagger. I came out of the movie theater wondering.

Would it work?

Could these simple, real stories of everyday life be told in this new strange far-reaching medium? Or do they want only the story? Do they want only the escape into the dream?

"I am going nowhere."

He is only twenty-two. At twenty-two life seems already half gone.

"It is the end of one of my hopes," the young man was thinking.

He did something he had never done. He went off alone to town and went to a town bookstore. He got helplessly drunk and was picked up, dead drunk, in a street, by the town marshall and ended the march, knowing his father had pitched out, not to a neighbor, but to a son.

So the father, with the wife and daughter, had set off to town. The son had been put into the town jail, but there had been no real arrest. He was turned over to his father and mother and when they had seen them in the road they were escorting him home.

He was very drunk. He babbled. "You don't understand," he kept saying.

Seeing them in the road, I had stopped my car. There was the mother and the daughter crying. The father is a churchman and a prohibitionist. He fears his son may become a drunkard.

"He is in no fit shape to get in any one's car," he said.

He said this after the mother had told me an incident he, trying to protect her son—"He's only a little sick." The young man's legs would barely hold him up. He kept shaking his head and waving his hands, trying to make them understand some thing—that it was only an outbreak, a sudden unaccountable thing; that it meant nothing. He was just now trying to get it all over.

"He can't pay you any wages."

It will be all right, Dad."

The young fellow had made no profit yet. He had worked with the man all day in the field and in the evening he had gone off to town alone. He had worked all day, but he had worked in the evening.

He had simply wanted to adjust himself.

Where are you going, Bud?"

he had asked, and, "Oh, now-er," he had replied.

He had thought it meant just that.

"Two remarkable

New-Type CREAMS!

with a special beauty-giving ingredient

MILK OF MAGNESIA

Does your skin seem "Acid"?

Here's a wonderful new way to help it! You know how milk of magnesia acts to relieve an internal condition of excess gastric acidity. Just so these unique Milk of Magnesia creams act on the external excess fatty acid accumulations on the skin, and help to overcome bluishnesses and to make your skin lovelier.

The remarkable power of Milk of Magnesia to benefit the skin has long been known to many skin specialists. They know that the very properties which make Milk of Magnesia a valuable internal aid in an excess acid condition of the stomach, also make it a unique power to neutralize the excess acid excreted through the skin, thus helping to overcome the unsightly faults of an "acid skin."

Now for the first time, this beauty-giving ingredient is successfully incorporated in two remarkable new-type creams developed by the Phillips Company, original makers of the famous Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia CLEANSING CREAM. You've never seen a cleaning cream like this! The Milk of Magnesia not only loosens and absorbs surface dirt and make-up, but penetrates the pores and neutralizes the excess fatty acid accumulations. A cleansing with this cream leaves your skin soft, smooth and really clean!

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia TEXTURE CREAM. If your skin seems "acid," it if looks old and "thick," if it has lost its fresh, firm tone and has developed such flaws as enlarged pores, oily shine, blackheads, sealy roughness, try the beauty-giving action of this cream. It helps to preserve firmness, smoothness, suppleness, and gives a new kind of aid in protecting against the mixture of dirt and natural oils which furnishes a fertile soil for bacteria.

Holds make-up longer. Because the Milk of Magnesia in this delightful greaseless cream prepares the skin — smoothing away roughness and overcoming oiliness — it takes make-up more evenly and holds it for hours without touching up.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia CLEANSING CREAM. You've never seen a cleaning cream like this! The Milk of Magnesia not only loosens and absorbs surface dirt and make-up, but penetrates the pores and neutralizes the excess fatty acid accumulations. A cleansing with this cream leaves your skin soft, smooth and really clean!

"THE SEAMY SIDE"

BY ERROL FLYNN

Our Young Man About Hollywood rio open Glamour Town to show you the shocking side of Hollywood you've never read about, nor even dreamt existed . . . In April PHOTOPLAY

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia CREAMS

TEXTURE CREAM—CLEANSING CREAM
HATTIE CARNEGIE recommends:

WINDSOR • SAVOY • ASCOT

...smart nail enamel shades

"Windsor" with pastels or beige costumes—"Savoj" with blues and browns—"Ascot" with greys and black—HATTIE CARNEGIE, internationally famous stylist speaking.

That's real fashion authority. And as for wear—your nails stay well-groomed longer. That's another reason why busy women prefer revlon. It lasts—saves time.

125 WEST 45TH STREET • NEW YORK CITY

Happy Hellion

(Continued from page 17)

begun. It started in a summer when crooners sang through loud-speakers ambiguously, first of blue skies and then of muddy waters; when, in the brandnew Paramount Theater in Manhattan, Gilda Gray was repopularizing the hula; when the world was learning that a Peace Treaty is written, after all, on the kind of paper that tears; when Marquette University was developing an unprecedented kind of headache. It had it in common with universities all over the nation, and it had to do with drinking by students of juniper juice highly flavored—In a bathtub—with alcohol. Don, newly an undergraduate at the university, found (and accepted for a friend without astonishment) a newly organized form of young society in which you could go to school three hours each week and roast around the rest without any thunderbolts coming down.

He lived in a room with four other boys, and remembers now that the room had an open fireplace where you could toss empty beer bottles. The place, in his mind's eye, is drawn in terms of sketchy sensations: waking up in the morning with a tongue of blotting paper breaking down, that first time, and having a cigarette before breakfast; law books grey under a fine coat of ashes and dust, ringed where glasses had been.

There were other things. There was the first girl he had, and the second, and the third.

He stuck with one at a time, then. It was simpler. They were of a type, usually—coeds with shingled caps of peroxide hair, like blown chrysanthemums, or with hair dyed and cut like Clara Bow's. They wore cloche hats, when they wore any, and four-inch heels, and they made collections of cigarette cases, sometimes of men's flasks, and they said things like "So's your Old Man," and "Whopee."

Don heard the pounding at the door. He was in his heavy sleep before opened one eye and sat up. The a-striking through cracks in the door, was drawn in terms of sketchy sensations: waking up in the morning with a tongue of blotting paper breaking down, that first time, and having a cigarette before breakfast; law books grey under a fine coat of ashes and dust, ringed where glasses had been.

Spring heralds a new and stunning fashion ensemble from Hollywood worn by BETTE DAVIS

by BETTE DAVIS

Look for the full-page fashion picture of the lovely star presented in natural color

IN APRIL PHOTOPLAY

These were the two worlds Don lived in.

The one beginning at noon, when he awoke, and lasting until dinner; and the one beginning with the first snort of the evening, and lasting until he lay down to sleep.

The few times he managed to get to class. The cool, appraising glance of the profs, "Torts," and their cease—I'm sorry, Sir, I won't do it again—He laid it down to sleep. The cool, appraising glance of the profs, "Torts," and their cease—I'm sorry, Sir, I won't do it again—He laid it down to sleep.

The cool, appraising glance of the profs, "Torts," and their cease—I'm sorry, Sir, I won't do it again. It was a matter of pride, to be unprepared, to be caught unawares, to be caught off guard in any way, and to run the risk of exposing a part of the body or the head or the face to the public eye. It was a matter of pride, to be unprepared, to be caught unawares, to be caught off guard in any way, and to run the risk of exposing a part of the body or the head or the face to the public eye.

Frightened with excitement and pride, by an indefatigable luck, Don Ascot's "star life carried him to New York and the stage, got him a job with the radio, brought him new renown and the revival of an old love, and marriage. In the next installment come fullfillment, and Hollywood.
PHOTOPLAY'S RETAIL STORE DIRECTORY

**PHOTOPLAY's FASHION CLUB STYLES**

**ALABAMA**
- Barras Phillips Co., Birmingham
- Northside, Montgomery

**ARIZONA**
- The Veeve, Phoenix
- Brandt, Tucson

**ARKANSAS**
- Goodenough, Fort Smith

**CALIFORNIA**
- Malcolm Broth Co., Hollywood
- Del Rey, Hollywood

**COLORADO**
- Martens, Denver

**CONNECTICUT**
- Weil's, Lynn Shore

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**
- Woodward & Lothrop, Washington

**FLORIDA**
- Kathy Pap, Daytona Beach

**GEORGIA**
- Goldyn's, Atlanta

**IDAHO**
- Davis

**ILLINOIS**
- Marek's, Chicago
- Maroto's, Oak Park

**INDIANA**
- Friend's, Anderson
- Kilman's, South Bend

**IOWA**
- The New Utopia, Des Moines

**KANSAS**
- Newman's, Kansas City

**KENTUCKY**
- The Parisian-Fauchier Co., Ashland
- J. Donald, Paducah

**LOUISIANA**
- New Orleans, Lake Charles

**MAINE**
- Nichols Wardwell Co., Brewer

**MARYLAND**
- R. E. Powell Co., Salisbury

**MASSACHUSETTS**
- H. E. Goldman, Boston

**MICHIGAN**
- Rosenthal-Bierliner, Ann Arbor

**MINNESOTA**
- Y. C. Albers, Minneapolis

**MISSISSIPPI**
- Marks-Rothschild, Tupelo

**MISSOURI**
- Susanne's, Kansas City

**MONTANA**
- H. F. Murdock, Butte

**NEW HAMPSHIRE**
- Melbury, Inc., Manchester

**NEW JERSEY**
- Joseph Elman, Newark

**NEW YORK**
- A. S. Labov, New York
- M. Mikula, New York City

**NORTH CAROLINA**
- E. Solter & Son, Raleigh

**OHIO**
- Showcase Fashions, Columbus

**OKLAHOMA**
- The Voo, Oklahoma City

**PENNSYLVANIA**
- Dorothy Winters Mill Market, Philadelphia

**RHODE ISLAND**
- Lea's Dress Shop, Providence

**SOUTH CAROLINA**
- Pat & Gwen, Columbia

**SOUTH DAKOTA**
- Bride's Lace, Sioux Falls

**TENNESSEE**
- Anderson Delin Verno, Memphis

**TEXAS**
- Emil Gruenfelder, Dallas

**UTAH**
- Thy Navin, Salt Lake City

**VERMONT**
- Chas. Stern & Co., Rutland

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**PHOTOPLAY's FASHION STORY**

Even though youthful firm, heavier-than-average breasts are especially susceptible to premature "breaking down," "Allo" was created to safeguard these heavier bosoms and to give them the well-uplifted, well-separated contours demanded by current fashions. In bandeau style or with three- or six-inch bands for diaphragm control—$1.00 to $3.50.

---

**NEW SLENDER NAIL LINES**

Sleek red lines on finger and toes alike quickly, easily applied with the NAILINER. Use this new sensational beauty aid and any manicurist will command admiring attention. Send for complete directions (Canada, $1). The NAILEX Co., P.O. Box 511, Rochester, N.Y.

---

**GOODBYE GRAY HAIRS! (F R E E Test—we show way to end them)**

No matter whether your hair is beginning to gray—or is entirely gray, you can bring youthful color to every faded strand. The color will be natural looking. It will match the original shade, whether black, brown, auburn, or blonde. Just comb a water-white liquid through hair and gray goes. Leaves hair soft and lustrous—takes curl or wave. Nothing to rub or wash off. This way SAFE.

**Test it FREE**—We send complete Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. Send 10c today. No risk. Just mail coupon.

**MARY T. GOLDMAN**

---

**FEMININE HYGIENE made easy**

**THINK OF IT!** Effective feminine hygiene without apparatus—without embarrassing antiseptic odors—without danger of an "overdose" or "burn."

Millions of women now use Norform's—convenient little suppositories, powerfully antiseptic, yet soothing. Norforms melt at internal body temperature and spread a protective film over delicate, internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective hours.

- A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norform is their concentrated content of Para-hydrecin—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. Para-hydrecin kills germs, yet Norforms are non-irritating—actually soothing.

**MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR**—Send for the new Norforms booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Made Easy." Or buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N.Y., and Toronto, Canada; makers of Unguentine.

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**NORFORMS**

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Sylvia of Hollywood

Now Reveals How You Can Acquire the Beauty of the Screen Stars

You have always wanted to be beautiful — attractive,Geom of 82 year, now you can be. For this very natural which the famous stars of the screen and stage. Now you can acquire the same beauty that they have achieved by using Sylvia of Hollywood. Sylvia of Hollywood is the personal beauty advisor to Hollywood's most beautiful stars. It is the kind of treatment that preserves the true beauty of the screen's movie-appearances. It is also the kind of treatment that will bring beauty into your heart.

And now Sylvia has just just cut all her efforts by offering you a special offer. Sylvia of Hollywood has decided to offer you a special offer of 30% off. This means that you can get your beauty treatment at a discount. This offer is available for a limited time, so make sure to take advantage of it.

For more information, visit Sylvia of Hollywood's website or call their toll-free number. You can also find them on social media platforms like Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram. Don't miss out on this opportunity to enhance your beauty and look your best.
Brief Reviews
(Continued from page 6)

EXPENSIVE HUSBANDS—Walters
Beverly Roberts plays a movie star on the slide into smalltown vulgarity. Her husband, Paul Hubschman, is a cartoonist who finds his marriage a problem. His in-laws are determined to make a success of it, even if it means alienating their children. (Dec.)

* 8ND STREET-Wagner United Artists
It’s a modern-day story of a musically inclined family. The parents are both actors and singers, and their children are eager to follow in their footsteps. The film is well acted and has a good pace. (Dec.)

FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY—RKO-Radio
Add this new comedy to the list of recent hits. It stars a very promising young actress, Peggie Castle, who has nordic looks and a winning personality. Her performance is very natural and convincing. (Dec.)

FIRST LADY—Walters
The story of a family woman who is determined to make a success of her marriage despite the many obstacles that stand in her way. The film is well acted and has a good pace. (Dec.)

FIT FOR A KING—RKO-Radio
Herlinda (Jennifer Jones) is a beautiful young woman who is determined to get her revenge on the man who wronged her. The film is well acted and has a good pace. (Dec.)

GOLDWYN FOLLIES, THE—Sam Goldwyn United Artists
These delightfully musical numbers have a nice story going on behind them. The songs are well written and performed by the cast. The film is well acted and has a good pace. (Dec.)

GREAT GARRICK, THE—Walters
The story of a girl who is determined to make a success of her marriage despite the many obstacles that stand in her way. The film is well acted and has a good pace. (Dec.)

HIGH FLYERS—RKO-Radio
Whitney and Wurlitzer’s farewell performance as a movie team is one of their finest. The boy is off in a romance to capture a heart in Illinois, and the girl is off in a romance to capture a heart in Wisconsin. The film is well acted and has a good pace. (Dec.)

HEIDI—20th Century-Fox
A favorite of old and young is this tender little girl who lives in a world of her own, where beauty, love, and adventure are the rule. The film is well acted and has a good pace. (Dec.)

HURRICANE, THE—Sam Goldwyn United Artists
With a well made film for a star and the Pacific Coast, this film gives a new dimension to the screen. The director, William A. Wellman, has done a fine job of directing, and the camera work is top-notch. The film is well acted and has a good pace. (Dec.)

LADY FIGHTS THE TOWN—Universal
The natural scene beauty of this is the story of a girl (Mary Boland) who fights when her favorite fishing hole is threatened by a drilling operation. The film is well acted and has a good pace. (Dec.)

LACER SPY—20th Century-Fox
If you like espionage thrillers, you’ll enjoy this one. The story is well acted and has a good pace. (Dec.)

LAST GANGSTER, THE—M-G-M
Edward G. Robinson returns once more to the role of a man who is determined to make a success of his marriage despite the many obstacles that stand in his way. The film is well acted and has a good pace. (Dec.)

LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE—20th Century-Fox
Spouting energy and madeness from eve the beginning, this film is a real hit. The story is well acted and has a good pace. (Dec.)

LIVING ON LOVE—Walters
You’ll enjoy this smart little story of a girl, a boy, and a world of possibilities. The film is well acted and has a good pace. (Dec.)

LOOK OUT FOR LOVE—GB
Talbo Carlington’s many admirers will welcome him back to the role of a man who is determined to make a success of his marriage despite the many obstacles that stand in his way. The film is well acted and has a good pace. (Dec.)

LOOK OUT, MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox
Our little Japanese detective, Peter Long, looks out for everyone including himself in this film. The film is well acted and has a good pace. (Dec.)

MADAME X—M-G-M
No matter how many times you saw famous tourist spots you will see them again in this film. The film is well acted and has a good pace. (Dec.)

MANNIX MERRY-GO-ROUND—Universal
When a gambler buys a recording company, the result is ahit. The film is well acted and has a good pace. (Dec.)

MERCOLIZED WAX
Mercolized Wax will make your skin smoother, clearer, younger-looking. This lovely cream softens all the rough parts of your skin, and removes the superficial blemishes, in tiny invisible particles. Then you see the skin revealed in all its fresh, clear beauty. Bring out this hidden beauty and keep your skin young-looking with Mercolized Wax.

MERCOLIZED WAX

Sweat Salts Astounding
ADDITIONALLY refreshing and purifying...Tonic, stimulating, antiseptic... Soluble in water...Solves in one-half pint water without stirring...

For removing unwanted hair quickly. Easy to use. At drug and department stores everywhere.
**NEW**
keep
New.

**MURDER IN GREENWICH VILLAGE—**

Chicago, Orlando, Louis Armstrong, Louis Jordan, Alex Rapa, Billy Hope, John King, and Joe Venuti. And for this sort of all." (Dec.)

**MUSIC FOR MADAME—**

“If, in the twenty-fifth year of his life, where he stood, by his tyrannical grandmother (Dolly Shepard) to be "the perfect specimen" of his class. Jean Hersholt lamps him out of his cocoon, teaches him really to live. Dick Foran, Edward R. H. Allen Jenkins and Beverly Roberts all contribute. Fast, funny and surprisingly accurate. In his honor - the world, and he wins the main events ahead. His witness, Walter ad, and Ruth Donahue are outstanding and the best. (Dec.)

**QUICK MONEY—**

For those who like homeopoeic movies weren with sincere and familiar threads this tale will be entertain- ing, and for the fashion artifice, and for acting honors, it is also a chaste but enterprising character. A number of clever youngsters, as are in support. (Dec.)

**PERFECT SPECIMEN—**

The young lad loses a life when important individuals are de- ceived. Your system is up. Poisons in your blood stream and bubble out on skin in ugly piles. You may need a cold and purify your blood.

Hemoglobin's Yeast helps remove im- pairs the natural way. Millions of tiny, flying yeast plants will help keep poisons the blood and help to feed your knock- out. Many people get amazing results days or less. Neglect may ruin your skin and hair. So, stop eating Hessemann's Yeast else.

Buy some today.

[Image 0x0]
Casts of Current Pictures

**ARE ILL-FITTING SHOES UNDERMINING YOUR HEALTH?**

Corns, calluses, bunions are the uncomfortable outward signs of ill-fitting shoes. But the real danger of improper footwear is more than just the pinprick sensations. Shoes that don't fit properly can cause physical and mental wear and tear. Beauty, poise and a good body picture are often too tiring to attain. If you're wondering what all the fuss is about, go back to Mackenzie's searching study: **Foot Troubles**. This book will not only help you to solve your own problems, but it will also go a long way toward helping you to fit in with your normal health path. Use the coupon below and order your copy TODAY.

Macduggal Company, Inc., Dept. PJ
203 East 24th Street, New York, N.Y.

**SLEEP AND GROW BEAUTIFUL**

Enjoy the sleep of deep, restful beauty and friendlier, more cheerful morn. For immediate effect: *Sleep Well* by H. B. Humphreys. 150 cts.

**LEG SUFFERERS**

Why continue to suffer? Do something to secure quick and permanent relief. Write for a copy of our free booklet, **THE LEG**. It tells about Yeast Venoms, Yeast Infections, and Yeast Control. Last word made for the home physician. 25 cts. East & West.

**LEIPHE METHODS**

3234 N. Green Bay Ave., Dr. 54-56, Milwaukee, Wis.

**WAKE UP**

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The River should pour out two pounds of liquid each day. But the average-sized American only drinks an average of one-fourth of this amount. That's why you are sluggish,    freely your food doesn't just drop out of your stomach. But don't blame your food. Our whole whole system is poisoned and poise is your right and why you look haggard. A mere bowels movement doesn't get at the root of it. To take care of the haggard Liver will be the same in every way. If you want to have a better bowels movement doesn't get at the root of it. To take care of the haggard Liver will be the same in every way. If you want to have a better

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PARIS Inspires

HOLLYWOOD Admires

PARIS FASHION SHOES

for your new “feminized” Spring suit, a

week’s toe sandalized tie of the new spicy

raspberry suede, with calf and scattered

fiorations. Also in white kid.

... for your sedate and sophisticated

outfits... a neat sandalized step-in of

sailor blue suede. Also in lipstick red,

strawberry or Kelly green suede.

... for wear everywhere, this classic spectator

pump of white buck with “seive” perfora-
tions and pinched copper calf trim... featuring

new high cuban heel. Also in black and white.

... for “letting yourself go” in the native

manner... this six-color doeskin sandal

with “sun toes” and high thin strap. Also

in all-over white doeskin.

... for your afternoons and evenings,

a sparkling “apron” sandal of patent

leather, “peppered” with perforations...

gay in copper calf... crisp in white kid.

... for your tailored things, this “X”

strap step-in of burnished copper calf,

with pin punchings. Also in Parisian

blue calf or white kid.

"On the set" for Spring you will see a galaxy

of new styles in PARIS FASHION SHOES

... styles with the chic of Paris, the glamour of

Hollywood! Beautiful in line... in material

... in blending of color... a "preview" that

will win your delighted admiration! See

PARIS FASHION SHOES in their latest

"fashion releases!" Write for style booklet and

name of dealer in your city... Dept. P-I.

$3 to $4

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS

Lovely Betty Grable, featured

in the new Paramount picture production,

"College Swing"
Her Throat Insured For $50,000.

DOLORES DEL RIO* tells why it's good business for her to smoke Luckies...

"That $50,000 insurance is a studio precaution against my holding up a picture," says Miss Del Rio. "So I take no chances on an irritated throat. No matter how much I use my voice in acting, I always find Luckies gentle."

They will be gentle on your throat, too. Here's why: Luckies' exclusive "Toasting" process expels certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco. This makes Luckies' fine tobaccos even finer... a light smoke.

Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—men who know tobacco and its qualities—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other cigarettes combined. This is the impartial judgment of experts not connected with any manufacturer.

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST IT'S LUCKIES—2 TO 1

*DOLores Del rio
Starring in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Shanghai Deadline"
WHY SONJA HENIE WON'T MARRY

The Romantic Truth about Gary Cooper

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

The Amazing Inside Story of How They Made "SNOW WHITE"
She walks in Glamour

Wherever things are going on you'll find all eyes on her, all women following her lead. For she is one of those who make the fashion.

Why does she choose Humming Bird Hosiery? Why has she made Humming Bird Davencrepes the High Fashion hosiery of America?

Simply because in this one brand she finds the three things her uncanny style-sense demands of hosiery: Color with life and depth; the comfort and fit of high-twist construction; the sheerness-plus-wear of Invisible Extra Silk guarding every thread.

Just as she does, you'll find that Davencrepes are worth shopping for.

Wear Davencrepes by Humming Bird

guarded by invisible extra silk

GET THIS BOOK
CHALLENGING • AUTHENTIC • INFORMATIVE
SHERA AMES has written a book for every woman to whom style is important, who wants to dress well on a conservative budget. McClelland Barclay has illustrated it, and written the foreword. Available from your Humming Bird dealer or from us at ten cents a copy.

Davenport Hosiery Mills,
Chattanooga, Tennessee

I enclose 10c for a copy of Shera Ames' book "How to STAY in STYLE.'

Name:

Address:

City: State:
everything but an agreeable breath—the most important thing of all. No wonder she gets nowhere. After all, there's nothing that cools a friendship or kills a Romance so quickly as halitosis (bad breath). And remember: everybody has it at some time or other, without being aware of it. You, yourself, may be guilty at this very moment. Why risk offending needlessly? All you need to sweeten your breath is Listerine Antiseptic. It's the delightful, quick-acting, trustworthy deodorant. Rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic morning and night and between times, before social or business engagements at which you wish to appear at your best. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

LET LISTERINE SWEETEN YOUR BREATH
Glory bursts from the screen in the greatest musical love story of our time!

The Girl of the Golden West

WITH

Ray BOLGER Walter PIDGEON
Leo CARRILLO Buddy EBSSEN

Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD - A ROBERT Z. LEONARD Production
Produced by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE - An M-G-M Picture
Based on the play by David Belasco

Laugh with Buddy Ebsen's outdoor romancing to Jeanette's love songs!

Nelson Eddy, handsome singing bandit chief...

Funny Leo Carrillo as Mosquito, his pard...

ROMANTIC SONGS BY
Sigmund Romberg and Gus Kahn
"Shadows on the Moon"
"Wind in the Trees"
"Soldiers of Fortune"
"The West Ain't Wild Any More"
"Who Are We to Say?"
"Senorita"

A hot time in the old town. Ray Bolger's uproarious comedy dance...

"I'll draw you for your sweetheart's life", says Sheriff Walter Pidgeon to beautiful Jeanette MacDonald

Singing sweethearts together again for the first time since "Maytime"!
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SATURDAY morning and the campus is "abuzz" with "What movie are you going to see?" Monday morning and the query is repeated, but in the past tense.

I know, because for three years I was a coed at a Chinese university, the only foreign coed in a school of six hundred Chinese men and women.

And for three years each week end was issued in and out with the same question.

Chinese students are the most movie-conscious group of young people I have ever come across. But it is not their own Chinese idols that so hold their interest. Not the pretty and talented Butterfly Wu, the Queen of the Chinese movies, but Jeanette MacDonald, Ginger Rogers and Joan Crawford.

Many's the time I have sat on the bank of the Wanhao—junks with their crazy-quilt sails passing by, and a Chinese moon over the yellow waters—and listened to a slick-haired almond-eyed youth croon "Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie" in the best Bing Crosby manner, accompanying himself on a uke, his long thin fingers rhythmically plucking the strings.

Many's the time I have gone to a dance with an aspiring young doctor or engineer who, nevertheless, would be Fred Astaire. If my appearance pleased them, they'd pay me the highest tribute, "But you look like Jeanette MacDonald tonight—so beautiful. I shall teach you a new step tonight, if you will let me."

Just follow me."

Shirley Temple reigns like a little deity. Her pictures grace the walls of both the men's and women's dorms. Her popularity became gigantic after "Stowaway," in which she spoke a few words of Chinese.

That was six months ago. The University has been bombad and bullied. Some of the buildings have been razed to the ground. Others have been looted and pillaged. The beautiful grounds have been turned into duguotas. These laughing, singing, dancing students have been scattered: some have been killed, some have fled from China, some have joined up as soldiers or nurses. They have witnessed horror and ghastliness such as are not otherwise carefree and happy. They have changed.

And, yet, in this one respect—

The other day I received a letter from a Chinese friend. A bloodcurdling letter so vivid in its description of the poverty, the disease, the misery all around. But the P. S. was typical: "What good pictures have you seen lately?"

ESTHER BRICK, McMinnville, Oregon.
Half angel, half siren, all woman! The screen's greatest actress comes to you in the hit picture of her career... as the most exciting heroine who ever lived and loved in Dixie!

Selznick International presents

MARK TWAIN'S BELOVED CLASSIC

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TOM SAWYER

IN TECHNICOLOR

DIRECTED BY NORMAN TAUROG  ∗  RELEASED THRU UNIVERSAL

TOM  ∗  JOHN LITEL

From the Play by Owen Davis, Sr.
Music by Max Steiner
...MEANS REST FOR EYES TOO!

Keep your eyes clear and serene, on windy or sunny days, the way Hollywood stars do! Wherever you go—to the tennis matches, golf links or polo fields, on streets or busy movie lots—you'll see Dark lens sun goggles worn to rest and protect the eyes.

Take a beauty tip from these glamour stars... rest and protect your eyes from harsh sunlight or wind with SOLAREX dark lens goggles. SOLAREX lenses are darker, yet do not distort natural colors; scientifically treated to keep out harmful infra-red rays. They end squinting and eye strain due to harsh light, keep out the dirt. They're flattering, too, with any costume. And when you buy—insist on SOLAREX, the country's beauty goggles!

SOLAREX Dark lens sun goggles are available everywhere. Ask your jobber or retailer for the new SOLAREX beauty bonnet, too. Come on in and see for yourself. At all leading department stores and better shops everywhere. Prices range from 50c to $5.00. Frames available in several attractive styles. A worthwhile investment. Made in America.

BETTY GRABLE
featured in the Paramount picture
"COLLEGE SWING"

In HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIOS

REST IN HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIOS

BOO

First Prize

Ali Baba Goes to Town—20th Century-Fox

A polished satirist on the present administration, this is a mischievous, well-staged, and very funny piece if you have a sense of humor. It prints the absurdities of government officials in a madcap, contumacious style. He suggests to Galton Young a few New Deal type ideas which, if carried out, would result in a farce of incomparable hilarity. You'll like it if you laugh at the absurdities of the human predicament and the attacks on the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypses.

Next Man at Brimstone—M-G-M

Dull's beautiful scenery forms the background for this equally staged tale of the early Western bad man. Wally Beeghly hasn't been heard from for several seasons, but he is doing a very good imitation of the part, and the scene when he recognizes his father in the killer, will give Gary Cooper a run for his money. The production is of medium size but of quality, Lewis Stone and Brice Calhoon are superior. (March.)

BARRIER, THE—Paramount

Banjo, the horse with the broken leg, has a new owner. Her name is Jeanette MacDonald and she is a beautiful woman, the toast of the town. And for what is held in her future, one can only guess. (Febru. 15.)

BIG TOWN GIRL—20th Century-Fox

A happy tale of an overworked press agent, Alan Dinehart, who is burned out by his job and turns to the writing of plays. He finds that his friend and former employer, Donald Woods, as Claire's beau, turns in a stirring performance, (In Feb.)

BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY—Paramount

Famous New-Yorker (Richard Barthelmess) is in love with "Blossoms." The plot was nipped in the bud. Edward Arnold is a likeable rogue who keeps within the law and is incapable of love, (Feb.)

BORROWING TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

The familiar Jones family's homely tribulations this time involve the borrowing of a hundred dollars to save a merchant who is supposed to have lost his jewelry during a robbery. This is like sugar-candy beats with捏altas... (June.)

DO YOU KNOW THE STREET—MonoGram

Parents will approve the moral lesson in this little tidbit, and children will love the exciting action provided entirely by young Stanley Kramer. A plot that you couldn't preach, story, music, sets, and all the rest are just as they should be. Gary Cooper is splendid; and Gary Cooper must be fair. (June.)

BUCCANEER—M-G-M

With a stirring story written from an historical account, an exceptionally good production, a cast that is skillfully selected, and a photographic setting that is beautiful, C. B. De Mille has achieved a masterpiece. This plot revolves around the French privateers and privateering efforts on behalf of the U.S. during the War of 1812. Frankie Darro, Frances Dee, Sleeping Beauty, and the help of Kent Rogers and the terrors of the seas. This is a motion picture that will entice all. (Mayer.)

EULOGUS DRUMMOND'S REVENGE—Paramount

John Howard, Scotland Yard detective who always gets his man, here teaming up with his old friend and former partner, to catch yet another international crook who steals a big bundle of false currency. Wonderful in every way. (June.)

CHARLIE CHAN AT MONTE CARLO—20th Century-Fox

The smoothness of Warner Oland as Charlie, the laughable traditions of the great detective, and the toppling comedy of Harold Huber contribute to make this tale of high finance and murder a "chewy" success. (June.)

VIRGINIA Field and Kay Kellner are the misses of mystery. (June.)

CHECKERS—20th Century-Fox

June Walther clicks again in this story of a race horse that out-does the nation's greatest geldings. Written by a master, this is one of the greatest thrillers of this longer run. (June.)

CONQUEST—M-G-M

Photography and romance brought to unparalleled heights of beauty by the peerless acting of Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer in one of the most exciting love stories of their careers—that of Napoléon and Marie Walewska, the pathetic Polish countess who bore him a son. The production, photographed in Technicolor, is one of the finest in Hollywood, including Greta Garbo, Walter Pidgeon, Regional Director of Photography, and all the rest of the cast. Top notch. (June.)

DAMES IN DISTRESS, A—RKO-Radio

A bit too tapette in its production aspects. Gracie Allen, Fred Astaire overcomes a topnotch plot about a faked heroine (Jean Arthur) and turns on his own particular brand of rhymeline gymnastics to enchant you. George Steven's best score endows the entire package. (June.)

DANGER—I'VE WORKED—20th Century-Fox

In this225cm tall, the mad, modern type of comedy so typical of British screen, one is not really concerned with the various men who try to get a job signed by a scruffy lawyer. Mary Boland is good, Edward Everett Horton and Ann Harding worthy of mention. There is little excuse for the action. (June.)

DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI—Paramount

Anna May Wong enters in the U.S. Government's campaign to captivate leaders in the suiting racket on the Pacific coast, and contributes considerably to a tense picture. Patricia Morison, Ricardo Cortez, J. Carrol Naish and barrel-chested Lotty Cribbe have outstanding parts. Just another movie. (June.)

DR. SYN—GB

George Arliss here plays the role of a doctor of bygone days, a bustle by bustle. When the revenue officers intercept his passport smuggling, murder ensues the proceedings. Margaret Lockwood and John Hood pull ball and coolly. This is a good yarn. (June.)

EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY—Paramount

They'll all be holidays for Miss Fry if this little number is any indication. This is a fairy story of a feisty crook who dallies in politics at the end of the century. Edmund Lowe, Charles Butterworth, Lloyd Nosel and Charles Winchester just pick the parts like the West infatuation. (June.)

GIRL WITH IDEAS, A—Universal

Wendy Barrie wins a newspaper away from Wally Pidgeon by way of a flirt out and the help of Kent Rogers. She and Wally happen in a well-run news office, but the two provide many amusing so who cares? George Barbier as Wendy's in a page. (June.)

GOLDWIN THELLS, THE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

This incredibly beautiful musical has a story story of Hollywood's original "no girl (Audrey Lefevre) and the producer whose nation "noes" (Adolph Menjou). The Tellles are芳fur by Adolph's wife, America's Baby. Metropolitan Helen Jepson's soprano, Phil Baker's tenor, Charlie McCarthy's deadly safes, the dancing of Judy Garland and Kenz Together's inimitable tunes and the performance of a score by toe. The result, Technical. A $2,000,000 picture you won't forget. (June.)

HEIDI—20th Century-Fox

On old and young is this tender little story of an orphan who brings a new hope into the life of a bitter recluses, and has the power to make once-ugly Amadore beautiful. (June.)

HIGH FLIGHTS—RKO-Radio

Walter Pidgeon and Walter Pidgeon, the novel of a movie team is one of the gayest pictures. The boys set off in a seaplane to capture a few cradles and find they are on the trail of high explosives—all real things. John Barrymore's burnet does the job. Leonard Cunplate is against them, and they are knocking. (June.)

MOVIE REVIEW

In SHADOW STAGE

This issue

ACTION FOR SLANDER—Korda-United Artists

ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO, THE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER, THE—Selznick-United Artists

ARESINE LUPIN RETURNS—M-G-M

BLACK DOLL, THE—Universal

CHANGE OF HEART—20th Century-Fox

DIVORCE OF LADY X, THE—Korda-United Artists

DOUBLE DANGER—RKO-Radio

EVERYBODY SING—M-G-M

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT—Winders

HAPPY LANDING—20th Century-Fox

INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT—20th Century-Fox

LOVE IS A HEADACHE—M-G-M

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

PARADISE FOR THREE—M-G-M

PERNO AND HIS TWINS BROTHER—Winders

PRING SPHERE, THE—Universal

SWING YOUR LADY—Winders

YANKEE AT OAXA—M-G-M
DARLING OF DIXIE! . . . "Meanest when she's lovin' most!"

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT

BETTE DAVIS in
"Jezebel"

THE GREATEST ROMANCE
OF THE SOUTH

HENRY FONDA • GEORGE BRENT • Margaret Lindsay • Donald Crisp • Fay Bainter

RICHARD CROMWELL • HENRY O'NEILL • SPRING BYINGTON • JOHN LITEL

Screen Play by Clements Ripley, Abem Finkel and John Huston

A WILLIAM WYLER PRODUCTION

From the Play by Owen Davis, Sr.
Music by Max Steiner

Half angel, half siren, all woman! The screen's greatest actress comes to you in the hit picture of her career . . . as the most exciting heroine who ever lived and loved in Dixie!
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Will you? You will! You'll go for Po-Go Rouge in a big way, as smart French women do—for Po-Go's three remarkable qualities.

Its unusual, exclusive shade, Braque... styled in Paris and found flatteringly perfect by millions of women of all ages. Its name... soft, easy to blend as powder, yet amazingly long-lasting. That's because it's handmade in France. It's price... only 5c over here, including import duties.

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The perfect shade, BRAQUE—only in Po-Go ROUGE

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GUARANTEED 100%.

HOLLYWOOD PREVIEW
Stay at the hotel of famous stage and screen stars—where good food...and sensible prices are.
Home of: Restaurant de la Paix;
Café de la Paix;
Aren't the White Horse;
Rumpelmayer's

SINGLE from 3.50....DOUBLE from 5.00
SUITES from 8.00

ST. MORITZ
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50 Central Park S., New York
Personal direction: S. Gregory Taylor

PHOTOPLAY'S
OWN
Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

LOVELY LEGS—Are you leg-conscious? Do you tug at your skirts when you get into a car because you're afraid your escort will see that your stockings are off shade or your calves too prosperous? Wouldn't you like to be able to cross your legs without feeling that they're not attractive enough to be displayed so obviously?

Legs, universally, are the cunomure of all eyes—especially masculine eyes—and, after all, the main reason we all make up our faces and try to look our most attractive is to win masculine approval. And legs may be the lowest, but definitely not the least part of us to consider.

First of all, let's consider hosiery to flatten your legs and camouflage their defects. We can't minimize the importance of correct hosiery, both to set off a costume and to emphasize good-looking legs. Willys of Hollywood is hosiery stylist to the stars, so I went to him to find out what the Hollywood stars are wearing. He's been creating hosiery for the screen for fifteen years, and he knows more about the stars' legs than any other one man in Hollywood. Don't forget that the camera}

Lynn Bari knows some valuable do's and don'ts pertaining to hosiery shades which you, too, may learn right now.
Dietrich to half ankle beautify. 

Although legs; for we're very dark brown in back and on are shaded to a lighter color in front. Dietrich doesn't need to wear any special type of hosiery to improve her legs, but if yours are too, stocks like these make your legs appear thinner. 

Willys says that clock hose give a posterizing effect to the leg, especially if the clock is only on the outside of the leg, and not on the inside wall. Marjorie Weaver wears tiny d-pearl clocks up the sides of her for evening, giving a definitely posterizing effect to her evening ensemble.

Dark stripes up the back of your thigh make your legs appear longer and thinner, and Jayne Regan wears several pairs of this type.

According to the opinions of those who beautify the stars, the perfect means a slender ankle, measurement about eight inches around, a calf - and a half inches wider and a half seven inches wider than the ankles. Although they are of different gists and heights, Alice Faye, Joan Powell and Ginger Rogers are these ideal leg measurements—t-ankle, twelve and a half calf, and nineteen and a half thigh. All three of these girls wear continually and carry them correctly and gracefully.

Fortunately, you, too, can have legs of these measurements, as it is really very easy to reduce legs and thighs. Here are some exercises recommended by Willys and used to great benefit by many of the stars who have found it necessary to slim their legs. When you start these exercises, do them only a few times at first, then gradually work up to the point where you can do them twenty times without strain. I warn you that you'll be still and sore the first few times you do them.

For the first exercise, you sit down on the floor with your arm stiff and the palm flat down on the floor slightly in back of you and at your side. Have your left leg extended, with the right one bent and your right foot flat on the floor. Raise your body, and with the left leg straight, kick directly up and back toward your left shoulder. To do this, you've raised your body so that your weight rests on your hands and your right foot. After you've done it five times, you reserve position and repeat with the right leg.

Walking like a duck is splendid to reduce bulging thighs. You sit in a squatting position with your arms folded across your chest. Then, remaining in this position, you start walking. Be sure, however, to put your heels down first. You can start with ten steps, and then work up to twenty steps.

Here's a strenuous exercise that you'll have to practice often before your muscles will be strengthened enough to do it correctly; but the practice is going to help you break down the fatty tissues. Stand with your heels together, and your arms extended straight up over your head, with your back straight. Then squat down on your right leg, keeping your left leg forward and off the floor. The hard part of this is to get down to the floor without lowering your left leg and bending forward. The idea is to keep the body straight while you're lowering yourself. Try it five times and then repeat with the right leg off the floor. You'll practically feel your legs thinning themselves with this one.

Of course, if your legs are too muscular already and that's what's making them too large, the only thing you can do to reduce them is to give up exercise. Massaging them with a reducing cream is also helpful in breaking down the muscular tissue. Willys also recommends wearing ankle straps around the house to reduce thick ankles.

It's extremely difficult to put weight on thin legs. All you can really do is develop the muscles in your calves to fill them out. The bicycling exercise is marvelous for this. Joan Fontaine, whose problem is keeping her weight up, bicycles to develop her legs. However, you must remember that this exercise must be done slowly to develop the muscles. If you want to reduce your legs, bicycle rapidly and you'll break down the tissues. That's an important thing to remember in all exercise—to reduce, do it rapidly; to build up and develop, you do it slowly.

You must always take care that the surface of your legs is perfectly groomed. There are several good preparations on the market to remove superfluous hair, and these should be used regularly so that there is no unsightly fuzz to mar the appearance of your legs. If you have goose pimples or if your legs are rough-skinned, scrub them hard with a brush and soap when you take your bath to rub off those little scales, and dry your legs carefully. If the skin on your legs has become dry or peeled by the winter weather, rub some of your hand lotion or the foundation cream you use on your face into them before you go to bed at night to soften and refine the skin. After all, it won't be long now before you'll be displaying your legs on the beaches, and you'll want them to look their best then.

Be proud of your legs! Wear hosiery that complements them. Exercise to get them in the right proportions, and give them the same careful care that you give your face and hands.

If you wish personal advice on your beauty problems, write directly to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay magazine, 7301 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Be certain to enclose a STAMPED self-addressed envelope.
Pandemonium plus Publicity equals any star's party—for the papers. This is what really occurs at such affairs.

By Kay Campbell and Rosamond Mariotti

Separating the wheat from the ballyhoo, you'll find that chandelier swinging at a Hollywood party is as out-of-date as the three-minute kiss. If, by any chance, you believe all you read (cinematic publicity), mad Hollywood does most of its entertaining in public, in the raucous, swinging, singing, swirling swirl of the gay niteries, in the star-powdered splendor of the Troc, and always wrapped in cellophane. And, if you believe all you hear, the parties given at home by the make-believe celebrities are attended by no less pandemonium and publicity.

As a matter of fact, Hollywood parties today are startlingly like the most luxurious parties anywhere else. Today, entertaining in the film colony begins or ends at home, where everything is so quiet you can hear an option drop and where no gate crashers are welcome.

The fact that the film colony takes its party-throwing seriously is indicated by the statistic which show that Hollywood spends several million dollars yearly on that form of entertainment. Contrary to what the studio publicists would have you believe in their tall tales of tall drinks, little women and great songs, there's considerable variety in the types of parties given. There are arty affairs for the artistically inclined; wrestling match excursions with an after-the-wrestling's-over supper for the mentally muscle-bound; swimming and tennis gatherings for the athletically ambitious; and bridge or roller-skating parties for the sit-downers.

As far as Gloria Stuart's social activities go, she believes in "going whole hog or none." She does just that, in her own special party fashion.
GLORIA STUART'S FIESTA DISH

Take orange preserved in ginger, place over it one boned squab. Broil slightly, wrap in soft bread-crumb dressing (your favorite poultry dressing). Put this inside a boned chicken, broil 20 seconds. Wrap in dressing and place inside a boned duck. Broil, roll duck in bread-crumb dressing and place inside a boned turkey. Place under broiler several minutes.

Broil in oven for two and one-half hours, basting frequently with orange juice to which has been added one glass of melted raspberry jelly. Slow oven, 300 degrees to 350 degrees F.

Serve fowl with avocado paste prepared as follows: avocados beaten with one-half chopped onion to each avocado; one-half teaspoon of salt to each half avocado. Serve on toasted tortillas.

THOUGH living in Hollywood, neither Bette Davis nor her husband Ham Nelson have ever been of it. Most stars earning her salary are content with a house which costs no less than several hundred per month to rent. But Bette lives in her little sixty-per-month house by the side of Franklin Avenue and likes it.

Here, on an Early American table (brought from her home in Dennis on Cape Cod) covered with a checkered tablecloth, Bette places bright colored dishes and a big green glazed bowl full of beans, ginger bread, whipped cream, and apple-sauce.

EETTE DAVIS' GINGER BREAD

1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup molasses
1/2 cup melted shortening
1 egg
1 1/4 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon ginger

Mix and add 1/2 cup boiling water. Bake in greased tin 30-45 minutes at 350 degrees F.
He's so perfectly proper . . .
She's so properly furious . . .

YOU'LL BE SO DELIGHTED . . . THEY'RE PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL TOGETHER!

What do you think happens? . . .
when a butler with un-butler-like ambitions serves a lady who thinks he isn't entitled to . . . ambitions!

BILL at his debonair best . . .
and the girl whose breathtaking beauty and dramatic fire you merely glimpsed in "Wings of the Morning" . . .
now, in her first American-made picture, the most gloriously exciting personality ever to grace the screen!

WILLIAM POWELL
and
ANNABELLA
in
"The BARONESS and the BUTLER"

The year's gayest and brightest romantic-comedy sensation!

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with
HELEN WESTLEY • HENRY STEPHENSON
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT • NIGEL BRUCE
J. EDWARD BROMBERG • LYNN BARI

Directed by Walter Lang
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Screen Play by Sam Hellman, Lamar Trott and Kathryn Scola
Based on a play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete
Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production
At least a thousand times I have heard it told... that you have "to do the right things"... to succeed in Hollywood... these "right things" consist in living a big house with an attached swimming pool where you give gigantic parties... being seen almost nightly at the Trocadero... not being married but getting oneself insinuated about in the press with manner of romantic implications... always being seen with the right crowd... spending furiously... at the other night in New York's Madison Square Garden and watched Sonja Henie singing before a crowd that had paid some $10,000 for the privilege... and it was a privilege... of seeing her... The little Henie was a lyric sight... she sealed herself simultaneously as a showman and an artist... contrasted on one program "Babes in Toyland" (with herself the doll most wanted under anybody's Christmas tree) and Liszt's "Liebestraum"... she did for the high-brows with magnificence underplayed simplicity... her winning face... when her mesmeric whirls the ice were finished... was wreathed in a flirtatious smile... but while going through those spins and dives... her gliding and leaps so perfectly timed it they seemed casual... her face, if you watched it carefully, was tense and almost flushed... every moment she was given her best... every gesture was thought exactly and rehearsed into perfection... it was only when she was in repose that one chose to make it seem sheer fun... we were all delirious with enthusiasm, as if we should have been... but after it was over I thought of Jack Dunn and the Hollywood legend... Maybe by this time you don't even remember Jack Dunn... but he came to Hollywood as Sonja Henie's skating partner... I never saw him on the ice so I don't know how good he was... but I'll wager he was very good indeed... he had to be, first of all, to be Sonja's partner... and anyhow if men are athletes at all they are usually very keen ones... well, he came along with Sonja and just about the time she signed with Twentieth Century-Fox he signed with Universal... It could just as well have been the other way around, probably... neither Henie nor Dunn knew Hollywood... you can't be sure what the amount of those initial contracts were for either... but Henie got the break of being with Zanuck and Dunn had the tough luck to hit Universal when it was going through a period of violent reorganization...
mount, no one on the outside seems to know much about what he is doing, or where he keeps himself ... in fact. I wonder if you remember his name at all ... 

Another legend that gets in my hair is the belief that producers are always picking, right up off Hollywood Boulevard, some little tools who can act rings around the established stars ... who only has to face a camera to make it quake with joy ... I get about ten fiction stories a week written around that plot ... and everybody knows that roughly nine hundred girls a year turn up in the movie village believing they have only to be seen to be worth five thousand dollars a week to any producer ...

Alongside here somewhere you will see a picture of Toni Noviska, who is what is known as a new discovery ... Cinderella stuff again ... an unknown girl about to be elevated to the heights ... if she makes good, that is ...

This is how "Cinderella" she is ... more than six months ago I sat in a projection room at the Selznick studios and saw a test that Miss Noviska had made in London ... two tests, rather ... one made two years ago, one about eight months ago ... the time lapse was to show how far she had advanced in her study of English and diction ...

Of course, if she hadn't advanced they wouldn't have been showing that second test at all ... but she had ... and she plainly knew more about acting too ... they told me at Selznick's that her entire life for the two years had been one long routine of study ...

Nor is that all ... Miss Noviska has been dancing ever since she was seven ... she has been a ballet headliner since she was ten ... and she's still what's called a newcomer and she still has got to make good ... it gives you a rough idea what the chances are for a girl who has merely dreamed into her mirror and lands in Hollywood with a heartful of hope and two dollars ...

Gregory La Cava is not only one of the top-flight directors but he is also a good writer ... and an extraordinary psychologist ... and a very wise gent indeed, while all the furor was going on about young Andrea Leeds' performance in "Stage Door" Greg didn't say much ... he admires the girl and admits her distinctive ability ... but finally he spoke up because after all these years in Hollywood he is still a little amazed by how the profession that should know every trick still can be taken in by the qualities of a magnificently constructed scene ... fooled into attributing the moving quality of the scene to the acting rather than the writing in it ...

Greg said ... that girl is a great natural actress as long as you do one thing for her ... put her in scenes so highly dramatic that her own repression seems like a form of underacting ...

I recalled this as I watched Miss Leeds playing a perfectly straight role in "The Golden Follies" ... she was charming but she wasn't that girl in "Stage Door" ... which only goes to prove how desperately a newcomer at acting is dependent upon the right script and the right director ...

Actors need this type of help, too ... Robert Taylor after the devastating "pretty boy" publicity has been put in "A Yank at Oxford" ... in which he is so athletic as practically to sly you ... the picture, an important one since it marks the first real merger of American and British production interests, is swell entertainment ... it is far and away the best photographed and the best lighted of any picture we have seen come out of England in months ... and I also want to go on record as being distinctly pro-Taylor ...

I liked the "Yank" very much indeed and I think you will find it a more pleasanter film than the average evening's fun ... still and far that somebody should have whispered to Bob just isn't the type that buzzes up the track meets ... the Taylor chest displayed in great detail with much dark in full evidence and it is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Taylor breezes the tape through ... but judging by his running form seems a small wonder that the Oxfordians of the film were not so puzzled by his winners ... it is going to seem pretty miraculous to you ... unless Metro is trying to prove the idea that Bob is a centaur ... I do believe that soon Bob is permitted to be that you unsighted, slightly bewildered lad he is in real life ...

Speaking of "The Golden Follies" I want to thank the hundreds of you who have written in to agree with me in my feeling that there is too much icing on the cake big pictures ever made is due to its simplicity ... purity is the word for Mr. Dian and his artists ... you remember ... blessed are the pure in heart ... only the pure in heart could have created this masts piece ... to my mind "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" is the greatest picture ever made ...

Our Monthly "Gone With The Wind" Department ... whispers now have it that the next likely Snow White discovery is Arleen Whelan (of her picture on page 41) ... Selznick wants her, but so far Zanuck won't give ... judging by her photograph exclusively, I'd say she is much more Scarlett than Paulette Goddard, next most rumored candidate for the role ...
"He thought he knew how to tame a Frau, But Gary’s in the Doghouse now . . . YOU BET . . ." Claudette

The Doghouse

America’s leading love team in the comedy hit of 1938!

Adolph Zukor presents

Claudette Colbert • Gary Cooper
"Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife"

Edward Everett Horton • David Niven • Elizabeth Patterson • Herman Bing

Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder • Based on the Play by Alfred Savoir • English Play Adaptation by Charlton Andrews

Produced and Directed by Ernst Lubitsch A Paramount Picture
"I asked the advice of a stylist...and bought Federal Fox.

"You see I wanted a fur for spring that would be more than smart. I wanted it to make me look pretty, as well as fashionable; and I'll admit I wanted it to have masculine appeal. 'Get Federal Fox,' I was told...and I did get it everything I wanted."

Federal Foxes...richly silvered...soft...and luxuriously furred...combine those important must-haves—chic and becoming—...and, on the practical side, they offer lasting loveliness. Featured by her stores everywhere, they are easily recognized by the Federal name, clipped to an and stamped on the leather side of the p
NNAH!

falls on one of Hollywood's greatest "hidden" dramas: the Dietrich-Garbo rivalry. Garbo got here first, but when Dietrich came along five years later in the avowed intention of taking Greta's crown. Their genuine rivalry amour sweepstakes was never so much as inferred by the Swedish Sphinx. Legs, jewels, furs, flirtations in the arc lights—she gave all. But win. Where is she going now on those lovely gams of hers? Nobody and what does Garbo, as aloof in her art and her moods as the snow-clad native land, think about it all? Nobody, now or ever, will know that, either

THE VINNAH!

DRAWING BY VINCENTINI
In the poised and successful young man of today are certain qualities which also belonged to a shy awkward cowpuncher of ten years ago.
them marched across the garden and into the lead man’s office.

No star in films has been smarter about hanging himself than Gary, and the pyramids are oarsmen blown by the wind compared to Mr. Cooper when he makes up his mind. Tall, shy and twinkling, he says little, but, when the noise and the shouting die away, there he is, exactly the same spot, still shy and still twinkling but immovable.

Nobody railroaded him into too many pictures, for bad stories or parts that aren’t suited to him. You know, there is a good deal of Mr. Deeds in Gary Cooper, himself. When the news first came through that Gary was going to play Mr. Deeds, I ran into Bud Kelland—professionally known as Clarence Budington Kelland and the distinguished author of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"—at a dinner party in our Long Island neighborhood. Mr. Kelland, after one brief and triumphant encounter with Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, has remained somewhat aloof from motion pictures. So I wasn’t surprised when he inquired, "What about this Gary Cooper, anyway?" I knew what he meant because I knew Mr. Deeds was rather a favorite character of Mr. Kelland’s and I said, "Don’t worry. You see, Gary is Mr. Deeds."

I suppose what I really meant by that was that, given a similar set of circumstances, Gary Cooper would do and say and refuse to say exactly the same things Mr. Deeds did. Mr. Deeds’ silence in that courtroom would have been Gary’s own method of meeting injustice. In the end, he would have fought with the same vigor and philosophy and viewpoint.

There is a tradition in my family that no matter what anybody asks me about men stars on the screen my answer will always be Gary Cooper. If there is a debate about the family dinner table as to who is the best actor, the best-looking man, the most attractive personality, my sons and daughter say, "Oh, don’t bother to ask Mom. She always says Gary Cooper."

That is carrying it a bit far, but I readily admit that no other screen star affords me the sure satisfaction and affectionate amusement that Mr. Cooper inspires.

I am not able to get any extra heartbeats out of Robert Taylor’s type of male beauty because he always looks to me as though he ought to be behind a counter in a white coat saying, "What’ll it be?" Tyrone Power gives the impression that he admires himself so happily that any admiration from me would be superfluous, but Gary Cooper looks the way I think a man should look. And whether he is playing the picturesque Marco Polo, the humorous and tragic Mr. Deeds, the lover of "Farewell to Arms" or the dashing Bengal Lancer, he is always real and heart-warming.

I have never seen him give a bad performance and since I witnessed some of the threesomes of agony which it took to make Mr. Gary Cooper an actor—I wrote his first serious screen role—I appreciate what it means better than anyone can who didn’t live through that harrowing experience.

Mr. Cooper’s private life has also been eminently satisfactory; in this again, his silence has paid heavy dividends. That boy has been in spots where any word would have been the wrong word and one word would have been one too many. Sometimes I think he’s the only person I’ve ever known who doesn’t talk too much, including me.

Having survived some of the most high-powered and dangerous romances any young man ever met face to face, he, in time, selected (Continued on page 72)
Here's your one real chance to check up on the authentic social rating of your own particular star favorites

SOCIETY all over the world has suddenly become cognizant of the fact that there is such a thing as society in cinemaland. Rude though the awakening may have been, it was brought about, more than anything else, by the arrest of John Montague, Hollywood's mystery golf champion who was acquitted fairly recently of taking part in a seven-year-old stick-up in an eastern state.

Overnight, social sets began asking themselves just how come that "anyone" was "taken up" in Hollywood.

And yet, except for the social sets south of the imaginary Mason and Dixon line, where few bow to money (probably because few have it), society almost everywhere is chosen exactly as it is in southern California's charm spot.

Maybe cash is more of a dictator in Hollywood than it is in New York; if so, it's because it's old-fashioned to be a king, in 1938, in movie land. Yet, ridiculous as some people feel it is to talk of such a thing as society in picture sets exist nevertheless, and there are many people who take them seriously.

Certainly there is more wealth per square foot in the Hollywood social area than in any other city in the nation, with the possible exception of Grosse Point, Michigan; Palm Beach...
The facts of what they really do, and why they do it, will make you wonder at them.
Above: James Hilton, Paulette Goddard, Frances Marion, H. G. Wells, Anita Loos

WO decades or so ago it was a well-known fact that there was only one clique that mattered in the city of tinsel and kliegs; and everyone who was anyone belonged to that group. Known as the Pickfair set, it was led by Doug and Mary, and given an intellectual strain by Charlie Chaplin. It was the set that entertained the Albert Einsteins, and refused to mix with the "common" stars, no matter how many hundreds of thousands of dollars the latter might make per picture. But the years have made a difference, a vast difference in the modus operandi of Hollywood's social merry-go-round.

Today Charlie Chaplin still gives the most exclusive, and the smallest parties for the really big shots of science, literature and the arts. Six or eight is the limit of his guests and they are all hand-picked—H. G. Wells, A. A. Milne, John Masefield, Emil Ludwig, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Frank Shields. His is a real salon, but small, without ostentation and show-off. He never offers formal entertainment, never shows movies, seldom goes out.

The Edward G. Robinsons are his closest rivals. The Robinsons also entertain many famous people. Robinson himself is cultured, the possessor of a great musical library and a fine collection of modern French masters. He reads and speaks many languages and is far and away the best representative of the cultural entertainer of cinemaland.

Mrs. Harry Lachman, Director Lachman's wife, is generally regarded as one of movie land's most brilliant hostesses. She is Chinese and very beautiful. She lived on the Continent many years. Every "lion" who comes to Hollywood she entertains in some new and amazingly interesting fashion. Her dinners are Chinese and American, the guests usually number nearly two hundred, and once they come they usually stay until dawn. She is one of the few Hollywood hostesses who is fully equipped with her own service—plates, silver and napery—to accommodate all her guests.

If you question the motion-picture colony (Continued on page 42)
First, only drawings—then, a marvelous new invention gave life to the heroine and villainess. In adding sound to the film, its unique but short career was a lot of a varied group of people. Explaining a mechanical mind, more fascinating in its unfolding than the fairy tale it gave...
T WENTY-FIVE years ago in Kansas City, Missouri, a small boy sat enchanted in a theater and watched a fantastic little play. When he left, his head whirled with the magic and romance of what he thought was surely the most wonderful story in the world.

That is how "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" really began. Because that was the name of the fantastic little play the boy saw, and the name of the boy was Walt Disney.

For a score and more years, far back in his mind those same visions whirled and survived. The impression never vanished, though the boy grew up. And as he grew to be one of the greatest artists in the world, the insistent memories of childhood rapture demanded to be translated into his particular art. They grew into a dream.

Three and a half years ago, Walt Disney arted to make his dream come true. In those three and a half years he spent $1,500,000 to bring "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" to the screen in exquisite color symphony. He employed 500 people who worked all day and frequently all night to finish it. He spent $70,000 developing a brand new camera to give it depth. He concocted 1500 different paints to give it unmatched color, and used enough to paint twenty-seven five-room bungalows. He threw away four times the drawings he made and the film he shot. He made over 2,000,000 separate paintings that, placed end to end, would reach from New York to Pittsburgh. He used pencils that, stacked point to point, would tower above Mount Everest.

He tested hundreds of people for faceless voices on the screen. He maintained a studio menagerie so that he might study animals within reach of pencil and paper. He spent months searching for new sound effects. He developed brand new techniques in music, drawing, animation and color photography.

And all this work, this experimentation, for one hour and twenty minutes on the screen.

The story of the making of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" can be told now. The film is finished, and it is delightful. The world has pried open an impressive crack in the door that leads to the screen's ultimate promise. It was worth the time, the work, the worry, the courage, the tedious experimentation, the money.

And the risk.

For at first Walt Disney received scant encouragement from his seasoned helpers when he casually introduced the idea of making "Snow White." It was a new departure for animated cartoons. It had human beings that had to be convincing. It was feature-length, and two reels was the limit for screen animations. It had death in it. It had horrifying scenes that might frighten children. Its expense was appalling. If it flopped, Disney's career might well be wrecked.

But in the wonderful way Walt Disney has of transmitting enthusiasm to his co-workers he "sold" the idea around his own studio. That was all that was necessary. When Disney's (Continued on page 88)
Many men have courted her; yet he answer has always been, "I won't marry... even if I fall in love." Why
Or the first time in three years Shirley Temple has a dangerous box-office rival.

Strangely enough, the star who menaces First Child's one position on the ten list is a girl labeled affectionately by se who know her as "Shirley Temple Grown." Sonja Henie, a few weeks ago, curvetted onto the rink of New York's Madison Square Garden, filled to capacity crowds the management had to offer matinées; in the same week, newest picture, "Happy Landing," made $0,000 for a theater in the same town.

But, significantly, in one thing Sonja Henie ered from other actresses who have, recently, in past years, taken America by unwilling a and pulled it en masse to the ticket office. Henie was not in love. Newspaper column could carry no coy suggestion of her intimate and headline it romance. No boxes of ors, tagged with a man's name, filled her sitting room. She was not engaged, nor engaged. In a word, she was hard y.

Only a few months ago, it had been different. You could not speak alone with Sonja for minutes but that Tyrone Power must open door and come in and leave you feeling rfous for the rest of the interview. Then little blonde skater could not go on an initiation tour of any length without talking to Tyrone via long distance. Sometimes even followed her.

She openly he wanted marriage. When, last um, their exciting entente became less ex to them and they stopped seeing each other, he promptly discovered Janet Gaynor fell in love once all over again. There was no time to draw a long breath in between. Thereupon Hollywood sat back and waited impatiently to see what Sonja would do. When nothing, when she simply went on mak outrageously successful pictures, and more money, and skating tours that drew unprecedented crowds, and more money, and ballet exhibitions that knocked blank thousands into aisles, and more money—without bothering all in love again—the public at last was con to draw gloomy conclusion. There was no other choice.

Tyrone must have brought their romance to close before Sonja was ready. Sonja must l bring a flaming torch for the slim black boy with the irresistible eyes. She must bury her unhappiness in work . . .

But last summer, while the Power-Henie romance was still the most secure romance in town, Sonja told me point blank that she hadn't considered losing her head over anyone a long time because she had set aside five t of devoted application to her work. And p weeks ago, on the set, she said to me: E ven if I fall in love, I won't marry anyone for two years. I'm not interested in marriage. I'm interested in skating. At the end of that time I'll still be young enough so that I won t have to worry. I'll still be young enough for dance. And I'll have my career established."

was cold on that set. The entire floor w and, between takes, some half hundred ex dressed in summer evening dresses, hurriedly put on furs and went stamping about, blowing frost and rubbing their hands to keep f irm. Cesar Romero, in white tie and tails and an overcoat, stood grumbling over the blister he had worn on his thumb by the repeated use of a band leader's baton.

Only Sonja, in silk tights and the briefest possible costume, looked comfortable. She smiled with health. She radiated personal warmth.

I put my blue nose out between the lapels of my coat, forced my teeth to stop chattering, and said, "I saw you at the Troc last night with Cesar."

"Mm," Sonja agreed. "Did you see my new dress? Did you like the sleeves made out of ermine tails?"

"With Cesar," I repeated pointedly.

"Yes. He is a nice dancer—?" Then she turned those shrewd, ice-blue eyes on me and grinned.

"Don't be silly. That's no romance. I haven't the time. I never have had, really."

I nodded, remembering.

NEVER, in all her twenty-four unbelievable years, has there been any choice for Sonja between love and career. Not since that day, when, precocious even at eleven, she stood on the frozen fjord at Oslo and heard the multitude applaud her, has she hesitated when a romantic interest has threatened to interfere with her vocation as a skater.

There is no implication that she has turned her head from love always. So vital a personal- 

ally, so warm a human needs must have a 

share of romance or find her life only partly 

Sonja—the world's greatest skater, a fine 

actress, a superb showman, and the girl who has startled Hollywood out of a two years’ growth by her firm ultimatum

fulfilled. And Sonja cannot do things by half measures.

But when the men who have courted her— and they have been many—have ventured the suggestion of marriage, then the goal of great success she early set herself has loomed brighter: and its brightness has always outshone the glowing lure of home and family and atten- tive husband.

This has been because Sonja Henie, intrin- sically, was born one of the greatest women of her generation. In Hollywood that would sound like a press department build-up but I say it sincerely. She is, after all, the world’s greatest skater; she is a fine actress; she is a superb business woman; she is among the live shrewdest

(Continued on page 84)
The tear-compelling story of a Poor
Little City Boy who, by movie magic,
was made into a country Tom Sawyer

BY IDA ZEITLIN

THERE was a knock at the classroom door. Tom Kelly, door monitor, jumped up to answer it. At this point the curly-headed lad didn't have the slightest inkling that he was shortly to become the hero of the most heart-warming of all Hollywood's amazing stories. The usual door-opening procedure was for Tom to stand there, like a kind of honor guard, until the visitors were ready to leave. Then he'd close the door after them and go back to his seat. It made a nice little break in the day's routine.

On this fateful day the visitors were two men, accompanied by the assistant pastor of St. Raymond's School in the Bronx, New York. One of the men eyed Tommy with interest, whispering something to his companion. The other turned round to look. Tommy, friendly by nature, smiled at them—a smile that started in his deepest blue eyes and spread gently over his small freckled face. It was a smile that both warmed and caught at the heart.

He had never been consciously wasteful. His greatest cross lay in his being too small to play anything but substitute outfielder on the baseball team. At twelve he was old enough to realize that money wasn't plentiful at home. In fact, he and his parents and his three older brothers and his little sister June never omitted from their prayers a special plea that his father, working for the W.P.A., might find a better job. But his parents stood between him and any hurtful awareness of economic strain. He had to run errands and help his mother with the dishes. So did most of the other kids. He had enough to eat, a roof to shelter him, an atmosphere of faith and affection to go home to, and he had the hope of growing taller. His horizon was serene.

Yet there was a quality of spirit in his smile that had interested the visitors' attention. Merry eyes in a sensitive face. A dreamy forehead under rumpled brown curls.

They spoke to the teacher, and the teacher bade Tom sit down. They inspected the other boys, but their glance kept going back to him. Presently the assistant pastor called him.

"These gentlemen want to know some things about you, Tom. How tall are you, how old are you, and how much do you weigh?"

"I don't know any of them except my age. But I can run down and ask the nurse."

"Do that, and then come to the priests' house. We'll meet you there."

Arriving panting at the priests' house with the desired information, Tom was given a chance to recover his breath, then handed a large torme, open at a certain page. "Read that aloud, please."

Tom scanned the page, cocked his head like a contemplative sparrow, opened his mouth, closed it and looked up. "It's too big for me, sir. I'll have to read it by syllables."

"Read it any way you like," smiled one of the strangers.

Intent on his task, Tommy didn't catch the glance exchanged between the visitors, nor the signal one of them gave the priest. "That's enough, son. Come here."

The priest put an arm around Tommy.

"These gentlemen are from the Selznick International Company that makes moving pictures. They've been hunting nine months for a boy to play Tom Sawyer. They'd like to try you out. It may not come to anything, you know. They've tried out hundreds of boys without finding the right one. But I want you to ask your father to come and see me tonight. Will you do that?"

"Yes, Father," said Tom. Then he smiled shyly at the scouts. "Thanks just the same."

The movies meant less to the Kellys than they do to the average American family. They had neither the money nor the hankering to attend them. In all her married life, Tom's mother had seen but three pictures.

Tom's father is a hardheaded Irishman. Believing firmly in the miracles of God, he has a less profound faith in the promises of men. No one was unduly elated when Tom brought his news home. As a matter of courtesy, Michael Kelly went to see the priest, who convinced him that these men were not itinerant photgraphers, trying to bamboozle the family by paying five dollars for a picture of their boy hopeful. "They're legitimate representatives of a fine company, Michael. I think you'd better see them."

An appointment was made. Tom was to go to the New York offices of David O. Selznick. He read a scene from the script, he was coached for a week, then given a test. "You'll hear from us," his father was told.

"And that's the last we'll hear from the Michael Kelly assured his wife that night. "Maybe so," said Nora. "They've tested hundreds and talked to twenty-five thousand. Tommy's got nothing one of those lads hasn't got."

"They'll have to be taking one of them," said Nora. "Whoever it is, that's who it was meant to be."

WEEKS passed without word. Whatever skullduggery the experience had caused on the part of the Kellys' lives died away. They didn't jump when the phone rang. There wasn't a phone to ring. They didn't wait feverishly for the postman's arrival each morning. It was meant to be Tommy, and that was that.

With the fatalism of childhood, the boy to his cue from his parents. He was unaware of the potentialities that had grazed and apparently passed him by. The movies as such!

(Continued on page 111.)
SARA HAMILTON

"My notion, the greatest piece of hanky-panky of this modern age is the great American hoax entitled George Burns and Gracie Allen. Along with the historical war of Troy and its conniving Greek entrails, Burns and Allen episode should go down in history as direct proof that all of the people are on being fooled all of the time.

And do George and Gracie fool 'em! Through constant repetition and persistent story on George and Gracie's part, the public, pretty thoroughly convinced, by now, that Gracie is the prize dimwit of all time. Not only on, but off screen, off radio, off stage, off ying; a zaney whose every remark, no matter how profound, is the immediate signal for complete hysteria and a general going-to-cases all the way round.

But that misrepresentation of fact isn't enough, it seems. The two must add to the confusion by switching their roles in real life. For the most amazing twist to this bit of Burns and Gracie chicanery is the fact that in real life George Burns is really Gracie Allen. Without the little blue hat. And Gracie is George Burns. Without the purple suspenders.

George, once away from the public's eye and ear, becomes almost as funny as Gracie tends to be. Jack Benny and Mrs. Benny once remarked that with no exception George Burns is the funniest white man on the face of the globe. That his side remarks and killing quips far surpass anything Gracie ever says before a mike.

On the other hand, Gracie Allen Burns has never been heard to crack so much as half a joke in a score of years. She knows no quips, no flippancies, no wisecracks. No such trademarks as "Well, anyhow" or that short, clipped "Thank u" or "I'll bet you tell that to all the girls" ever once passes her lips. Away from radio or screen.

GRACIE ALLEN is just two other people to Mrs. Burns. And one of them is certainly her husband.

The lifework of George Burns, a keen, matter-of-fact businessman, is the creating of that optical and auditory illusion known the world over as "Gracie Allen." While some men are concerned with the building of bridges, some with construction of roads or buildings, George Burns is interested solely in building a slightly off-center scatterbrain who speaks through the mouth of the reserved, intelligent and charming woman—his wife, Gracie Allen Burns.

How he creates this amazing apparition, whose nearest rival is a hemlock individual named Charlie McCarthy, is, I think, immensely interesting.

In Burns' employ are three assistants, all specialists and capable technicians in the building of a looney phony. On Tuesday of each week, George and his assistants gather in a fifth-floor room of a Vine Street hotel to talk over the business of next week's Gracie. Or the next film's Gracie, as the case may be.

George, his brother Bill and gagmen John Medbury and Harvey Helm, all good men and true, settle down to the problem at hand, that of making Mrs. Burns crazy.

"Well," says George, "what shall next week's Gracie talk about?" And the ball is mentally tossed from George to Bill and Bill to John, gathering polish as it goes.

Since George is the author and parent of Gracie (having conceived her back in old vaudeville days) he knows, more than any living human, just what she would do or say under certain given circumstances and just how her unreasoning powers work. All of which makes the problem a less complicated one.

Only trying to top each week's Gracie is problem enough, heavens knows—and one that George and his gang can have.

If you were to ask George Burns how he knows just what Gracie would say or do under (Continued on page 96)
Our Young Man About Hollywood
rips open Glamour Town to picture
a Hollywood never seen before

BY ERROL FLYNN

WHY is it that the only things one ever reads about this town are the prop stories—the stories of glitter and glamour and money and fine gestures and beautiful people?

I've been here two years and some months now and it's Frank that admitted for that a long time I was bemused into thinking the same thing. One never sees headless bodies lying in the streets nor does one smell the stench of disease or abject poverty. Of course, there are poor people here as well as everywhere else, but not in the same sense; they don't eat offal as they do in China, nor live in actual sewers. After a while, thanks to the Chambers of Commerce and the Best Feet Forward Boys, one begins to believe that Hollywood is as much of an ideal spot as the illusion created here.

Did you ever get bored with perfection? Did you ever go to a party as a child and see a lovely, prissy little girl who was so darned perfect you yearned to smack her in the face and smear mud on her frock? If you've never felt that primeval surge within you, please don't read any more of this... because, after two years of scintillating perfection, I got bored stiff, one evening recently, and decided to go backstage and see if the town of Hollywood, itself, wasn't just a huge stage setting, behind the perfection of which might lurk the denizens of darkness.

I HAD two companions during the evening. One, Captain Steed, then in charge of the Homicide Squad of the Los Angeles Police Department, I'll never forget. With the looks and attitude of living of a Y.M.C.A. boys' counselor, smooth, gentle and calm, he holds a job that is one of the most dangerous in the city. He has the well-earned reputation of being able to break down the most confirmed killers.

My other companion was a gentleman named Pat. Pat drives an ambulance and spends eight hours a day in a welter of gore. In his spare time he paints lovely water-color landscapes.

The laugh of the evening was when narrow-minded (or perhaps just sleepy) neighbors didn't approve of this actor's impersonation of a faun

The three of us had dinner in what passes for Chinatown in Los Angeles. Why they call it Chinatown is a mystery. The young Cans there speak far better English than most American directors and at least two millionaires I've met; and, as a general rule, the people they serve, if presented piping hot to a canvas in Shanghai, would be considered an excellent example of the American table fork.

Just as we had reached the coffee and rette stage, a telephone call came through. Chinese had been stabbed at a near-by corner. We threw a bill on the table and ran to the car. The driver got the call over the radio so the motor was on and we were under way before the door slammed.


We rounded a corner on screaming tires and saw a freight train bearing down on us, loud clanging and whistling. Now a Chinese is a substantial car, but I doubt if its most enthusiastic booster would advise you to tangle one with a freight train. After all, bulk is still bulk. I'm not just 'clear as to what happened but we squeezed by in a fine flurry of fire and locomotive blasts. I looked at my companions. They were smoking calmly and discussing the forthcoming World Series.

A moment later and we pulled up in front of a narrow doorway before which mobbed crowd of Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos and negroes, to say nothing of a few miscellaneous types, all trying to mauled a harried patrolman.

Upstairs lay a twisted little body. A Russian, he seemed to be; too nastily dressed, too heavy with scent, crowded with still-framed dozens of films. Everything was quite neat and orderly, but his head wasn't where it belonged.

Errol Flynn—adventurer, realist

Drawings by Frank Godwin

The Seamy Side
Behind the glitter of Hollywood our distinguished writer-actor found horror, poverty and thrills.

was about three feet away from the rest of a, looking quite surprised.

A fat lady who'd forced her way up with us, 
looked, gagged, fainted dead away. Somebody 
shoved her out into the hall so the ambulance 
could get in, but there wasn't anything 
you could do just then. Mr. Kong was quite 
confused.

He had been some sort of a local picture 
man who had had the bad taste to collect for 
is in advance. When the jobs failed to mate-
lize one of his clients had become annoyed 
called on him with a snickersnee.

On the way back to headquarters, I learned 
at that is one of the favorite local rackets.

Not calling on agents with snickersnees, but 
ring a phony agent. The whole town is rid-
ed with them, despite the sincere efforts of 
Hays Office and the Better Business Bureau

viciously a cheap form of chiseling, you’d be 
prised at how much of a toll the racket ex-
acts annually from gullible would-be actors 
and actresses.

The seamy side of life in Hollywood is not 
just to agents, though that is quite a field in 

Itself. As a matter of fact, the incident I've 
described was merely a prelude to the eve-
ning's real events.

From downtown Los Angeles we wandered 
toward the mountains of Hollywood and 

over the Hills, just jogging along, listening to 
dio calls and waiting for something to happen 

in a district near us.

I came to the conclusion right then that a 
luckman's life is one long series of prowlers 

and drunks—and most of them imaginary. As 

far as the prowlers are concerned, the story of 

the old maid and the burglar is as good an 

illustration as any. A lot of these nervous 
ladies apparently just want someone to talk to 

because the prowlers usually evaporate without 

leaving a single corporeal sign.

The men were telling me the inside story of 
one of the most amusing of Hollywood's extor-

tion cases. A certain prominent producer— 

forgive me for not mentioning names, but some 
day I may have to work for him—received, 

with his soft-boiled eggs of a morning, a pointed 

tote from an amateur extortionist and crank.

He was demanding ten thousand dollars on 

pain of kidnapping the producer's wife, but was 

obviously a novice in that he signed his name 

and address to the note. The producer was no 

whit ruffled. Instead, he called in his secretary 

and dictated a polite reply to the effect that he 

didn't have the ten thousand, but was very 

much interested in the extortionist's proposi-

tion. That ended that.

To which the Sergeant replied, brushing him 

aside, "What do you think we are—advance 

agents for a circus?"

The negro elevator operator was much more 

helpful. "The lady in 4-B, she done it ag'in, 
gemmon, only this time she sho got the mis-

eries for true!"

"The lady in 4-B was a pathetic sight. She 

was, we learned later, nineteen, the daughter 
of a substantial Midwestern family, who had 

married against her family's wishes. When her 

shiftless husband disappeared, she had too much 

pride to go back home, tried to crack into pic-

tures with more looks than ability. When we 
got to her flat, she was lying across her bed, 

practically nude, and retching horribly. At-

tempted poisoning went on the books while Pat, 

the ambulance man, was using the Lafarge 
on her, pumping from her tortured stomach the 

patent antiseptic she had used.

On the dresser was a polite little note from 

Central Casting informing her that it was im-

possible to register any more extra talent and 

that, since there were fifteen thousand already 

enrolled ahead of her, she would have to wait 

her turn.

The piths of such cases is not so great here 

as elsewhere. It is not that Hollywood is hard-

hearted, but, after all, I suppose there is a lot 

more of suicide in Movietown than in the aver-

age community.

Unlike most cities, according to police rec-

ords, women suicides predominate in Holly-

wood. Blasted careers and unscrupulous men 

who use a girl's ambition for their own ends 

(Continued on page 81)
THE DARING LIFE STORY
DON AMEche

BY HOWARD SHARPE

THE story of Don Ameche is more than merely a history of twenty-nine years of a man's life. He is, personified, a generation—a period.

Born Dominic Felix Ameche the very beginning of 1908's summer in Kenosha, Wisconsin, as a first son, he soon turned into the Ameche problem child and was shipped off, for seeing, to St. Berchman's in Marion, Iowa.

From there, at high school age, he entered Columbia Private High School and College Dubuque where two things of importance happened to him—he was introduced, by Farley Sheehy, to Honore Pandergast, and—in all faith—he decided on a career. He would become a lawyer.

Marquette University saw him next. Though he acquitted himself brilliantly—but not in boredom. The spin of fun was still far more important than work to the young blade Don, until he came to his senses, he tells us, when his mother approached death through an accident. But home for the summer, chastened of spirit, he promised himself (and sincerely meant it) that he would do better....

Now continue his story.

The speedometer needle wavered at sixty-eight and stopped there. Don Ameche held the motor fighting; he put his arm out and the wind fling it back, felt the vibration underneath him that meant going fast.

"This all the soup she's got?" he shouted.

Mark Tobin swerved the roadster into a road and pulled it up screeching in gravel, under a group of sycamores. The August air

Don went to Washington to school because he thought he could "get some work done." What happened there gave him, first, happiness; then, an intense hatred of college and all that it represented.
noon was nearly gone but heat lay in the fields and brightened the dust in the roads. Inside the little cottage the room was still and cool, with the blinds pulled; the boys sat down at a little table and waited for the man in the white apron to come over.

“Two Scotch,” Mark said.
Don looked up. “Beer. I’m on the wagon.”

“Again?” Mark laughed. “Bring two anyway. I’ll drink the other one if he doesn’t.” Later he said to Don, “You made your plans for the winter yet?”

“I think I’ll go to Georgetown and get serious about law,” Don told him. “In Washington maybe I can get some work done.”

“In D.C.?” Mark said. “They make good juleps down there. But I never heard of anyone overworking . . . Oh, well. This’s to Georgetown. Come on. Irrigate with something worthy of our national capital.” Don eyed the glass of Scotch. “Just one,” he said finally.

At midnight they got into the roadster and started back. Don, slumped on his spine, saw vaguely that the blurring sky was still light, felt the air cooler on his face. “Mmm,” he said happily. The speedometer needle was around to the right but he couldn’t focus on it, to tell whether it said seventy or more. “The new twenty-eight models,” he yelled. “Get one of those when they come out. Then you can do better.”

He thought: I’m tight. Well. Two months is a good try, anyway.

It was a brilliant winter, and mad, with the world moving always to a faster pace and Washington setting it. In the White House a lean soft-spoken man sat smugly watching the stock market go up and remarked that he approved of sex, when asked; so, essentially, did the students at Georgetown, along with gin and a dance called the Varsity Drag and a tune that asked plaintively, “Why must you be mean to me?” and wide-skirted trousers and the new Whitman arrangements and—particularly—a young newcomer to their ranks named Don Ameche.

They loved him. He had shoulders that ploughed successfully through the toughest backfields, so that at football games his name was roared joyously, repeatedly by the stands. He had a grin that said, when he met you, “This is the happiest day of my life,” and that was usually true. He danced well, wore his correct clothes well; he had, above all, the Right Attitude about things—a credo of unabashed forthright cynicism, of recklessness, of sensual awareness to the present which was without thought, attuned immoderately to laughter.

Mark had been right in his implication. Washington was no town for work or study. The embassies snapped brief cases and put away the sealing wax at four; everyone had either money or a good job and unlimited credit; there were poker and bridge to be played (Prohibition had impoverished Papa Felix, the saloon-keeper, and Don needed spending money); there were the races at Pimlico, attended as a business proposition, and the multiple attractions of Bowie and Laurel which palled only with the dawn.

In the spring Don had a chat with the dean, learned with astonishment that he had found time to attend only twelve classes during the school year, and, on advisement, resigned before they could flunk him. His friends saw him off for three days and nights; but by the time the train reached Milwaukee he was well enough to swagger through the station and shout down Felix’s loud, Italian disapproval.

That night after dinner his mother came into his room and sat on the bed beside him.

“Dominic,” she said softly, touching his arm (Continued on page 78)
THREE DAMP FOOLS

Screwballs by birth (and preference)  
—all the world's a stooge for those  
merry zanies—the Ritz Brothers  

BY JENNIFER WRIGHT  

THREE heads rose above the surface of a Venetian canal, turned left, turned right. A whale hove into sight. Three thumbs hailed him. "Fishie! Yoohoo!"

The canal, part of the décor for "The Goldwyn Follies," belonged to Sam Goldwyn. The heads belonged to the Ritz Brothers. The whale belonged to no recognizable species, though his ferocious grin, his lunatic leer, and the fact that he lived in a canal suggested a hereditary resemblance to the three he was approaching. He halted, took them aboard and pushed off beyond the camera's eye.

A few minutes later three dripping gondoliers passed in Indian file across the set to their dressing rooms. No. 1 jerked a thumb at No. 2. "I'm Jimmy." No. 2 poked a finger into his own ribs. "He's Al." No. 3 flapped a derisive arm.

"Don't let 'em fool you, lady. They're all Harry."

The other two turned and glared at him. "Whaddaya mean, they're all Harry? The lady wants information, not cracks. Pfui on you, Al!"

"Pfui on yourself. I was Al yesterday."

"You were Al yesterday? Then I didn't have my breakfast yet."

"Whadda you care? It's raining anyhow."

"So why didn't I wear my rubbers, dope? Look, your tongue is wet."

Here the wardrobe man interposed. "You're all a little dump, boys. Better get your things off."

They broke into a trot. "Three—dump—fools," one of them bellowed. The others picked it up. "Three—dump—fools—" "Oh, how they run—" "Woh's mir, bee say layfen—"

Three doors slammed shut. One popped open again. "We'll be back in a moment with previews of the new pictures. The first picture of the year is — Darryl Zanuck — bing, bing, bing, bing, bing—"

Another head came through: "A five-Crosby picture—"

"With six matzoth balls. And make it snappy."

"Until then, this is Jimmy Ritz, saying yoohoo to you—"

"And I dew mean yoohoo."

This constitutes a normal introduction to the Ritzes. The chief difference between their screened and unscreened antics lies in organization. On the screen they are lit by time, plots and budgets. Off the screen they function unhindered. Their infrequent failures never run dry. Their thwarts of intellectuals, seeking relief comedy as an art form. Screwballs and preference, they place respec squarely on the shoulders of their "Maxie, the life of the party."

WHY the strain should have found expression in just these three, skipping their George and their sister Gertrude, is one mystery that doesn't matter. Three is a number you beam or groan, depending on whether you're an executive of Twentieth Century-Fox or the current victim of their pleasantry.

To keep the record straight, Harry's in the middle, Al the taller, Jimmy the endman. Al's two years older, Harry two younger than Jimmy. Al has been married ten years to Annette Nelson, once his partner. "Sometimes I have nightmares," says Al. "I dream I'm married to a Ritz by then, wake up and find it's true."

"You could knock her over with a feather," says Al. "Only she just washed it, so can't do a thuh-bing with it."

Two years ago Harry fell in love with the girl on a poster. She was Charlotte Abril, an English girl. She is now Charlotte Ritz, and "(Continued on page 33)"
ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY Brings You Hollywood At ITS PICTORIAL BEST

A "behind the scenes" glimpse—while one camera, only a few feet from Fernand Gravet and Carole Lombard, shoots a close-up of the stars, another catches producer-director Mervyn Le Roy looking on the scene with approval.
famous legs

TO WHOM DO THEY BELONG?
You've seen them all—they're the mainstays of the glamour girls pictured at either side. Some have won glory to the tintinnabulation of hot swing music, others are purely decorative. If the curve is familiar but you can't quite match it with the girl, turn to page 78 for the correct answer.
The great outdoors, cross-country hikes, riding—Joel McCrea

Tyrone Power—epitome of youth, cocktails à deux, swing, keen brains

—WELL, WHO DO YOU THINK THE HANDSOMEST?

Cary Grant—debs' dinner date at a night club, love's song on a tenor saxophone

Horses, hunting, racquetball, lovely ladies—Clark Gable
Quiet humor, very American in Bond Street clothes—Gary Cooper

Here they are—our choice of Hollywood’s best-looking men, modern youth and suave sophisticate—and heaven help us if we haven’t picked right!

College boy in top hat, exponent of unspoiled charm in a sophisticated setting—Robert Taylor

Romance of the older man, slightly mysterious, most refined, very British—Ronald Colman

nure, red sails in inset, champion—Errol Flynn
"Green Grow the Lilacs," flourishing on Broadway twelve years ago, had everything from a nice homey touch to these two famous film stars of today—Franchot Tone and Helen Westley, above. Left: who's feeling whose pulse in "Sick-A-Bed," Mary Boland or her pining patient? Right: "Burlesque" made theater audiences aware of an ex-chorine, Barbara Stanwyck.

The gentleman in the coonskin cap engaging so heavily right at the heroine, idol Edmund Lowe in "Roads of Destiny."
Above: you won't believe it, but this is a picture of the Grand Old Lady in one of her lighter moments—May Robson as the wife of this coy "Messenger Boy" in the play of the same name. Upper right: the pretty little girl whom John Drew is holding so gingerly upon his knees is "Queen Victoria" in person, Helen Hayes. Lower right: equipped for "Have a Heart," bowler, watch chain and all—it's E. G. Robinson

Star-Gazing

ACKWARD

still famous today, these notables once played, believe it or not, this sort of legitimate "drayma"
and her manicuring in a hop. Starmaker Zanuck.
Now, Arlean Whe-}

GIRLS OF THE GOLDEN QUEST

Hollywood is the mecca of a million
Cinderellas. Here are three wise
girls whose stars led the right way
To J. R. Cicchetti of Watertown, Mass., goes our first prize for this picture of the late Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor, taken when they came East last winter en route to the President's Birthday Ball.

When Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels sailed with their young daughter, Barbara Bebe, back in June, 1936, Helen Bradley of Flushing, L. I., was on hand to snap them. Ben and Bebe were expected home for Christmas but their South Africa tour was so successful, they decided to linger on.

Nadya Pashkovsky of New York City was delighted that her enthusiasm for tennis took her to the Hollywood tournaments in September, for she was lucky enough to snap Claire Travers there and win a prize.

For the list of this month's prize winners and further information about this extraordinary new Photoplay contest, please turn to page 1.

Romance! Mickey "Don Juan" Rooney got caught when Audrey Frost of Huntington Park, California, saw him escorting Judy Garland to the corner drugstore for a big ice-cream sod
Sonja Henie climbed the rail and smiled sweetly for Anton Lonek, Jr., when he turned his camera on her. It was her first trip home since her success here.

Hollywood's greatest baseball fan, Joe E. Brown, turns on the famous smile for Mrs. Floyd Hoskinson of Chicago. Joe was in the Windy City managing the South Side boys' team.

Madeline Nueske haunts the docks of New York to add to her camera collection of Hollywood Stars. This day she was lucky enough to see Doug Fairbanks, Jr., arrive.

Reader readers snap their favorite stars.

When McClendon of Jackson, Tenn., used ingenuity to capture his picture, when Rudolph Valentino, during his trip to New York, in need of a pose, she snapped him behind a friend.

And about the best-dressed man on the screen, Mrs. McClendon says, "This proves that even our most immaculate stars at times let down their back hair and become one of us, for it is none other than our impeccable Adolphe Menjou."

Another of Madeline Nueske's prize-winning pictures is this of Robert Taylor taken on the S.S. Berengaria when he sailed for England to appear in "A Yank at Oxford." It was a hot day and Bob shed his coat and mopped.

Happy honeymooners, they were, when Vincent E. Haley of Houston, Texas, snapped Joan Blondell and Dick Powell aboard the S.S. Santa Paula. Had she foreseen the ten days before her in New York, Joan mightn't have smiled so sweetly.
In Hollywood where miss and mister order from the same tailor, similarities are more than suit-deep. Witness those two naturals—Bing Crosby and Glenda Farrell. In his days of rhythm-making with Paul Whiteman, in her years behind the footlights, they learned instinctively you can't fool all the people all the time with professional faking. Now, after more than seven years in Make-Believe Town, they're still staunch members of the Be Yourself School; and their popularity graphs remain high and steady.
As for typical Hollywood play girls, here's Joyce Matthews and Laurie Lane.

In retirement—Don Ameche snapped in an odd moment in the Troc. Privacy, where

At the races—Holy Terror Withers, inveterate gambler, chews a rabbit's foot frantically, and her horse wins!

Disdain, as registered by one Lee Tracy, who views a tray with complete disgust. You've probably felt that...
Hollywood custom—eating at a drive-in and they all star to extra. Here's Anne Shirley, much aware of the unaware of the camera, all involved with a hamburger.

Set-up shot: "Water coming up" to Bob Montgomery, who combines refreshing and refereeing.
Here's that girl-child again! Seems as though we can't let a month go by without breaking down and slipping in a picture of her—she's that consistently irresistible. This time she forsakes the kitchen to romp with the very doggy Rowdy and Corky; and, while three may be a crowd in a wheelbarrow, yet it's gay company, too, when fun-loving Miss T's involved.
This is the team that keeps the columnists' typewriters busy tapping. Meanwhile, Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power go on having all of the fun—all of the time. Left: Phyllis Brooks, sandwiched in between handsome Cary Grant and executive Harry Cohn, is evidently just plain tired of it all.

"Stokie" Gets the Breaks

He WAS just plain Stokie to the Walt Disney crew. And to Stokowski, they were Walt and Bill and Juggers and Skinny. What's more, the famous conductor claims he never was so happy in all his life as when he was arranging and conducting the music for Disney's new cartoon, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."

Because of certain labor rules, the actual recording could not begin until one minute after midnight on a Monday morning. Until 3:50 A.M. the musicians and leader worked on the recording and then joined in a jam session that thousands would have paid any sum to hear.

On the day following when Stokowski was scheduled to leave, Walt Disney went to Stokie with a request. Would he pose with Mickey Mouse for billboards?

"You mean I should have my profile taken beside Mickey Mouse for all the billboards?" Stokowski gasped. "You mean I can really pose
Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck (above). Their mood was infectious: Norma Shearer (wearing the only hat at the party) posed for this close-up with Mrs. Fairbanks while Doug, Sr. and Doug, Jr. (Norma’s escort) beamed. Basil Rathbone and Dietrich (below) held hands to show their sympathy with the entire proceeding.
Hollywood is divided, like all Gaul, into three parts on the Dietrich question. First, there is that group that claim our Nell hasn't been done right by; that the star of "Morocco" and "The Blue Angel" has been badly misled, badly advised and badly directed; that she's good picture, with an understanding director, would bring back the glamorous actress that we saw.

Another set frankly claims that Dietrich, while a perfectly beautiful woman, never was an actress and, without Joseph von Sternberg to aid her, proved that fact not once but several times.

The third group claims Marlene brought about her own demise with ridiculous publicity such men's trousers, fervent friendships with vapid swains and strange interviews.

At any rate, Hollywood agrees on one thing. With the passing of Dietrich, if she really leaves us, goes the most beautiful woman Hollywood has known since the days of lovely Bar- leen La Marr.

Jean Crawford—Her Column

JIMMIE and trimmer than ever, Joan Crawford returned from her New York vacation. Here are three things:

1. It actually snowed, just once, as a farewell serenade to the actress whom New York took to its jittery old heart.

2. She found her legion of fans had remained faithful during a year of bad and indifferent pictures.

3. She lost weight. "Look," she said, guiding her hand to her elegant hip bones, "just like Bonnie Bennett." She has plans—grand, exciting new plans. She's singing on the stage; and no less from the sticks could be more goose-pimpler about it. "In reality, I'm signing a new contract which gives me six months on the stage and six months in pictures. And, what's more, I'm doing this just for me. I want to please me and play any and every kind of character I want to. And I don't even ask for stardom or my name in lights. That's how much in earnest I am."

Oh yes, about this "adopting-a-baby" rumor. Just to hear that something in Joan's voice as she talks of her little four-year-old niece, Joan, reveals a heart already full to overflowing with love for one baby.

"Joanie pants" or "Baby," Joan calls her and it's a terrific hang over the fact they're so much alike and have so many characteristics in common. They both want what they want when they want it, Joan says. And the nearest they ever came to a downright falling-out was when they had quite a frisky little set-to over a Charlie McCarthy doll. Joan bought one for herself and "Joanie pants" wanted it. "You're getting one for your birthday," Joan told her. "This one is for me and I want to keep it because I love it."

Well, it went on far into the night, that argument, with Joan sticking to her guns and Charlie McCarthy. Only "Joanie pants" didn't have to wait for her birthday. She got one exactly like big Joan's the very next day.

Little Joan calls her aunt Joan, "Baby," too. Has it fixed in her mind, somehow, that the name Joan just naturally calls for the pet name "Baby."

"Baby," she'll cry, running out the kindergarten door into the waiting arms of her aunt. "Oh baby, baby, baby."

The teachers think it's mighty queer goings-on all the way around. "Baby" doesn't care. Neither does "Joanie pants."

The day we went a-visiting out to Big Baby's house she took us up to see Little Baby's room. "This is her room," Joan said, and her eyes expressed every toy and object in it. The forward Mickey Mouse in his corner and the ridiculously monstrous Teddy bear in his corner. But it's the little kitchen sink with all its cooking pans that both big and little Joan love best.

Every afternoon, we (Continued on page 53)
LOVE IS A HEADACHE—M-G-M

The season filled with Broadway plots, this modest production contains a distinctive something and, thanks to Gladys George, will hold you fascinated from credits to kiss.

As an actress suffering from so many flop plays, she participates in a series of wild publicity stunts. Adoption of Mickey Rooney and Virginia Weidler as a sympathy campaign is the final straw that causes an admirer critic, Franchot Tone, to lambast her good and proper. He learns later that he is mistaken. Dick Thorpe's direction and the dialogue are smart; instead of seeing an artificially wrinkled, pathetic old lady, movie audiences now behold a glamorous Gladys George in popular entertainment. Tone is excellent as are also the late Ted Healy. Mickey Rooney and Virginia Weidler.

EVERYBODY SING—M-G-M

Five pictures like this a month would mean less Hollywood headaches and more universal joy. It's speedy and resourceful and funny and bright with music; the cast is happily chosen; production is good.

The mad family idea is used, with Billie Burke as mother, Reginald Owen as playwright father, Judy Garland and Lynne Carver as sisters, Fanny Brice—hit of the show—as maid and nice Allan Jones as the chef who loves Lynne. Jones puts on a musical and Judy, egged on by Henry Armetta, runs away to appear in it. Thus you get a number of squabbly scenes that are riffs and an abundance of song. Apropos of our Editor Ruth Waterbury's recent comment: here with a cheap film breathlessly done, and a hit.

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT— Warners

Knowing that through Technicolor historical drama and the rare beauties of their surroundings were faithfully reproduced, a competent cast, headed by George Brent, Olivia de Havilland and Claude Rains, has created from this story an enlightening and intriguing hour of cinema.

It is based on the battle between farmers enjoying successful crops in the lowlands of California and the placer miners whose muddy water washes out their lands, ruining fertile acres. Morals and fortunes go, too.

First acting medals go to Claude Rains, Miss de Havilland (who looks more beautiful in color than ever before) and young Tim Holt. Russell Simpson is superb in support. Grippings drama.

THE DIVORCE OF LADY X—Korda-U.A.

It would have been a far better thing for one's enjoyment of Merle Oberon's new picture if they had allowed one to gaze on Miss Oberon's lusciousness (augmented by Technicolor) and the entertainments of English hunting scenes unencumbered by any story at all.

The plot of this opus concerns a divorce action brought against the wrong woman—which "action" seems to be the only motion in the film. It's all very much ado about nothing, and aside from Ralph Richardson's side-splitting characterization of a rakish and drunken British nobleman, the comedy possibilities are weakly overacted by both Miss Oberon and Laurence Olivier. Binnie Barnes is alluring and the cast exceptionally good.

A YANK AT OXFORD—M-G-M

Those of you who may have thought Robert Taylor so far had evaded the cutting-room floor, merely because of his personal graces, must, after seeing this, reverse your opinion. Taylor, evolving off screen from school boy to adult, here plays a school boy detachedly; wherefore his portrayer constitutes acting—and it's a fine, living characterization. "A Yank at Oxford" is also important because it is the first merging of Hollywood and British film interests with internationally appealing pictures as goal.

Against these significant properties, the piece's story seems secondary in consideration. It has a least, a decided originality. Taylor is cast as the American son of a small-town editor, magnificently played by Lionel Barrymore, the boy is an excellent athlete and student, the pride of his father. When he wins a scholarship to Oxford the family goes in debt to send him abroad. Thenceforth the plot is lost in the genuine Old English surroundings which are more interesting anyway. Bob wins a' loses Maureen O'Sullivan; protects her brother; almost misses the big boat race, and in the interim takes a beating from his classmates.

There is included in this a plentiful amount of mutual back-slappling and harry-pal business which at times pains the discriminating. Taylor, however, is less the dandy and more the male—without being insufferable about it. Jack Conway's direction stands with fine credits to the entire cast.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer
The Adventures of Marco Polo
The Divorce of Lady X
Gold Is Where You Find It
Everybody Sing
A Yank at Oxford
Action for Slander
Happy Landing
Paradise for Three
Love Is a Headache
S A V E S  Y O U R  P I C T U R E  T I M E  A N D  M O N E Y

**PARADISE FOR THREE—M-G-M**

ALTHOUGH similar to "I Met Him in Paris," this is sufficiently original and hilarious to stand alone as one of the better pictures. Frank Morgan and Robert Young are the principal fun-makers but Edna Mae Oliver, Mary Astor, Herman Bing and Henry Hull contribute generously.

Morgan, a wealthy investor, wants to spend a vacation as a simple man. He goes to an Alpine retreat as one of two winners of a contest he has sponsored. Edna Mae Oliver tips off the hotel which mistakenly picks Robert Young as the millionaire. When Mary Astor, an adventurer, learns Morgan's real identity, she sets her cap for him and surprises follow when Morgan's daughter, Florence Rice, arrives.

The direction is as smart as the dialog.

**ACTION FOR SLANDER—Korda-United Artists**

THIS is the most felicitous opportunity Clive Brook has received since returning to English pictures several years ago. With a good, if typical high drama setting, a better production and a superfine cast to assist, Brook's restrained manner and clipped speech registers sympathetically.

There are two splendid scenes from the stand-point of suspense. The first one is a poker party at a country house where Clive is accused of cheating at cards; the second is a courtroom where he attempts to clear himself of the charge. Having fallen in love with another man's wife, he finds that one who plays with matches should expect to get burnt. The presiding judge at the trial (Morton Selten) is deliciously Dickersonian, and Ann Todd and Margaretta Scott take care of the sex appeal.

**THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO—Goldwyn-United Artists**

AGAINST some of the most beautiful backgrounds given any picture in years, and tempered with rare good humor, Samuel Goldwyn makes his first presentation of Gary Cooper. Without Cooper this super-epic would be impression entertainment; with him the adventure of a romantic stalwart who opened new trade routes from Europe to Asia and became one of history's most glorious personalities becomes extraordinary film fare. As Polo, Cooper brings to a rôle that might have been bloodless a warmth that is most engaging.

When Polo comes to ancient China from Venice he incurs the enmity of Ahmed, favored of Kublai Khan's advisors. In teaching a princess (Sigrid Gurie) how to kiss, he finds unexpected thrills, romance and intrigue. After Ahmed's men attack his caravan, Polo strikes up a friendship with Kaids (Alan Hale), a robust chieftain and the much henpecked husband of Nazama. Since Nazama finds Polo entertaining, Kaids agrees to be his friend. A bit perplexed, but a scholarly soul, Polo follows instructions. His efforts to evade the pursuing Nazama and to rescue the Princess from Ahmed give Polo much to do in the final reels. The outcome is exciting and frequently extremely funny.

Sigrid Gurie, as China-doll-like as Lillian Gish, proves worthy of her energetic sponsorships. Rare beauty is hers and her naturalness should win many future opportunities. Alan Hale's scenes are outstanding. Fascinating entertainment.

**THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER—Selznick-United Artists**

PROVING again that sympathetic guidance and the proper vehicle can make new stars overnight even in the blasé Hollywood of today, David O. Selznick has really made screen history in this masterful visualization of Mark Twain's most beloved story. Three years ago Dr. Selznick gave us Freddie Bartholomew. Now he gives us Tommy Kelly and Ann Gillis, two refreshing and untheatrical nites.

The action of this natural color drama takes place in a Mississippi valley village in 1849. But all youngsters of today possess the same adventurous hearts; it is this spirit that makes the film so good.

With Ruckleberry Finn, Tom and Joe Harper leave home to play pirates on a river islet. They find more than dream characters on the island and with popping eyes they go on a treasure hunt that makes townfolk think they have been drowned. The story is too well known to need repeating but the hairraising experiences of the children bring love into the weary hearts of Tom and Becky—a love that brings richness to the conclusion.

Few seasoned veterans have ever approached the dramatic heights of Ann Gillis' scenes in the stalwart-cave and Master Kelly's talent is really remarkable. May Robson as Aunt Polly, Walter Brennan as Mr. Potter, Mickey Rooney, Marcia, Mae Jones, Jackie Moran and David Holt lend much to the genuine enjoyment of this all-family play.

(Continued on page 56)
"This one's nuts," says Melvyn Douglas, speaking politely of "There's Always a Woman," when he gets his hair pulled by Joan Blondell.

We Cover

THE STUDIOS

It's good for many a chuckle—this monthly report by the man who sees all, knows all—and tells everything

BY JACK WADE

Jane Withers sat in the sun and grinned up at us. Jane was feeling swell. Her bowling team had beat the daylights out of Shirley Temple's the night before, her new batch of tropical fish had just multiplied itself into a lot more, the bangles on her gypsy costume were clinking, and her new motor scooter was hitting on all two.

"Come on in," said Jane to us. "This scene's a cinch."

An auspicious way to start our monthly studio set prowl, we think, towed by Jane inside the Twentieth Century-Fox stage to see the "Little Gypsy" set.

Sometimes our illusions of a movie star's lot fade badly after invading the joints where they really work. Most of them frown, look worried and tired, even a little bilious in grease paint, like being a star wasn't so much fun, after all. Not so joyous Jane. The whole thing's a big never-ending binge to her.

She hops into her new dressing-room trailer, with a built-in schoolroom, dressing table, refrigerator and all modern improvements. (Her producer, Sol Wurtzel, came across with it for Christmas.) And so, while Mrs. Withers, one of our favorite movie mamas, gives us the dope on "Little Gypsy," Jane, herself, pounces on an unwilling white cat.

"This is 'Snow White,'" she announces. "That is since the Disney picture," says Mrs. Withers. "Yep," agrees Jane, "he used to be 'Snow Ball.'"

"Little Gypsy," says Mrs. Withers, "looks like one of Jane's best pictures."

It's full of music and dancing, with Jane doing her share—try and stop her. Then, too, it has the longest shooting schedule of any Withers' picture yet. Jane's leap into sixth place in the box-office poll did it. From now on Jane gets thirty days—not in jail—but on the set.

"Little Gypsy" will probably win no Academy Award, but it has plenty of sinister complications and a swell gypsy caravan chase at the end. Oh yes, it also has Rochelle Hudson.

Something scoots past. A minute later some one cries, "Okay, print it!" and Jane is in with us, not even breathing hard. One-Ta Withers! Mrs. W. smiles proudly. She and Jane leave Hollywood on a personal tour after "Little Gypsy." Jane is all set to wow 'em.

"Just let her out on the stage," says M. Withers, "and she'll put on a show. I never worry. If she runs out of something to say or say she'll think up an impersonation."

"Look," demands an imperative voice behind us. Jane stands in the door of the trailer with a la-ha-de-day expression. Around her neck is "Snow White," a reluctant scratching fur pie. The tableau is familiar.

"Stage Door!," says Jane. "How'll I do it?"

We shake off the daze of the Withers' personality in the California sun and trot over to a peak at "Kidnapped." Twentieth Century-Fox stages always awes us. They look like museum or great halls of learning—on the outside. Inside, though, they're like all the rest: a cop at the door, overalled guys with huge gloves running around on catwalks overhead; grips with hammers swinging at their sides; a directorial squawking at a chair; a cameraman squinting through his finder; sometimes a few stars.
Warner Baxter stars in "Kidnapped," with red-ribbon Bartholomew. It's the old R. L. Stvensson thriller, slightly reconditioned, and this the second version they're shooting. Zanuck drew out the first one. It's a swashbuckler for Warner, in line with his most fortuitous roles. Of course, Warner is going to swash little too vigorously and buckle his pins from under him. But right now he's a proud Scot who won't swear allegiance to the British crown, even when there on it's practically all cons and robbers, with Freddie mixing in the chase. We catch a scene in a tavern with Warner, Ralph Forbes, John Carradine and Moroni Olsen. A dog in his throat balls up the scene a couple of times, but it's finally in the can with much sword clanking. Freddie isn't out today. But when he shows up, it'll be a first picture in a year, with the court battles and stuff.

While Freddie's been fighting, Warner says he's been fishing—for five solid months—off the coast of Mexico, which you'd think, would take are of a flock of Fridays. His new boat, the "Fair-Wyrm" (Warner's name and wife's) is just been slipped into the harbor and when you see him fighting the British with a long-hand, he'll probably be trying it out on the poor barracuda.

G-M, "Muggum," as we local yokels say, likes the roving reporter rap next. We're surprised to see Maureen O'Sullivan, her peaches and cream complexion smothered in grease paint, parked on the "Madelon" set, with Wally Beery and Frank Morgan. Maureen explains: 'She got back from England and "A Yank at Oxford" on Saturday night, they sent her the script of "Madelon" Sunday, she went to work today. "And," she wails, "I haven't even had me to look at my new house!" They hammered it together while she was away.

John Beal is tending bar in the Marseilles dawn set for "Madelon." That's a surprise, Jimmy Stewart was supposed to be there. I'll have to look into this. Around a bar table hunk Morgan, Wally, looking, as usual, like a guy just out of a railroad jungle, and Ethene Irwin, our favorite elderly screwball, play cards under the expert supervision of James Whale.

Everybody seems perky and happy and an ygrille "gay" explains why. All last week, he reveals the set smelled like a sardine cannery—or worse. Three thousand fish in various stages of freshness cluttered up the stage and the air was something to long remember. Especially along toward the last of the week when the formaldehyde didn't work. Everybody was gloating in the fresh air.

Wally Beery informs us that after this picture he's earned a sizeable vacation which he'll spend lousing around with his wife and Carol Ann. He's going to fly everywhere possible and if he doesn't break his neck, he'll make another set of movies when he gets back. Then his nurse walks up and says how about a look at that wig. Wally Beery with a nurse on the set? Yes, adies and gents, it's true. That old gunshot rom "Bad Man of Brimstone" still has Wallyimping around.

He ran into Gene Raymond in our very next top at dear old Paramount. He's strolling round the set of "Stolen Heaven," mumbling over his lines, so we leave him alone. As usual, Gene's under a slouch hat of strange contour, something ought to be done about Gene Raymond's hats. Write your Congressman. "Stolen Heaven" (they might have dreamed up a less lugubrious title) is all about a gang of jewel thieves in Paris, which isn't too new an idea, either. But there's plenty of excitement and lurid doings.

In the set hull, we plunk down beside a girl in a white wig, who is poring over a French book. Beside her sits a teacher, getting in a few licks of education, It's Olympe Bradna, the seventeen-year-old Continental sweetie who clicked so quickly with George Raft in "Souls at Sea." We decide we will take Olympe with cream, no sugar necessary.

First there's that name. Yes, admits Olympe, it's really "O-lamp," if you give it the works in French. But she holds small hopes of any success with that over here. Already they call her "Wimpy" on the set. "Or maybe it's 'Impy,'" smiles O-lamp.

She wears a large hunk of adhesive tape on her ankle. From riding a bike that bit her. "But what really hurts," complains Wimpy in very precise English, "are my wrists. They've been slapping handcuffs on me all morning!" Olympe is one of those nice, well brought up French girls whose parents watch her like a hawk. No dates, no parties, no Hollywood night clubbing. It's a great idea if it works, but Wimpy has the cutest wink with her right eye when she smiles.

Indefinite set inactivity finally forces us over to the set of "You and Me," where the first day of George Raft's new picture is under way. It's a dance hall set with a bunch of bored extras pretending they're having the time of their lives. "You and Me" relates the struggle of two ex-converts, boy and girl, to go straight after parole. There's plenty of sympathy, and you can count on this—there'll always be plenty of sympathy for George in his parts from now on. He thinks it builds his box-office.

Sylvia Sidney is the girl in the case. But on the set we catch no one but extras and one be-

You've probably been wondering what film would bring young Freddie Bartholomew back to the screen. It's "Kidnapped," Zanuck version.
wilder-looking blonde girl. She’s Cheryl Walker, Queen of the Tournament of Roses in Pasadena this New Year’s, taking a crack at pictures. We track George Raft down in his dressing room, the one that used to be Gary Cooper’s. Mack Gray, the killer, hovers around as usual. George says he doesn’t know much about this picture yet, but his new house is being painted and he’ll move in next month. He says it’s a relief to get back to work—and a save, too. When he’s idle, he haunts Santa Anita, and the bagtails have been very unkind to his judgment at the racetrack as well. The horses are a sucker racket, says George, and we leave, with a lesson.

COLUMBIA calls on the way over to RKO, and the siren song is “There’s Always a Woman.” In this case, there are three women—Joan Blondell, Mary Astor and Frances Drake—and one male, Melvyn Douglas. Before we go any further, be warned that it’s another of those insane fun orgies, in which all the principals suspect each other and sleuth around with embarrassing results. The plot thickens as we watch in a glittering night club set. Ermines and minks clatter up the place, and Mary Astor’s goldcloth evening number makes you dive for your sunglasses. Joan Blondell, in a coiffure that suggests a dish mop with a ringlet wave, rolls her big eyes around the room. “Now pout,” says Director Al Hall. Joan pouts. “Simone Blondell,” whispers an extra; it gets a big laugh.

Joan says she wore the fancy headdress once before at Warners. For two days. “And there were two days of retakes,” she adds with a grin. Joan’s pretty happy about the whole picture, though. Also that hubby Dick Powell has adopted her son, Norman.

We tackle Melvyn Douglas at the phonix bar. He’s sipping a coca cola pensive, “This,” announces Melvyn, “is the craziest picture I’ve been on yet. ‘I Met Him in Paris’? Listen—that at least made sense. This one’s nuts.”

“Well,” adds Director Hall, “aren’t we all? Let’s shoot it while we feel that way.”

At RKO, we discover why Jimmy Stewart isn’t on the “Madelon” set at M-G-M. He’s over here, and here’s why. Away last spring, “Vivacious Lady” started to shoot with Jimmy in the cast. After ten days, Jimmy got sick as a pup and they carted him off to the hospital. But instead of replacing James, RKO called off the picture until now. Which we tag as a pretty swell tribute to the Stewart.

Ginger Rogers, star of the picture, says she feels like a million Coolidge dollars in spite of the fact that she’s got only ten days’ rest between this picture and “Having Wonderful Time.” Next she’ll do “Carefree” for that old Rogers-Astaire combine. Fred’s been having himself a whirl in New York and Florida while Ginger relaxed making a couple of pictures. A week riding in the hills at Ojai fixes her up, says Ginger, but she would like a trip after “Carefree.”

We can’t pull ourselves past “The Joy of Living” set without a look at an old weakness, Irene Dunne, the Kentucky Daise. It’s a courtroom set this day, and the judge is catching up on Variety while a formidable cop reads his Photoplay.

Irene and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., scramble up and down a corridor while the camera and crew “dolly” madly before them. It’s the hottest day in Hollywood in twenty-six years, over eighty, but, when the take’s over, Irene, panting, goes out in the fur henny and sits in the sun.

Doug, Jr., comes over to say hello. The scene, he explains, is where Irene has him pinched for mashing and then paroled in her care. Doug grins. He’s looking more like his dad every day, though handsome. He says he’ll be back in Hollywood a year or so anyway this trip, if he wishes he had his cabin boat that’s over the Thames. You can’t get away from Doug charm, he has it in large doses.

Director Tay Garnett, smiling as always, passes by and we learn why he always swivels a cane. He picked up a piece of lath once a carried it around on an old picture that turned out to be a hit. Now he gets a new cane with every picture that rings the bell. This one came from “Stand-In.”

We find out why Irene wears a smile, too. She’s having a lot of fun with her daughter Mary Frances Griffin, these days. In the midst of an outdoor publicity picture sitting the other day, Irene burst out with the chuckles. To asked her why and she pointed to the blimp that hangs over Los Angeles like a huge silver egg. “The last time I saw that,” she explained, “I with Mary Frances. She made... ‘Look at the Bump!’

Over at Warner Brothers, “Goldiggers of Paris” looks like an excuse for one of the (Continued on page 9)

PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Bette Davis, currently appearing in “Jezebel,” wears a casual tri-color spring ensemble of suede designed for her by Voris. The two-piece, short-sleeved frock belted with grey snakeskin is jacked in grey, and Bette’s hat of the same hue is banded in gold to match her smart hand-sewn gloves.
Photographed exclusively for Photoplay — charming Claudette Colbert demonstrates two smart moods in costum- ing. Pink oleander blossoms pattern her brown swim suit (left) of a satin lastex created by Mabs Barnes of Hollywood. The suit features a front skirt, accented bustline and a halter strap. You can wear it now for indoor swimming. Claudette wears these two costumes in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

For the date when you wish to be most naive, Travis Banton designed this exquisite handmade afternoon frock. Of white chiffon over crepe, the collar, cuffs and edges of the front pleats (which are stitched to the knee) are trimmed with fine "Val" lace; the off-the-face rolled-brim panama is of pale blue. If you don't plan an Easter vacation at a resort, why not copy this frock in a dark sheer for spring wear?
the mood in "Bluebeard's Wife" called for sophistication. "The black coiffure (left) for Claudette Colbert's shoulder bows of tulle tulle streamers (to fall front) form a frame for the patient face. The silhouette is by a slip of black taffeta, a bouffant skirt of the gown made even gayer with a julie hip tunic highlighted with discs of gleaming silver in your spring ward-

a flourish of bright plaid, hintley, currently appearing in "Women," steps bright sunshine, wearing a ensemble in Easter colors. The peal skirt and crepe scarf daffodil yellow. This same combines with grass green and own to check a dressmaker which is belted in brown Anne's pancake, off-the-
Brown grosgrain ribbon binds the back collar and pocket flaps of this casual coat (right) worn by Olivia de Havilland, appearing in "The Adventures of Robin Hood." Knee-length, the plaid coat of beige, brown and natural conceals a crepe shirtmaker frock. A wide band of stitching and a brown suede chin strap distinguish her hat. (Above) Olivia takes Toodles for a walk in a smart print ensemble. The coat of Persian-blue woolen is lined and banded with the fabric of a frock printed in black, red and white on a background of this new Persian blue.
Durbin, charming young star of "Mad About," sets the style for what the favored "teens" will wear this fall. But she isn't playing fast and loose. Both plaid and plain will be found in her wardrobe. Her coat (below), plaided in white, green and brown, is double-breasted with high wide revers and a wide skirt. A heavy brown belt accents the fitted coat. Deanna's navy coat, also double-breasted with revers, is an ideal topcoat for her school or dressy frocks.
Above, Florence gives you an idea of the smart possibilities that the Roxford "Dolphin" holds for you. The unusual flare and curve of its brim, smartly reminiscent of the dolphin's grace, is the clever reason for this Roxford model's name. The crown is in the newest manner. Here's a hat to give the final touch to your spring suit — one that's definitely suited to your spectator sports costumes, too.

The Byron "Taffrail" (upper left), worn by Florence George, Paramount's new singing find of "College Swing," brings to spring an important and imported new rustic straw in a smart lattice effect. Of the trim sailor trend, with an individual mushroomed brim, "Taffrail" sets a fashion pace throughout spring and summer countrysides.

Florence chooses, too, the bold nonchalance of the Byron "Buccaneer." This short-backed Breton of fine felt borrows the sweep-back brim of a fisherman's hat, then adds the sophistication of a grosgrain ribbon binding all around the brim edge and follows through with brief grosgrain streamers. A youthful model in delightful color contrasts.

The charms of "Sailorman" by Roxford are revealed by Florence George. Of imported lattice-braid straw with the new rough and rustic look, this model follows the sailor trend in its own clever way. The turned-down bumper brim is flattering; the grosgrain binding and the color contrast make this a sparkling "Sailorman."
Sing the growing fashion instance of stripes, Rochelle steps in a striped swagger coat (over) of imported Tawna Mist, with the new squared-off shoulders and a gay boutonniere. Active in gray or tan stripes.

Suit in imported Tawna Mist is worth the tag. Rochelle's box coat definitely eye-catching. Paint-box colors with contrasting velveteen gussets and cuffs set off her brucetie charm. In black, gray and red; brown, gold and white checks.

Three-piece suits in pastel woolens are favorites for Easter wear. Rochelle Hudson, appearing in the "Little Gypsy," starts spring in a handsome three-piece suit of imported Leeds lacy monochrome tweed. The smart zipped-up jacket and Tuxedo coat are trimmed with Trapunto work. In colors good enough to eat; crushed strawberry, peach, aqua, gray, toast, shrimp, tea rose, dawn blue, navy and royal.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on page 100.
The example of the unusually wide palm, showing his love of adventure, his restlessness, his absolute need of travel. Conic finger tips make this star a most romantic lover both on and off the screen.

ROBERT TAYLOR:
The fact that Miss Crawford's fingers curl inward is the keynote of her personality, she can keep her own counsel, as well as the secrets of others. Few people really get close to her.

JOAN CRAWFORD:
The final article in this series gives some important answers.

BY MATILDA U. TROTT

NOW, at last, in this, the third and final one of our series, we are ready to draw up the lines of your hands. In reading these lines be sure to consult both hands. Remember that your left hand shows what characteristics you possessed at birth and your destiny at that time, while your right hand shows how you have developed these same characteristics and how you have improved or missed your destiny.

The important and main lines on the hand are: 1. Life. 2. Heart. 3. Head. 4. Fate (of Saturn). 5. Lines of affection or marriage.

Your life line begins at the side of your hand under your first finger, Jupiter; curves toward the center of your palm and usually ends somewhere near your wrist. If this line runs close to your thumb, forming a narrow, rather pointed Mount of Venus, you are a cold person. You care little for the opposite sex and as a consequence have little attraction for them. Marriage does not appeal to you. You prefer solitude to companionship.

However, if your life line curves well into your palm you are ardent, generous, sympathetic. You attract and are attracted by the opposite sex and you will marry early. If your life line is deep-cut, and pink in color you are vital and healthy, and your self-confidence and good health will assist you in attaining your ambitions.

A thin, pale life line belongs to a person who lacks physical endurance. He is apprehensive of the future and of his own ability to face it. Broad shallow life lines belong to persons who have very little physical endurance.

When your life line starts as a strong, deep-cut line but fades, it shows a decrease of vital energy and health. It may fade for a time and then 

(Continued on page)
"With women, Romance comes first... that’s why I always advise: Guard against COSMETIC SKIN this easy way"

"LOVELY SKIN wins romance—and holds it," says this charming young star. "So don’t risk Cosmetic Skin. You can guard against it easily as I do—by removing cosmetics thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap."

Choked pores cause dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—unattractive Cosmetic Skin. Use cosmetics all you like, but before you put on fresh make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap’s ACTIVE lather. It keeps skin smooth, soft, attractive.

OUT OF 10 HOLLYWOOD SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP
The Amazing Inside Story of How They Made "Snow White"

(Continued from page 21)

studios gets an idea on the brain it never escapes until it's done. Roughs, lay-outs, snippets of tunes, bits of business, gags and ideas for effects soon showed up in tablecloths, backs of envelopes, telephoned good old maudlin cov-
ers. And "Snow White" was in work; although two years were to pass before ever foot of film was cov-

Disney planned to follow the Grimm fairy tale closely, leaving out only some of the more gory trimmings. The rights were in the public domain but a play existed. He bought it for protection but used nothing in it. He didn't want the old codger old maudlin cov-

When a character was the first and one of the hardest things. How they should look, talk, react, what their personalities should be, their colorings, their mannerisms, their peculiarities. Every character in the picture was changed about and recreated a dozen or more times; in fact, that was the stuff became so sick of the seven dwarfs, that they were going around advising that the amount of time the dwarfs con-

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HOLLYWOOD PREMIERE of "IN OLD CHICAGO"

Cameramen almost outnumbered the spectators at the brilliant opening of Darryl Zanuck's thriller, with our Hymie Fink (top left) in the front rank. He caught Tony Martin (above) and hundreds of girls auditioning before Snow White was found. She was the toughest problem of the lot because she had to be sweet but still unrea

picture, everybody had to keep their minds and the fantasy of the picture in mind. Thousands of rings, eggs, baskets and galumphing gnomes were conditioned before just the right one kicked the feet of Walt and his hundreds of designers.

Do you remember that awful sp
ing in the stillness when the dwarfs all tried to talk at once? It baffled the sound department for days. The seven dwarfs, Walt Disney's precious seven dwarfs, were a popular library of sounds, listed over and over a sound man's wife asked him to open a jammed dresser drawer at his home, tried to make it 

"Snow White" was jammed with delightful sounds. All had to ring exactly true, which doesn't mean realism. Throughout the whole picture, everybody had to keep their minds and the fantasy of the picture in mind. Thousands of rings, eggs, baskets and galumphing gnomes were conditioned before just the right one kicked the feet of Walt and his hundreds of designers.

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Brings new aid to Women's Skin!

this new Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

cleansing cream that so nourishes the skin
a great achievement"

MRS. ARTHUR RICHARDSON

A new kind of cream is bringing more direct aid to women's skin. It is bringing to their aid amin which helps the body to build new tissue—the important "skin-vitamin." In recent years doctors have learned that one vitamin has a special relation to skin health. If there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Essential to skin health...

I tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams more than 3 years. In animal tests, the skin was rough, old looking when the diet was lacking in-vitamin. But when Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, it became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks! Women everywhere are enjoying the benefits of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. They are saying that pores are looking finer, that skin is softer, and, best of all, that the use of this cream has given a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Mrs. Arthur Richardson

Granddaughter of the late C. OLIVER ISELIN

"I am delighted with the new Pond's Cold Cream. Now that we can have the benefits of the "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cold Cream, I wonder how women were ever satisfied to use cleansing creams that did not also nourish?"

(left) Mrs. Richardson greeting friends after the opera. (below) Entertaining in the white drawing room of her New York apartment.

Use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream in your regular way—to cleanse at night and to freshen up for makeup in the morning and during the day. Leave some on overnight and whenever you get a chance. Remember, this new kind of cream now nourishes your skin.

Some jars, same labels, same price... Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 15-CR, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $1.00 to cover postage and packing.

Name
Street
City—State

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Tuesdays, 8:00 P.M., E.S.T., N. B. C. Blue Network

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White," in thirty per cent of the scenes, you see back "into" the picture. You see the animals pass behind the scenes and through them. Clouds, steam, wind and rain dim them. Distant hills actually seem distant. All that was no accident, the result of a multipurpose camera. 

The Disney studio developed the multipurpose camera at a cost of $70,000, and with it they'll be able to show the tiniest minute of animal life. 

Briefly, it divided the picture up into a series of planes. These were placed on transparent glass plates and then, in order, one back of the other, then photographed. For instance, in a scene where Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs go to church, one glass plate was put in front of the animals. On one glass plate in back would be the starry sky and hills. On the next the middle ground. Then Snow White and the animals. And, in the foreground, the big dark trees. The camera, shooting through this row of plates—transparent except where the images were painted, and each one smaller from front to back, with the front images moving faster—gave some illusion of depth. Some scenes used as many as six planes.

WALT DISNEY cast his animators like an ordinary studio cast actors. Some of his artists were better. Some were worse than human actors ever. 

Disneycrafters have been trained by the radiance of the diamonds, rubies and emeralds in the dwarfs' mine. Or the blinding flash on the feathers of the bird's tail, as he was about to say Snow White, the very real wetness of the pouring rain, the fog, the unearthly sheen of the moon on the apple.

The bright highlights finally were achieved by special paints and an "air brush" which is actually a miniature spray paint spray gun. It leaves no definite edges, and therefore an effect of brilliance, like snow and sunlight. Its invention is the supreme of Disney's triumphs in this direction. Color was so animated in this scene that it actually bleeds into the picture, therefore, the color-changing fruit in the cider bag.

Most of the paintings used in the picture were pastel paintings on the same glass that just the right effects Disney's laboratory developed paints that looked like satin (the Queen's collar), paints that were as velvet as velvet itself (the Queen's robe), linen-effect paints (Snow White's skirt), and homespun (the dwarfs, the inky, puce paints that wouldn't crack and chip, streak or bleed, that wouldn't fade quickly, that would cling to celluloid indelibly. For some of the paintings had to be held for months. They mixed transparent paints (the bubble effects) and semi-transparent paints and at least two iridescent paints.

Shadows gave Disney's artists the greatest trouble of anything. The picture was filled with shadows. Shadows were drawn from the candles of the dwarfs, from the lanterns, from the sun. Each had to be plotted realistically, not only as to perspective and form but also as to actual direction. The shadow of the Huntsman, for example, when he bent over to pick up the White hat, was cast as of three o'clock in the afternoon. Not one person in a thousand could tell where it should be—but if it were off they'd know! Special superimposed drawings by Disney's shadow gang alone would stack up as high as a house.

The biggest sequence in the whole film, however, was where the wicked Queen changes into the Witch. Walt Disney insisted on not just showing her change (more child's play in ordinary animation) but how she felt as she changed. Even his effect developed for "Snow White" went into this scene. Whirring backgrounds, wind, highlights, animated color, glare, bubbles, and color motions. It is the real masterpiece of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" from a technical standpoint, and it represents the labor of years.

But if the intricacies of advanced animation make your brain whir—consider what the musicians had to worry about. The background music for "Snow White" will probably not draw as many "Oohs and aahs" but it had plenty to do with the general effect on you.

The whole picture, in fact, whether you know it or not, was one big rhythm. It was actually broken down into musical beats and accents. Wherever there was an accentuated action, there was an accentuated beat. Furthermore, each bar of music was fitted to each incident on the scene. If a tear fell, the music had to sound like a tear falling.

The huts had their own little musical figuration worked into the music when he took the center of the attention. A little syncopated construction that went off from when the dwarfs went to church. It is the real Grumpy on your consciousness, in collaboration with the camera. Maybe you thought you were catching Dopey out of the corner of your eye when the gong hit him and he ankled off the scene in that unforgettable Chinese heraldry. But the camera was not down on that, unnoticed by you, and so was the music.

All the songs were written three years ago. They weren't composed with an eye to commercial release, although orchestras everywhere are now arranging and playing them. They were built for the picture, and each one had to carry along the action and plot. Twenty-five complete songs were written. Most of them were thrown away. Those that remained, of course, speak for themselves.

Walt Disney's studio worked so closely together in making "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" that it is impossible for any one person to take bows for any one part of the picture—even Walt himself. In fact, he would be the first to rebel at the number of credits given him in this article, would change the "his" to "we's" sequence is because the constant operation of hundreds of workers, essay to make a masterpiece of type. Everybody in his studio has a hand in the picture. Everybody bitized freely, criticized, offered suggestions. His writers were also his artists, lyricists. His animators were actors, directors, and gag men. His musicians were scenarists as well. A picture drawn.

When Dopey played the drums in dwarf hut hijinks, he played them cause a fly was after him. A writer to think up that routine, an artist to illustrate it, an animator to make it, a musician score it, and sound record the taps. And somebody has to say whether it turned out its all. That's where Walt Disney came in. He held the "sweetbaskets" that were his decisions after every scene in rough layout to finished film. He was the guidelines. He helped work. A lot more than just external shots and drawings went into the wastebasket. Two long complex sequences, one where the dwarfs had a soup concert and another where we build a bed to give to Snow W. I. It was reluctantly snipped out to McCall. Bambi and Snow White, the Seven Dwarfs was the only beginning of series that was written and working on a hundred new ideas as refinements for his next features, "Ernest and C. N. " and "Bambi." A critic after the preview in a local newspaper saying he should stick to his animal and not make it more and more and more or the people next time. Even if he has drawn them six feet high and red them down.

Right after that same preview a li kid snagged his arm and asked for autograph. As Walt Disney scribbled it out, the kid said, "Walt, Walt, I gu' you're made now—huh?" Walt Disney grinned. And not cause he considered himself "made" long ago. But because he still didn't
IT'S COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP... powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades to accent the natural beauty of your type...created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. You'll be amazed what wonderful things correct make-up colors will do for your beauty...how much more attractive, charming and interesting you will appear.

Blonde or brunette...brunette or redhead...there is a shade in Max Factor's powder, rouge and lipstick, originally created for screen star types, that will be perfectly lovely and flattering for you. Try it today...share this make-up secret of Hollywood's stars. Note coupon for special make-up test.

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NEW! Max Factor's Invisible Make-Up Foundation keeps your make-up smooth and lovely from morning till night.
his own mate and married her with his usual quiet determination. His selection couldn't have been wiser. Gary (Mr. Gary Cooper) has beauty, brains and breeding—a combination hard to beat.

No one has ever thought that it takes a terrific amount of good sense and character to marry the right woman in Hollywood. Gary hasn't, for some reason, been billed as a great lover—for which I'm sure he is profoundly grateful. But we have to admit that he is the object of the affections of the three most hectic and overpowering bundles of female dynamite Hollywood has ever known and that he came through it all unscathed, you have the measure of the man. I refer, of course, to Clara Bow, Lupe Velez and Dorothy, Countess di Frasso. At that, I am leaving out another high-powered sire, Evelyn Brent. At one time or another, Gary Cooper was supposed to be about to marry all these ladies—and if you will think for a moment, you will see what a bad judgment or a bad experience on his part it has been. I don't think Valentina, Gable or Taylor ever came anywhere near him, however, too.

It wouldn't be just to say that Gary was the pursued in all these cases. But I think we may go so far as to say he was pursued—or elected—to be pursued. But he is a great guy for a graceful exit. When Gary first crashed upon the feminine conscience in Hollywood some ten years ago, the ladies found him elusive. Nobody knew him; he went nowhere. A famous screen star, a friend of mine who had never failed to get her man, wanted to meet him. So she said to me, "You know Gary Cooper, don't you? For goodness sake, have him for dinner or something."

I asked him and, somewhat to my surprise, he came. (We got along very well because I could ride a horse before I could walk, too. If you ever meet Mr. Cooper you can count upon it that the horse way to turn his silken words into a conversation piece is horses—with big-game hunting running a close second.) Well, anyway, he came to dinner and glibly turned the conversation to work. Halfway through the evening she remarked prettily that she had had letters from Mr. Cooper and wondered if she should drive her? Mr. Cooper said he would. But when the time came, Gary was mysteriously missing. Next day the star and I both got flowers to cover his retreat—with a little note explaining that his car wasn't very trustworthy and he was afraid it might break down on the way. Knowing Gary better now, I suspect a bit of humor in that fear of a breakdown.

But the lines of retreat weren't always open.

When I am told that today Gary Cooper, on the Paramount lot, is being directed by the supercritical Ernst Lubitsch, I have no difficulty in conjuring up the job of comedy in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," I get practically hysterical because it reminds me of a picture made by Gary Cooper on the Paramount lot seven years ago, a picture entitled "Children of Divorce."

To prove me, there were plenty of times when it didn't look as though he'd be in that picture long. Plenty of times during the shooting of "Children of Divorce," the career of Gary Cooper almost ended. In fact, I hope Mr. Cooper realizes that but for a motion-picture director named Frank Lloyd—the man who gave us "Cavalcade," "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Well, Donna!"—he would have been singing "Home on the Range" to a herd of cattle right now.

There may conceivably have been worse actors than Gary Cooper west of St. Louis when, after a bit in a Western, he was cast by Paramount opposite Clara Bow, the "It" girl, at the height of her "It" power; but I doubt it. He was cast because, as usual, Hollywood was going through a shortage of leading men and he had looked like a big-game hunter in "Barney Worth," where, incidentally, there were plenty of horses and lots of space.

But when he got on the set in a real part, he turned out to be—not a bad actor, just not an actor at all. It wasn't a question as to whether he would give a good performance or a bad one. It was a question as to whether he would give a performance at all. He became actually paralyzed with self-consciousness and froze up so tight it took hours sometimes to get him recovered. He didn't know what to do with his hands or his feet. He was about as comfortable as a descendant of new clothes as a man in a hair shirt. And a look of perspiring, blushing, unbearable agony came over his face when the tenderer scenes were reached. On top of that, the redheaded Bow girl, who was a born actress and never had to work very hard at it, did the second day out on the production—and having Clara Bow fall in love with you was something that took all an able-bodied European. So for the next several weeks she decided to root for the U. S. C. football team and they never won another game all season. So hope Clara will forgive this slight excursion into her past, now that she is a happy wife and mother. She knows I think she's tops as a person and that I think one of the screen's great losses was when somebody discovered her sex appeal and capitalized in such a way that she was one of the great dramatic actresses of all times.

It was nip and tuck in those days about his sex appeal. He was now close to coming in having his whole career called off half a dozen times. His blood had cooled and would not allow him to take him out of the picture, but Frank Lloyd set his jaw and said, "No," Frank was sure Gary had all the things he has since proved he had. A less sympathetic, patient and hard-working director would have acknowledged defeat and Gary would have been forced to threaten to do daily—go home.

I sometimes wonder if we appreciate the enormous improvement in a star like Gary Cooper over the eleven years since he entered pictures. Mr. Cooper got it hard the wrong. That's why it's so new. It's built on rock of work, character, integrity and real effort and thought. Gary has learned a great deal about himself, which is more important than anything else. Many men, with less sense of humor, strength and proportion, have cracked up under his experiences and Gary cracked once—but he came back.

There was a time when Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez were "that way" about each other. All I can say is that when Lupe is that way or any way about anything it doesn't make a difference. Gary is more than any woman I've ever known. Valerie in the word for Lupe. Her domestic relations with Johnny Weismuller have become historic. Johnny is a long-distance Olymian. Maxine Cooper, his wife. Also, he consumes his own smoke.

One thing about Lupe that is in reports of her wild doings is that she is the lady who has always loved. She keeps you in a gale of laughter from morning until night. She is thought of as a—a—which is almost too obvious—i; It was this gift for the amusing kept Gary from exciting sooner. But the thing that really did it for my heart was, when I used to watch them when they at Malibu visiting me or some friend, she would be sleepless and silent laughter most of the time. He wasn't, he went to sleep on the and Lupe sat and admired him, we impatiently for him to wake up, explosions tickled him.

But in the end she wore him down. He consumed, in Lupe's case, so much of his own smoke that between the overwork—his ambition had awaked and when it came to acting, Gary had an idea. He was always thought of it as rather a mental and spiritual indigence, but in fact he was on some big doses. It hits different men in different ways—and in those days the doses raver than they are now. In consequence a thought about a collapse a plete inertia.

He went to Europe—the idea be as far away from Hollywood could a very wise exit; in fact absolutely essential one. In a summer, he married Dorothy di F.

And he learned about women from The Countess di Frasso has been a model picture star, well known in Hollywood and by interested in Hollywood as most stars. She is called Hollywood's director and the Elia Maxwell film capital. To be asked to her is the social ambition of Holl outside of the star and of any other feminine of filmdom.

Her influence in the life of Cooper was potent and decisive. He's the only star who is the turning point in his career.

The ladies from whom Gary learned the most were the ones who had taught him a good deal emollient but not much socially or intelligent. He had seen a good deal of life now, a lot of it under the bright of Hollywood, but very lit dressed up in its best. Dorothy di F. showed him the world. She was rich, well-born, in the most exclusive circles in England and America. She, herself, was in the stars; he was the face of Gary Cooper, alone and icest, in Rome, she took him home and he had to open the first, doors to him afterwards.

He had ridden horses on the ranch, but not on the Hollywood Now he rode with the Italian on the most dazzling horses in Europe. He had hunted in the Orc he no longer cared about big-game in Africa. He met, for the first time, an civilization, Europe and Brazil, and he saw the people—voice and the area of Mohi rough corners. It was a most exhilarating time, the least changing him. He left sense of humor and his sense of p—

(Continued on page 74)
For Women Who Are Fussy About Their Homes—

THE NEW QUAKER CUSTOM-BUILT CURTAINS

Decorators’ use of Quaker net for made-to-order curtains was the inspiration for this new Quaker De Luxe line. Designed, hemmed, finished and ornamented to decorators’ specifications, they are truly “custom built” for your home. Definitely new and different they bring to windows that air of individuality which every home lover strives for. You will find Quaker De Luxe curtains in the same stores that display the Quaker Standard line—the line of unlimited variety that is today at the windows of millions of American homes.

Send for Book of Curtain Problems and Correct Solutions

More than 50 photographs of actual window problems and their correct solutions, as found in typical American homes. Send 10 cents to Dept. H48, Quaker Lace Company, 330 Fifth Ave., New York.
HOW MANY GOOD NIGHT KISSES
DOES A GOOD WIFE MISS?

Often a wife who thinks
she’s dainty lets underarm odor
spoil her charm!

Her husband loves her, of course.
And she’s so happy—except for
one little thing. Often there’s feeling
in his heart that he neglects her.
She does so miss the good night kisses
every good wife wants!

How shocked she would be to know
it’s her own fault! Yet any woman
should realize it takes more than a bath
to keep underarms fresh and sweet.

When a woman is wise about daintiness,
she uses Mum every day, and
every bath. For Mum prevents
perspiration odor before that odor starts.

A bath can only take care of
er that is past. Mum prevents
odor to come! You’ll find so many things to
like about Mum!—QUICK—because
in half a minute it protects you all day.
HARMLESS—because you can use it even
after you’ve dressed. Mum won’t
injure fabrics!...SAFE—because it does
not stop healthful perspiration. Use
Mum after underarm shaving, and
notice its soothing touch!...SURE—
because Mum’s protection lasts through
the busiest day!

No woman who prizes happiness
wants to risk underarm odor. To pro-
tect daintiness—to feel sure you’re
always safe, use Mum!

...JUST HALF A MINUTE—AND YOU’RE PROTECTED ALL DAY...

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS
No worries—no embarrassment—when you use
Mum this way, too! Thousands of women
have found Mum gentle, safe, and sure.

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration.

(Continued from page 72)
Keep young

and Doubly Lovely with refreshing Double Mint gum

When ever you enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum, the gentle natural chewing exercise stimulates sleepy face muscles, relaxes tense lines and brightens your teeth. This all helps to keep your face young and attractive, your smile more winning. And now, presented here is this youthfully lovely new scarf dress just created for you in Paris by the great Schiaparelli and made available by Double Mint gum in a Simplicity pattern. In this way Double Mint gum helps you look as smart, streamlined and charming as Hollywood’s beautiful star, Anita Louise, left, of famed Warner Bros,’ Pictures, who is modeling this dress... So you see how simple and easy it is to keep young and doubly lovely with Double Mint gum. Enjoy it daily. Begin today.

Millions of women daily buy this popular double-lasting mint-flavored gum. Beauty specialists everywhere recommend it. It is non-fatting, aids digestion and sweetens your breath... Daily chew Double Mint gum to keep young and lovely. Buy several packages today.

Picture yourself in this new SCHIAPARELLI Double Mint gum scarf dress from Paris, modeled for you in Hollywood by the ever doubly lovely star, ANITA LOUISE of Warner Bros, whose next picture is "THE SISTERS." Made available to you by Double Mint gum in SIMPLICITY Pattern 2740. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write Double Mint Dress Pattern Dept., 429 Fourth Ave., New York City.

More Double duty! This is a Double Mint dress.
Spring's in the air, and with it are exciting whispers from Hollywood of new styles for the Easter parade

by Gwenn Walters

Have you always yearned for an Easter bonnet with flowers and ribbons and wisps of veiling? Well, this is your year of realization, for Hollywood dictates that such chapeaux will top the fashion parade on Easter morning!

Millinery styles are more captivating than ever before, and are in such variety that your "dream hat" is surely included among them. The sailor, always a spring favorite, appears this season with shallow crown and narrow brim. It is gloriously trimmed with clusters or crown bands of posies and bits of velvet ribbon, or its brim is edged with veiling tied in back with a fairylike bow. All modifications of the beret, styled in fabric or straw, are veiled with new importance. The toque (with or without front brim) and pillbox serve as color or contrast backgrounds for floral trims of violets, carnations or roses which peak from beneath gossamer veils. The sailor is usually dark with colorful trim, the beret is newest in pastel hue darkly veiled, while the toque and pillbox have plucked their exquisite colorings from the tints of Easter flowers.

Irene Dunne's Easter hat is of horizon-blue straw and was designed for her by Edward Stevenson who created her wardrobe for "The Joy of Loving." A pancake beret, it juts out over the right eye and is tied around the brim edge with a fine mesh black veil spotted occasionally with matching chenille dots.

Stevenson also designed an Easter hat for Joan Fontaine who is appearing in "Certified." To set off her blonde beauty, he styled a navy straw sailor with a front cluster of pink carnations and an under-brim of matching straw.

After Stevenson had showed me these two lovely hats we fell into a discussion of trends.

The first news is that we are going to veil away from the pencil silhouette. Skirts, which will remain about the same in length, will have gored or pleated fullness. Blouses will have high necklines with neatly squared shoulders and plain sleeves.

Stevenson sponsors the short, collarless boxy coat with extended, neatly padded shoulders.

Suits are his hobby. He likes dressmaker suit costumes styled in two or three color combinations, and always in two contrasting fabrics.

For the basic costumes around which to build a spring wardrobe, Stevenson first suggested a coat—a fitted one of deep sand-colored woolen, collarless, with broad shoulders and slight hemline flare. This coat could be used to top either plain dark frocks left from winter, or a brand-new print of a colorful, but small motif.

If two coats can be included in your plan the other one in bright red, Kelly red, gourd yellow or dusty pink. This coat should be boxy, broad-shouldered, and of wrist-length with three-quarter sleeves.

As a second frock, Stevenson advises a short sheer woolen with matching short bolero in white piqué.

Now I must hurry on to tell you of interesting clothes in forthcoming productions.

Irene of Bullocks Wilshire is creating a wardrobe for Ginger Rogers to wear in "Cousin Lady." She has done a contrast woolen suit for this spring mood. It has a beige skirt, a rust plaid jacket with zipper closing flap pockets. The Chesterfield topcoat (designed to be placed casually over the shoulders and worn with arms in the sleeves) is of the same fabric with rust crepe lining to match the stripe and cashmere sweater.

To continue the "suit story," Royer, at Twentieth Century-Fox lot, is busy costuming Simone Simon for "Josette." Her suit is of flannel. The slim skirt has a front panel and has a slit beneath. The waist-length boxy jacket covers a short-sleeved vest of white piqué which matches wide coat revers that are gourd grey threaded in a daisy motif (and then pulls that the flowers stand out in relief).

Next month I'll write about the planning wardrobes for your summer vacation. I'll close now with best wishes for a fine Easter holiday—and a smart Easter parade.
Styling Jolene Shoes in Hollywood
Wins Approval of Movie Colony

Well-dressed women owe you a debt of gratitude,” says Andrea Leeds, lending her voice to the many congratulations which praise the initiative of Jolene, famous fashion observer of the film capital.

Original footwear models worn by the glamorous stars themselves furnish Jolene with the inspiration for shoes bearing her name. Right in Hollywood she etches the new details, the important trends, and gives you Jolene Shoes with that magic touch—Hollywood styling.

How Jolene Brings You “Movie-Styled” Shoes at a Price You Can Well Afford

Private your own audience by wearing Jolene Shoes and have the magic touch of Hollywood. Glorify your feet—give them flattering charm and win for yourself the admiration demanded by the movie stars. Best of all, you can now do this at a reasonable price—$3 to $4. See the new Jolene styles today. For name of nearest dealer, write direct to Jolene’s Hollywood Studio, Suite A, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Jolene Fashion Footwear, styled in Hollywood, is distributed nationally by Tober-Saifer Shoe Company, 1204 Washington Avenue, St. Louis.
quietly. And then she was silent.

The bell abruptly rang, and he turned to the window, turning his face from her. "Please," he begged. "You don't understand. I—maybe I'm a fool. Maybe I'm too young to know any better. I don't know what I want but you must realize I've got to work it out by myself."

"I'm in you, too," she said.

His fingers tightened on the window sill. "That's the trouble. I don't deserve—"

"You'll work this summer?"

"Yes. Anything. But I'm fed up with school."

Barbara opened the door, and then turned again. "Things will come out for you," she nodded, smiling. "It's because you're growing up now and that is always hard. You—haven't forgotten the Church, Don?"

He said nothing, although when she had gone he knelt by the window for a measureless while, with his eyes closed. But this time, in his prayer, he made no promises.

In July, he quit his job as a messenger boy for the Simmons spring factory. It paid well, and somehow the minor duties intrusted to him made him careless, impatient; they were, basically, beneath the dignity of his vital intelligence. The Nash Company put his name on their assembly line and that was better—the relentless demands of moving belts, the heart-wrenching isolation of the high cavernous shop that sounded always in his ears, the endless repetition of four precise movements left him neither the time nor the ability for thought, so that mentally he was husky dry. Emotionally, more than ever, he was mercurial.

By the time autumn came in he had forgotten why, three months ago, he had felt spiritually unwashed, why he had hated with so intense a hatred the idea of college and all it represented. Wisconsin University, unaccountably, replied to his query that it would accept him. He went there, still a little puzzled at the break, in September, because he knew no one, he worked soberly for three weeks, until the student body explicitly discovered him. That was inevitably and inevitably in the beso tunate: the P. A. D.'s, a law fraternity, pledged him forthwith and he moved to the house. After all, he had to live somewhere, and the P. A. D.'s had a play room in the basement.

Things were different this year, though, in his mind was the subtle undercurrent of the drift in his speech, that before the term was out something was going to happen—something that would shape a destiny for him, something that would give him basis with significance the past years and explain the present and make concrete the future. This was his year, he didn't know what it would be, nor when, nor how, but somehow it would happen.

When it did, in midwinter, he was receiving unwelcome answers. He almost let it slip past; he almost pleaded another engagement when his roommate, one afternoon, suggested they go downtown and try out for a part in "The Devil's Disciple," a show the Wisconsin Players were producing.

But he went. The detective story he was reading was stupid and there was a brick, head-clearing wall that caught him. In the empty theater he sat amused, listening to the roommate go earnestly through the motions of the part, recite the lines soberly with overemphasis. Wrong, he thought; all wrong. I could do better than that.

Later the director, his hand still on the cresfallen roommate's shoulder, said to Don, "Want to try? That's why you came down, isn't it?"

"Well—okay," Don said; he shouted his outrageous feat insufficiently further over one eye, took the script. "What can I lose?"

Cocky with his trend, in twenty years he ran through the rôle casually, lazily, without effort.

You didn't try," his friend said afterward, accusingly.

The director came up. "You sensed that character perfectly. It's a conceited, bullying, what-the-hell kind of character and no one else has been able to do it. Can you come to rehearsal tomorrow?"

Conceited, bullying, what-the-hell—"No," Don told him shortly. "First-year students aren't allowed to do extracurricular things like this."

"It's the lead. And it pays. Think it over, kid."

"Sure," the roommate said excitedly. "We'll get you a dispensation or something. You were terrific."

The next year taught Dominie Felix Ameche up and carried him bumping along, lifting him to heights, lowering him suddenly with sick elevator swoops, raining on him, never lacking, their store of brightest glamour and their heartiest laughter and their highest exaltation. Luck rode lightly on his shoulders.

Luck maneuvered the second lead of gift of money had dwindled to a firm ten dollar bill.

They did not drink tea. It was murmuring, dimly lit room with orchids, a few curiously coarse bright people with smart groups in smart creamed and pink potions from the la cunas: a guarded room, a discreet, "secret" room. Don saw Marquette over his fourth Baccardi, a play that is going to flop unless he is better over each n' life. Stinks—and he's got a big of every scene, too."

"How much does the part pay?"

"Sixty bucks."

"You got a new butler."

Don drop the ten dollar bill on the table. "I'm on, take me over there."

As they waited for their taxi a man boy came up. "Extra, Mister! The screened hoarsely. "Alla boot stock market!"

Don reached out and shot giggling. "Sorry," he said. "I got the nickel."

1930 . . . Standing crushed, blest, blinking in the swaying hur dle filling Times Square with the hysterical noise of New Year's Eve Don thought: I am twenty this year, and my life is upon me, I have lost way in which to go. You gave your dopy show on the road, I can better than that here in town—Pro officers, and For the love of Hell, boy don't you know there's a spell here? and No and Sorry and Next Week and Don, dear, Poppa has tried this but things aren't so good he got tired about the blue too long. Here is dollars that I saved. It's the best I can do."

"How do you intend to wire to Milwaukee? And if I eat two at and a can of beans and then go walk and then take in this dime show until the day. The wintering, and You Who Are All-Merciful and agent's letter, so that if he would—"

"Buy a c o a g o, a b a c k w a t through the year."

He remembered ing at Cumbias, the long uninvolved blandness, the Honore—blonde and assured, waiting the porch in the lazy hot twilight—He knew of somebody's flank he ever had.

Norm's low voice saying one night all the books I read, you're the he—"

"I am working," said the friend.

Don Marquette over his fourth Baccardi, a play that is going to flop unless he is better over each n' life. Stinks—and he's got a big of every scene, too."

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As they waited for their taxi a man boy came up. "Extra, Mister! The screened hoarsely. "Alla boot stock market!"
love that 'come hither' look
bought Kroehler Furniture"

SAYS: Nan Grey

STAR OF THE NEW
UNIVERSAL PICTURE,
"THE BLACK DOLL"

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guide to quality

79
pushed her hat back on her head and gestured at the two men standing behind her. "Father Sheehy and I ran into Mark, here, as we were coming up the stairs. You remember."

"Oh, golly," Don said.

Later, over the table of a little inn on the shore road, Father Sheehy said carefully, "That is not a very good play you're with, that illegitimate practice," Dominic.

"It's what I've been smelling lately in Dubuque," Nora said. "What?"

Don laughed. "Relax. If I'll have rotated by to nothing by next year. We're closing then, anyway. Dance, Nora?"

He tugged her across the floor and out onto a terrace above the lake. "You're looking better than ever, you dog," Nora told him, bending forward for a kiss. "I've been in love lately?"

"Lots," he said, his lips on hers. "And exciting."

After a moment she laughed, softly. "This is absurd."

He was enormously aware of her. She said, solemnly, "I told you that I'd be in love often. But there's a different thing... I've only loved one girl, ever."

She didn't answer.

**Characteristically, he was** broke when "Illegal Practice" folded, finally. Poppa Felix dug into shallow pockets for fare to New York, where for the next months Don lived on the agents' invitations to dinner and watched the slow, incredible erosion of Broadway as an entertainment nucleus. Texas Guinan, triumphantly acquitted in a Manhattan courtroom, conceived the idea of doing a parody of her trial as part of a floor show and for a time Don—playing the District Attorney—was in for the money again. The act was set to open, and it was amusing until one evening, during the finale, when the boys got too rough and somebody hit a lady patron in the eye with an artificial snowball. The lady, digging for her out of her face, threatened suit and this made Texas quite angry. So she canceled the tour and Don contrived. He protested only as matter of form. It was fair. He had really thrown that snowball a little too hard.

New York would have held him, though—by his bigness, its unbound vitality, its danger and excitement and glamour—if the immense debts he had collected while working had suddenly caught up with him. Tailors, florists, bootleggers—all were unreasonable. Thirty-one dollars for that top hat, used the first night anyway as a chapeau bucket—the robbers. Well, he had no choice. Because he couldn't miss his sister's wedding, could he?

"Coming to be best man," he wired. When the answer read simply, "Grand," he telephoned at once, indignantly and collect.

"What about my plane ticket?"

His sister, it was discovered, had done well. Don, bored and chafing with inaction, spent a few weeks cultivating his new brother-in-law and the brother-in-law's estimable cellar; then he looked after Mark Tobin and they did together to Chicago in Mark's vintage Pontiac. Don had heard that a big oil company was offering willing young men positions in South America; pretty good salaries—if the beef didn't prove too much, or the mosquitoes—He was that bewildered with his own life, that unsure, for the moment, of his destiny.

Fortunately, the jobs were all taken. On the drive back Don sat gloomily, chain-smoking and staring at the dashboard. Mark said at last: "You would have been a fool to do that. What now?"

"I don't know." They rode in silence for a while. Then Don began to chuckle, a throaty sound that became suddenly a mighty burst of laughter. "I am a fool," he said delightedly, "because I forgot. I don't have to go out hunting for something to happen. It will happen to me!"

When he got home he went directly to the post office and found there what he had expected: a letter telling him he was in the big time again, if he wanted to be. A girl named Bernadine Flynn, with whom he had played professionally in Wisconsin and companionship. He had written it, saying that she was in Chicago now fiddling with radio, and that there was a sustaining broadcast spot empty, and that if she remembered his voice at all... she remembered other things too, she said.

By fall, the Great Northern Railway had prepared its Empire Builders' radio program and Don had been cast as the lead. It paid only $90 a week but they were local airings to fill in for extra checks. By the following spring—of 1931—he had taken over the First Nighter series, at real money.

It had been a good season, ripe with sensation and experience. He had been variously in love, once with a bright-eyed young singer and once, briefly, with a glamorous lady whose hair was defiantly brown-colored. There had been plenty of time for play; for nights spent in white tie and tails dancing at the Blackstone, the Palmer House, the Edgewater Beach Club—for nights that lasted until it was necessary to dash, still starched and top-hatted, to the studios for any early broadcast that opened coyly, "Good morning everybody! Get up set up get up!"

Just another proof that gentlemen should prefer blondes—Virginia Davis who will give Ginger Rogers some very real competition in Ginger's newest picture—"Vigorous Lady"...
The Seamy Side of Hollywood

(Continued from page 29)

to be the primary motives for such di-
ies.

next hour was rather dullish as we drove over to the

brown Derby on Vine Street and had a

badly needed steaming cup of coffee. The driver remained

waiting for calls that seemed to come.

worse, to my amazement, that

would be the locale of more at-

tentioned extortion cases per annum than

other city in the United States, particu-

larly the band of criminal

men who have attained licit of success on the screen are

al-born suckers; that all they have

been is the beggarman’s ‘‘you don’t watch out!’’ and we’ll

likely part with large quantities

of hard-earned funds.

unusual, a man by the name of

M. Matthews started a squad in the

et. Attorney’s office some years ago

as the Special Investigation De-

so, they have a perfect record of

successful cases at the time Ma-

them’s has had more.

men were praising Mae West and

Gable for their courage in fight-

ich cases out, regardless of the

day, when the driver raced in for

nothing hot out in Beverly Hills—

Local men are on it—do we

cover it?”
did—emphatically!

never known that Sunset Boulevard

would unroll so fast. At times we

hitting eighty and eighty-five—

in the Clover Club, the Troc-

ee, the Cow and Bull. I had an

desire to giggle as I caught a

of a huge sign down near the

GUIDE TO MOVIE S’HOMES. I don’t know why it

was amusing just then, except that

aments of the sort, one is rarely

ld, and, too, perhaps I did have a

guide to some famous home right

a guide at eighty m.p.h.

Sunset onto one of the

rankest residential streets in Bev-

Hills. Vast mansions on both sides, with

palmas; two houses I

minded as belonging to friends of

I wondered what one hostess

ising about as we drove past,

said if she knew what was

ring a few yards from the scene.

am I saw the house before which

pliance and police car already

I nearly fainted. I’d been there

less times for dinner. The young

e couple who lived there were

personal friends of both Lili’s and

He was a young director with a

future, a successful actress.

drove on the lawn in a night-

I might have saved myself the

e. When we got in the house we

ld that my friends had leased it

turn and race-track follower. He

ome home and found his night-

wife doing a bit of private

clustering with a song-and-dance

The gambler decided he had
done wrong, took a couple of pot

and a being couple and appar-

him. He then took a

pettifogged Filipino butler. He

d all five and three, either be-

had been betrayed or was

istered at being such a bad marks-

tried him on oneself.

I must say that he was extraordin-

arily inept at handling firearms, for all

he succeeded in doing, after a total of

four shots, was to give himself a slight

wound in the fleshly part of his shoulder,

just to stirboard of his armpit. The

way he moaned and groaned when

they carried him out to the ambulance,

you’d thought he’d been through the

three days at Vimy Ridge.

The next call was unusual, even for

Hollywood. A certain well-known char-

acter actor whose morals are no better

than they absolutely have to be had

called on a few girls living in a lovely

house up in the hills. There were two

couple of other male guests and one

thing had led to another and everybody

had a lot of drinks and laughs. The

character actor decided that he should

give his impersonation of a faun. Ap-

parently he had. Pretty soon they all

had started being funny, frolicking

all over the house with veils and beaded

wreaths and a gay disregard for the

furniture, vases and windows.

Unable to contain themselves within

four walls, they had started their Spring

Dance on the lawn around the gold-fish

pond. Maybe the neighbors were nar-

row-minded or maybe they just wanted

to sleep—in any case, they had put in a cell.

It is presumable that the giddy young

people had heard the wailing approach of

the siren and, suddenly sobered,

had made a mad dash for the house,

because the only person we found was a

disheveled actor in an extraordin-

ary miscellany of clothing pounding

on the front door with anguished face.

‘‘Lemme in!’’ he wailed. ‘‘Lemme in!’’

I’ll be good! Honest, I’ll be good. . . .

He looked around and saw me through

the haze, grinned foolishly and turned

back to the door. ‘‘C’m’m! Open up! Y’
don’t have to hide any more—it ain’t

the cops, after all—it’s just Errol Flynn!’’

I wasn’t much flattered because all

that answered him was the silence of

the tombs. The sergeant tried his hand—

or his stentorian voice, rather—but to

no avail. Just then the driver came

around the house to report that its back

door opened on another street and that

the birds had flown. If those particular

birds want the rest of their wearing ap-

parel they may have some by applying

to headquarters downtown.

The last call that made that night was the

last one I ever want to make in Holly-

wood.

It came from the manager of a cheap

hotel. He was worried. The door of

one of the hotel rooms was locked from

the inside and no one had seen the

woman who occupied the room for

five days. Being wise to the law, he called

the police to open the door. I, unfor-

tunately, was along.

As we opened the door we saw, in the

light from the hall, two fiery little eyes

staring, unblinkingly, from under the

dressing table.

We switched on the lights. The room

was neat; poor but decent. The girls—
middle-aged, really, but it is hard even

now to realize it—was lying, face down,

on the bed, watched over by her beloved

dog.

When I went closer, I was shocked to

see that this woman was an actress you

had known and loved for many, many

years—as I have.

From now on, I’ll let the seamy side

take care of itself. Boys and girls, give

me glitter, even if it bares me!
THE few was heard would
With less
than known.

To taste,
is the pleasant relief
of Stomach,
effervescent
pills. Alka-Seltzer,
which,
both people
who
are
so
much
taking;
and
the
same
is
easy
and
pains.

It is
so
easy
and
painless
to
you
just
what
you
need.

The
sun,
like
Alka-Seltzer,
just
chasest
it
away

YOU, Too, Will Be Delighted
When quick relief is wanted from everyday aches and pains, Alka-Seltzer will prove to be just what you need.

Headdaches, Upset Stomach, Distress after meals, Morning Misery and other common aches and pains leave almost before you know it because of Alka-Seltzer's

pain-relieving analgesic properties. It goes to work at once to relieve the pain and it also helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess of acid condition. Thus Alka-Seltzer goes a step further than ordinary remedies—It gives relief in TWO ways.

Alka-Seltzer is one of the best alkalizers known. It is so easy and pleasant to take—You simply drop one or two tablets into a glass of water—it bubbles up making a refreshing, effervescent solution, pleasant to the taste, and prompt in its action. That is why millions say, "There is nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer."

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AT ALL DRUG STORES...30¢ & 60¢ pkg.
Also sold by the Glass at all Drug Store Soda Fountains

Who's Really Who in Hollywood Society
(Continued from page 21)

itself, you will hear frequent praise of Frances Goldwyn (Mrs. Samuel Goldyn) as a hostess. She is one of the few women in Hollywood whose sole ambition seems to be to be her husband's wife and a perfect social background for him. Although she was an actress before she married, she immediately retired from the screen and started building up the Goldwyn establishment. Her dinners are small, but quite perfect. She never gives large parties, but invites to her small gatherings one and all as a real accolade.

Jesse Lasky is another of the few producers who does entertaining, and Mary Lyn Le Roy still another. Both men are sensitive artists. As for their wives Mrs. Lasky is a painter; Doris Warner Le Roy a sculptress. Each couple usually gives one or two large receptions during the winter, and a series of small, informal dinners.

JIMMIE and Lucille Gleason, on the other hand, give the big garden parties which are the most fun of all the outdoor Hollywood gatherings. They entertain chiefly for the Character People, though sometimes for a close friend of theirs who happens to be a star.

Ernst Lubitsch was, for years, the center of the foreign film colony, but since his marriage he hasn't been doing so much entertaining as prior to it. The Basil Rathbone has taken his place and are rapidly becoming the most sumptuous parties given within the gates.

Mary Pickford still does some entertaining; but nowhere nearly so much as she used to do when Doug was at the wheel. Incidentally, Pickfair, that rambling Beverly Hills estate, has been renamed the rude nugget "Doug-out," and even Bud-in! Buddy doesn't care much for crowds, probably because he's seen too many of them out front on the dance floor.

Leader of the writer intelligentsia of Hollywood is undoubtedly Frances Marion, novelist and scenarist. Her parties usually center around some picture, and one of the finest playing and singing in the world is heard by the lucky guests who are invited to this beautiful Adrian-decorated home. She was the one who introduced James Hilton, the novelist, to the colony. She gives frequent Alka-Seltzer to the garden for all types of distinguished visitors from noblemen to playwrights. She, too, travels with a small group, but that group is truly distinguished.

From time to time the Countess of France gives a blowout, bang-up party for some friend from the East. For it, she handpicks her own movie preferences, and her invitation, usually given by telephone, is like a command performance for a certain movie group.

Very few of the younger married set in pictures do entertaining on a large scale any more. The Irving Berlin and the Fred Astaires are the exceptions. And as to be invited to either house is a rare, worth-while experience.

NOWADAYS in Hollywood, as in many eastern cities, it's considered more fashionable by certain sets to do their entertaining in public places, instead of at home. And so there has grown up on the West Coast a large and very powerful social clique, which, for want of a better name, I might as well call "The Gables." Some of the most conservative people in pictureland call them "The Exhibitionists"; but I don't think that is quite fair, for though, decidely, there may be a few of them who would exhibit, among them, it would be true, classify everyone who is not dancing out as an exhibitionist. So, this Cafe Set is the largest set in Hollywood today, I'll enumerate them:


ODDLY enough the second largest set, numerically speaking, is the street-at-homes. Many, many movieland are people who have to, or in order to entertain, except for a few personal friends. Into this category then fall the following list of people. Some names may surprise you, because you have heard and read otherwise:

Bette Davis Sophie Tucker Dorothy Lamour Janet Gaynor Claudette Colbert Greta Garbo Kay Francis Myrna Loy Sylvia Sidney Eleanor Powell Olivia de Havilland Grace Moore Sari Maritza Billie Burke MacBeth Tilly Losch John Roche Alex Llytwain Alain Dinehart Gregory Ratoff Sol Lesser Marshall Neilson David Niven Leon Errol Lyle Talbot Wesley Wylie Donald Crisp Thea Cogswell The Fredric Marches The Jack Coogans

(Continued from page 21)

bran of society throughout civilization there has always been a handful of roysters, who have never actually represen-
ted the highest type in any com-
munity; but by whose misdeeds
that pice has too often been judged. 
Sad though it seems to be, that type is
the one which usually creases the news-
papers today. This has been particu-
larly true in Hollywood.

AND then there is another group who
gives any community a good name. That
set in Hollywood is the athletic one, into which there are a great num-
ber of subgroups to divide its prin-
cipals. For instance, there are the golf-
lovers, the tennis-players, the polo-
ers, the hunters, the swimmers, the fliers,
and the crowd that spends all their spare
time at the Santa Anita and Inglewood
tracks. Into this grouping come some of
those already included in other sets:

Helen Vinson
Wendy Barry
Dolores Del Rio
Louise Goddard
Mrs. Gary Cooper
Lupe Velez
Barbara Stanwyck
Charlie Farrell
Hal Roach
Dale Evans
Robert Montgomery
Walter Wanger
Kerol Flynn
Big Boy Williams
Darryl Zanuck
Clark Gable
Robert Taylor
Gary Cooper
Johnny Weissmuller
Paul Lukas
Bob Riskin
Joe E. Brown
Bing Crosby

Helen Vinson
Zeppo Marx
Sally Eilers
Bette Davis
Paula Goddard
Eleanor Holm
Harriet Hillard
Betty Grable
Barbara Pepper
Myron Selznick
Wally Beery
Spencer Tracy
Clarence Brown
Bill Bo Baron
Jack Cummings
Howard Hughes
Harry Cohn
Buddy Lightman
Leeland Hayward
Jack Holt
Frank Borzage
Will Rogers, Jr.
Frank Shields
Fredric March
Ralph Bellamy
Laurel and Hardy

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Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you’re sure to enjoy.

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lessons fatigue, improves
screnss and mental effi-
cacy BEECHES are the
"energy-boosting" variety in 
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thons: Peppermint, Pe-
opel or Spearmint.

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beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut OraMint is specially
made for this purpose. It’s home, “chewas”...helps keep
your teeth clean and fresh looking.

HIDDEN GREAT LOVES OF HOLLYWOOD
The second in Photoplay's series of hitherto untold love stories
BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
This author reveals, as no person has ever done before, hidden chapters in the lives of famous stars
...... next month in PHOTOPLAY

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showwomen in the entertainment business; and she is beautiful into the bargain.

Had she been destined for a throne she would have made history. She is making show history this minute.

And if you will remember, none of the great women of any period have had much patience with life when it represented a drug on their headlong flight to glory. It had its place. But when the crucial decision was necessary, there was always a kind of magnificent brutality about the way that decision was made.

WHEN Sonja Henie first won the Olympic championship for her skating, Selma and Wilhelmo Henie, her parents, suggested that she pause and be a simple girl for a time.

"This is the highest honor you can achieve," they argued. "Now you must think of love—of finding a husband and creating a family."

She had two answers ready, although none was necessary. The first was that an Olympic championship was not the highest honor, but only a step to honors that would come later. The second — and this was merely courteous — was that she didn’t know how to be merely a woman. She had spent her life as a candidate for spotlights; what could she know about the art of coquetry, of artful wiles, of feminine hanky-panky? "Lester," was her ultimatum.

The temptation to swerve from the road of boundless ambition has often been strong. Twice she has come near forgetting her splendid destiny.

Once she met a man, whom she won’t name, of good family and good fortune and many graces, in London. He did things with glamour, appealing to the immense sense of showmanship Sonja possesses in such abundance. In addition, he looked like a Jon Whitcomb illustration. He wanted to marry her.

"But I want to marry you, not the champion skater and exhibitionist named Sonja Henie," he told her. "You must change your choice.

Fatal words... She promised him an answer on the day of the Olympic games; he had said if she accepted him she mustn’t enter this final competition. From the stands, where he sat watching, he heard at last her name roaring from loudspeakers, saw her small graceful figure appear on the rink edge and pose there, smiling welcome to the cheering crowds.

He watched her flash across the ice, saw her win once again the title she never relinquished. But he might have known.

Even then she had decided to go to America, to surprise Hollywood and its two years growth and a ride of publicity. When a situation threatened to develop in tance, she dealt with it simply. Fortunately both, at the time, were reasonably agreeable.

But she gave up, apparently regretting; the young man, who was—she is today—the most sought after bachelor and since Jack Gilbert.

The slightest thing being said to Sonja Henie is that she is unhappy with the way that romance terminated as long as it ended in friendship, as did she must regard it with extreme compulsion. And if she is lonely, she is not lonely by choice.

So far as men are concerned, there is a necessity, difficulties that Sonja and her partners in her selection. She is, after all, richer, more successful—and she possesses a better head on her shoulders than the majority of Hollywood males. Not a single actor can do her box-office draw.

Thus the man who would storm her heart is reduced to the idea that she will renounce her chosen stand in favor of marriage; must do so completely or be subject to business, charm and novelty. There are few Hollywood women who could do that.

"Charm in a man," she told me, based on his spirit and personality, is a certain powerful drive from her heart. "The man I marry would have to interest me in other people—people who are genuinely and tolerantly interested. And I have to be willing to give and receive— and be interested things."

Sonja is inherently a reformer; she would want to teach her husband..."

"He’d have charm for men—a woman alike," she went on, froming the idea in her head. "He’d have native energy, bring..."
been, a wealthy family. A millionaire fur business has supported them as a clan through the generations; they are bespoke tailors to the Court of Saint James and to the Royal Family of Norway. Sons, through personal appearances and her arrangement with Twentieth Century-Fox, has added to that fortune considerably.

The report spread from the beginning, and is still rampant, that she is money-crazy. She was being mildly unhappy about that when I talked with her. "My manager tells me," she added, "that all this income tax red tape was appalling—that because of being Norwegian I couldn't get out of America to go abroad unless I kept an accounting of every penny I made and spent. That's why every week I'd trot up to the paymaster's window and scream, 'How much time? How much do I get?' And then, of course," she added, "I did ask for quite a lot when I signed my contract. There was no sense in not being a good businesswoman."

Today the little blonde prodigy finds herself content on most scores. She is so incredibly busy all the time there would be little room for romance if it came. When it inevitably does, she will make room—for love. Not for marriage for some time to come.

in the Palm of Your Hand
(Continued from page 66)

HEART LINE:—shows a person who likes the opposite sex and is attracted to them.
HEAD LINE:—In the left hand the head line slopes downward, showing a vivid imagination and a possessive nature. In the right, the head line is straighter. This tells us that Joan's imagination is now more practical and that she is less possessive in love.

HEALTH defects in your life line are shown by chains, islands, dots, crossbars, and stars.

CHAINS:—a marking like the joined links of a chain that shows delicacy and a lack of vitality. In childhood, these chains usually mean nothing more than the ordinary run of childish diseases. If, however, these chains continue, they indicate poor health during whatever period of your life they cover.

CROSSBARS:—cutting across your life line tell of nervous worries which have aggravated your health to such an extent as to cause illnesses. The depth and color of these lines will tell you how serious the illnesses have been. Very deep, clear-cut lines—a serious illness; red lines—a severe illness, probably fewer or some form of inflammation.

ISLANDS:—show delicacy which begins with the beginning of the island and terminates with the conclusion of the island. A series of islands means a series of illnesses at whatever age these islands appear upon your hand or hands.

DOTS:—are not often found on your life line, but, when they do appear, they usually mean an accident or sudden illness which will disrupt your life for a time.

BREATHS:—suggest some sort of menace to your health and may mean an accident or an illness. If your hands show any indication of good health with the exception of a break in your life line, the break probably means that you have been, or can expect to be, in some sort of accident at that time.

When you see any or all of these health defects, look for a square or box.
They can do more for your skin because they contain beauty-giving milk of magnesia!

If your skin seems "acid" Don't be discouraged—here's help for you! Remember how milk of magnesia helps an internal excess acid condition of the stomach. Just so these milk of magnesia creams act on the external excess fatty acid accumulations on the skin, thus helping to overcome unsightly faults and to beautify the skin.

Milk of magnesia has long been known to many skin specialists for its beneficial action on the skin. A way has now been perfected to hold this ingredient on the skin long enough to be truly effective—in two remarkable new-type face creams developed by the phillips company, original makers of the famous milk of magnesia.

Phillips' milk of magnesia texture cream The very look and feel of this lovely greaseless cream give promise of what it will do for your skin! Just as milk of magnesia helps an internal condition of excess gastric acidity, so in this cream, it acts on the external excess fatty acid accumulations on the skin. If your skin seems "acid," if it has lost its fresh luster and soft, smooth texture; if it has developed such blemishes as enlarged pores, oily shiners, blackheads, and scaly roughness, try this unique cream. See how it works to beautify your skin! A new type foundation. Here's a delightful new experience for you! Phillips' texture cream preserves that freshly powdered look for hours because the milk of magnesia prepares the skin properly—softening, smoothing away roughness, and overcoming coarseness so that it takes make-up evenly and holds it longer.

Phillips' milk of magnesia cleansing cream Try this milk of magnesia cleansing cream just once and it will be your cleansing cream always! The milk of magnesia gives it a remarkable ability to cleanse because it not only loosens and opposes the surface dirt and make-up but penetrates the pores, neutralizing the excess fatty acid accumulations as it cleanses. Liquides instantly and wipes off easily. Leaves your skin really clean, and so soft and supple!

Islands on your fate line financial troubles may appear as this line is formed. A sister line running beside your line of fate, or to your heart line, may compound this trouble, or make it worse. Crossbars on your fate line are by some as obstacles to the path of life. But sometimes, if the line does not grow thin, or if other defects, I read such changes or advancement in hand, and, in most cases, I have had cause to believe I was reading to correct.

If, following the crossbars, it appears to be destined to meet obstacles or changes which it is inadvisable to make.

The lines of affection or marriage will appear on the extreme outer side of your hand, between your little finger and second finger. They denote friends, engagements and love. They begin at the outside edge, and proceed toward your palm under your little finger. They is impossible to tell whether these lines mean marriage or a serious affair, but they do tell the strength of your affection and love. If you have strong clear-cut lines at all these lines, you may expect to find yourself in a happy home, with the love of your life, in a long time.

If no lines of affection show on your hands, you do not care much for affectionate or marital love. Two lines of equal strength, or a double line, indicate two loves of about equal strength. The deepest line of affection indicates the love affair which made, or will make, the deepest impression on you, either through happiness or unhappiness.

One line rolling over the other probably has been, or will be, in love with two persons at the same time. If you have several strong lines of affection and a heart line, many branches shooting out from it, you are frivolous and inconsistent, and you are attracted by every new man or woman you meet.

An island appearing on the end marks a change in life plans. Islands cross, obstacles in the way of true love, a love affair or marriage for a famous person.

You may be interested to know that the palms of Robert Taylor (page 60) indicate that he is affectionate and sympathetic. A complete report on this young man's palm shows other data equally as attractive—fingers—rather than short with knucklesrough. He is impulsive. He is not afraid of quick-witted and dislikes to be misunderstood. He is a big, fine, powerful man and to put it through hurry, but don't irritate him by a show around with a lot of some details.

Finger tips:—first and fourth fingers are concave. This makes him sensitive and sympathetic. Second finger gives him intuition and quick perceptive. Makes him quick-witted and able to read the mind of another. Whole line is given to play. The other fingers are spartulate, giving him the sports—ability, originality, liveliness.

Wide palm:—he has an unusually large palm. This tells you once more of your love of adventure, your courageous and adventurous nature, your need of travel and change in your surroundings.

Mount of Venus—this is an unusual well-developed mount. The mount of Venus shows love of music and dancing, a nature which is affectionate, panting and very sympathetic.
Three Damp Fools

(Continued from page 32)

Truly Jimmy's engagement to Ruth, the actress, has been an

ity. His wife had emigrated from Austria shortly after their marriage. The boys

were born in Newark, but spent most of

of their boyhood in Brooklyn.

Out of sheer exasperation, having
downed his first pair of long pants, Al

started juggling on a street corner

one day. People tossed him pennies. Jin-

dling them thoughtfully in his pocket on

the way home, an idea began to germi-

nate. If he could get pennies for dancing,

why not dollars—the same kind of dol-

ars his father earned, selling hats. Sell-

ing hats was a pain in the neck, dancing

was a pleasure.

He entered amateur contests, and

walked off with five and ten dollar prizes. In between he worked at this and

that, but his heart wasn't in it. Jimmy

followed in his footsteps. If anything,

he was still more limer-legged than his

brother. Harry was still at school, majoring in basketball and

being kept in. One night he stole a pair

of Al's pants and won first prize in a

dancing contest.

It was then that Al's idea, born several

years earlier on a street corner, burst into full bloom.

"You want to go back to school?

(Dare to say yes?)."

"No."

They summoned Jimmy. "We're

brothers. Why should we swipe pants

from each other and chicken-feed prizes? We'll combine, we'll put on an

act, maybe we'll make a hundred a

week."

"A hundred apiece?" breathed Harry.

"Shh! Make faces. I'll do the busi-

ness."

They built up their routine out of the

horseplay that was second nature to

them, and their skill in dancing. Then

Al had a stroke of inspiration. The

collegiate craze was sweeping the coun-

try. He tagged himself and his broth-

ers out in the wide pants, short jackets

and red bow ties popularized by the

cartoons of Harold Teen. Thus accou-

tored, they sought out Ben Wise, thea-

trical agent, and did their stuff.

"Amateurish," said Wise, "but funny

in spots. What's the name?"

"Joehim."

"Is that a name or a nickname?"

Ever sensitive to a hint, Al lost no
time in explaining. An electric signboard

outside flashed on the words Ritz

Laudry. "Suppose we're the Ritz

Brothers. Even a maroon could say it."

"He means a maroon," Harry apolo-

gized.

"Wise guy! A marine is smart. He

won the war."

"Did I say he lost it?"

"All right, so he'll find it again."

"Don't change the subject. A maroon

you eat. How can it say Ritz?"

"I get the general idea," said Wise.

"I'll let you hear from me.

The upshot was their first engage-

ment at Fox's Folly Theater in Brook-

lyn. As they say, they never looked back. At first they were

thrown a bit, of course, but after

a few weeks' engagement at the Clover

Club in Hollywood. On such occasions

they socialize in the intimate toast.

Sipping down on a pretty lady who

sat with her husband, they thumped

her round the floor in their own concep-

tion of an Apache dance. Started though

she was and all but hysterical with

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Cordura!
laughter, she performed the part thrust upon her with good humor and grace. Cereemoniously they escorted her back to her table and bowed to her husband. "Your lady should be in the movies."

"I return the compliment," said the gentleman, who was Darryl Zanuck. A few days later the boys were under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox.

Now, at the beginning, their comedy is their own. "We eat Welsh rabbits for supper every night," Harry explains. "The stenographers take down what they say, and it goes in the script."

"You're cox-eyed," Jimmy points out. "Stenographers don't go in scripts."

"In scripts," says Al, "everything goes."

"Oh, you mean triswila. Why didn't you say so?"

Actually the conferences from which their dizzy masterpieces spring are a free-for-all. The boys supply the insanity. Sid Kuller and Ray Golden organize it. Sam Pokras sets it to music. The first two are writers, the third a tunecine, and all three are spiritually akin to the Ritzes. To safeguard the more sensitive nervous systems on the lot, they've been given a working bungalow in a far-off corner—which is still not far enough, when the wind's in their favor.

No one is safe from them. They can no more help pulling gags than a camel can help having humps. Other bats for their jokes lacking, they'll even go so far as to victimize themselves. Thus Jimmy has been known to phone his cook to prepare a dinner for twelve, after which he will drive cheerfully down to Palm Springs for the week end. Sidney Lanfield was trying to shoot a love scene with Alice Faye and Michael Whalen for "Sing, Baby, Sing." Every time Al's lips approached Michael's, she'd spit giggles and ruin the take. At length he grew impatient.

"I can't help it," wailed Alice, "and I hate ballads. But how can you kiss a man with those three up there coaching you?"

From the catwalk above the brothers peered innocently down. "What are you doing up there?" Lanfield demanded.

Nothing loath, they showed him. Jimmy's lips pursed to a smooch, approached Harry's. Harry wrinkled and massaged his face in an ecstasy of passion. Arms outstretched, he murmured blessings over them.

I nfield turned to Charlie Hall, his assistant, who weighs two hundred and ten pounds. "Get them down."

Scully on the catwalk, my hero, Hal, peared, sheepish and in his unders. His topshirt had been used to his wrists behind his back. At his parade the Ritz boys, introducing the one's Song.

Adolphe Menjou knows them. He went through "Sing, Baby, Sing" with them. He swore he was on their tricks and so help him if they got another rise out of him.

Crossing the set on his first "The Goldwyn Follies," he came and Jimmy deep in argument.

"Go ahead," Jimmy snapped at him what he thinks. I dare you.

Al fixed him with so baleful a look that Menjou halted automaton. "What's the matter?"

"What do you think?"

Harry's head popped over his shoulders. "I think so," he cooed.

INCOURAGEOUS as it may seen boys worry. They take nothing granted. The credits chalked up past belong to the past. They're a afraid of the next picture. They as fiercely over their professional path as they did over their first.

Because of their professional h it's easier to make them believe, news than good.

Once Lou Irwin, their manage a few scores to pay off with them entered their bungalow after a with a long face. "Zanuck just a rushes, boys. They smell. He you're through."

They swallowed it whole. It occurred to them to question or pr this time they took them that Irving was turning to casting them in the roles of the rib ribbed. Yet even in rejection the true to form. Al passed silent broken by Harry, who rose ab and galloped to the door.

"Where you going?"

"To buy up Twentieth and Zanuck."

When I left, they were anan fish, but they stopped long ones wave friendly adieu.

"Best regards to the boys,"

"She's a pretty little bargain—three in price of one."

"For crazy people, she should pay twice."

"And a little bonus for Pop."

Marvelous ideas the boys have. They rave.

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They're new—inispensable for shaping and blott- ing lipstick. End stains on handkes, gloves, toothpicks! Also perfect for blending rouge and eye-shadow, to wipe away mascara, to remove excess make-up and nail polish. 12 packs, Colophane—wrap- ped, now only 20c.

Adventures of Tom Kelly (Continued from page 26)
RING in Hollywood, Tom was reached in dictation, old in the dog-fashion crawl of the boyhood, tested, photographed in charge of a nurse whose we see that some of his hollows fled,

it's been in Hollywood for about 24 hours when, following his practice of going for the boy at school, I was told a few minutes ago that the 16 book, accompanied an hour ear...the studio.

covered his offspring balanced top of a banister, ready for def. divestment by cameramen. From the position looked somewhat curious. In the manner of parents held over, Michael's alarm found its irritation. "Come down out o' there, boy." "Yes, Dad," yelled Tommy, "I've got something."

what good'll the part do ye, if you're on your crown?"

"it, they're holding me."

only when his son was on terra firma did the significance of what he had broken on Michael's mind. Hand in hand, they raced to the police office. There he composed the wire. He isn't a homesick for nothing. "It was a fright, Mom, but we won."

"Don't get Tommy steamed up over a movie actor. "I did what they told me, that's all," he says, absorbed experimenting of stretching his fingers, he can without crinking backcles.

remains singlehearted in his purpose: "It's not enough to play big baseball. Meantime one daydream has been fulfilled. He owns...

presented by Mr. Taurog."

"we'll catch the man."

says singing as a man's might caress the APART from their ownership of an inexpensive car, the Kellys still live much as they did in New York. Those who scout honey from afar have come buzzing round them. "Tommy's an important person now, with a position to maintain. You ought to buy a house. You ought to put up a front."

Michael Kelly sets his lips and sends them packing. He works on the Selz-

nick lot as a studio policeman, for he never had the slightest intention of let-
ting Tommy support him. Their flat in Culver City is a modest one. Tom still runs errands and helps his mother with the dishes. Mrs. Kelly still does the household work by herself.

But gee, I guess if we had a hundred million dollars, Mom'd still do it her-
self," crowns Tom. "Like when I go down to clean the car, she looks out the window, and next minute there she comes with a rag in her hand. And you couldn't make a bed to suit her, not if you was the king of Ireland. Next minute she makes it all up again. "What's the matter with it, Mom?" I'll ask her. "It's all right, she'll say, 'only not just the way I like it.' I guess if we had a hundred million servants, none of 'em could make a bed to suit Mom, could they, Dad?"

"Here's how it is," Kelly Senior explained. "This thing was handed to us on a gold platter, not even a silver one. With Tom's opportunity, the whole family feels it's an answer to prayer and we don't hesitate to say so. But we're still in a trance. We're not makin' plans. We're still worried, will Tom be the suc-

cess they hope. When that comes to light'll be time enough to rejoice in it. As far as Tom bein' important, he's the same importance he always had, no more, no less. It just happened that, thanks to his forebears, he's got the kind of money they think Tom Speyer might have."

WHEN Shirley TEMPLEfalls IN LOVE!

No single feature published in PHOTOPLAY has caused more comment than Vincentian's famous study of Clark Gable as Rhett Butler. Next month, in PHOTOPLAY, this fine artist brings you his impres-

sion of Shirley as she will appear when she accepts the ring from the man she will marry. Don't miss it!

admits. "I used to ride on some other kids' bikes, but I never had the slightest hope of having one all myself."

Mr. Taurog promised. "Dad, that's all."

"Sure," agrees the cheerful Tom. "I might be a flop, anyway. Then I could go in for baseball, couldn't I, Dad?"

I HE knocked at the door Tom answered almost a year ago is variously regarded. To David O. Selznick, it was the win-

ning move in a long, laborious, system-

matic campaign. To the world at large, it was magic that opened on wonderland. To the Kellys, it was the hand of providence. Or so they hope. They're still not rushing forward to embrace fortune. Their way is to stand back warily and wait to see what next move will be.

If half the advance reports can be credited, her next move will be to give Selznick a new star in a new hit picture, to be added to this uninterrupted list of hit pictures. To Michael and Nora Kelly she will give surrenders from the strain of pinching and pulling to make ends meet; to the two older boys a chance to fit themselves for congenial work; to Jack, four years at college; to June, a dancing, instead of a plodding girlhood.

As for Tom, eyes lifted to the glory of Joe di Maggio, ball player, she leaves him unimpressed with the importance of being Speyer.

### Everything was lovely...

**Until He Struck a Match!**

Life's Little Close-ups; Can Your Complexion Stand Them?

It Can if You Use Luxor Powder... It's Light-Proof... This is the Greatest Make-up Improvement in Years

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fore your own mirror will be even more con-

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Large size box of Luxor light-proof powder is 55c at drug and department stores; 10c size at the five-and-ten stores. Or, clip coupon for a complimentary box free and prepaid.

Luxor powder is offered in several shades, among which you will easily find the one best suited to your own individual complexion. But, more important than any shade, more important than the soft texture and fine fragrance of this powder, is its light-proof quality. You will find that this powder—in any shade—will positively subdue those highlights that have always been such a problem.

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SEE the effect of powder that is light-proof and modulates the light-rays.

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P. 0. Box: 101.
any given circumstances he would give
you this answer—"instinct." To be hon-
est, in reality, it's only an exaggerated, 
upside-down form of just what George, himself, would do or say. For George is 
just that funny, while Gracie is log-
cal enough to know that George knows 
his Gracie far, far better than she does.
People, in droves everywhere, are 
constantly amazed to discover that 
Gracie has no part whatsoever in 
writing her dialogue. The day before she ap-
ppears before a microphone, or a camera, 
she's lines are placed in her hands for 
the first time. She reads just what's on 
the paper—and out comes Gracie Allen.

GEORGE has the final say over his 
coworkers, on every line and situation. 
And he stands or falls by his decisions. 
For instance, his gagmen insisted on 
calling Gracie's new home-grown play 
for her broadcast, "Gracie's Folies of 
1938." George held out for "Miss Gracie 
Goes to Town" and stuck to it. "But it's 
the kind of title Gracie would like," 
George insisted, and that was that.

The framework used by Mr. Burns in 
the construction of his character is based 
on that age-old but ever-new theory 
of sense in nonsense. Lewis Carroll in his 
"Alice" exemplifies best this type of 
bewildering when the March Hare at-
tempts to correct the faulty watch of 
the Mad Hatter by advising the use of 
butter.

"I told you butter wouldn't suit the 
works," the Mad Hatter complains. 
"It was the best butter," the March 
Hare meekly explains—at that logical 
reply leaves the Mad Hatter with that 
vague empty feeling of something being 
wrong somewhere but what. That's the 
catch.

So it is with Gracie. Her strange un-
reasoning has a glimmer of sense to it. 
Just enough to make it all the more 
confusing all the way round.

"George," she'll say, "what hangs from 
the ceiling and beats a bass drum?"

George will gaze at her in undisguised 
disgust. "What hangs from the ceiling 
and beats a bass drum?" he'll snort.

"Don't tell me, don't tell me," Gracie 
comes back, "let me guess. Is it—?"

"Gracie," George begins, "this is your 
riddle, not mine, and I'd say the answer 
is 'oh nuts.'"

"That's right, Georgie Porgie. That's 
the answer."

"Gracie, you mean to tell me the an-
swer to what hangs from the ceiling 
and beats a bass drum is 'oh nuts'?"

"Well, it must be, Georgie Porgie. 
Everyone always gives that same an-
swer."

WHICH leaves you and me and Burns 
back there with the Mad Hatter, trying 
to figure out what's wrong with this 
picture and why. For when you come 
right down to it, in that answer, the 
girl's got something. You can't deny it.

"It's my opinion," Mr. Burns explained to 
me, "that three-fourths of the time, 
Gracie is right. It's we who are actually 
out of step."

At that, he may be right. At least the 
reaction of a certain portion of Gracie's 
public leads one to believe so. For in-
stance, there are those overly sensitive 
souls who choose to be wounded to 
the quick by Gracie's most innocent prat-
tics.

"So," they write, "you think a broken 
leg is funny. You say your brother 
(heaven be merciful to Gracie's well-
sworn brother) has a broken leg and I'm 
supposed to laugh. Well, if you were 
suffering as I—" And on and on goes 
the tirade against Gracie's mythical 
brother and his equally mythical broken 
leg.

Or they'll write "We just sat down to 
dinner as you came on with your talk 
about spiders. None of us could eat a 
bite."

All this criticism is carefully read and 
digested and never again do Burns and 
Allen refer to an offensive topic if they 
can help it. Even at the heartbreaking 
sacrifice of many a good laugh.

If, for one instant, you think the pub-
lic realizes or maybe wants to realize 
that in private life Gracie is far from 
the ribaud Gracie of screen or radio, let 
me disillusion you for once and all. 
Gracie, herself, recounted to me the fol-
lowing incidents that prove this point.

In New York, her cook asked Mrs. 
Burns to please order a new rolling pin. 
Instead of telephoning, Gracie, who had 
other shopping to do, dropped into 
Macy's basement for the pin.

"I want a rolling pin, please," Gracie 
said to the clerk who looked up with a 
quick jerk of a blonde head.

A sudden peak of wild laughter 
branched that entire section of Mr. Macy's 
basement into focused attention. Cus-
tomers, recognizing Gracie, parted 
closer. Clerks from the near-by sup-
pantee counter departed their posts 
for a better look. In two min-
tes the place was in a mild uproar.

"If you are going to crack in Gracie's 
Gaiter?" a customer cried, while 
others nearly died with laughter. 
Mrs. Burns slowly fought her 
through the fracas, rolling pin-less.

"If you think the rolling pin may 
suggested a comical angle in their m-
and therefore create the laughs," Gracie 
explained, "you should see me buy a 
yard of baby ribbon, or a pa-
page of safety pins, or a spool of the 

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Foot-free and fashionable in Heel Latch 
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Spring to your footsteps through this 
"GAIT-WAY" to smartness. By specialized 
construction these high-styled shoes 
combine snug heel-fit and bracing arch 
support with supple flexibility to freely 
exercise the metatarsals.
on at social gatherings rush over to me, and I was saying only 
+ing to my daughter that if I 
+ one other Gracie Allen, she’s 
+ hear some of her dumb 
+ they beam at the compliments, 
+ on both sides, they have 
+ to a patient and under-
+ young woman whose mind at 
+ moment may be lingering in 
+ with two who look up at Gracie 
+ s: I love you.” 

The people in the world (and I 
+ this for emphasis) that Gracie 
+ isn’t, it’s Gracie Allen. And 
+ any time, carried over to the 
+ George Burns and the mother 
+ of children: 

If you give, just for the compari-
+ own conception of the real 
+ Allen, the true and unvarnished 
+ of this amazing woman who daily 
+ edict creates entertainment for 
+ of people the world over. Per-
+ would convey to us more clearly 
+ the word nothing. 

is a quality about Gracie that 
+ Allen at the very heartstrings. 
+ fashioned, simple, unhesitatingly 
+ of which the world nothing. 

are the good years of stage work. 
+ events, screen and radio, 
+ the most completely unthe-
+ man in existence. There is 
+ theater-in-the-blood hus-
+ Gracie. She never discusses 
+ or its people in her own home or in 
+ anyone else’s. 

If George said tomorrow—"We’re 
+ through forever,"—not a ripple of 
+ at losing the world’s spotlight 
+ would find so much as a shadow in 
+ her heart. She’d merely push on her 
+ smart hat and go shopping. 

Shopping! What a word that is 
+ Gracie. Shopping! Ah me, there’s 
+ the sport of sports and the joy of 
+ But wait. Even in that, Gracie 
+ displays that paradoxical something that’s hard 
+ to believe in a woman who has 
+ given up her husband who has 
+ never become conscious of it. All 
+ the joys of simple living, planning, 
+ dreaming are still here. Boredom 
+ possessing has escaped her, leaving 
+ her free to thrill to a new frock, a new clip, 
+ even a pair of simple black slippers. 

As a preliminary to a shopping spree, 
+ one can call her mild adventures in 
+ purchasing a skein, she’ll first 
+ slowly and methodically before the 
+ shop’s windows. Noting this article 
+ and that. Comparing prices. This may 
+ the great part of the day and 
+ the actual purchasing may be reserved 
+ for another time. But once having de-
+ cided and having purchased, her emo-
+ tions are divided equally into two divi-
+ sions: (a) joy; (b) panic. 

The joy over a new clip, when there 
+ are so many, many clips in the world, 
+ is something to warm the heart and 
+ revive decaying enthusiasm in just things. 

The panic that inevitably follows 
+ the joy is one of the strangest of all quirks 
+ in the make-up of this amazing woman. 

A quick rush of feet along a hotel 
+ hallway, and Bill Burns knows that 
+ Gracie is on her way to that famous 
+ hotel conference room where Bill, 
+ the Burns’ business manager, has his office.

YOU A LITTLE Camera
IN YOUR HOME?

PRIZE WINNERS

Here is the list of prize winners who took the pictures on pages 42-43.

1. (first prize) J. R. Ciccheti, 19 Channing Road, Watertown, Mass.
2. (three pictures) Madeline Ruselle, 1521 East 96th St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
3. (two pictures) Mrs. Helen McClendon, 110 Cornell St., Albuquerque, N.M.
4. (one picture) Helen Bradley, 4123 171 St., Flushing, L.I., N.Y.
5. (one picture) Nadja Paskovsky, 580 W. 144th St., New York, N.Y.
6. (one picture) Curtis Callahan, 1457 East Third St., Frederick, Md.
7. (one picture) Frances L. Keene, 227 South Benning Way, Los Angeles, Calif.
8. (one picture) Audrey Frost, 2308 Walter St., Huntington Park, Calif.
9. (one picture) Helen Coyne, 4103 77 St., Jackson Heights, L.I., N.Y.
10. (one picture), Anton Lest, Jr., 1192 West 84th St., New York, N.Y.
11. (one picture) Mrs. Floyd Haskinson, 1621 N. Kildare Ave., Chicago, Ill.
12. (one picture) Vincent E. Haley, Box 2451, Houston, Texas.

Did you ever photograph a movie star? In Hollywood? Or out of Holly-
wood? Did you ever grab-shot any movie event that made a good picture? 
PHOTOPLAY will buy those pictures of yours. We’ll pay $5.00 for the best 
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try this new and alluring matched makeup 
that matches you!
They spend Fortunes to find FRESH FACES

"Look Bill," she'll say, "Nat (her own name for George) is going to be furious when the bill comes in this month. I bought a new dress, Bullock's Wilshire. Bill, I'm scared to death."

"How much is it?" Bill asks.

"Seventy-nine dollars and eighty-five cents," comes the reply with a cross between a sigh and a groan. Bill turns to the window and looks down Vine street at the glitter and pomp of a show-off town and one corner of his lip curls up in a strange little smile that seems so out of place with the moisture in his eyes.

SEVENTY-NINE dollars and eighty-five cents in the life of a woman who earns, every year, a mun-sized fortune.

"Maybe," Bill Burns told me while George nodded in approval, "it will be a matter of forty-eight both towels that George himself sent out, for Gracie to see before purchasing. Even then she'll worry over the bill. What Nat might say.

The thing that adds piquancy to this incident told me by these two men is the fact that never in his entire life as Gracie's husband has George once complained of a bill. Never once. But fixed in that mind of Gracie's is the Victorian idea it's the man who pays and pays the least she can do is worry about it.

It's Mr. Burns' contention that this one characteristic alone cites the vast difference between the two Gracies.

"My Gracie (and he refers to her own imaginary Gracie, naturally) worries over nothing," he explained. "Her father may be, and almost always is serving time in one of our better institutions, her brother just two jumps ahead of solitary confinement and herself in a fine pickle and so what? It never touches her. Never fazes her. So certainly the matter of a few dozen bath towels or a new dress wouldn't mean a single thing in her life.

The reserved quiet charm of Mrs. Burns in her own home and her love and understanding of her two children are wonderful to see. Her fine appreciation of humor is exemplified by the rich, full interpretation she gives to the reading of her lines. Conveying to all listeners the message that no one gets more enjoyment out of Gracie than just Mrs. Burns herself.

She has never attained that I'm-a-star-so-give-me-service attitude. She never demands or expects more than any ordinary woman in the ordinary walks of life expects or demands. She is a devoted wife and mother, an intelligent, well-read woman with a well-informed mind.

"Gracie even sings like an toned girl," George beams, "as do those rare women who are conscious." And I thought I a murmured "God bless her," finished speaking.

She's little. And has an idea ple are out pretty much to a around. On purpose, too.

Once in a shop elevator in F with Mrs. Benny, Gracie let a near-by stomach an elbow practically winded the stomach for five full minutes. The startled, "that will teach a big you to shove me around."

In contrast to the screen Gracie who attempts anything with life Gracie is pretty dried in can't do anything. came time for the lunette dance legel Holiday." George approaches subject tactfully.

"I can't do it. I can't do it." began while George shushed him. I'm not worried about your George moaned. "Can Ben B be that's what has me down."

Once the attention was taken herself and focused, as she supposed, Ben Blue who could dance a bit with a potato bag, she was a

The same with her marriage with Fred Astaire in Do Diaritess," Once Fred pretends George's dancing he was very and not hers, her fears were

Again in direct contrast to awareness of George's screen as Insults, which roll off Gracie's terballs, she is quick to resist

A matcher on Broadway once lash of Gracie's rebuke. Gracie very idea—your girl clout—
somning not a little yesterday's of "How dare you, sir?" as deliver Gracie. The matcher may still be in the same spot for all Gracie.

She sits and

And this year she was voted by the 

But, you see, they didn't know there at the University that Gracie has little or nothing to do a actual establishment of that as Gracie. That a man named George Burns, deserves that we lurler for giving to the public a ol dumb Dora. Who feels worry world with endless she coutseke demands and the real at that exact moment of cheer

Two cute coxeyettes are Ronnie and Sandra—the younger members of the Burns and Allen family, and two important reasons why George and Gracie are a pair of homebodies
be thought. You see, poor Ginger is so head-over-heels in work, with finishing "Vivacious Lady," and redoing a portion of "Having Wonderful Time," that it’s impossible for the studio to get Fred back into the harness for a while longer. Sonja Henie: the little skater’s income-tax figures are really going to cut some ice in next year’s report, what with breaking all attendance records in every city where she has held her skating exhibits.

Gary Cooper: Gary and his wife pulled a surprise on Hollywood when they packed their trunks secretly, kissed their offspring goodbye, and started on an extended vacation and second honeymoon trip which will probably land them in Italy.

**Cheap at 55 cents**

WE’VE heard of ambitious fans, but we sure have to dolly our chapeau to a young Boston girl named Mildred Parsons who succeeded in getting Deanna Durbin on the long-distance telephone and talking $5 worth to her.

Hearing Deanna would soon make a radio appearance in New York, the young girl asked her to try to get down to Boston to be her house guest. And the strange part about it is that Deanna was so impressed at her young fan’s sincerity that she has asked her parents if they can’t get down to Boston for a day to look up Miss Mildred Parsons.

**Bits and Bitters**

The latest prank played by Carole Lombard on Clark Gable concerns the monstrous sheep dog Clark gave her as a gift. While Clark was in San Diego on location, Carole had a dog house built for her pet and proudly led Gable out to see it when he returned. One look, and Clark almost swooned, for at the windows of the dog house were cream-colored Venetian blinds with organ-dyed drapes. A dotted-swan drapery table set with dainty bottles of flea powder and dog brushes stood in one corner. Taffeta cushions were scattered about while the dog, tied up with pink bows, reclined on a blue rug. Speechless for one whole minute, Clark at last let out a howl of laughter. Now the gagged-up dog house has gone to the neighborhood children for a snack. Mr. Sheep Dog is sleeping—under Carole’s house.

Bette Davis’ father-in-law, visiting Bette and Ham in Hollywood, thinks (out loud) that Bette is the finest actress in pictures, but Bette (gourmandish sense-of-humor) says she keeps looking at Olivia de Havilland while he’s saying it.

Bette denies she’s having a baby. June Lang, her mama and A. C. Blumenthal spend many a Saturday night riding the beach merry-go-rounds. Imagine going around and around and around with A. C. Blumenthal and mama on a merry-go-round. Does it add up to you?

**The Countess de la Falaise**

says: “I’ve always felt I couldn’t do without Pond’s Vanishing Cream before powder and overcoat—now, it’s simple magical. In 3 weeks it has made my skin seem finer, livelier!”

**TODAY something new is possible in beauty creams!** A thing not dreamed of only a few years ago!

One of the vitamins has been found to be a special aid to the skin. This vitamin is now known to heal wounds and ugly burns—quickly! It even prevents infections in wounds! And this "skin-vitamin" you are now getting in Pond’s Vanishing Cream.

You have always used Pond’s Vanishing Cream for melted away skin flakiness and making skin smooth for powder. Now this famous cream brings added benefits.

Keep on using it as you always have. After a few weeks, just see how much better your skin looks—clearer, fresher!

In Pond’s Vanishing Cream, this precious "skin-vitamin" is now carried right to the skin. It actually nourishes the skin! Improves its texture. This is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. It is the vitamin that especially helps to maintain skin beauty.

**Same jars... same labels... same price** Get a jar of Pond’s new “skin-vitamin” Vanishing Cream tomorrow. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Women who have tried it say “they’re just crazy” about it.
Boos and Bouquets
(Continued from page 4)

Long live Walt Disney, so that he may produce more of these delightful fairy tales that are so thoroughly enjoyed by the old and the young.

Lucille Bruhaker, Huntington Park, California.

THIRD PRIZE—$5.00
WELL LIVE AND LEARN

A toast to Kirtley Baskette, whose recent article in PICTOLAY has made me Gene Autry conscious. After reading his story I suddenly realized that it had been a long time since I attended a weekly Western with my ten-cent six shooter on my hip. And, taking it from Mr. Baskette, I'd been missing something.

I noticed that a Gene Autry picture was being shown in town. Here was a chance to see, hear and pass judgment on the much-acclaimed cowboy. I sneaked into the theater feeling very ancient and sheepish among an army of youngsters. Through two entire shows, I sat entranced in the midst of whistling cowboy enthusiasts, watching and falling under the spell of the tall blond Texan. Well, he was good, he could sing, and he certainly did register.

Result, one more Gene Autry fan— which equals one sleepless night composing a request for a photograph. Thanks for the tip, Kirtley Baskette; Gene Autry certainly has "got something there."

HELEN HOWARD, Wilmington, Del.

$1.00 PRIZES

COMRADES! MORE SOLIDARITY!

"Tovarich" was shown for us on shipboard (the Normandie) yesterday, and I'm mad enough to chew nails! They take a play, light, charming and entertaining in itself, and make it into just another routine movie. They squeeze out all the gay flavor until there's nothing left but slapstick of the "My Man Godfrey" and its twin schools. The rowdies stealing Claudette Colbert's vegetables, the supernosines of the Depost family, the stoushinkup of guests at a Dipust dinner— all these are false notes. Just one not-too-dull picture— too bad!

MARIAN E. SMITH, Paris, France.

After seeing that scatterbrains, baritsu but still draf- tivated "Tovarich" had to sit down and let off a little steam. Before now, I always thought Charles Boyer as just another Frenchman, but I have to say now he's an elegant! As a butler he's perfect. As a Romeo he's romance personified. Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert togethers make this one of the amusing comedies on record.

VIKAT SVENSSON, Show City, La.

$1.00 PRIZE

OUR CONGRATULATIONS

The picture "Navy Blue and Red" may not receive the Academy Award, but it may not even receive recognition by the critics, but it will live in the memory of a bachelor down in Tennessee. I entered the theater that memorable evening, tired, grunted and blue. Immediately I found myself, a nobody who had witnessed a big football game, right in the 45-yard line, pulling with my arm, Navy, for Jimmie Stewart, B. E. Young and Tom Brown. In my excitement I beat my hands and chewed my nails, absolutely unconscious of one in the theater.

Suddenly, someone from somewheretouched my arm and I looked into warmest eyes, just another ex-wrongly lonely soul. Together we shared our picture once again.

The wedding will be in March, let me assure the cast of that pity that the entire color scheme will be "Navy Blue and Gold."

FRANCIS BILES, Nashville, Tex.

QUAKER HOSIERY COMPANY, 350 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.

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 of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barlo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any drogista can put this up or you can mix it yourself in very little time.

Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Before it appears to smoke, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and lustrous and takes wear off your locks. It will not color the skin, is not sticky or greasy and does not tub off.

REDUCING IS FUN!

When you are woman or men—follow the barino BOSTRO FOOD METHOD—A flattering, quick and safe way to get rid of redback fat. No starvation diet. You can eat plentifully of tasty foods assuaged in Method. A method that is used by dieting Northwestern women from Brownsville to Ypsilanti. A method that is recommended by any kind—tastes like candy. Every one of you can make your weight go down. All sui- tenuity restrictions removed in short time. Write for recipe. In remittance feel the relief. Miss Dean's Method. 39 Cents by mail. 39 Cents by West, 44 Cents by East, 30 Cents by Air Mail. 30 Cents by Air Mail.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

SEND 25 CENTS TODAY for FREE OFFER—Send today and you will receive a FREE GIFT—Free Gift for the first 100 names only—With key to EXUDEROFOOD METHOD. Fastest known method of losing fat, weight. This TREASURE FOOL Method has been hailed as extraorudinary by the most satis- faced. Don't waste a second more. Register FREE OFFER.

JACQUELINE WHITE
904 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.
ARE YOU THE TYPE THAT'S
Lucky in love?

Let one of these 10 new face powder colors bring out the dancing light in your eyes—breathe new life, new radiance into your skin!

We Cover the Studios
(Continued from page 56)

I comebacks Rudy Vallee in-Hollywood. One of these days, and maybe this time, Rudy's gonna make one stick. Not a blush in a bushel where hothosting some process stuff for re Such Fools. (Oh yeah? Have to change that title!) Asinside a familiar scene, lovely cella Lane sitting on Wayne. They sit there and gaze flickering and flashing on them—that is, when they aren't enough another. A train hurries track—

"Here it comes," says Wayne. "This is the shot. Now I'm in the auto parked across the tracks—""Let's rehearse your lines," cuts in Buzzy Berkeley. "You yell. Wait a minute—will you marry me?—got it?" "Sure," says Wayne. He looks at Priscilla perched on his knee. "Wait a minute," he shouts, "will you marry me?" "Yes!" yells Priscilla. "Hey," protests Berkeley, "that's not in the script."

"I know it," replies Priscilla Lane, "but give a girl a break, won't you?"

How often have you admired the girl who can "put herself across" on every occasion, win more than her share of dates and attention? In every group there seems to be one whose luck is unlimited—I know, because I've seen it happen. Why not be that lucky type yourself? Why not win new confidence, new poise, a more radiant personality? But to do all this, and more, you must find one and only lucky color. That's why I want to try all ten of my glorifying new face powder shades... so you will find the one that can "do things" for you.

For one certain color can breathe new life, new mystery into your skin... give it flattering freshness... make it vibrant, alive! Another color that looks almost the same in the box, may fail you horribly when you put it on.

Find your one and only color!

I want you to see with your own eyes how your lucky color can bring out your best points—help bring you your full measure of success. That's why I offer to send you ten all of Lady Esther's flattering face powder shades free and postpaid. They are my gift to you.

When they arrive, be sure to try all ten colors. The very one you might think least flattering may be the only color that can unveil the dancing light in your hair and eyes... the one shade that can make your heart sing with happiness. That's why I hope you will send me the coupon now.
INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT—20th Century-Fox

SHANGHAI, during the air raids, is the breath-taking backdrop for speedy action and sinister intrigue in this tale of smuggled arms. George Sanders, gentleman of fortune, finds himself the target of spies who are after the ammunition. It's Dolores Del Rio, lovely cafe singer, who finally saves Sanders' life and foils the villains. Dick Baldwin and June Lang furnish a romance, too.

THE SPY RING—Universal

WILLIAM HALL is the army hero of this spy story, and the melodrama which centers on him is at least fast and gripping. Having invented a new machine gun, Hall discovers that his polo-playing rivals are enemy spies; so he ingeniously creates a method by which the polo results lead him to the leader of the ring. June Wyman aids Hall and Leon Ames and Ben Alexander are tossed an occasional scene. There is a timely entente with current headlines in the subplot.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME—Monogram

The sole reason for seeing this view of happenings south of the Mason Dixon line is to hear the Hall Johnson Choir of famed negro singers, who manage to hold your ear when your eyelids droop. Larry Blair (Grant Richards) has been sponsoring a young singer, who, forthwith on his announcing his marriage to Lisbeth Crane (Evelyn Venable), tries to poison herself. He succeeds in only blinding Larry. Matriarch Grassy Blair puts on a centennial to celebrate the founding of Blair's Molasses Company. Much running around; everybody sacrifices himself on the altar of love; and guess what—Larry recovers his sight. Molasses from start to finish.

CHANGE OF HEART—20th Century-Fox

LOVE here finds a novel way to take the conceit out of a misguided young executive with a swelled head; the result is but mildly entertaining. Gloria Stuart is the girl who uses cupids as Bergen employs McCarty; Michael Whalen is the one who profits by the experiment. Jane Darwell and Lyle Talbot plod along. Two-bit material.

THE BLACK DOLL—Universal

MYSTERY and lowdown comedy abound in this the latest of the Crime Club series. It deals with the attempts of C. Henry Gordon to conceal a murderer he committed years before. When The Black Doll mysteriously appears in his home, Gordon is suddenly ex-terminated. Nan Grey, as the daughter of Gordon's victim, has been directed to a superior performance by Donald Woods, playing the sleuth who captures the criminal, seems lackadaisical. Edgar Kennedy is simply hysterical.

PENROD AND HIS TWIN BROTHER—Warners

AGAIN Penrod, the classic American small boy, comes ambling along to please the kids and amuse the adults. In this one Bobby Mauch is mentored by his twin, Billy, in a double-barreled package over two dogs. As usual the hood gang, organized as young boys, get involved with real gangsters and incidentally, and fairly preposterously adjusted to the small-town way of life.

DOUBLE DANGER—RKO-Radio

ANOTHER fascinating crook, as The Gentlemen, takes his baffle everyone in sight. Presley plays The Gentlemen who, while Whitney Bourne is on the scene, is the most attractive accomplice. She finds as the police commit their various crimes, most attractive, and as the crook is the most attractive of his kind. But Foster is so nice nobody wants him caught.

ARSENE LUPIN RETURNS—MGM

Here, at least, is a picture idea, even if it disappoints a smidgen. Humphrey Bogart begins as a reformed thief who saves a lady love Virginia Bruce. With the aid of American agents, Warren William, Douglas proclaims himself. It's light, average entertainment.

SWING YOUR LADY—Warner

Here, at least, is a picture idea, even if it disappoints a smidgen. Humphrey Bogart begins as a reformed thief who saves a lady love Virginia Bruce. With the aid of American agents, Warren William, Douglas proclaims himself. It's light, average entertainment.

The Shadow Stage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)

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BRIEF REVIEWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

ONE NEW HIGH—RKO-Radio

In this time too brilliant comedy to come at the moment. As a result this year in America. There's a smart, easy, and natural touch to the picture which is both quick and clever. And the result is that this year's new high is a smart, quick, and clever film.

WOODBELL—Walters

A potent music of sentiment and beauty which blends into a perfect whole. A beautiful, sentimental, and moving story of love and beauty which is both quick and clever. And the result is that this year's new high is a smart, quick, and clever film.

LADY BEHAVE—Republic

Somewhere between the sentimental and the main feature you will find Sally Eilers getting into useful trouble—and romance—because of her sister. This time, already married to Joseph Biddle, she gets tight, marries Not Hamilton. Sally does a good comedy job, and Marcia Mae Jones is really very funny. (March)

LADY FIGHTS BACK, THE—Universal

The natural comic beauty here is for the story of a girl (Irene Hervey) who, when her favorite writing is threatened by an artful and well-intentioned man, decides to do something about it. The dam is built, the salmon are saved, the lovers are happy. Some fun, eh? (June)

LADY'S INN—M-G-M

Edward G. Robinson resumes his role to the life that made him famous in this magnificently effective but somewhat brutal picture. Returning from Europe with his brother, he discovers that many of his friends have been murdered, his wife has been killed, and his daughter is in danger. He takes action, finds his way to England, and in the end proves his worth. (May)

LIVING ON LOVE

You'll enjoy this smart little story of a working man, James Dunn, and his wife, and you'll love the way he lives. You'll enjoy the way he lives. You'll enjoy the way he lives. (June)

LOOK OUT FOR LOVE—GB

A smart and quickwitted comedy which idealizes art for art's sake and sells at little price. This has Bob Montgomery marrying heiress Russell Reed. It tells the story of a girl who is almost married to her husband's best friend, but then realizes she loves another. When they eventually meet, the event is a hit. (June)

O CHICAGO—20th Century-Fox

An off-white movie filled with songs and dances that appeal to the masses. It is a smart and quickwitted comedy which idealizes art for art's sake and sells at little price. This has Bob Montgomery marrying heiress Russell Reed. It tells the story of a girl who is almost married to her husband's best friend, but then realizes she loves another. When they eventually meet, the event is a hit. (June)

THE GREAT SACRED started the amazing cycle of pictures which a kind of morbid humor is an outgrowth of the tragedy of the day. "Confession" followed. This picture, an outrageously forceful picture, is by far the most successful. Adapted from a stage play, it creates almost laughter; as a reflection on the trend of American art, it is hilarious. (May)

O CASE OF MURDER—Warners

WITH SACRED SWEET CASCIS

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LAST MINUTE REVIEWS

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Are Ill-fitting Shoes Undermining Your Health?

Corns, bunions, callouses are the uncomfortable outward signs of badly-fitting shoes. But the real danger of improper footwear is not just painful and unsightly, but permanent ill health, diminished physical and mental power, loss of beauty, premature old age, and general failure in life are often traceable to this source. If you are wondering just what is wrong with you, get Bernard Macfadden's searching study, "Foot Troubles." This book will not only be a revelation to you but it will also go a long way toward helping you back to the normal good health that is your birthright. Use the coupon below and order your copy TODAY.

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Entirely at your risk, and with the understanding that I may return the book for full refund at the end of 5 days, please send me a copy of Bernarr Macfadden's "Foot Troubles." Upon receipt, I will pay the postman $2, plus postal charges.

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KURALSH
PHOTOPLAY'S RETAIL STORE DIRECTORY

PHOTOPLAY fashions on pages 61 and 65 of the Fashion Section in this issue are available to readers at these stores.

Whenever you go shopping consult this list of retail stores, offering favored and recommended PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS and MERCHANDISE, such as advertised in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. If this list does not include the store you are thinking of, write to PHOTOPLAY's BUREAU, 67 West 44th St., New York City. Send the name of your favorite department store or dress shop. When you shop, please mention PHOTOPLAY.

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PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Hat Fashions

BYRON HOLLYWOOD MODES—1938

PHOTOPLAY’S RETAIL STORE DIRECTORY

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B. H. Hightower Co.

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Exclusive PHOENIX process creates hosiery that blooms in life...strength...beauty.

THE REASON FOR VITA-BLOOM
Raw silk is protected by a natural protein substance that gives the thread its amazing strength and vitality. This vital element is removed from the silk in the making of hosiery. Hosiery manufacturers have tried to overcome this for years.

WHAT VITA-BLOOM IS
Now Vita-Bloom, a new secret method (patents pending), an extra manufacturing process used only by Phoenix, restores this life-giving protein. Vita-Bloom definitely improves Phoenix Hosiery.

WHAT VITA-BLOOM DOES
You can see the new depth and "bloom" of color. You can feel the smooth, soft, even texture. You can prove the longer life, the snag-and-wear-resistant quality by trying the new Phoenix Vita-Bloom.

FASHION TIP: The new Phoenix 3-thread Vita-Bloom hosiery looks as sheer as fine evening hose, yet wears like the heavier street weights you've probably been wearing. There is no extra cost for Vita Bloom. Look for this label on every pair of genuine Phoenix Vita-Bloom Hosiery. You're sure of yourself in PHOENIX.
Charming with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids
THE REVEALING TRUE STORY OF MYRNA LOY by DIXIE WILLSON
THE SAGA OF A BELOVED REDHEAD
CAN THE GABLE-LOMBARD LOVE STORY HAVE A HAPPY ENDING?
"Fashions change, but lovely legs are perennially attractive and everlastingly important"

Davencrepes by Humming Bird are America's High Fashion hosiery, because they make legs more beautiful.

They have exceptional sheerness yet give long wear because of Invisible Extra Silk guarding every thread. In the rich Davencrepe shades for Spring, with the flexibility and superb fit of Davencrepe high-twist, they appeal to women who know clothes and how to wear them.

That is why such women, the real fashion leaders of America, will go out of their way, if need be, to buy these stockings.

Get this **AMAZING NEW BOOK**

Authentic from cover to cover, Shera Ames and McClellan Barclay show you how to dress more smartly on your present budget. Get your copy while you still can from your Humming Bird dealer or send the coupon and 10c to us.

Davenport Hosiery Mills
Chattanooga, Tenn.

I enclose 10c for my copy of "How to STAY in STYLE."

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________
Listerine Tooth Paste is **POWDER** in modern, convenient, economical form

NOW! Try this dental cream which cleans your teeth like powder... because it actually is powder in the form of a creamy paste... the modern, convenient, economical form which is easy to put on the brush. Thus it does away with spilling down the drain as well as the mess on hands.

To give your teeth new brightness and glistening beauty, use Listerine Tooth Paste at least once a day. Note the prompt effects of the extra-active ingredients. And remember, they are absolutely safe even for a baby's enamel. There is no pumice, no grit, no soap, no harmful abrasives.

Besides, you'll like that refreshing, full-bodied flavor which makes your mouth feel so good every morning. Get a tube today at any drug counter. The regular size is 25¢. But your best buy is the big double-size tube, which contains more than a quarter of a pound of tooth paste, for only 40¢.

**Listerine**, Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

---

**Listerine Tooth Paste**

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube—40¢

Regular size tube—25¢

**MAXIE LOOKS WISE**

but he has no wisdom teeth, even though 26 of his 32 teeth are molars. Of the 32 adult teeth in humans, 12 are molars. The tooth furthest back on each side of both jaws is the third molar, or wisdom tooth. Save these teeth if you possibly can. Give them extra care by brushing thoroughly with Listerine Tooth Paste.

**CHANGE TO LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE...**

It's a change for the better

---

**WHAT HAPPENED TO PEG MAY HAPPEN TO YOU**

Why Peg, what ever is the matter?

Frank has broken our engagement... and I don't know why... oh, I've loved him so...

Why don't you talk with him? He'll be back in town tomorrow.

You can't treat Peg that way, Frank. You owe her some kind of an explanation.

Well, if you want the truth, it was her breath. But I didn't have the nerve to tell her.

If you only could, Peg's a fine girl.

---

You can't tell Peg. She's lost the bestest boy she had just because her breath is bad. Yaa, yaa, yaa.

PEGGY'S LONESOME. PEGGY'S MAD. SHE'S LOST THE BESTEST BOY SHE HAS JUST BECAUSE HER BREATH IS BAD. YAA, YAA, YAA.

You nasty boy.

Two days later

Of course, Peggy's mad. She's lost the bestest boy she had just because her breath is bad. Yaa, yaa, yaa.

Can it be true that my breath is bad? There is a saying if you want the truth, go to a child.

It is true, Peg. That's what came between you and Frank. If you use Listerine you know hell come back. He said so.

---

You need a true breath deodorant to keep from offending

If you want others to like you, never take chances on your breath offending. Get into the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night, and between times before social engagements. It leaves the mouth and the breath fresh, sweet and agreeable.

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself may never know when you have it—and even your best friend won't tell you... the subject is so delicate. Most cases are the result of fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts fermentation and then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

For Halitosis (bad breath) use Listerine

---

**LUCY TAKES THINGS TO HER OWN HANDS AND RANK**

Lucy isn't need to tell Peg. She small boy who overhears her conversation does for her.

---

For Halitosis (bad breath) use Listerine
They're yours... in a heart-walloping love story!

The King and Queen of the Screen, Clark and Myrna, with the star of 'Captains Courageous', bring you love and adventure that will set your nerves a-tingling in M-G-M's thrill-a-minute romance!

CLARK GABLE - MYRNA LOY
SPENCER TRACY

In VICTOR FLEMING's Production
TEST PILOT

with LIONEL BARRYMORE

SCREEN PLAY BY VINCENT LAWRENCE AND WALDEMAR YOUNG
ORIGINAL STORY BY FRANK WEAD - PRODUCED BY LOUIS D. LIGHTON
DIRECTED BY VICTOR FLEMING - A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Laughter too... as Clark makes Spencer act as Myrna's stand-in! Spencer's willing but not able... if you get what we mean.
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VOL. LIII, No. 5, MAY, 1938
Court etiquette ignored, Queen Norma Shearer and Director Van Dyke relax on M-G-M's "Marie Antoinette" set.

**THE WINNER!**

**FIRST PRIZE—$25.00**

I HAVE just returned from that supposedly glorious and glamorous town called Hollywood.

Before I went to Hollywood I thought (as probably everybody thinks) that those who lived in Hollywood and were connected with the movies lived the "life of Reilly." Easy and fast-living. All play and no work.

How differently I learned.

Most people think of the stars only, when one mentions Hollywood. It rarely occurs to them that there are other people who play in pictures. The people who act as a background. The extras.

I lived with three boys who possessed an abundance of talent plus good looks. They were working as extras, hoping and praying for that break that would get them into the charmed circle of stardom.

For six months I watched their struggle. A story filled with suffering, pathos and heartaches.

Let me describe an everyday occurrence:

In the morning one of the boys would dial the Central Casting Office for work. All extras had to call Central to obtain work. Garfield 3711. Imagine ten thousand extras calling in practically every day with only eight operators to take the calls. Busy signal after busy signal would buzz through the earphone. Without a setup he would dial the number for what seemed like hours without getting a direct line. Maybe he would be lucky and get an answer. Then, "Central" would come to his ear. "John Doe," he would answer, giving his name. A few seconds later he would get the reply, most likely "Try again." And so every ten minutes he would sit at the phone and dial and dial until Central closed for the day.

No work. No meals. No meals meant a couple of tighter notches in the belt and a prayer for work the next day. I could write a book on how they washed their own clothes, cleaned their apartments, cooked what food they could get and avoided the apartment manager on rent day.

I asked them if they weren't tired of the struggle, and if they didn't want to go home.

Their replies were no. I looked at their faces. Each one had a courageous tilt to his head, a wistful smile and shining eyes that spoke more eloquently than words, "I'll get a break one of these days."

Yes, I have found that stars do not always shine in Hollywood. There are clouds there, too. Success and fame do not come easily. The path is strewn with bitter grief and hard strife.

Only the stars shine and twinkle and are remembered.

Bob Abel, Philadelphia, Penna.

**SECOND PRIZE—$10.00**

**VERY SANG-FROID INDEED**

Speaking of the men stars for a minute, (and why not?) what about Cary Grant?—I mean why doesn't someone write a story or give us a little information on him? He may not have the Taylor profile or the Gable Unhappy-Umph-triumph, but along with Tyrone Power (of course) and Thomas Beck, he hits the top.

On second thought, perhaps it's just as well that they leave him alone, because they (the writers) might make him into a mystery man—or maybe into a disappointed lover, and that would be just a little too much for me to bear.

Can't the reporters ease up on the camouflage? For instance, about Grant. Is his personality as deightfully breezy and sang-froid as "Topper" and "The Awful Truth" reveal? How did he get started in the movies? And yes, I will admit, we'd like to know whether he's single, married or how many times he's been divorced. We don't care what his favorite color is, or that the unhappy glint in his eye has been there since his childhood sweetheart turned him down. Please! More concise, definite knowledge of the stars such as "Roundup of Youth" in the January *Photoplay*.

Miss Gene Waltman, Butler, Penna.

On Page 22 Reader Waltman can find out all the latest dope (and more) on that guy, gollum, glib and good-looking Grant, no camouflage at all, and carry a line about unhappy glints in his brown eyes. Concise—that's what we are! P.S.—We think you'll like "Roundup of Characters," too. It's by Sara Hamilton, who wrote "Roundup of Youth." It's on page 20. You see, it pays to write and tell us what stories you like in *Photoplay*! 

(Continued on page 14)
NOW AT POPULAR PRICES!
DIRECT FROM ITS
200 TWO-A-DAY
HUMPHS!

THE GREAT AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE!

The year's spectacular hit now comes
to you! Old Chicago reborn in all its
turbulent glory! The heart-warming,
human drama of the magnificently
O'Learys...loving tempestuously,
hating fiercely...fighting valiantly!
A family turned against itself by one kiss stolen
from the lips of alluring Belle
Fawcett! But when disas-
ter overtakes the flan-
ing city...once again
it is the O'Learys
against the
world!'

Twentieth Century-Fox presents

erYL F. ZANUCK'S
preme achievement as
producer of distinguished
ertainment.

IN OLD
CHICAGO

Watch for it soon at
our favorite motion
picture theatre.

Tyrone Power • Alice Faye • Don Ameche

Alice Brady • Andy Devine • Don Levvy

Phyllis Brooks • Tom Brown • Sidney Blackmer
Berton Churchill • June Storey • Paul Hurst

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen play by
Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien • Based on a story by Niven
Busch • Music & Lyrics by Gordon & Revel, Pollack & Mitchell
**ACTION FOR SLANDER—Korda-United Artists**

This is Citizen Kane's best picture in years. Playing an English army man, he falls in love with a brother officer's wife, is accused of being a card shark, tries to vindicate himself in court. Fine direction allows exceptional suspense and a superb cast assist.Buy British and go. (Apr-53)

**ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists**

The threshold and romantic milieu of the Venetian scholar who opened the trade routes from Europe to Asia in the 13th Century. Gary Cooper is truly supported by Sigrid Gurie as a sympathetic, Riley Kothbauer, Alna Hale, Roger Barnes and others. Humor and excitement are settings of incredible beauty. Distinctive. (Apr-53)

**ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWER, THE—Selznick-United Artists**

Two little stars, Tommy Kelly and Ann Gilles, once more prove David Selznick's discovered Frances Bavier-clown is made in color. With the aid of quantified Robert Mitchum's loved comic of Mississippi village life in 1935 is faithfully and faultlessly reproduced in Technicolor, and has a complete cast. Distinctive. (Apr-53)

**ARSENE LUPIN RETURNS—M-G-M**

The politics of Melvin Douglas as the renowned French Ruban overcomes the likelihood of this anticipated story of amusing "bads." With the aid of Warren William, Douglas captures the gem of his heart, Virginia Bruce, Average. But he is innocent of stealing her holdings. Average. (Apr-53)

**BAD MAN OF BRISTMINE—M-G-M**

Jack's beautiful scenery forms the background for this equally rugged tale of the early Western bad man. Wally Beety hasn't been so good since "Vive Villa!" and Dennis O'Keefe, as the son who never recognized his father in the killer, will give Gary Cooper a run for his money some day. Virginia Bruce, Gay Ediehe, Lewis Stone and Bruce Cabot are superb. Good. (Mar-53)

**BECK, BORROW OR STEAL—M-G-M**

A merry mélange with Frank Morgan as the mercurial scamp who lives by his wits. He invites daughter Florence Rice to be married in his French chateau, then discovers that he can't see bottom for money to pay the rent. John Real steps in to take charge of both daughter and man. Josephine Hutchinson, Barrie Young, and Erich Kunen and in the split. (Feb-53)

**BIG TOWN GIRL—20th Century-Fox**

A happy tale of an overanxious press agent, Alan Dinehart, who makes a great radio star out of Claire Trevor, a small-town charmer. Donald Woods, as Claire's boss, turns in a gratifying performance, as do Miss Trevor and Dinehart. A coy little picture you'll like. (Mar-53)

**BLACK DOLL, THE—Universal**

Mystery and hardy comedies abound in this, the latest of the Crime Club series. It deals with the attempt of C. Henry Gordon to conceal a murder and his own extermination by The Doll. Nan Grey is likable. Donald Woods is hackaday. Edward Kennedy is sunshine. Distinctive. (Apr-53)

**BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY—Paramount**

There will be no bouquets for "Blossoms." The plot was ripped in the bad. Edward Arnold is a flakey type who lives only within the line to find the heroes he was promoting in a playhouse. Too. Weber and Fields are well strewn, but Shirley Ross sings well, but Frits Wildy gets all the laughs. (Feb-53)

**BOT OF THE STREETS—Monogram**

Parents will appreciate the moral lesson in this little light, and children will love the exciting action provided entirely by youngers. Maureen O'Connor (a newcomer)式 quite pretty; Joe Cooper is splendid; and Gary Ulyer and Marjorie Main turn in performances as the parents. (Feb-53)

**BUCCANEER, THE—Paramount**

With a stirring story woven from American history, an exciting first picture for the Herbert Swope Sr. production. Gary Cooper stars as Captain Johnathan C. B. De Mille has achieved a masterpieces. The plot reeled around the anatomy of the sea and the political efforts on the part of the British. The rest is history. But this is no bigger a hit than Coast (Paramount's new little Humphrey Barstic), and mystically Emerald Atlantic, with a swivel by Gary Cooper is a shining star. Don't miss this for a thing. (Mar-53)

**CHANGE OF HEART—20th Century-Fox**

Lover finds herself unable to break out of a morose executive; the result is mildly entertaining. Greer Garson is the star. Donald Crisp is superb. Watching these Garson-Wilson is one who profits by the experience. Two-bit material. (Apr-53)

**CHECKERS—20th Century-Fox**

This Warner picture is a sequel to a story of a man horse that dazzles the romance between Les Mankel and Stuart Erwin. When the horses become too much for the lovers and Les Mankel listens to the melodramatic of the town banker, Miss Fox-Il Wiffen steps in and does her. (Mar-53)

**CONQUEST—M-G-M**

History, passion, and romance brought to unparalleled beauty by the perforning of Greta Garbo and Charlie Boy, in one of the finest vehicles of the screen. That of Napoleon and M. Balzac, the patriotic Polish country who has been a trim, authoritative production. Photography and direction are of the finest, the climaxes, including Davis' Cup, are stupendous. George Cukor's last of a lifetime. (Feb-53)

**DAMSSEL IN DISTRESS, A—RKO-Radio**

Aided by those zany, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Phil Silvers overcomes a top-heavy plot about a laughing (De Fontaine) who falls for a London dancer, and turns on his top Pythian gymnastics to ensnare you. George Cukor's last of a lifetime. (Feb-53)

**DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI—Paramount**

This May Fromm-Warner's campaign captures legislators in the smuggling racket on the Pacific coast, a contributing factor to Riffy. Edith Head, Olga Daisy, and Charles Boy, in a fine performance. Thirty-five years, and still making a hit. (Feb-53)

**DIVORCE OF LADY T, THE—Korda-United Artists**

Merle Oberon's lusciousness, the enticements of the English countryside, and the romance of a couple in love, with the beautiful Mrs. Laurence Olivier, is well worth your admission. Luscious. Powerful. A film that will last. (Feb-53)

**DOUBLE DANGER—RKO-Radio**

This might be labeled "On the Trail of the Missing Print Fitter." For it is he, in the guise of a gentleman crook, who is supposed to have been killed by the Warhorse Bourns an inattentive cop. Vapid. (Feb-53)

**EVERYBODY SING—M-G-M**

More pictures like this and the recession would be over! I funny, bright, with music, last happily the music, the product good. It concerns a group of Broadway girls, Regan Dowen (Ezra), Judy Garland (daughter), Fanny Brice (pal) and Allan Jones (Jokeines) and a lot of songs. (Mar-53)

**EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY—Paramount**

They'll all be holidays for May if this little number is any indication. This is a laugh story of a female crook who fiddles with the farm at the end of the century. Edmund Lowe, Charles Butterworth, Elmer Kelton and Charles Winninger try but the picture is the like the West infection. (Mar-53)

**GIRL WAS YOUNG, THE—UB**

One always expects a dash of romance, some dialog and expert delineation of character in Director Alfred Hitchcock's picture and this is no disappointment. News Rabin, now grown-up, is the controllable daughter, Dmaric De Muerrey, her inculpation of murder with the fellow in love. You'll like this Finish. (Mar-53)

**GOLDEN HERITAGE—Paramount**

Based on the battle between farmers and miners in the location of California's Saratoga country, this is rugged, gripping from its scenic beauties filmed in Technicolor, Gene tier, Old, de Havilland, Olivia de Havilland, and very competitive in its music and story. Highly recommended. (Feb-53)

**GOLDWYN FOLLIES—The Sam Goldwyn-United Artists**

This incredibly beautiful musical has a Dorothy aragan of stars. (April) The girls are superb and the boys, Marion Martin, Deanna Durbin, Gene Tierney, and the rest. By Leftie is the screen's most beautiful vivace, William, and other stars. (Feb-53)

**HAPPY LANDING—20th Century-Fox**

Here are prime requisites for good cinema—spectaculars, fine music, a good script, and a good director. This, the story of a world war, is quite manage to become a hit, after the still of the Heroes. (Feb-53)

**HEROES OF THE HIGHWAY, THE—Universal**

Here is the screen's most beautiful vivace, William, and other stars. (Feb-53)
CAROLE
DON'T TELL A SOUL!

FERNAND

CAROLE LOMBARD and FERNAND GRAVET

ARE SIMPLY

"FOOLS FOR SCANDAL"

AND SO ARE

RALPH BELLAMY

ALLEN JENKINS • ISABEL JEANS
MARIE WILSON • MARCIA RALSTON

A Mervyn LeRoy Production

Screen Play by Herbert Fields and Joseph Fields
Additional Dialogue by Irv Brecher
From the Play, "Return Engagement," by Nancy Hamilton, James Shute and Rosemary Casey
Music and Lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart

A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE
presented by

Warner Bros.

heir romance is candalicious, candalovely, candalirious!
Hollywood's imported lovelies tell

some of the beauty secrets back of
their distinctive Continental charm

FOREIGN FANCIES—There's no doubt about it. The girls from the Continent have a very definite glamour and charm all their own. And after seeing Annabella in "The Bar-
oness and the Butler" I decided to find out what she's got that we haven't got, and to see if I couldn't acquire some good tips on beauty from her. Annabella's creed is naturalness in make-
up both on and off the screen. She is particularly
insistent on this rule in eye make-up, and also
says that a slightly crooked mouth, for example, should be left that way and not be changed, be-
cause it adds individuality to one's face.

Annabella's eyebrows aren't even. The line of
one brow varies quite a lot from the other, but she insists that it be left unchanged, and accent
her brows along their natural lines. The two
varying lines give her a definite individuality
and charm. She applies her eyebrow pencil
along both brows, just as they are naturally
arched, but she draws the pencil rather heavily
in the center of the brow in a fine line and
shades it in with a tiny brush. To make her
lashes appear longer and more silky, she brushes
them with a special oil, then applies her masc-
cara after she has removed the oil with tissues.
It does away with the harsh look mascara gives
the eyes when it isn't applied properly.

Annabella follows the same naturalness in the
way she does her hair by parting it in the mid-
dle and brushing it in soft loose waves off her
face to give a charming and youthful appear-
ance.

DELLA LIND, the Continental singing star, has
very few beauty secrets, but they are amazingly effective ones. Della says that charm is more
important than beauty because perfect features
without a charming personality lack appeal.
This star insists upon plenty of sleep and rest,
for a tired girl is a nervous, easily irritated girl,
and nervousness and irritation destroy charm
and poise.

In the morning, after rinsing her face, Della
adds lemon juice to the water to bleach her skin
slightly and keep it smooth and white. Her arms
and shoulders are as soft as her face, and she
told me that starch is one of her favorite beauty
agents. She uses it in the bath because she finds
that it's a grand water softener and, in addition,
leaves a velvety film on her body that keeps her
skin smooth and soft.

Starch makes a very effective beauty mask,
too, because its stimulating action encourages
the blood stream to throw off waste matter. If
your skin is normal, you mix the starch with
cold cream and milk; if it's oily, you mix it with
egg white and milk to tighten your pores; if
your skin is dry you stir it up with buttermilk.
Apply it to your face after your skin is thor-
oughly clean and then relax for fifteen minutes
to give it time to stimulate your skin and en-
courage the circulation. Then you rinse it off
with tepid water and you'll find your skin is
much softer and smoother.

Simone Simon, before she came to Hollywood,
had definitely made up her mind that she
wouldn't be made over in any way at all, that
she liked herself the way she was. But when she
found out that the make-up experts at the studio
sought only to enhance her personality instead
of changing it, she finally allowed them to rear-
range her hair. She did away with the school-
girl coiffure of hair brushed off the forehead
and pushed behind the ears, and now she's wearing
soft, deep waves and loose curls that frame her
face. Simone has deep blue-grey eyes, and the
make-up experts suggested that a subtle light-
ening of the color of her hair would add allure
to her eyes. Now her hair glints with a coppery
gold that decidedly enhances her piquant charm.
She has allowed her brows to grow in more

heavily because a too-thin line takes character
away from the face, and she wears a touch of
soft eye shadow on her lids to bring out the
color of her eyes and make them appear deeper.

ANOTHER foreign beauty is Danielle Darieux
who has one of the loveliest skins you've ever
seen. Danielle supplements her regular night

cleansing with cream by using olive oil about
once a week to clean her face. Every two weeks
she scrubs her face with a soft brush and soap
and water to reach down deep in her pores.
She feels that her particular skin doesn't need
this treatment any more frequently.
Her luscious figure is kept supple and grace-
ful by calisthenics, such as touching the floor
with the palms of the hands and keeping the
knees stiff. She can also touch the back of her
head with her toes, which, I can tell you in ad-
vance, takes loads of practice. Even if you can
ever quite accomplish this achievement, thy
practice does wonders for your whole body.

Danielle Darieux looks lazy here, but
actually she's energy personified when
it comes to obeying rules for beauty.
The velvety smoothness of Della Lind's skin testifies to the effectiveness of the Viennese singer's beauty secrets. Its texture can easily be yours, too.

Most proposals happen in the Spring!

Be especially careful about daintiness NOW

Romance is in the air now! So be careful to avoid the fault that kills romance . . . perspiration odor from underthings.

Everybody perspires, especially in warm weather. Underthings absorb the odor . . . but we needn't offend.

AVOID OFFENDING: Lux lingerie (including girdles) after every wearing. Lux whisk's away every trace of perspiration odor. Keeps colors new looking, too! Avoid soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux. Buy the economical big box.

removes odor—keeps colors lovely
Producers had an odd idea about Wally Beery; they changed his mind after seeing him in "Bad Man of Brimstone." On the other hand, a Photoplay reader wrote an unusual letter about foreign stars like Luise Rainer; the answer, in this editorial, will probably make him change his mind on the subject!

BY RUTH WATERBURY

BECAUSE I love nice things it is very pleasant to get a letter from a thoughtful reader like Lloyd C. Armour of Chicago, Illinois, for instance. Mr. Armour writes:

"... During the past year Hollywood has imported and exploited a great number of foreign stars. The amount of money expended for this plan is, to put it mildly, terrific. Give me one good reason why these very clever producers should go traipsing all over Europe "discovering" these unknown foreign stars: There are plenty of talented American actresses struggling for a place on the stage and screen and starving to death to do it, too."

Okay, Mr. Armour, I'll give you not only one reason, but five good reasons:

(1) It doesn't seem to be easy to find those talented American actors and actresses and that is because there aren't many definite places to look for them. Broadway is constantly raided—we haven't vaudeville or stock companies any more... the colleges and little theaters have been pretty well combed out without yielding much... and we have a habit of overlooking our own "discoveries" anyhow... after all, Martha Raye was "discovered"... and Dorothy Lamour... and Marjorie Weaver... and Tyrone Power... and Bob Hope... and John Trent... and Wayne Morris... to mention just a few of the last season or so...

(2) The main reason in back of hunting for foreign stars, however, is economic... if a foreign star can click with the American public, the profits on the picture abroad will be doubled. Garbo is a perfect example... her pictures no longer earn very much here but the foreign take on them is enormous...

(3) The foreign star, though unknown to us, is usually a highly trained performer... for example, Francesca Gaal came to the screen after long training at Budapest under the greatest masters of stagecraft... Luise Rainer had worked many seasons tutored by Max Reinhardt... Ilona Massey, under the jaw-breaking name of Hajnassy, was the sensation of the Viennese operatic stage... in other words these "unknowns" have served their acting apprenticeship...

(4) Nevertheless, the foreign idea of money is still modest... stars they may be of the European stage, but most of them will grab the first salary Hollywood offers... believe it or not, but the majority start at one hundred and fifty dollars a week... contrast that on your balance sheet against Miss MacDonald's approximate five thousand weekly... the imports gamble, you see, on themselves as much as the pro-ducer gambles on them...

The gamble doesn't always win... Anna Sten, as you point out in your letter, was an awful flop... Annabella, brought over for "The Baroness and the Butler," will probably be looking up sailing schedules any day now... Luise Rainer, for all her great ability, doesn't progress much... I haven't, however, that Francesca Gaal will hit... Simone is doing all right, and there is always the miracle-prima donna Kirsten Flagstad in "Big Broadcast of 1938"... with a like that you'd never expect her to be like a larger Sonja Henie..."
Dresser . . . recently Wally was supposed to be all washed up . . . they put him in "Bad Man of Brinestone" and it is wowling the crowds all over the country . . . so what does that add up to . . . is any actor any bigger than the part he is in . . . or can a star be made, with proper handling, from anyone . . . a girl ice skater or a man tap dancer or an animated cartoon or a ventriloquist's dummy . . . personally, I do not wonder that stars have the jazzy nerves and unstable temperaments many of them possess . . . imagine never knowing where your next rival is coming from . . . incidentally Metro dropping Bruce Cabot off the contract list lets out the final remaining "second Gable" in the business with the original one still doing nicely, thank you . . .

Our Favorite Actor of the Month . . .

Alan Mowbray . . . we met him at a tea . . . he told five stories . . . all funny . . . two of them racy . . . and not one about himself . . .

DON'T get the illusion that all the letters I get are pleasant . . . comes the following from Publisher Alfred A. Knopf's office:

"Dear Miss Waterbury:

Since you make your living editing a movie fan magazine, you probably won't like Horace McCoy's new novel, 'I Should Have Stayed Home,' which we are issuing . . . it knocks the phony girth off Hollywood and shows the pure tin underneath, and does it very effectively . . . You may not like this book, but it ought to interest you anyway. Perhaps it will interest some of your readers too—if any of them are sufficiently tough-minded to stand a little truth along with the pop."

As it turns out, it is an exciting novel . . . for Horace McCoy knows how to write . . . and I did enjoy it . . . but if telling the story of a stupid boy who didn't have brains enough to make a living anywhere, and of two girls who fail, one committing suicide and the other marrying a farmer, is knocking the phony girth off Hollywood and showing the tin underneath, I'll eat it . . .

I will never understand why that which is dreary and tragic and defeatist is regarded as being more "true" than the things which are colorful and amusing and successful . . . each is in the world, not, unfortunately, in equal parts, but each exists and because Hollywood is composed of those individuals who have wrested from life the high rewards is the reason the world continues to worship it, since it gives hope to their dreams and color to their days . . . that's Photoplay's story . . . and it will always stick to it . . .
"I CALL IT MY 'TWO-TIMING FUR'

because I'll wear it now over formals,
and later with Autumn street frocks"

For smart, young women, who "go places and do things"—glamorous FEDERAL Fox! Beautifully silvered... luxuriously furred... it tops spring's evening dresses with soft, flattering loveliness; it makes dashing successes of fall's street frocks. It follows the calendar—a social triumph and a practical asset, too... for these fine skins are selected for lasting beauty.

You can be sure of your silver fox, in better stores everywhere, by the FEDERAL name clipped to an ear and stamped on the leather side of the pelt.
Following pages, Kirtley Baskette brings Photoplay readers an unusual word of the Shirley Temple of today—a little girl who has suddenly grown up. On this—a glimpse into the future, the moment when Shirley Temple becomes visualized in picture form by artist Vincentini, in verse by the popular novelist and story writer, Faith Baldwin—both well-known contributors to this magazine.

This is the dream which shall come true
The rose which shall unfold;
The world made young so gay and new,
The rainbow's gift of gold;

The rising star, the fount unsealed
The magic love time makes;
Bright secret, not to be revealed
Until her heart awakes.

A Goddess Grows Up

BY FAITH BALDWIN

DRAWING BY VINCENITINI
The proof? Tucked-up curls—and some observations on Beaus and Bows by the pert young lady herself

BY KIRTY BASKETE

The other day, a little girl with eager eyes stood before a mirror on a Hollywood motion-picture set. The image that bounced back showed, instead of the shako of curls that usually crowned her golden top, a coiffure—parted, pulled back and tied.

Shirley Temple of Sunnybrook Farm put her firm little hand behind her neck and stroked it thoughtfully. Then, she showed her new front row of second teeth in a wide white grin.

"It feels funny," said Shirley, "no hair back there." And added, "I like it."

The little group of set people watching her smiled back, because Shirley was thrilled and they were happy. But a few turned away, cleared their throats suspiciously, and sighed ever so faintly. They knew they were watching the most beloved babyhood since the world began pass, dimpling bravely, into memory.

They knew Shirley Temple's chubby little legs had stepped finally into the bright new land of Little Girlhood. They heard the soft, friendly summons of Father Time and they saw the happy answer on Shirley's face. And they knew that something was gone and something new arrived. The baby had grown up.

Shirley Temple will be nine this month. Standing on the bathroom scales she weighs seventy-one; she measures fifty-one inches from toes to top. Her body is firm, taking form; her muscles are rounding, and her face lengthening. She can ride a saddle horse and drive a cart. She can play the piano, dance ballet and speak conversational French. She writes her own letters and reads her own books. She keeps up with the daily newspapers, scribbles daily in a diary and runs her own parties: She's stepped out to two big Hollywood premières this season and had her say about the special evening frock for both.

And she has a steady beau.

Yes, Shirley Temple is growing up.

She entered the Fifth Grade this February. She knows her geography, English, history and current events. She can spell out the multiplication table all the way, can add, subtract and divide. Frances Klamt, her teacher, calls her "bright." The last Intelligence Quotient she had scored 155, dangerously close to genius.

The world, seeing Shirley every few months takes the added inches and proportionate pounds for granted. Every mail pouring into Hollywood still brings baby presents for Shirley. But the personality that has grown along with them escapes unnoticed.

The Shirley Temple of today is not just a cute dimpled, darling child. She is a person—and a pretty swell one at that.
The other day I dropped into Shirley's bungalow on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. Shirley was expecting company—a crowd of Swiss domestics and their children. The only time they held come was on Thursday, maid's day off. As the hour set for their arrival neared, Mrs. Temple was called away. Before she left she said, "Now these are your guests, Shirley. I'll have to leave for a while and they may get here while I'm gone. You'll have to entertain them."

They came right after that—a mob of bashful, giggling kids and their grinning parents. Shirley took charge with the poise and presence of an adult. She seated them, led the conversation, bought in toys and objects of interest, moved the crowd with complete assurance, was winning, gracious and in complete command of a situation. Not with a precocious coxcomb; it smooth responsibility.

You might call that a number of things—manners, poise, tact, a social consciousness. Whatever it is, Shirley has grown into it with a natural grace that befits the crown princess of the screen.

Not long ago, at Shirley's own urging, Mrs. Temple took her to the Los Angeles Orthopedic Hospital where lie hundreds of little crippled boys, doomed to long days of bedfastness or infirmity or braces. Once inside, Shirley brooked no contact from her mother's side. Alone, she passed from bed to bed, chatting with the little wide-eyed inmates. There was no cute, coy, kid-star all to it. The fact that scores of pain-polished faces focused wondringly on her seemed only to please Shirley—not delight her. She was lost in her deep interest in what she saw. For weeks afterwards, worries for the crippled kids passed on her mind.

This last Christmas, the first thing she asked to do was to go over to the Assistance League and help put up baskets. This despite the fact that Christmas, for the first time, Shirley took out her own gift list, did her own shopping, wrapped her own presents. Her consideration for others is a natural development of part of her make-up revealed when she was much younger. She has always been sensitive, to the point of anxiety, over other people's feelings. You've probably heard the story of the guest who spilled some water into her lap one day at luncheon with the Temples. Shirley, only a tot, quickly sensed the embarrassment. "That's all right," she declared, "I spilled some peas on my dress, too."

A more grown-up version took place the other day. A woman, calling on the Temples, brought Shirley a popular toy. She was thanked effusively and made to feel her gift was the one thing in life Shirley wanted most. She left very happy and entirely ignorant of the fact that Shirley already had five toys exactly like the one she had brought.

Shirley extends her growing sense of responsibility to all around her. She doesn't mind reminding others of what she considers their responsibilities, too. There's the Shirley Temple Police Force, for example. Shirley has passed somewhat out of the doll stage. Now everything is organization. She belongs to all the kid clubs on the juvenile air programs—the Lone Rangers, the Little Orphan Annie, and so on. She writes in for the badges and buttons and secret codes. So it was natural that the Shirley Temple Police should sprout and flourish.

They started when a cameraman gave her a Junior G-Man badge, probably lifted from his own kid. Then Allan Dwan, the director who made her into Shirley Temple Police, said, "You'll have to pay five cents a week for the badge." Shirley, it was pointed out to her, would then be a member of the police force.

Shirley's the chief, of course, and a tough skipper. The force flourishes on a system of five-cent fines, collectible when Shirley catches a member without his badge, which she does with a fervent zeal. Bigger fish pay bigger fines. Bill Robinson was fined ten. (Continued on page 70)
THE REVEALING
TRUE STORY OF

MYRNA LOY

BY DIXIE WILLSON

HERE, for a world which is demanding is the story of Myrna Loy, from her memories of the Montana ranch where she was born, until your memories of her as a lovely star of "The Great Ziegfeld," "The Man," "To Mary—With Love," "Libeled Lady," "Man-Proof" . . . and now "Test Pilot."

The girl from Dead Man's Gulch. For it indeed, was what they called the struggling between two mountains, when, in the day of '49, men were men and a rough hilarious lot of them made a gold camp, which became a town which became the city of Helena, "Dead Man's Gulch" emerging as just plain "Main Street."

Some twenty years after that first passion for gold, there came a wagon train across the prairies of Nebraska and Kansas; with a Welshman named Thomas Williams, and the wife who was his wife, Williams coming west with open range of lonely miles which he had bought from the government.

Upon it he and Ann built a cabin, put up chards, wheat and timothy, Ann as gay

At six months (top), ruler of the family ranch in Crow Creek Valley; at six years (middle), the freckled-nose belle of Helena. Below: a family portrait of the "W 3": the Williams, Della, daughter Myrna and Dave.
Beginning—

THE SAGA OF A BELOVED REDHEAD

Williams, born as many freckles as a lively pattern of peppered calico!

Her first memory, then, the endless acres of her father's wheat fields! She remembers watching with peculiar fascination, the rhythm, the beauty, as the scarcely perceptible wind caught it, rolled it, rippled it, like a tide. Then one day came an overwhelming desire to be part of it, to feel the silken touch of it!

She slipped through the lane gate, went gaily on past the barns and cattle tanks, across the near pasture, under its fence, and ran joyously into the tall grain, realizing only very much too late, that she couldn't find her way out, that no one could hear her if she called, that no one knew where she had gone, that when day was over, night would come, and there would still be no way out!

She beat blindly through the suffocating wheat heads, calling, crying, but hearing in reply, only the shrill cry of crows mocking her, pursuing her! And night did come! It was almost midnight before frightened searchers thought to look in the wheat field. She remembers vividly still, the desperation of those hours, her hands, legs and feet scratched and bleeding, her face streaked with dirt, swollen with tears!

(Continued on page 86)
MOTION pictures have done much to prove the truth of all the old saws concerning love and lovers. Over and over again they have convinced the world that true love never runs smooth, that love laughs at locksmiths, and that all the world loves a lover.

But sometimes the screen stars who bring to attention the verity of these adages must wonder about them—after their work in the studio is done, after the paint has been removed from their faces and the costumes have been laid away for the night, after the lights have gone out on the sound stages, after the players have come to grips again with actualities.

All the world loves a lover?

Yes, perhaps all the world loves Clark Gable, the suave and fascinating hero of the screen. And, no doubt, it loves Carole Lombard, the impish, kinetic, funny darling.

That is, it loves them as it sees them in roles produced for them by some Hollywood writer. Of the real Carole Lombard, and the real Clark Gable, the world knows little.

And love laughs at locksmiths?

Many times, undoubtedly. And yet—how will love unlock the situation in which Clark Gable and Carole Lombard have become imprisoned?

Here is a typical moving-picture situation. It has been used over and over again. You have seen it developed hundreds of times. You have seen the problem solved in hundreds of different ways.

But this is a situation in real life—a beautiful blonde girl, witty and winsome and wise, in love with a debonair actor who has been married a number of years and whose wife is unwilling to divorce him.

What will happen? How will the characters react? How will the story end?

Will the wife step gracefully aside, someday, and allow her husband to marry the younger woman? Will she wait in patience, knowing that time oft withers infatuation, or feeling that even true love must give way to duty?

Or will the girl, tired of waiting, give the man up?

Will there be tragedy? Or will the last reel of the drama be played to the chimes of wedding bells?

HOLLYWOOD, dealer in love stories of all kinds, is eager to rush into print with the details of synthetic romances among the motion-picture stars.

Strangely enough, it is equally zealous to keep real romances from the knowledge of the press.

It may be that Hollywood feels something of awe, encountering the real thing, the romance it can neither buy nor sell, the love story that is written by Life.

At any rate, Hollywood has been chary of letting news of the romance between Clark Gable and Carole Lombard seep into print. It has, grudgingly, admitted that Mr. and Mrs. Gable have separated, and that Clark has often escorted Miss Lombard here and there. But that is all.

It has given no hint of the heartaches that must exist deep below the surface of the story, the anguish, the yearning, the bitterness, and the tears.

This isn't a springtime love affair; but it has poignancy and beauty for all that. Here are two people in the full splendid summer of their lives, with the sun of fame and fortune shining brightly on them—and autumn coming on apace.

And here is the wife, the charming, cultured, sophisticated Mrs. Rhea Gable, watching the two with what emotions no one knows.

What will the autumn bring her? Restored serenity, or gray despair? Loneliness, or peace?

Perhaps if Carole and Clark had met in the springtime of their lives they would have been merely infatuated with each other. But it is not so now. They have experienced too much of life to trifle with anything so enduring as real love. They have suffered too much, learned too much, to take love lightly.

They have a lot in common, these two stars. They both enjoy informality. They like to be themselves. They welcome anything simple and natural which will give them fun. They like getting into old clothes and going to some out-of-the-way place. Also they like dressing up now and then and visiting some public spot.

You may see them at an amusement park, laughing like a couple of kids at nothing at all, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. You may run across them eating in some obscure little hole in the wall, enjoying the music of a four-piece Mexican orchestra. You might see them at Carole's home, playing bridge with friends. You might see them on the screen on fight nights, yelling with gusto "Sock him in the kish-kish, Abie; can't take it there!"

Both have been unfortunate in their love affairs.

Carole thought that life and all its problems had been solved for her when she first met William Powell. She was twenty-two, and, though he was sixteen years older, there was a gay spirited youthfulness about him that appealed to her intensely, that promised her eternal happiness. There was a lightness, a breeziness, an impish joyousness in him, a tenderness no words could adequately describe.

And yet their marriage ended in divorce.

Carole obtained the decree on the grounds of incompatibility. Powell put no obstacle in her way. He is still her friend. She is still his friend.

But isn't it a major tragedy when marriage deteriorates into mere friendship—a glimpse of each other now and then; a little smile at meeting: a handshake or a pat on the back for old times' sake; a civil "How are you?" uttered in the same voice that once thrilled with "Oh, my dear, my dear!"; a calm look in the eyes that once reflected only ecstasy in the presence of the other?

Marriage, made out of love and brightness and joy and singing hope, stifled in misunderstandings, struggling in incompatibilities, yawned and died; and was not greatly mourned. But it must have left a scar. It must have left a lasting doubt—"Is love like that?"

And there was a second romance that ended not less tragically.

Carole had begun to think better of love. She had met Russ Columbo, the handsome young man with the golden voice. She had become his greatest fan, and then his worshiper. And

he died. Accidentally, cleaning his gun, he shot himself.

The death of Russ Columbo made Carole Lombard, Hollywood says, in its cloaksway way. When she returned to the screen, after the long absence that followed his death, she was a better actress than she had ever been. She was actually a comedienne! Her comedy was of the highest type, that sort whose roots are planted in the deep, rich soil of sorrow.

Suffering and solitude had mellowed and softened her, shaped her character, enlarged her understanding and her sympathy.

They put her in "20th Century," and gave her free rein for her talents. And even those critics who had said she was little more than a gorgeous clothes horse and a mildly funny foil for bigger stars now admitted she was one of the outstanding personalities of the screen.

CLARK GABLE was ripened through tragedy of another kind, the tragedy of futility and disappointment.

Life, that now denies him little, was more than niggardly to him in his youth. It gave him hard work in various parts of the country. I made him a timekeeper, a lumberjack, a laboreiro in the oil fields of Oklahoma, an actor of sorts selling unsuitable roles in one-night stands with theatrical companies that never got anywhere.

He came to Hollywood when he was young and got little but rebuffs, an extra part once in a while, a day's pay, a door slammed in his face. Nobody in the film capital cared if he lived or died.

He married a woman much older than himself, a woman who helped him immeasurably along the rocky road to stardom. She spent hours teaching him, and he spent hours training.

(Continued on page 77.)

On one side, Clark's wife, the charming Rhea, who watches this situation with what emotions no one knows
It's not a glittering Hollywood romance. It's just two human people in love, faced by a problem that might be yours. How will they solve it?

On the other, Carole and Clark, admired, as sophisticated screen hero and heroine, by all the world—for all the world loves a lover. Yet of these two people as they really are the world knows little.
Roundup of CHARACTERS

Not a star in the carload—but facts aplenty (famous and funny) about those modest marvels, the bit players

BY SARA HAMILTON

There exists in Hollywood a delightful group of people known as character actors. "Only some of us are completely characterless," one wag grins. "Oh, completely."

Although the names of these chosen few seldom gleam from theater marquees in letters two miles, or even inches high, they do shine—and definitely—in the hearts of movie fans everywhere. "Oh look," thousands of fans may be saying at this very minute. "Funnyface Mowbray is playing tonight. Let's go see his picture." Undoubtedly Miss Big Name would melt if she knew. Or does she suspect, one wonders.

Minus the trappings and deliriums of star-dom, these performers become something like kinfolk to their fans. They are as cozily familiar as the neighbor next door. And like good neighbors they have made a place for themselves in our hearts that couldn't be filled by anyone else. So, Photoplay has decided, like the Walrus, that the time has come to talk of many things. Of many things about our old friends, the character actors.

Of course, we can't tell you all about them. That would take books and books. But we can give you some facts about them that we hope modestly will bring you into closer understanding with these friends who have brought you so much downright enjoyment.

And so, dear reader, we give you...

Helen Broderick:

"It's the figure, not the face, that counts in this world of mice and men.

"So far, my movie dialogue has seemed to me to be just so much verbal dysentery. I'd pay seventy-five dollars for a lamp shade, maybe. But the woman who pays over ten dollars for a hat is a nitwit."

Quoting, if you please, from Hollywood's paradoxical comic—Miss Helen Broderick, who clawed so beautifully in "She's Got Everything," a paradox is Helen, because, of all the things in the world Helen never wanted to be, it was an actress. And of all the things she still doesn't want to be—it's an actress.

"If I thought I'd ever turn out to be one of those old has-been stars with grease paint on their noses so far they sniffle like Bernhardt instead of breathe, I'd end it all now. May I turn into a caterpillar if ever I begin dragging out ancient press notices or telling about the time I stopped the show in Cincinnati.

"From a fate such as that, dear heaven deliver me."

Back in New Jersey some years ago, Helen, just fourteen years of age, decided to run away from home because her mother, a comic opera star, was forever talking stage.

But the catch was that the only people Helen knew were theatrical people, and to them the young vagabond had to turn for help. So they promptly landed Helen, who ran away to get away from it, on the stage. In the chorus. On the stage. And was she awful. Just terrible.

Of course, Broadway didn't think so many years later, when Helen spoke almost the identical lines in exactly that same devastating tone of voice—but that's another story.

Once in a while, they'd throw her a line to say—like throwing a fish to a seal—and she'd think, "Well, here I go." But the next day she'd pop out from the chorus to say her line of "Oh well, bridegrooms are always nervous," only to have the stage director leap back like a wounded mountain lion and moan, "My gawd, who said that?"

And they'd take her line away from her. And such a good line, too, she felt.

Things grew more and more terrible only a little time later. Helen was made understudy to Ina Claire in the play, "Jumping Jupiter," which sounds all right and was all right until one night—and this is really awful—Ina couldn't.
Do-nuts and coffee on the "Merrily We Live" set made Alan Mowbray forsake his long-standing "no contract" policy

the lead and Helen gallumped on and tried ingeniously, fluttering butterflyishly about Ina Claire, tripping lightly o'er the stage a bay mare with the bewildered leading in dazed pursuit.

ed, because at this point the audience was rolling in the aisles. That's all. Just roll-

When Helen began her song, "Cuddle Near II Day Long," it was the end. People, nice

e, had to be led from the place in spasms.

the manager promptly sent Helen out on sad as the permanent lead, and overnight ging Jupiter became, instead of a result, a sidesplitting comedy.

en married the leading man who groped stifly after her on that first awful night still married to him. True, tried and hap-

her new husband, she then formed a and went into vaudeville. Bad vaudeville

Then a little better. Then to the where people didn't actually throw things could have loved to.

in big time, and suddenly Broadway dis-

ed, in that voice that once cried from the

is, "Oh well, bridgrooms are always nes the panic of the year.

fty Million Frenchmen" couldn't be wrong with Helen as its leading comic. For

y-two months she caroused in that laugh "Stand Up And Cheer," and then migrated

— which she tolerates a shade less than oes the stage. She's constantly awaiting

ay her bankbook says so much, and then to the farm for Helen.

but people can't understand," she says, "is I'm still the same person I was before way and success. They seem to think is reason for people becoming artificial and ng on a new front or a new personal-

just me. Exactly the same as I always

in the valley, she and her husband live

on a one-acre ranch—a heaven on earth to Helen. "What's this song, 'Roses in December,' all about?" she keeps asking. "I have roses in December right out in my back yard.

"Working in Hollywood may not be an actor's idea of heaven, but the guy who says he wouldn't rather live here—aside from the work—is plain nuts.”

Her lack of any trace of the theatrical in her make-up and her genuine honest humanness enslave all who come to know her. The tone in her voice when she speaks of Broderick, her son, is something that causes people to gulp three times in rapid succession.

Edward Everett Horton took up college dramatics, Helen Broderick did a pinch-hit for Ina Claire, Eric Blore met Bart Marshall—three ino-
cent events which eventually made them Hollywood's pet rib-ticklers supreme

"I feel I never want to try anything else on Broadway again. I may not prove worthy to be Broderick's mother. My performance after his marvelous work in 'Of Mice and Men' may shame him. It may be shoddy or half-baked.

"When I read his notices the day after his show opened I thought to myself, 'This is it. This is what you've always wanted to achieve. Not success for yourself—you know, old girl, you haven't cared that much about it—but success through him. And now you've achieved it, Broderick. Through your boy.'"

One other thing—the "hey you lady" of the (Continued on page 78)
You know how Grant took Richmond?

History repeats itself—but in the modern manner. Read the awful truth about Cary

BY VIRGINIA T. LANE

It was only a little over a year ago that I sat in on a press conference and heard the “Awful Truth” about Cary. “Look at this,” said the Dean of Hollywood Reporters, thumbing a pile of statistics. “Grant is slacking off at the box office like a stock market report. Looks as if he’s just one more leading man.”

That, you see, was the way Cary had been pigeonholed: Leading Man, formula A. For nearly four years he had been stuck with what is known technically as “straight-up-and-down” roles; the lackluster variety without any ummph. They thought they had him all neatly labeled. They didn’t know Cary!

“The worm turns. So does the earth. The trouble is we don’t turn with it!” said Cary to me one day when we happened to be talking. He said it lightly enough but he didn’t look that way. He looked tense and strained and unhappy.

He was going out to the desert for a vacation. Not Palm Springs but farther out, out where a bunch of grizzled old prospectors gathered and told tales that could take his mind off Hollywood.

I don’t know what happened out there on the desert. All I know is that when Cary came back he’d left that British reserve of his buried in the cold, cold sands. And that worried look with it.

You began to hear amazing things: that he refused to sign a second long-term contract with the studio, for instance.

“Folks shook their head and said, ‘Zany!’ It’s a terrible gamble to freelance. Only a few top-flight stars dare to do it, and Cary wasn’t top-flight then.”

“Oh well, I can always go back to doing my act on stills,” he’d grin at inquiries friends. “You’re speaking to a new man. A free agent now, on.”

The next report concerning Cary was that he had walked into the lead opposite Grace Moore. That was the start. Since then—well, you’ve heard how Grant took Richmond? It was nothing compared to the way Grant took Hollywood: in “The Toast of New York”; as the irresistibly mad young man of “Topper”; in “The Awful Truth.” He’s still taking the town today—by way of Columbia’s “Holiday.” Producers are singing each other’s hair trying to get him. What that man can do with a screwed-up eyebrow and a line of snappy dialogue!

I found him on stage eleven over at RKO. On the floor with eight mechanical spiders. “Listen—” I began hurriedly.

“Sh,” said Cary. “I’m racing ’em.”

Katharine Hepburn came to peer over his shoulder. “Baby” was interested too—a little too interested. After all “Baby” may be the sweet thing Katy swears he is, but he’s just a spotted leopard to me.

They were going to do a scene in jail—all three of them. Apparently that’s part of the technique of “Bringing Up Baby.” “My good-nesh,” said a drunk staggering in, with the help of the law, to keep them company, “How did you get here?”

“Influence,” said Cary hollowly.

“Cut!” roared the director, because the sound track was ruined anyway what with everybody roaring with laughter over the set. That line of Cary’s had been in the script—but you can’t get your Easter bonnet they kept it in.

Later, in his stage dressing room, which Katy had carefully inscribed “Grant’s Tomb,” he slithered that a feet-two of his into an armchair and remarked: “The next part I do will be serious.” Casually, just like that, as he’d never built up fame and fortitude as king of the screwballs.

“But that’s the secret,” he continued. “You’ve got to keep turning. You got to show ’em you’re versatile in business or you’re licked. You know, that time I saddled my burro and we went out on the desert, I discovered got a number of things out there. I said myself, ‘Cary, my boy, what are you edgy about? Relax. Relax, but keep your hands on the reins.’ That’s what I’m doing. And I’m going to get from under these screwy roles before they go out from under me.” Yes, Ca is zany—like a fox.


He could skim a hundred that boat and it was the pride of his life. Suddenly he turned it in and bought car of standard price, a car that is exactly like two million other cars. “I’m tired of it,” he explained. “Too much chromium and stuff.” And let it go at that.

But here is the real story which Randy Salt, his pal who has shared a house with him for years, told me. Cary sold the car because one time he drew up for a stop sign he could see expressions on the people standing at the curbs hungry, envious expressions. It wasn’t hard read their thoughts. My family could live a jet plane on what he paid for that . . . the food and cloth it would buy . . . And Cary remembered the times he had stood on street corners, broke to buy a jitsy hamburger, and watched expensive cars sweep past. Without more del

(Continued on page 3)
THE KID
PEAKS HIS MIND
ABOUT
MARRIAGE

Maybe my ideas are a little old-fashioned," says Wayne Morris. But I think he's got something here.

KENT BAILEY

GET married?" exploded Wayne Morris. "Not me! Why, I've never even thought about it!" He pumped out my pocketful of newspaper clippings on the table right next to Warner Brothers' very best Green Room luncheon suggestions. "Well, a lot of other people have," I reminded him. "Have a look." I'd Galahad fingered the bunch of newsprint the famous Morris grin spread from ear to ear like an ivory necklace. There it all was: "The Love Blossoms on Movie Set"—"Wayne and Priscilla Lane Engaged"—"Kid Shaed to Wed"—with screamers and streamers from the press. Full stories about the rotic young film couple and how they grew. "Can explain these," offered Wayne. "They're a cinch. Still's from our pictures. You know we got married in both of 'em." It sounded reasonable. The romance of "Wayne Morris with Lola Lane's cute little baby girl, Priscilla, had sparked and flamed, as everyone knew, on the set of "Love, Honor and Favo." They got married—in the scenario—last. Then the same thing in "Men Are Such Losers." But if it's a phony, I protested, "why didn't they give out a denial? I don't see any stories correcting a regrettable error."

Wayne frowned a little and the corners of his mouth drooped. "Aw," he said, "what's the use? If you squawk it just stretches it out. Best thing to do is forget about it. Besides, it's not entirely phony. I mean, well, the fact is, you know—uh—I'm pretty crazy about Priscilla," he finally got it out. "She's a swell girl—but we're not going to get married. There's your denial for you. Now if you want the truth—"

"That's what I'm here for," I said.

Wayne Morris sighed and gulped a bracer of coffee.

He's a good-looking young giant, this Morris kid. I thought idly, as Wayne fortified himself with a mouthful of fodder. Knows his way around, too. He's caught on to Hollywood quicker than any youngster I've seen for a long time. He was still raw after "Kid Galahad," but he'd snapped onto his big chance like a bull terrier and now the town is his. In a few short months, too, if you believe the gossip columns.

(Continued on page 75)
Kay—Hollywood phenomenon—

won't talk about herself; so one of

her staunchest friends, the famous

Elsa, does some fast talking for her

It does not surprise me at all that Kay Francis should have met Baron Raven Eric Barnekow at the Beverly Hills home of that red-pepper-and-dynamite friend of mine, the one and only Countess Di Frasso. It has always been my contention that Dorothy Di Frasso moved from Rome to California for the purpose of replacing the Hollywood telephone book with the Almanach de Gotha...

All joking aside, Baron Raven Eric Barnekow is not "that" type of a foreign nobleman. His title is genuine and he actually works for his living. He is building planes, and he is making money. He is marrying Kay not because she made over two hundred thousand dollars last year, thus gaining the title of Warner Brothers' highest paid employer, but because he loves her. Who told me so? Dorothy Di Frasso, of course, than whom there is no shrewder person on earth.

The baron is forty-six. A stolid German, he cares nothing about night clubs and a great deal about his home life. He is exactly what Kay Francis needs. Not too young. Not too old. But old enough to know what should not be done.

Both he and Kay are to be congratulated. Kay—because she tried four times before it deserves real happiness this time. He—because he is marrying a veritable Hollywood phenomenon.

I call Kay Francis a veritable Hollywood phenomenon not because she is every bit as beautiful off the screen as she is on; not because she is a real lady, she does not have to be taught how to play one; not because she manages to remain one of the highest paid performers in a community where almost everybody makes at least one hundred thousand dollars a year for at least a couple of weeks; not because her ankles are slim and her face fat, not because her wardrobe is extensive and her taste in clothes perfect; not because she feels equally at ease in the cafeteria on the Warner Brothers lot and at the Colony Restaurant in New York; not because she counts some of the choicest inhabitants of the Social Register and Burke's Peerage among her intimate friends; not because...

But what's the use? I could go on and on telling about Kay, whereas the secret of her many accomplishments is described in a single sentence. She is a veritable Hollywood phenomenon because no...
She’s every bit as beautiful off screen as on; she’s one of the highest paid performers in Hollywood; she’s equally at home in a cafeteria and a smart restaurant. But that’s not why the Baron is lucky. The author gives that one reason in a single sentence.

I know nothing about Kay’s fourth husband. She must have thought she loved him, otherwise she would not have married him. But when she divorced him everybody said: “She’ll never marry again.” I wondered... I had to, because just then I thought she was displaying more than a casual interest in our mutual friend Maurice Chevalier.

A few years passed. One summer I invited Kay to come and play with me on the French Riviera, where Maurice invariably spends his summers. She came and had the opportunity of observing Maurice on his home grounds. She saw a different man from the one she used to know in Hollywood. There was nothing of a matinee idol or a romantic lover about the thrifty shrewd merchant who presided at the dinner table, over the gathering of his numerous relatives—men, women and children who seemed to care very little about glamour but a great deal about another helping of roasted spring lamb. That was that. Back to America went Kay, carrying with her the memory of a deliciously cooked meal.

TREMENDOUSLY popular among her friends—most of them New Yorkers and people of social standing—Kay is not exactly a goddess in the estimation of autograph collectors, sob sisters and candid camera fiends. Peculiar? Not at all. Her friends adore her because of her loyalty to them. While the others... well, they cannot understand and refuse to believe that a star can actually insist on being left to herself the moment she concludes a day’s work at the studio.

And this is exactly what Kay insists on. Her argument runs as follows: there is no fundamental difference between a motion-picture actress and, let us say, a seamstress. Both get paid for the work they are doing, according to their ability and the law of supply and demand. So why expect a motion-picture actress to do what a seamstress wouldn’t dream of doing—continue working after hours? Were Kay an exhibitionist or a publicity hound, she would probably enjoy being bothered by reporters and columnists who want to know what she thinks of Life, Love and Sex. But she is not an exhibitionist. Neither is she a publicity hound. She confesses readily and frankly that she has been able to maintain her position in the industry for so long mainly because she never attempted to reach “the very top” or become “the Greatest Star in the World.”

This sounds paradoxical but it isn’t. You can count on the fingers of your right hand those who were able to reach “the very top” and remain there for more than five or six years; but (Continued on page 21)
A

S I write this untold love story of Hollywood, I hope that among those who read it will be one particular woman and that she alone will recognize it. Her married life has been haunted by ghosts—ghosts of her husband’s old love affair, of the girl he once adored. But they are ghosts of a girl who never really existed and of a love affair that never really happened, as you will see. If she could see that, the little sadness which has cast a shadow from the past over her happiness might fade away, for all women know that shadows from the past are not pleasant house guests.

This is a story that could have happened only in Hollywood because the girl was a movie star. Being a movie star was more important to her than anything else in the world.

In those days, not so very long ago, beauty, alone, was enough to make a movie star and this girl—we’ll call her Rosalie because I don’t remember a movie star named Rosalie—had a dazzling radiance of beauty. The poet who wrote, “There is a garden in her face,” might have visioned her. Young and fair was Rosalie and on the screen there was something luminous and shining about her that stirred pure romance in the hearts of those who saw her smile.

Very often, men and women are different from their faces, and then strange things come to pass. Sometimes a man with a funny face has the delicacy of an artist—a woman with the face of a wanton has a mother heart—the big, burly guy with the bulldog jaw is flooded with gentle friendliness, and honest blue eyes are the windows of a mean and chiseling soul. These things are manifestly unfair and drama results.

Rosalie looked like an angel. She was the embodiment of every man’s first sweetheart as he conceived her in his own innocence and longing.

“Evil Goddess,” the story of Rosalie, whom all men worshiped, is a strange compound of passion and tragedy. Second in a noted series
wise famous. "I've never seen Rosalie cross out of temper," her friends said, in awedness. "She never says an unkind word about anybody. She's really an angel!"

The fact of the matter was that she never said anything unkind about people because she isn't sufficiently interested to think that much about them, nor sufficiently aware of their existence to regard them as important.

He was a small queen in her own world—reared by her mother and aunts and several sirs who served as ladies in waiting. She was the center of her own universe and she was her shy and modest about it, really, but she accepted it as naturally as we accept the fact that the earth is round. Her disposition was set when she got her own way. She always took a plain in Rosalie's life.

Then she was under twenty, Rosalie achieved ambition to become a movie star and frome on her ambition was to keep on being a per and bigger movie star— idolized, worshiped, spotlighted, and revered. She played an important part in Rosalie's life.

Of them were worshipers. Their favorite for her often was "goddess." Sometimes she came down from her pedestal to play among mortals but she did it cleverly, discreetly, with perfect finesse. Very few people knew at it. She realized that her success at this was playing depended upon picking your men carefully—and she was a careful girl. Besides, she had an amazing ability to awaken the maternal in other women. Her women friends were legion and loyal and they formed a bodyguard which, when necessary, made her practically invisible. Occasionally they took a fall for her, but they didn't mind in the slightest because a little fall didn't hurt them but it would be fatal to Rosalie.

Then, at almost the same time, Rosalie met two men and fell in love. And she fell in love with the wrong man. For the first time in her life she lost her head and forgot that the fall from a pedestal is as far as from the top of the Empire State Building and that pure white robes soil easiest.

She fell in love with the wrong man but she became engaged to the right one. It came about in this fashion: there was Mac Simons. And there was Barry Hayes. You would remember both men well if I gave you their real names. Of course, you would remember a great deal more about Mac if you happened to be air-minded. Mac was a pilot for one of the big pioneer airlines whose name is now familiar to all the world.

He was a great flyer... and handsome (Continued on page 81)

Barry spoke furiously, "There doesn't seem to be any way out."

"Yes," said Rosalie, "there it."

Mac met Rosalie at a tea on one of his flights West. When he saw her he knew immediately that, as far as he was concerned, she was the only girl for him.
PHOTOPLAY’S GOLD MEDAL WINNER

“CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS”

PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD MEDAL WINNER

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"

We are proudly sure that the applause which swept over PHOTOPLAY’s editorial office when the last vote for THE BEST PICTURE OF 1935 was counted will be echoed by our thousands of readers when we announce that our annual award for distinguished merit has been won by “Captains Courageous.”

In a year of notable films, this tender, dramatic tale of a spoiled boy’s regeneration by a sagacious, two-fisted, highhearted Portuguese fisherman stands supreme. It is practically a perfect picture, and, as you know, has been on every critic’s list of the ten best pictures of the year.

PHOTOPLAY’s Gold Medal is always presented to the studio which produced the winning picture, so this year it will go to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Our publisher himself, Mr. Bernard Macfadden, has graciously consented to make the presentation. He will fly out to Hollywood in his own plane to speak at the ceremonies on Thursday Evening, April 14th over M-G-M’s “Good News of 1936” radio program sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee. Some of the most brilliant names in the motion-picture business will be heard on this hour-long program over the Red network of NBC. During the broadcast, Mr. Macfadden, reversing the usual editorial procedure, will be interviewed by Freddie Bartholomew, one of the stars of “Captains Courageous.” A scene from the picture will also be acted over the air. We are sure that not one of our readers will want to miss such an outstandingly interesting event.

When “Captains Courageous” was reviewed in Photoplay last June, we said, “For a great emotional experience and sheer entertainment, see this.” We are proud our judgment was so right. Spencer Tracy and Freddie Bartholomew have another treat in store for you on the night of April 14th. Be sure to turn on your radio!

PRESIDENTIAL GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

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 BARRETT’S OF WIM- POLE STREET
1935 NAUGHTY MARIELLA
1936 SAN FRANCISCO

When "Captains Courageous" was reviewed in Photoplay last June, we said, "For a great emotional experience and sheer entertainment, see this." We are proud our judgment was so right. Spencer Tracy and Freddie Bartholomew have another treat in store for you on the night of April 14th. Be sure to turn on your radio!
An exposé of ummph by that comedienne par excellence, Joan Blondell, with Melvyn Douglas as a nonchalant bystander. From "There's Always a Woman." Columbia's contribution to the cheerless capital.
Winchell's

Orchids to Photoplay, we say, for our pictorial check-up on these items the king of columnists printed about our Alma Mater, Filmtown.

Wyler, director of "Jezebel," rides a motorcycle because they took away his motor car license.

Shirley Temple has the largest head and Mae West has the smallest.

There's a piano store built in the shape of a piano that goes down every summer and posts a sign:

"Please close door.
Automatic service on.
Please close door.
Operating instructions:
Open 9 a.m. - 7 p.m.
Closed all the rest.

Ice is sold in slot machines on Ventura Blvd.

Mrs. Taylor Garnett, 'fraid of the director, is mobbed whenever she goes shopping, by fans who mistake her for Dietrich.

There are oil wells in the middle of the street on La Cienega.
The caviar shown in films is buckshot.
LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

...IN SWING TIME

A stepped-up version of a theme that is eternal, done in the rhythm of 1938 and in the mood of the moment, by Gene Raymond and Olympe Bradna. Their "Stolen Heaven" forms a new pattern of the gay romance of youth: unsophisticated love in a sophisticated setting.
...IN WALTZ TIME

But there are those who care for the old tempo more. To them, then, is dedicated this scene from “Fools for Scandal,” an interpretation by Carole Lombard and Fernand Gravet of love in reverie.
A brief but burning history
of that great movie symbol—
the "time-honored" "clinch"

Came the boudoir era, exemplified
by Conrad Nagel and Aileen
Pringle (right) and Garbo and Gil-
bert (below). The horizontal
method, plus roses and demon
liquor, made kiss history; sent the
fans' temperature up; produced
the "stand up" edict of today.
legitimate love, pure and simple, with benefit of wedding (wide). James Murray and Eleanor Boardman

And, in those two poses [top right and far right], we have "reel" romance—in more ways than one. John Barrymore and Dolores Costello were married three days after this enthusiastic take; as for Gable and Lombard—well, that's been going on for years now.

Today—the standard caress [left], as approved by every husband and wife in America: Mr. "Thin Man" kisses his wife, and married love triumphs. Yes, 'tis true the kiss has changed in style—or has it!
Picture of what happens after an actor hears that final, "It's in the can." Victor Moore, having finished RKO's "She's Got Everything," slides gently into the arms of Morpheus at Palm Springs.

CAUGHT NAPPING

Left: the dynamic Mr. James Cagney stealing forty winks. The strain of being back in the harness again for "Boy Meets Girl" seems to be getting him down.

It's the hour, not the company—but definitely—that has Merle Oberon laid out horizontally on the sands. For the hour is "time out" between "Over the Moon" takes; the company is Photoplay.
Sleepy Time Gal, why Lamour, who, off, cools off, too, the torrid romance "Her Jungle Love"

Mae Jones (first in), completely worn by the tremendous efforts of Selznick's "Tom &" just gives up her reverie: that villain "Tovarich" set, Rathbone (top right), manages to be smooth he's sound asleep

fully unconscious of the two busy bees, D'Artagnan, Cary Grant, each shining hour of spare time on the "Up Baby" set the joys of slumber

"I

Lamour, who, off, cools off, too, the torrid romance "Her Jungle Love"
This was Harry Lillis Crosby ("Bingo" to his pals) at 16. Misled by his serious expression, his parents sent him to Gonzaga College, where...

...instead of absorbing law, he organized a band; met Paul Whiteman, who took him to Hollywood as a "rhythm boy" (above)

About the same time, little Dixie ex-chorus girl, came West to put some hot songs for Fox Movietone.

...who publicized her thus. Bing, now a crooner at the Grove, and a featured player in shorts, saw her picture; thought her a cute little piece; dated her once, twice—"I Surrender Dixie"...

...and presto, in 1930, Dixie Lee became the wife of Bing Crosby, Paramount songster. In due time, of course...
Gary Evan Crosby, who responded to his adoring parents' devotion by exhibiting a tendency to cry every time he heard his father sing.

With increase of salary (by 1934, Bing was a star), came increase of family—twins this time, and, believe me, did Bing start to figure!

Mr. and Mrs. "off is passé? Well, look here, you cynics!"

instigated the Crosby housblem. This ranch was elected best site to stake a claim in 1937 (just for the cam's sake), a famous family in Dawned 1938 and a four-star edition, Howard Lindsay, et. And thus ends the saga of Osbys—long may they reign!
DEANNA DURBIN

A Jenny Lind on roller skates, this self-contained young lady has startled Hollywood by her rare combination of genius and normalcy. Born a Canadian, she first entered public life at the age of one, when she was named the loudest crying baby at Winnipeg’s state fair; fifteen years later, the same vocal powers brought her world-wide fame. A non-committal person, she foregoes giggles and glamour, small talk and temperament.

VIRGINIA BRUN

Champion title holder of filmtown is Virginia Bruni among the prettiest women, the happiest wives, the mothers. This all came about quite naturally—by her beauty; her recent marriage to J. Walter Ruhl, competent upbringing of five-year-old Susan. A naive person, she has accepted with ease her success in ‘First Hundred Years,’ her trio of titles with comparative
FAMOUS SONS AND DAUGHTERS
For each son and daughter, there is a fond parent in the row of stars below. Try matching them up, then check on page 81.
She's versatile — is song-and-dance girl Penny Singleton (right), for she writes nursery rhymes (and gets them published, too!); a New Dealer, for she calls Jim Farley uncle; persistent, for she's spent eight years earning the title of "newcomer." Her next picture? "Men Are Such Fools"

Another smart girl in another smart bonnet is Columbia's Joan Perry. Born to be a "lady" in Pensacola, Florida, she soon showed herself a woman with a mind of her own; embarked upon a career as a photographer's model, which course led her straight to Hollywood. Known as the Flashlighter's Starlet, since she photographs so perfectly, she takes her film work seriously, is never late upon the set. In short, the title of her new film, "Start Cheering," rings true for her
High above on a constructed platform a small, middle-aged man stood and looked down on the scene. A cameraman standing by glanced at the little man several times. "Some kid, eh?" he said.

Just then Deanna raised misty blue eyes to the man on the platform above and gently waved him a kiss. The cameraman looked startled. "Hey, was that for me or you?" he asked.

"I think," the man said quietly, "it was for you. You see, I'm her father."

The cameraman opened and shut his mouth twice. "Well, I'm damned," he observed. "That's the first movie star I ever knew that had a father around. Gee, I guess the old place is changing on me."

Use Your Own Judgment

JOAN CRAWFORD will divorce Franchot Tone.

Gossip sheets flung the familiar old story to the breezes again this month with rumors and "I-told-you-so" going the rounds.

A friend, wishing to verify the item but without offense, phoned Joan the morning the item appeared in print.

"What are you doing?" he began, trying to appear very casual.

"Oh, I'm squeezing icing on a birthday cake," Joan laughed. "Icing bags always fascinate me."

"Is it somebody's birthday?" the friend asked.

"Yes, it's Butch (Cesar) Romero's. Franchot and I are giving him a birthday dinner. Come on over and help us lick the icing pan. The cook always leaves some over."

"Well," said the friend, afterwards, "there goes your divorce story up in smoke."

But Hollywood is still hard to convince. "Remember how Joan denied her intentions to divorce Doug, Jr.? There couldn't be all this smoke without some fire."

And thus the latest Hollywood divorce rumor stands.

Over Went Mickey

"YAW, yaw, Mickey Rooney fainted, Mickey Rooney fainted."

It's the truth of the Hollywood kids these days and the worst of it is, it's true. Hard-boiled Mickey in a ladylike swoon is hard to imagine but wait, maybe you'll have fainted, too.

It seems Mickey loaned two dollars from his weekly allowance to a friend to bet at Santa Anita. That two dollars just won $673. The news was too much. Over went Mickey.

Concerning John Gilbert's Daughter

VIRGINIA BRUCE and her new hubby, J. Walter Ruben, have reached an important decision concerning the future of Virginia's little daughter by the late John Gilbert. The child will not, come what may, be adopted by Ruben as his legal charge and heir. Miss Bruce wants the child to retain the name of Gilbert, and
Romance in the making: on her first date, Deanna Durbin attends "Tom Sawyer" with Jackie Moran, who's already learned that a corsage is a big item in wooing a fair lady

since John, her father, left a trust fund sufficient to care for the child's future needs, neither Virginia nor Ruben considers it fair to the girl to allow Virginia's recent marriage to raise conflicting legal problems over the child's heritage.

The New Norma Shearer

They speak of her in Hollywood as the "new Norma Shearer" and explain that by "new" they mean the actress who has become more woman than actress, even in the midst of a busy motion-picture set.

Undoubtedly, one needs only to look at Norma today to see how her deep sorrow has softened and mellowed her anew. Her beauty has never been so pronounced. She glows with an inner radiance that shines from her eyes. On the set, she has an ever-ready smile for Director Van Dyke's ready quips. Between takes she'll rush over to greet Clark Gable or some other friend who comes a-visiting to the "Marie Antoinette" set.

It's no trouble between scenes to display her elaborately beautiful costumes to visiting writers.

But the graciousness of Shearer is personified most of all in that daily checker game. Just how it began even Norma isn't sure, but one day she found herself at a checker board on

Romance enduring: four years of marriage find the Fred Astaires still "that way" about each other—but definitely—and still one of the more stunning twosomes

the set with several extras and since then has become a daily event, with the extras vying for the chance to become Norma's partner.

"Nothing will ever down Norma in this life, a noted actress who has stolen onto the stage. We thought her a pretty swell person back in the old days before Irving Thalberg's death. But here she is, rising above a blow that would have shattered most of us, blow dealt not only at her private life but at her professional one—and look to her. "More womanly, more beautiful, more kind than ever."

Smooth Shylocks

LUCKY break, we calls it, when the extras on the "Joy of Living" set had to chum up for a photograph of Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. for a scene before the camera. After the day's work, the extras took the hurriedly scribbled autographs, given during the scene and sold them to fans for a neat twenty-five cents apiece.

Was there rejoicing among the extra ranks that night! And a joyful gathering together at the near-by beany!

The High Hat "Kid"

WAYNE MORRIS is one Hollywood actor who doesn't have to worry about getting too many "dress suit" roles. He looks—but terrible—a high hat and tails. Just the same, Wayne has been elevated to stardom in the new star rati of his studio. He will have to wear "tails," too, but they will be on his coonskin hat. The title role in "Kit Carson," his first starring venture, will demand it.

He-hum, Here's One on Muni

BY the time you read this, Paul Muni will be returning to Hollywood to plan new screen quest. But, as we go to press, we can't help chuckling at the latest reports of the vacationing actor.

Right now, he's on his way to Monte Carlo. When he arrives in that famous spot, we shall see that he has a "system" up his sleeve with which he hopes to dent, if not cripple outright, that famous gaming bank of that resort. Ho-hum, we've heard that one before! Better forge such pastimes, Paul Muni, and return to you much easier routine of earning Academy award in the movies.

Extra—All About Scarlett

WE hope that by the time you read this you will know more about the casting plans for "Gone With The Wind" than Hollywood does a present.

However, the latest moves seem to indicate that Fredric March is a sure bet for "Bleak House" with Katharine Hepburn nominated as the lucky "Scarlett." But then, of course, Clark Gable and Paulette Goddard are also rumored "in the running"—STILL!

A Man—and His Dog

WE've always respected Humphrey Bogart's artistry in portraying the cynical, tough-gu roles he takes on the screen. But don't let them fool you. Bogart is one of the most sensitive souls in Hollywood. For example, his champion sealyham dog died the other day and Humphrey not only hung a small blue crepe on his front door in honor of the animal but had him buried in an all-steel vault in his back yard.
Reddie Bartholomew has gone into business. His family troubles, aired and reaired in court, seem to be at an end with the court’s ultimatum that Freddie need no longer support his family in England.

With that load off his chest, Freddie is now free to devote himself to his new printing business. With a printing press installed in his home, the actor is now open to orders. Orders for calling or business cards are being solicited among his friends and at the studio at a fixed price of five cents a dozen. Of course, when mistakes happen, as they did when Spencer Tracy’s calling cards came out with the Tracy upside down, there is a marked reduction. The ob lot went to Tracy at exactly half price.

Neighborhood kids are given a drastic reduction on handbills announcing all sports events. “It’s all very thrilling,” Freddie says. “I hope to be able to print notices for Mickey Rooney’s orchestra openings. As soon as he gets any.”

Night Club Cut-Uppery

They sat across the room at the Trocadero grill; Joan Crawford in her new coal scuttle bonnet and Bill Fields with his spectacles perched atop his petunia-colored nose.

Joan gazed and gazed and then, hastily scribbling a note (a mash note from Joan Crawford, remember), sent it over to the fascinating Mr. Fields.

“Dear Mr. Fields,” it read, “I must tell you how much I enjoy your work on the screen and thank you for the pleasure your work has given me.”

Much peering through spectacles by Bill—and then, rising gallantly, the comedian executed as neat a bow from the waist as any Romeo and, with a wafted kiss to “My little potato bug,” he sat down again.

(Continued on page 68)
OFFERING a wide diversity of entertainment, this elaborate vaudeville serves to bring back W. C. Fields to the screen after a two years' absence. It also introduces Bob Hope, whose sentimental heart throbs, "Thanks for the Memory," sung with Shirley Ross, is, next to Fields' side-splitting golf routine, a highlight of the film.

Presented for the first time on any screen is the grand opera star, Kirsten Flagstad, who wins tremendous applause for her incomparable singing of Bruschini's Battle Cry from 'The Valkyrie.' Tito Guizar makes a hit with his Spanish ballads and Shep Fields' music deserves bouquets. There is little plot: two ships set out to race across the Atlantic. Among the passengers are Dorothy Lamour, Leif Erikson, Martha Raye and Ben Blue.

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938—Paramount

BILL POWELL'S first production since his long vacation won't appeal to many people, but those who do like it—the "cultivated" audience—will think it magnificent. Foreign and attractive Annabella handles her rôle with almost too much finesse. She's the daughter of Hungary's Prime Minister (Henry Stephenson), and Powell's his butler, who also has political aspirations. When Powell is elected to Parliament, Annabella does her best to hate him. He has been working for a place in the world because he loves her; she's married, though, to Joseph Schildkraut, who wants to use Bill's new power to get into the cabinet. Out of a maze of political satire and implications emerges just a hint of warmth at the end. Go if you're sure you're "cultivated."

THE BARONESS AND THE BUTLER—20th Century-Fox

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM—20th Century-Fox

WHEN Shirley Temple's studio dressed her up in costumes, gave her dramatic parts to play, spent huge sums on production—you, the public, were disappointed. You wanted Shirley unencumbered by histronics, simply dancing and singing. In her latest picture you get just that. Shirley is brought by her stepfather to try out for a radio broadcast, makes a hit, but leaves before Randy Scott, advertising manager, can sign her. The stepfather takes her to Sunnybrook Farm and dumps her on Helen Westley, an aunt with prejudices against show business. Complications are contributed by Gloria Stuart, romantic foil for Scott. Shirley's songs and dances will enchant you.

THE BARONESS AND THE BUTLER—20th Century-Fox

MERRILY WE LIVE—Hal Roach—M-G-M

NOW that Hollywood has discovered there are "My Man Godfrey" type of families in existence, it feels it has an inexhaustible source for comedy. This punch-drunk farce is in line with the others, with the people in it a little cruder and a little richer. But a "mad family" by any other name... Billie Burke is the mother. She must be so tired of those lines by now. This time she likes to give tramps a break, and Brian Aherne comes along. Connie Bennett plays the predatory daughter, probably knowing (wanna bet?) that he is a famous novelist. Bonita Granville, younger sister, fights her stereotyped rôle to the bitter end. Butler by grace of his uniform is Alan Mowbray. You'll laugh.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC—Universal

UNIVERSAL at this point is unfurling banners in the wind and showers its back lot with confetti, because again Deanna Durbin, that wonder adolescent, has sung and romped her way to a greater height. With her voice retaining its same fine standard, she evinces in this picture a sensitive understanding of character and a clearer finesse in portrayal. Under Norman Taurog's sympathetic, inspired direction the well-conceived story unfolds as a warm and tenderly appealing picture.

Deanna is presented as the daughter of a Hollywood star, played ably by Gail Patrick. In order to appear young and glamorous, Miss Patrick keeps the younger hidden in a Switzerland school. Deanna's own father is dead; she grows desperately lonely for parental love and finally invents an imaginary father, a brave, daring, big-game hunter who intrigues the imagination of her schoolmates. When at last it's necessary for Deanna to produce him or suffer embarrassment, she chooses the handsomest visitor to the Swiss village, Herbert Marshall. Gallantry he steps into the spirit of the thing, playing the father with great charm and sly humor.

Important, too, is the work of Jackie Moran as Deanna's bashful beau. Arthur Treacher, as usual, is a suppressed cynic as Marshall's secretary. Other noteworthy performances are offered by William Frawley, Marcus McIver, Helen Parrish and Christian Rub. Deanna sings only light and catchy tunes with very happy results.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife
Bringing Up Baby
Mad About Music
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
The Big Broadcast of 1938
Radio City Revels

Jezebel
The Baroness and the Butler
Sally, Irene and Mary
Romance in the Dark

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES
BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Deanna Durbin in "Mad About Music"
Claudette Colbert in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"
W. C. Fields in "The Big Broadcast of 1938"
Kirsten Flagstad in "The Big Broadcast of 1938"
Katharine Hepburn in "Bringing Up Baby"
Cary Grant in "Bringing Up Baby"
Bette Davis in "Jezebel"
Henry Fonda in "Jezebel"
George Brent in "Jezebel"
William Powell in "The Barons And The Butler"
Shirley Temple in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"
Gladys Swarthout in "Romance in the Dark"
John Barrymore in "Romance in the Dark"

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

★ BRINGING UP BABY—RKO-Radio

SALLY, IRENE AND MARY—20th-Century-Fox

WHEN too many reproductions are made from the same die, that die eventually must wear thin, and the output loses its fine edge of brilliance. That has happened to this latest musical, cast from the Zanuck mold, which almost, but not quite, misses fire. You will laugh at Fred Allen’s crisp wit; you will like Alice Fay’s singing; Joan Davis’ awkward gesticulations and Tony Martin’s mustache. The indefinable sense of disappointment you will feel can be attributed to the diluted story. Alice, Joan and Marjorie Weaver are poor singers with ambitions and with Allen as agent. Rich Louise Hovick likes Tony, rich Gregory Ratoff likes Alice, and they angel a show. Jimmy Durante noses back into view as the man who fixes the happy ending. “I Could Use a Dream” and “Who Stole the Jam” are fun.

THE Jezebel of the Holy Writ, coveting her neighbor's vineyard, and doing evil in the sight of God, is here translated in the person of a southern belle by Bette Davis. It is her best performance in one of the year's finest pictures.

With carte blanche and the services of a superb cast, director William Wyler has molded an active, brilliant, often shocking story which implies much it does not say. Passion softened by a Louisiana accent blares muted from the screen. Miss Davis’ consuming love for Henry Fonda, who subscribes to Northern views, survives quarrels and his marriage to Margaret Lindsay—all to culminate finally in breath-taking sacrifice. Bette is a gentlewoman with slyly insinuated. She bedevils Fonda until he goes away and by the time she is ready to apologize, he has married. In her brutal attempt to get him back, she engenders a quarrel between Fonda’s young brother and George Brent, a fighting gentleman. One is killed. The yellow fever epidemic of 1853 takes over the situation here, catching Fonda and offering Jezebel her chance for self-sacrifice.

With dignity and finesse induced by their excellent roles, Spring Byington, Richard Cromwell and Janet Shaw contribute glittering performances. Miss Lindsay has greater warmth, Fonda and Brent both realize every kind of appeal and emotion in their characterizations. To Miss Davis must go predominant applause for the piece’s greatness.

★ JEZEBEL—Warners

★ ROMANCE IN THE DARK—Paramount

This happy combination of music, comedy and romance is singer Gladys Swarthout’s best picture so far, but the mimeographed plot and leisurely pace keep it from being any kind of a masterpiece. Adapted from the Continental play, “The Yellow Nightingale,” it is a gay sophisticated farce with definite emphasis on the musical side.

Gladys, a young voice student, becomes a maid in opera star John Boles’ household to attract his attention. He, at that point, is interested in a coquettish countess, Claire Dodd, whom John Barmore is surreptitiously trying to woo away from Boles. Barrymore, as the amorous, witty impresario gives the role his usual enthusiasm; Boles and Gladys sing several solos and three duets together superbly. There is an abundance of light music.

★ BLUEBEARD’S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount

This is pure fun. It contains no preachments; points no moral. Its tempo is reckless and so are many of its gags from the censorship viewpoint. Most important, this story theme is completely original and offers Claudette Colbert and the indefatigable Gary Cooper in a comedy of no manners—helpless in misunderstanding of each other, enormously human. Gary is an American multimillionaire, vacationing on the Riviera, meets Claudette. She’s the daughter of E. E. Horton, penniless French marquis. The entire photoplay’s tone is established at once when Gary tries to buy only pajama uppers at a store and Miss Colbert offers to purchase the bottoms. Love blooms as loud as the garnet’s stripes and she agrees to marry him only to discover he’s had seven wives before. So she demands guarantee of an enormous settlement in case of divorce. But, after the ceremony, she refuses him her favors. Reminder of the film portrays Gary’s frantic attempts to win his own wife and Claudette’s resistance made amusingly pathetic by the fact that she really loves him.

Able coplayers are David Niven, devoted to Claudette and made the goat of her endeavors; Fritz Feld and Horton, whose usual lack of restraint Director Lubitsch has carefully corrected. Miss Colbert, lavishly gowned, has been photographed with superlative skill. Celluloid sex at its best.

(Continued on page 92)
WE COVER THE STUDIOS

BY JACK WADE

Three comrades on the "Three Comrades" set: Bob Young, Director Frank Borzage and Bob Taylor. Bob, by the way, found a unique means of acquiring those dirty dungenesses—and a new reputation besides.

Official and uncensored—this news of movies in the making by the man who can pass the "No Visitors" signs

"HELLO," smiled Marie Antoinette, Queen of the French, "you're looking well. Have some cinnamon toast!" Strange, we ponder. Always thought Marie Antoinette cracked, "Let 'em eat cake" at the drop of a hat. But here we get cinnamon toast! Thought she was whirling about in Heaven minus her head, too. But here she's bobbing as beautifully a bedecked topknot (see page 4) as we've seen this season.

What do we say now—"Your Majesty is most kind?" Or—

Then we snap out of it.

We're not doing a Berkeley Square back into the French Revolution times at all. We're just making our monthly kibitz around the Hollywood movie sets. This is M-G-M, this is the set of "Marie Antoinette," and this is Norma Shearer. No queen, though, you can bet, ever looked half so beautiful as Norma. She takes our breath away.

We catch her (she has parked her white satin gown—all fifty-two pounds of it—on a tiny stool) sipping tea and nibbling the cinnamon toast—her favorite dish. Norma has to rest while she can because they've been doing the big minuet scene all day in the Versailles palace-set and when you trip around with steel hoops hanging from your shoulders you know you've had a workout.

The rest ends in a few seconds. Woody Van Dyke, who can direct for us any day, sits high above the brilliant-hued mass of marquises (or is it marquises), dues, and comtes swinging it in the Louis Seize manner. He grins wickedly and makes wisecracks into the mike hanging beside his gray jaw.

Then a harsh loud-speakered "playback" grates out music and they do the Bourbon Big Apple. Norma's partner is Joseph Schildkraut, so pretty in lace and powder that we hardly recognize him. At the start he tangles in Norma's ostrich-feather skirt. "Hey," yells Van Dyke, "keep your big feet out of the queen's dress, Joe!"

Anita Louise trips next to Norma. She's beautiful, but she's not in the same league with Shearer. What we didn't know before, until Norma tells us, is that when Anita was a baby, and she was a young girl, they used to pose together for advertising stills in New York.

The dance is over and Woody Van Dyke swears softly, "Why didn't I have a damn' camera on that?" It was perfect. Woody stands on no dignity. To him Norma is often "Kid" or "Baby," in spite of the fact that she's now one of M-G-M's largest single stockholders. Not that she minds. Norma has what Winchell calls a "sensyuma."

Making "Marie Antoinette" is a real dream come true to Norma Shearer. Five years ago she yearned to do it. Irving Thalberg laid the enormous groundwork of the picture before he died. $500,000 went into preparations before a crank was turned.

Norma admits she's terribly happy to be back on the screen. It's her life now, as it has been for a long time. The babies are growing up,
three load" My," we've hillbilly grim.

The picture is "Three Comrades," another Erich Maria Remarque story of post-war Germany. Bob, Franchot Tone and Bob Young are the three ex-German doughboys who try to rehabilitate themselves after the war.

Something like "The Road Back," but not so grim. Bob falls for Margaret Sullivan, a rather sick little "Camille." When we bust into the scene Bob Young and Franchot are trying to make Robert look halfway decent in a borrowed full-dress suit for his first date with Margaret. It's pretty hopeless, as the darn thing keeps falling apart. But it's funny, and that's the idea. The Director Frank Borzage wants in the scene.

This is the only fancy suit Bob wears in the film. And it's all for a laugh. The most expensive suit in his wardrobe cost M-G-M twenty bucks. The Taylor wardrobe used to set them back—but plenty.

To show you that Bob approves of the regular-guy switch in his screen stuff, listen to this. He gave him a pair of dungarees, wardrobe ones, to wear for a scene. They looked too nice and clean to Bob. Unknown to anyone, he sneaked down to the studio transportation department and swapped them with a greaseball there for a pair so covered with mechanical corruption that they were about to fall to pieces. He also acquired a grimey skull cap. You'll see them in the picture.

Bob tells us he's living on his ranch now and loving it. He has a bunch of nags galloping all around the valley and says the feeling of country squire-ism is tops. Nice neighbors he has, too. Barbara Stanwyck lives down the road. Bob's hair is still long and so is Bob Young's. We notice, though, that Franchot sports a pig-bristle haircut.

How come, we ask. Well, it seems all the boys decided to get their locks snipped in the best approved Junker manner and were lined up in the studio barber shop for the operation. Just when Franchot stopped down all shorn and the barber yelped, "Next!" to Bob Taylor, a frantic call came from Producer Mankiewicz saying, "For gossakes, boys, stop it!"

It was too late for Tone, of course—but you'll never know how close you came to seeing Bob Taylor with a kraut-head hair-do.

"Judge Hardy's Children" is right next door so we pop in for a look. It's one of those "series" pictures, like "The Farmer's Daughter." The films are pretty far gone, but the series idea is just starting. Lewis Stone's the "judge," a kindly, right-doing old man who has his problems with the young folks.

The years bounce off Lewis Stone like baseballs off a backstop, but still he chuckles to us about the oldish characters he's played. "First I was a misunderstood husband," he says, "then they made me a sort of igring Silk-hat Harry, then came the colonels and elderly-thought-adventurous fellows. But now—" he points to the script with a grin, "—I'm just an old man!"

He's still one of our favorites.

Cecilia Parker handles the young girl part in this one, and the irresistible Mickey Rooney is the boy. We're about to leave for greener fields when the door flies open and in Mickey busts. He's followed by a black boy with a slightly dazed look, "Who in the world is that?" we murmur. The answer floors us. "It's Mickey's valet." His gentleman's gentleman. Can you believe it? We can't, so we stumble out as Mickey croaks, "hey Sylvester, my make-up kit!"

It's just a hop over the low hills to Twentieth Century-Fox, and the minute we hear Shirley Temple is shooting we hit for the set like a bee to the gum. "Little Miss Broadway" it's called, and it's really a sort of cross between "Curly Top," one of Shirley's best movies, and "Little Miss Marker," the one that started her to where she is today.

The "Broadway" part of this picture takes part mostly in a theatrical boardinghouse where meanie officials are always jerking Shirley away to an orphan's home. Sure she sings—six songs.

Next, get a load of "Kentucky Moonshine"—and three guesses who carry on on this set. You're right—the Ritz Brothers! The Ritz' trailer (parked outside) reaches almost from Westwood to Beverly Hills and has everything but a pipe organ. Over the door is lettered, "Through these portals pass the most beautiful boys in the world." Honest!

Al Ritz hopes down and we struggle to keep our sanity while we learn about the picture. It's a radio story, about a bunch of entertainers who get all mixed up in a hillybilly feud. They're in a mountain shack today—the crummiest-looking set you can possibly imagine. Prop cowbells and trash are all over the place and everything is about to fall down in one big heap.

Then the Ritzes romp in. "My," squeaks Al in falsetto, "it's dirty in here." The rest of them look shocked and grab brooms and things. Before we know it they're doing a Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs and whistling while they work. It's so funny that between our hysterical tears we see the whole crew having them, too. "That's in the picture," yells the director. And it is. We've just watched a Ritz Brothers inspiration.

We dodged Slapsie-Maxie Rosenbloom, the box-fighter, last month, but he catches up with us now. He's in the picture and very, very hot. He asks a pal, "What's this thing they're gonna make over at Selznick's—something about the "Wind?" Somebody," confides Slapsie-Maxie, "calls me up and wants me to be a Confederate Soldier—is that a good part?"

"Don't take it," advises the pal. "Hold out for It all looks like fun and frolic in "Tropic Holiday," with Senator Bob Burns in mad pursuit, as usual, of Whatagall Martha Raye—but some rough-playing Mexican animals had Martha plenty worried.
"Rhet Butler." But Maxie looks like he might swing his bismaker.

"ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND" (what a title!) is Darryl Zanuck's bid for musical fame and shekels this year. The TCF lot, right now, is busy like the beaver, getting pictures finished because Zanuck wants a vacation this spring. Maybe he'll go to India after more big game. Meanwhile, "Alexander's Ragtime Band" is his pet picture.

It's really a sort of cavalcade of Irving Berlin's unforgettable tunes. Thirty of them in all. But it's not his life. The story's an original about three San Francisco entertainers who hit Broadway during the pre-war, war, and post-war days. The three—well, three guesses. Don Ameche, Tyrone Power and Alice Faye. Henry King, who did "In Old Chicago," directs, too, so it's practically Old Home Week.

The scene's at "Dirty Eddies" in San Francisco, a big bar-café in the Bay City. The joint is full of sailors, molls, sports and demimondaines. Somehow the movies can create a scene like this with more reality—to watch in the flesh—than anything else.

Alice strolls in, flamboyant but beautiful in a flounce be-boated get-up. You don't see her beautiful pins in it, we notice wistfully. It's a shame. There ought to be a law that Alice Faye must dress always in tights. They talk about Dietrich's gams—but have you ever noticed La Faye's? If you haven't, you're blind.

Ty Power enters next, grinning from ear to ear, as usual. He hops in and out of the inevitable dressing trailer and says making "Marie Antoinette" with Shearer was swell (the rushes prove he's a sensation, by the way) but it's nice to get back home. Except, says Ty, for one thing. They've been making him learn to finger a violin realistically (he plays the fiddle in the pic) and his fingers are stiff as a headwaiter's shirt.

We hear from him about a little episode that took place a day or so before. They were doing the lavish number that presents one of Berlin's songs, "We're On Our Way To France." Irving himself, came on the set and watched it silently. When it was over he was told, "That number for your song cost just $100,000."

"And when I wrote it," said Irving Berlin, "I was making twenty-five a week.

What we wonder—does it thrill him now more than it did then. Or vice versa?

HURRYING on to Warner Brothers-First National, we run into another thrill of a slightly different nature when we talk to Dick Powell on the "Cowboy From Brooklyn" set. This is a dude ranch story, a semi-musical, that puts Richard in a kl-yippin mood, much against his will, all for a gal, Priscilla Lane. "So far," confesses Dick to us, "all I've been doing is running from animals. Owls, calves, rabbits, coyotes—even canaries. Not to mention 'Peaches' "The girl!" we want to know.

"The mule," corrects Dick.

"Peaches" is a trained mule who's been chasing Dick and nipping him in the seat of his pants. Only, objects Dick, Peaches doesn't always stick to the pants.

The company's just in from location on the Warner ranch, and Pat O'Brien, Dick Foran a everybody concerned thank their lucky star. Because today it's raining puppies and paws cats. Dick worries about his boat anchored down at San Pedro. It's the pride of his life at this moment and maybe the storm will hurt it.

What pleases Dick most about the boat, confesses, is the telephone that lets him up to land. "Imagine," he wonders, "picking up (Continued on page 8)

PHOTOPLAY

FASHIONS

BY GWENN WALTERS

New jade green strikingly contrasts Loretta Young's afternoon frock of wood-violet sheer woolen created for her to wear in "Four Men And A Prayer." Two scarves (one of the dress fabric, the other of crepe) pull through two front loops that are cut in one with the bias blouse which has semi-dolman sleeves. The skirt has four gores and the belt is of violet suede. Four rectangular motifs fashioned of violet and green cording trim the front of the dressmaker coat (shown on the chart) that is lined with green crepe and has a zipper closing. Loretta's hat is green suede

PORTRAIT IN COLOR BY GEORGE HURRELL
Imaginative costumes for beach or pool give added zest to the informal mood of summer! Here, Bette Davis, Warner Brothers star of "Jezebel," wears a three-piece pajama suit of Roman-striped crepe. The peasant coat (below) with gathered blouse and skirt and corset belt waistsline is in unique contrast to the plainly tailored slacks and halter (left) beneath the opposite page, Bette wears finally "ultra" peasant play dress. Pliant hood that springs from the line of the white silk linen blouse is fully lined with the picturesque of the voluminous skirt—white carnations splashed on a field of Chinese. A wide red leather belt finishes the waistsline, and matches Bette's cork-clogs—a play shoe that will give season's huarache competition!
Scenes of the coming Frisco section "in print," i.e., in this worn by Fay Wray whom you in "The Jury's Secret." The is beige; the belt, luggage with green laces. Below white hedgerow dress is a "frock, perfect with a stripe dle, a gay bolero, a boxy
A front blouse of Kelly-green suede gives dash to Simone Simon's white woolen frock designed by Royer for her to wear in "Josette." To give further contrast detail, the blouse is closed with a white zipper; slit pockets are defined by a cord motif fashioned of the white woolen which also styles a tiny underlay collar and sections of the belt. The bias skirt, so smartly short, has four gores
"Mayqueen" (left) is a straw bonnet of devastating youthfulness. Worn by Lucille Ball, who appears in "The Joy of Living," this rustic straw model by Roxford is certainly one of the summer's best ideas! Brim and crown combine to give a carefree, nonchalant effect; a grosgrain band is gaily decorated in a new manner by geometric bits of colored wood. Remember the becoming Cloche? Anne Shirley, of "Law of the Underworld," models the Byron "Good Company" (middle left), a wearable, tailored felt that revives the cloche lines. "Good Company" is one of those clever little hats that look well with every costume. You'll like the youthful contrasting color suède band that completes this Byron model.

"Fanfare" by Roxford (left, bottom) goes on smart parade! It's a felt of sophisticated line, debonair detail. A corded trim at the side accents its dashing lines. Lucille Ball gives you an idea of its smart possibilities. Most clever young women will include a Roxford like this in their spring wardrobes—and wear the hat right into summer for sports.

Anne Shirley makes a fetching picture in "Sunny" (below), a Byron hat of imported straw. The rustic character of this straw is a sophisticated vogue this season. Glance at the photograph a second time and you'll see that "Sunny" boasts brim and crown lines easy to look at and easy to wear. A colorful band lends an all-important color contrast.
New coats for a new season, worn by Martha Raye of "College Swing." The fitted, six-button Kenmar model (far left) has a patent-leather belt, trapunto trimming at the neck. You will love the chic and comfort of Martha's "easy to wear" boxy swagger coat (near left) in beige Kenmar Tweed with Chevron pattern and full-length melon sleeves. Top, left, is a collarless swagger of crushed strawberry nubby-weave Kenmar Tweed with a Roman-striped chiffon scarf tucked into the neckline and held in place by a leather hook and eye à la Schiaparelli. The princess coat of navy Kenmar Tweed (top, right) has padded shoulders, notched lapels and antique silver buttons.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on pages 90-91.
TAILORED MADE

Give your tailored suit a new "front" with one of these charming blouses worn by Mary Carlisle, Bing Crosby's leading lady in "Doco Rhythm." 1 [far left, bottom]: this one is a white batiste with insets of "Val" lace on the collar, jabot and cuff bands. 2 [top, left]: also of batiste with trim of "Val" lace, this dainty blouse boasts a tucked yoke and collar, and puff sleeves. 3 [left, center]: linen in bright blue is neatly tailored with accent of white stitching on the front panel, collar and sleeves. 4 [top, center]: linen again—this time in brown but also trimmed with white stitching. The frilly jabot gives a touch of femininity. 5 [bottom, center]: this sheer blouse is of paradise-blue georgette with pin-tucked yoke stitched collar and crystal buttons. 6 [top right]: the perennial white crepe sport blouse. Pearl studs and rows of stitching on the front panel, cuffs, collar and pocket are trim details.
ack your wardrobe to be sure it includes a jacket like this one designed by Edward Stevenson for Fontaine, RKO star, to wear for 'Maid's Night Out.' Of navy white woolen, with single-button closing and four bias patch pockets, it is "tops" for a navy skirt she combines it here, or for white to greet the summer.
BY HOWARD SHARPE

THE story of Don Ameche is more than merely a history of twenty-nine years in a man's life. He is, personified, a generation—a period.

Born Dominic Felix Ameche the very beginning of 1908's summer in Kenosha, Wisconsin, a first son, he soon turned into the Ameches' problem child and was stopped off, for safekeeping, to St. Berchman's in Marion, Iowa.

From there, at high-school age, he entered Columbia Private High School and College at Dubuque where two things of importance happened to him—he was introduced, by Father Sheehy, to Honore Pundergast, and—in all good faith—he decided on a career. He would become a lawyer.

Marquette University saw him next; followed in quick succession by Georgetown and Madison.

It was at Madison that he got his first taste of the theater when he ran away with a role in a show the "Wisconsin Players" were producing.

The next year caught Dominic Felix Ameche up—and luck rode lightly on his shoulders. New York—Chicago—experiences, hilarious and otherwise. By another fall, Radio had heard of Don and he was cast as lead in the Empire Builders' radio program. By spring, he was in the money—and, needless to say, being Don, had spent it. When he took time off to slip a magnificent solitaire on the hand of Honore Pund-
DAINTINESS IS A CHARM THAT ALWAYS WINS. NO SMART GIRL NEGLECTS IT

A LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY BATH IS THE BEST WAY I KNOW TO INSURE DAINTINESS

STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION "Her Jungle Love"

Hollywood's beauty bath makes you sure of daintiness. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Other lovely screen stars such as Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Joan Blondell tell you that they use Lux Toilet Soap as a bath soap, too, because it leaves skin smooth and fragrant. You'll love this way of insuring daintiness! You'll love Lux Toilet Soap's delicate, clinging fragrance, too.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
HEY were married in June of 1932, with the greatest possible pomp. Their personal demand was met. Both were big people, emotionally, and in their attitudes. Wherefore the wedding must roar a louder triumph, the church must be as vast as any Dubuque possess there must be more flowers and more food and more incense and more solemnity than any other wedding had ever had. Perhaps, after the long hurried years of careless reckoning, Don and Nora could in this manner show everybody that they meant now what they were saying with a rather terrible sincerity.

Since Don had been alternately affluent and beggarly throughout his life with fine disregard of national business conditions, he was unaware that a Depression had happened to America until he went out to find an apartment. The one he wanted, small but beautifully furnished, could be had for only $75 a month and engaged it forthwith; as a result of the various contracts he had signed with almost every major company in Chicago, his income was set at $30 a week, which was wealth. Nora had almost given up her job as a special nurse.

Their honeymoon was an evening's drive along the Lake Shore. He was too busy to go away but they said consolingly to each other that in a few months, somehow, they would manage a trip to Bermuda. “Where there is blue and warm for swimming,” they said.

Tonight it was raining, a ceaseless murmur that made the canvas car top as they sat parked at the edge of the road.

“Just for a minute,” Don began, “I'm going to be serious. You have to know about it.”

Nora squirmed comfortably against his shoulder. “I came into this with my eyes open.”

(Continued on page...)

And here are the Ameches as they add up today: top, sons Ronnie and Donnie, who succumbed to the candid camera for the first time to pose together in this picture, exclusive to Photoplay; Don, with top hat and grin, exclusive to him; Honore, who made this rollicking last installment possible.
Today—more and more women are using this new cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

First announcement of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream brought almost immediate response. Hundreds of women tried the cream, steadily your demand has increased for a cream that brings to women such instant new aid to skin beauty.

Years, leading doctors have known how "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. And how skin may heal and subject to infections when there is enough "skin-vitamin" in the diet!

We tested it in Pond's Creams! In animal skin that had been rough and dry because "skin-vitamin" deficiency in diet became smoother and supple again—in only 3 weeks! And more women are using this cream. It nourishes as well as cleanses skin.

In your regular way for cleansing and before bed, put it in. Leave some on overnight and when I have a chance, soon you, too, will be saying me of the new "skin-vitamin" cream does bring skin something active and essential to its health; it makes you feel more beautiful, more glowing look!

Same jar, same label, same price

Every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find same jars, with the same label, at the same price.

Send for Free Samples

My jar of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cream—free! No obligation. With coupon below. Try it and find. It will make you feel more beautiful, more glowing look!
Think back to the awkward old ways of feminine hygiene. Contrast them with the new way, the convenient, simple Norform way. These easy-to-use suppositories have revolutionized feminine hygiene for millions of women.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing an effective yet non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged soothing contact. This antiseptic—"anhydro-parahydroxy-mercuri-meta-creosal"—called Parahydrecin for short—is found in no other product for feminine hygiene. Parahydrecin is the reason why Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.


FEMININE HYGIENE made easy

NOTHING COULD BE EASIER Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply. Norforms are the dainty, modern, easy way to feminine hygiene.

VE just returned from a week end at Palm Springs—California's desert resort you've read so much about. I went there purposefully to see the clothes that the stars were wearing so I might relay advance hints for summer trends to you.

I stopped at Del Tahquitz, a charming hotel, "Indian pueblo" style. The first thing I did upon my arrival was to slip into a swim suit and head for the pool, so I'll tell you first about the bathing togs the stars were wearing.

SATIN lastex and wool suits were equally in favor. I saw them both in nearly every color of the rainbow. Many of the suits were patterned—the design printed on the lastex, woven into the wool. These patterns included sea, floral, leaf and geometric motifs. All of the models, one-piece or with front skirts, placed emphasis on the cut of the bodice (watch that detail when purchasing your swim suits).

This year's swim suits were invariably accompanied by robes, all long, mostly styled of prints, and many designed with a "peasantry" feeling. The tailored robe of white pigskin was also evident. Ginger Rogers wore one of the latter with a royal blue monogram on the sleeve and a matching front zipper closing that repeated in color the satin lastex suit beneath.

Most unusual of all tops for swim suits was the Bodju—a deceiving and amusing little garment created by Irene Bury of Los Angeles—that, if you please, serves as a public dressing room when you want to slip in and out of your swim suit. Ask to see a Bodju at your favorite shop—you won't hesitate a minute about its purchase.

LAZING in a comfy chair in the patio, I spotted a costume sure to be seen around this summer season—the play dress, full length and extremely flattering (note the one worn by Bette Davis on page 54). Include in your vacation "musts" one of these "sunshine gowns" which are as gay and picturesque any evening garb.

Walking along the village street saw slacks in great abundance. Silk costumes frequently were worn with ensemble coats (such as the one worn by Bette Davis on page 56). Katie Ferry burn, vacationing between scenes of "Holiday," was striking in yellow Cohn sacks with a bloom of Rainbow striped silk jersey and a short red woolen jacket. As the final fillip to your beach costume, watch your shoes. Clogs (I those worn by Bette Davis on pages 34 and 35) are the rage. Also ever so popular are the almost heelless, softy variety of shoe such as those created by Joyce which I described in a recent issue of Photoplay. All play shoes are in vivid hues, and all are in two or more colors.

"BASIC" white dresses of innumerable fabrics styled as fall for novel sets.

(Continued on page 85)
IN SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S PRODUCTION
"The Goldwyn Follies"

You, too, will look more attractive with Color Harmony Make-Up

**You never thought about your powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony.** To accent the natural beauty of your type, then you'll have the real secret of make-up, is the advice of Hollywood's famous screen stars.

Whether you are blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a particular color harmony make-up for you, created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. It consists of harmonized shades of powder, rouge and lipstick that will actually do wonders in making you look more attractive, more beautiful.

So discover this make-up secret of the stars today...share the luxury of color harmony make-up now available at nominal prices. Note coupon for special make-up test.

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Cal York's Own Gossip

(Continued from page 41)

Fashion and Lola Lane

When pretty Lola Lane informed her studio that she wanted time off to travel to New York to purchase clothes to uphold her reputation as "one of Hollywood's ten best-dressed young women," she started a minor Hollywood war. West Coast stylists heard of her request and rushed materials and patterns to her, hoping she would select her new wardrobe from exclusive California shops. Lola was discreet, but firm. So it looks as if New York will still get its share of honors from the stars.

More DoggyGossip

Ann Sothern is still trying to figure out whether her champion dog is really ill, or not. A while back, when the canine began to droop his head and utter strange noises about the house, Ann bundled him off to the nearest doctor down town because she felt declaring that there was nothing wrong.

Ann wasn't satisfied, and sent the dog to another doctor who gave her the same report. In desperation, Ann called in the best canine specialist in Hollywood who gave her the following report: "X-rays and thorough examinations prove your pet organically sound. His trouble must be mental."

Freddie's Credo

If you've missed Fred Astaire on the radio since his initial trial with the ether waves, rest assured that it hasn't been because the big radio companies haven't been trying to get Fred back on the air. Last week, for example, Fred turned down a big contract calling for $500 per week to him, if he would only go back to his job of entertaining people on the radio. But Fred turned it down because he wanted to concentrate on the dance rehearsing he's doing for the next Astaire-Ginger Rogers film. That's loyalty to the movies.

Paging S. S. Van Dine

Clark Gable has a mystery all Hollywood is trying to solve. He's secretly grooming a lanky young cowboy for a movie career, but that's all Clark will admit to except that he's certain the fellow will be the biggest star in town within two years. We do know, however, that Gable met his "Gary Cooper-ies" young friend while on a recent hunting trip to Montana, and that the lucky individual is being quartered at the Gable ranch until Clark is prepared to present him to the world.

What the Big Ten Are Doing

Shirley Temple: if you've always wanted to see America's box-office champion in person, you may soon have your wish. Shirley is contemplating a personal appearance tour following "Little Miss Broadway." Oh, no! It won't be the usual type of tour, since Shirley's parents have decided that Shirley will never make personal appearances for money. Instead, she will travel across the country by train, waving to her fans from the observation platform at numerous stops. In the larger cities, if the local exhibitors insist, Shirley will leave her train and appear in an auditorium or theater. But the treat will be on the Temples—or the exhibitors.

Clark Gable: hunting with a camera is going to furnish the only "shooting" Clark will do on his forthcoming vacation in Mexico. The last time he went to Mexico, he took an English riding horse that shied at every cactus plant. This time, he's taking a rough-riding western pony, trained in the ways of sun and sand. Upon his return, Clark will go into "Idiot's Delight," with Norma Shearer.

Robert Taylor: despite Bob's heavy studio duties in "Three Comrades" and his weekly radio work, the Stanwyck-Taylor romance is hitting a new high. The lad is simply in love! If their wedding beats this in print, or follows shortly after—don't say we didn't warn you!

Bing Crosby: the crooning horseman will be moving his stable of thoroughbreds from Santa Anita to Hollywood's new track at Inglewood for the June meeting. And he vigorously denies that he will part with his Delmar track, despite those rumors. So, it continues to be horses, horses—plus pictures and radio for this busy star.

Myrna Loy: that long hoped-for honeymoon of Myrna and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., will soon come true. They're leaving for an extended European vacation soon. Nothing but the worst kind of a war can stop it, they vow. Meanwhile, Myrna is the envy of every Metro star. Her redecorated dressing room boasts the grandest combination radio-phonograph built—a present from the above-mentioned hubby.

William Powell: since Bill's next picture, another Selznick teaming with Carole Lombard entitled "American Beauty," won't get under way for six months to come, Bill will no doubt spend his South American jaunt by sea. He is scheduled for another "Thr M." film at his old studio (M-G-M), despite the fact that he has not, as yet, attach his name to a contract there.

Jane Withers: much has been written about the struggle this little star had in getting into pictures. It has too mighty interesting reading, too! Perhaps that's just the reason Jane's studio has decided she will do a "small-girl conquers-Hollywood" picture on its screen, as her next.

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers: as we go to press Fred is swinging a determined foot in perfecting in difficult dance routines you will see in his forthcoming film with Ginger Rogers. Poor Ginger will be needing a re-vacation, following this picture. She has, for months, been considered Hollywood's busiest actress, what with her work in "Navigating Lady" and "Haven's Wonderful Time."

Sonja Henie: following the most successful personal appearance tour in Hollywood star ever had, the little skating champion is back in Hollywood to iron out details for her next picture "Winter Garden," in which she will no only skate, but play a bit of tennis as well.

Gary Cooper: back in Hollywood after his foreign wanderings. The Coopers were more than easy to keep track of during that trip—since they own all their clothing parents. They phoned twice a week, distance notwithstanding, to check the growth and disposition of their precious four-month-old daughter in Hollywood.

This is not a still from "I Met Him in Paris." That is a real Swiss Alp, and that is really Claudette Colbert in Davos with her skating instructor, proving that CC can take it in her stride. Remember the story in February Photoplay on Claudette's "second honeymoon?" We always prove our stories—well, nearly always.
"It's oh, So comfortable"
Says Rochelle Hudson

FEATURED IN THE NEW TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE "RASCALS"

One simple test will tell you more about this new Kroehler furniture than 10,000 words. Just sit down on it. You'll think the new Kroehler Sturdi-flex seat has been tailored to your measure, it is so comfortable.

But that isn't all. New Kroehler 5-Star Construction eliminates all construction materials that wear out easily. You get more durability than ever before, without extra cost. Visit your Kroehler dealer today. Try the new Sturdi-flex seat. See the glorious new styles and coverings—all at pleasing low prices. Watch newspapers for your dealer's announcements.

Kroehler 5-Star Construction includes
• SCIENTIFICALLY CONSTRUCTED HARDWOOD FRAMES
• NONCOLLAPSIBLE SPRING-FILLED SEAT CUSHIONS
• ONLY CLEAN, SANITARY FILLINGS
• NONSAGGING STEEL WEB SEAT UNDERCONSTRUCTION
• KROEHLER QUALITY CRAFTSMANSHIP

Kroehler Suite No. 8586, illustrated. A superbly styled 18th century group with richly carved hardwood frames. Can be had in colorful brocatelle, damask, or velvet coverings. Go see it at your Kroehler dealer's.

KROEHLER FURNITURE
for Living Rooms, Bedrooms, and Dining Rooms

WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER • OPERATING TEN LARGE FACTORIES
dollars a week, just sort of because. The money usually doubled by Mrs. Temple, goes to the Milk Fund or some charity.

But the growing Miss Temple is not a pack of frowns by any means. In fact, one of the symptoms of her development as an individual is an amazingly subtle sense of humor. Most kids are content to indulge in very obvious jokes and humdrum humor. Shirley's wit is keener.

Next to black Bill Robinson, perhaps the most devoted slave of Shirley's around the lot is Harry Revel, the musical half of that great song hit combination Gordon and Revel. The other day Shirley and Harry were visiting in her bungalow when a publicity man came in. He had an assignment to get the favorite songs of the Twentieth Century-Fox stars. "What's yours, Shirley?" he asked.

Shirley's eyes sparkled. "Come And Get Your Happiness," she answered. Then she laughed and looked at Harry Revel. He laughed. It was evidently a joke, but the publicity man didn't get it. He copied down the title and left. Not until he wrote his copy did the payoff dawn.

The song was one written by Sam Pokrass, a rival of Harry Revel's. Shirley had been teasing Harry—but with a subtle, adult tickler.

Shirley is showing more and more perception and unerring sense of values, but actually her swelling consciousness includes very little of herself as a star, a universal personality or a famous child. She has come in print-to-point contact with fame—but even now all it means to her is that a lot of people like her, which, of course, is swell. A comprehension of the tremendous thing as a whole is utterly lacking.

At the Hollywood premiere of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," two little girl friends shared the big event with Shirley. Side by side, they sat and passed judgment by clapping and laugh- ter. Shirley has a hearty laugh, easily distinguishable in a crowd. But what tickled Shirley often left her girl friends cold, nor did they clap and laugh because Shirley did. The kids were relaxed. There was no suspicion of toady- ing.

Her penchant for directness without any frills is spreading to every fibre of her developing character. Shirley is not emotional, or hysterical. She has met death. While Shirley was in Palm Springs a while ago, "Chingle," her favorite Peke, got run over. On the way home, Mrs. Temple told Shirley the news. Shirley listened soberly, then turned and looked out the window of the car in silence. She never said a word the rest of the way home. That night only she cried in bed, alone.

It has also bred an elementary taste. Clothing does not concern Shirley greatly as yet, although her new outfit for the "Wee Willie Winkie" première was a terrific thrill. But she has expressed herself stoutly against fancy jewelry and dresses with ruffles and bows.

Uniforms, on the other hand, intrigue her. The idea of wearing a uniform was so novel to Shirley. She was enchanted with the world's biggest "Wee Willie Winkie" was so enchanting that even after the company was dismissed, Shirley begged her mother to stay on the set so she could "drill" in it. She had to wear it home at night.

SHIRLEY'S prim neatness at home lends Mrs. Temple to predict spinster-ship possibilities for the little girl who doubtless has more sweetheart than any one else in history, including papa. "She is," admits Mrs. Temple, "a old lady."

Shirley's room is now her rest- room. She does not keep it order, puts away her dresses and things so properly that, after use, they look as good as when the river. When she comes in, kitchen, which she loves to do, S1. Z5 has taken to donning a trim apron before she begins her work. She's just shelling peas (a favorite of her pastime) or putting out her meatloaf.

Old-maid predictions, however, are usually thoroughly before Shirley's manic record to date. For a nine-year-old girl, has shown all right with men. Her first real "date" took last summer on board the boat.

A trembling young swain apprised Shirley on the deck. "Can I take you the movie tonight?" he squeaked. "Sure," smiled Shirley. That's was.

Shirley showed up hugging pillow sit on so she could see. She proudly stretched his neck in manner minus supports.

Charlie Chaplin's son, Sidney, is, course, a veteran swain, dating Harry Palm Springs vacation of couple years ago. But the head man at press is Robert, half name Tilden. Robe fourteen and a pole player. He is close by and has the inside track on rival. Robert came across last Chris- mas with a gold locket with a place his picture (later, he hoped and Shirl- retailed with a brass horse pas- weight which she, herself, picked. Some people already have them mail when they grow up. But that's a far-off.

THERE will be much more growing learning and perceiving before 1935- Temple develops into a real, grown- woman lady. Shirley is not a baby, but she'll be a little girl for quite a a yet.

She still hates to wash her neck; ears; still loves to play "make-believe" she's very likely to do a things she's been told not to. In she, the girl Shirley is nice, neat and safe can be good, and she can also be can. Only when she's bad, she's a little more artistic about it.

The "Wee Willie Winkie" première, a day event for Shirley, came just before Christmas. With gift problems and holiday entertaining possibilities whirling in her head, along with preparations for the event, Mrs. Temple faced a busy day. So told Shirley, "Now I can't bother you today. Run along and see care yourself. And don't, for heaven's sake, miss yourself up. If you do, you can go to the première tonight."

Well, Shirley sort of forgot. She n a rowboat and ripped an ap- top red crosses on her whi legs. But that evening Mrs. Temp dressing her, noticed nothing. Nor if the crowd at the première. And Shirley was the of the rounds.

Two days later her mother took downtown装甲 truck the street she happen to look down. She gasped. A cross of red white covered Shirley's leg. Shirley bit her lip. "I guess it wore off," she confessed.

She had hidden her. Shirley Temple wasn't going to miss that premiere—not while her mother had some flesh colored powder in the house.
I'm Going to a Dance!

That's why I'm Bathing with Fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap...it's the lovelier way to avoid offending!

This lovely perfumed soap does more than make you sweet and clean! It first its deep-cleansing lather removes every trace of body odor...

And then, long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's lovely lingering perfume clings to your skin...makes you so much more glamorous!

How nice to know this alluring perfume is keeping you fragrantly dainty! Cashmere Bouquet soap certainly is the lovelier way to avoid offending!

Marvelous for Complexions, too!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin cleaner, softer...more radiant and alluring!

Cashmere Bouquet
Soap

Now only 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

To Keep Fragrantly Dainty—Bathe with Perfumed

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

(Continued from page 25)

It's Romance Again for Kay Francis

Delina Carroll's experience in the California od was more exciting than her new picture, "Adventures," could ever be. Isolated by four days in Malibu Beach, use no telephone, gas or lights, she ally struggled with her neighbor, Director George Marshall, through mud and water for miles to meet a studio rescue party...
AFTER-BATH FRESHNESS SOON FADES WITHOUT MUM

Girls whose popularity lasts never let underarm odor rob them of charm!

"Just the girl that I’ve been waiting for!" men thought when they first saw Marion. They’d cluster around for introductions, but they’d rarely dance more than one dance.

For though Marion carefully bathed and dressed, she neglected one simple precaution—and trusted her bath alone to keep her safe from underarm odor.

Fatal error! For underarms always perspire, and underarm odor robs a girl of charm! No bath can prevent this odor! Underarms need Mum’s sure care to keep them always fresh! Remember, you can’t be safe from embarrassing underarm odor unless you make offense impossible.

**MUM IS QUICK!** A dab under each arm takes only half a minute—proteces all day or all evening long.

**MUM IS SAFE!** Even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes the skin. And you can apply Mum even after dressing. It never harms fabrics.

**MUM IS SURE!** Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it stops all odor! With Mum, you’ll never risk offending those you want for friends.

(Ironclad Guarantee)

**I’VE GOTTEN A DATE SO I’M USING MUM A BATH JUST ISN’T ENOUGH!**

**TO HERSELF—EASY TO TELL MUM KEPT ME FRESH! JACK HATES TO SAY GOODNIGHT!**

**AVOID EMBARRASSMENT!**

Thousands of women are Mum for sanitary napkins because they are gentle. SURE. Play safe—always use Mum this way, too.

Happy Helion

(Continued from page 64)

They begged for introductions...but nobody took her home.

Happy Helion, a small town in the heart of the Amherst district, was known for its beauty and tranquility. The town was nestled among lush green fields, with the peaceful Helion River flowing through it. It was a place where people could escape the hustle and bustle of the city and find peace and serenity.

But this idyllic town had a secret...a secret that was about to change everything. A secret that was about to bring happiness and joy to the Helion community.

The secret was a new invention...a device that was about to revolutionize the way people lived their lives. And it was going to be introduced in Happy Helion.

The inventor had spent years perfecting his device, and he was ready to reveal it to the world. He had worked tirelessly to make sure that it would work perfectly, and he was confident that it would change the course of history.

As the day of the introduction approached, excitement and anticipation filled the air. People from all over the area had heard about the new invention, and they were eager to see it in action.

The inventor stood on a platform, surrounded by a crowd of people. He was ready to make his announcement, but he couldn’t help but feel nervous. What if the device didn’t work? What if people didn’t like it?

But he pushed those thoughts aside and took a deep breath. It was time to make his announcement.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I am proud to introduce to you the Helion Device.

This device is the result of years of hard work and dedication. It is a device that will change the way we live our lives. It will make our lives easier, more convenient, and more enjoyable.

I have worked for years to perfect this device, and I am confident that it will be a success. I am excited to see the reaction it will receive, and I hope that everyone will be as excited as I am.

Thank you for your attention, and I look forward to seeing the Helion Device in action.

(Continued on page 65)
There was always the danger that he might suddenly emerge through all and spoil everything.

After one of these narrow escape the visitor went muttering to his car, that Don pulled Nora safe beside him and began, for the first time in their marriage, to talk of his career and the future of it—always waiting for things to happen. "I've told her, "and always ave. Until now. For two years' being's been coating—and I can't chat. Radio has its limitations. It's a hell of a big time."

eyes questioned his. "I thought—Hollywood", he said in answer. "That you don't know—out and dig things up. You've in your faith in love, in life, in luck. What'll you do?"

I've been for a test, I suppose," he avowed. "It's September—getting. How'd you like a little trip to the hotel, "I asked

shook her head. "Thanks. But do better alone."

was off, characteristically, within the cottage in a shabby packing and Nora standing among the debris; but around them were lines from grinning eyes were proud, for him.

Goold-Way-Voyer had heard of the radio, made the test and in courteous refusal; but he left Hollywood an agent named Frank looked him up and down, and, later, the book flew east, stopping Chicago to pick up Don. "In York," Frank said, "we'll make a Seventeenth-Century Fox for me. And it's going to be good!"

as. Don called Nora from his hotel room, and when he turned to his bed, Frank had his face mingled laughter and triumph, always has to be, he said. "I'd just signed it to be a movie actor and do now what she topped it with? and she'd just presented me with a son.

ink snorted. "You don't need an " he said. "All you need is a rab- foot."

rest of his life, until now, is in prospect legible, clearly remembered. It is—it is so close; surely has no time for sensations or to record themselves deeply in experience for analysis or sight or even for detached inspection it reactions. Later, when Holly-

say the past, the years of 1838 and 37 his first part of 1838 will be remote tunnel, because of the blinding at which they were living—but the Guests were his fragments, with im-

abilities made, by the magic of this City, to seem plausible, con-

was going West alone, in March after the second baby was born. He was still ill and it must stay; and a suite in a Holly-

for beauty, because you never knew things, and the first feel of it—up again—after so many years, and penning scenes on the set with dis-

and cameras whirling, and the time. For time, we have done you warrant a double role in this plenty of plugging; and the end of the Ad

and Long Distance, get me Chi-

but I can't come now," Nora lapsed into long fits, and two thousand miles of me. I've got one tooth out and holes teen others, on account of inflams. Not to be back at the dentist's in one hour, and it's a two weeks' job. "Let temporary fillings," Don com-

mated, "but anyway leave tonight." An exultant note crept into his voice. "The Ameche's are moving to Californi-

."

she filled her teeth with wax, gathered up two baby beds and half a can opener, for some forgotten reason, and the children, and left that evening. And in two hours and three nights came into the Promised Land with her household intact, if meager; and that land was abundant with milk and honey and contracts. Ameche housed his flock in a Colonial Beverly Hills house and fed them and clothed them, and there—after offering up thanksgiving—they were content.

There was "Sins of Man," announce Don's debut, which, if it did for the studio coffers, at least did much for Don. "Ramona" followed it, and that was better: people went to see it, remarked the dark, appealing man who played the Indian, heard his voice on the "First Nighter" program which had conveniently moved to Hollywood for his sake, and began writing letters and more letters, until, in 1937, his fan mail was rivalry. Shirley Temple's, and Darryl Zanuck had given him a new contract, and the die of his exciting future was irretrievably cast.

HE late sun, streaming past the breakers to touch the beach, was warm; it was February of 1938, California's dead-of-winter, but the Ameche's were still tourists enough to believe the advertisements—wherefore they were alone, and the shore was empty. Don put one arm over his eyes to shut out the glare and murmured lastly to the sky. "Old Chicago" and 'Happy Landing' are cleaning up. I think 'Alexander's Ragtime Band' will be box-office, too. Things've turned out all right, haven't they?"

Nora pushed herself to her elbows and looked down at him. "I'm going to call you the Spirit of '29," she jeered, "There's something flamy-

antly prosperous about you." Then she chuckled. "Can this be degenerating into an analytical discussion?"

He said, "You're happy, aren't you."

It was a statement. "You know that."

ive changed a little, I think," Don added after a time. "Being twenty-nine has done it. I've got a sort of yen to build our house on that hilltop own, and get the kids into school, and—well, stop batting around so much. Money has settled you to keep holding yourself ready for any-

thing to happen after six o'clock in the afternoon. After all, the Jazz Age is over. These are serious times, and we should respond by being responsible citizens."

sky absolutely right," Nora said gravely.

Tonight," he told her, getting up in a smart turn of phrase, "I'm going to

a good book. Life has hit me in the face, and I am developing Judgment." They walked slowly up the beach to the house.

Four o'clock the next morning Nora woke because the lights had gone suddenly on, saw Don standing beside the bed completely dressed; a familiar glint was in his eye. "Come on," he said, "It's a beautiful night. We can be in Palm Springs for Saturday—and there's going to be a big shindig at the Racquet Club tomorrow evening."

But—responsible citizens? Nora muttered wildly, "judgment—serious times ."

What are you talking about?" Don stared at her, puzzled.

She jumped out of bed then, laughing happily. "All right," she said. "But you almost had me scared for a while this afternoon!"

| ADVERTISEMENT \|

**COURTNEY CARROLL SAYS...**

**"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES**

**MADELEINE CARROLL**

**Drawing in the Walter Wanger-United Artists picture "The Advantages"**

**IT'S SOUND ADVICE from Hollywood, where women know new ways to beauty. Don't take a chance on misfit makeup—unrelated cosmetics that clash, that can't possibly look well together...or on you. To be sure you look your loveliest...wear Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. For here's your MAKEUP THAT MATCHES...face powder, rouge, and lipstick...eye makeup, too...in color-harmonized sets. And it's makeup that matches you...for it's keyed to your true personality color, the color of your eyes. NOW YOU CAN BE SURE your skin, your hair, your eyes look their loveliest, because you're following Nature's color plan for you! Stage and screen stars, beauty editors, fashion ex-

| MAZUREK COPY | RICHARD HUNDT | 73 |
DO you still let pain take precedence to pleasure certain days each month? Do you still let the calendar regulate your life—giving up enjoyment and giving in to suffering which you think is unavoidable?

If you do, you should know that doctors have discovered severe or prolonged periodic functional pain is not natural to most women. And thousands of women have discovered it is not necessary. For unless there is some organic disorder demanding a physician’s or surgeon’s attention, Midol helps most women who try it.

Why not give Midol a chance to help you—to render those dreaded days of menstruation as carefree as any other? Midol is offered for this sole purpose. It acts quickly. In all but unusual instances it brings relief. Many women declare they have no pain at all, or even discomfort, since they learned to rely on Midol.

When the calendar says “quiet”, let Midol help you “carry on”. Instead of fearing yourself, let Midol take care of the pain. A few Midol tablets should see you comfortably through your worst day. Drugstores have Midol on the counter in convenient purse-size tins.
The Kid Speaks About Marriage
(Continued from page 22)

"Things might be different if we were both
established, if we had some founda-
tion in this business. It isn't," Wayne
hastened to add, "that I think either one
of us is too young to get married. Al-
though," he compromised, "there are a
lot of things I'd like to do before I really
settle down. I want to go to Europe,
around the world. Not paying my way,
but working in the boat crew. That," he
said Wayne, "is the only way to have
any fun."

I said he couldn't do that now.
The Morris lower lip jutted out.
"Why not? I went to Australia that
way."

"But you're famous now."

"Ruts!" replied Wayne Morris. "But
as I was saying—I believe in young
marriages, I believe in having kids early,
so they can grow up with you and pal
around while you're still young. My
father was much older than I was and
I think it's harder for kids and their
dads to have fun together when they're
too far apart in years."

One of his best pals, Wayne said,
Johnny Davis, a young contract play-
er at Warners', is married and very happy.
Wayne hangs around at Johnny's house
a lot with his other constant sidekick,
Bill Parker. Bill has a term ticket at
Warners', too. All three of them keep
up on their golf, tennis, bowling and stuff
together. At night, they go into frequent
poker huddles at the home of Johnny
and his wife. It's always dan-
gerous stuff for bachelors to come in
close contact with married bliss.

"But," Wayne hastened to point out,
"Johnny and his wife knew each other
almost all their lives before they got
married. Johnny went with her eight
years and spent four of them trying to
tell her to say: 'Yes.' People who get
married ought to know each other for
a long time."

WAYNE MORRIS and Priscilla Lane
haven't known each other too long. They
met first at the lot at Warner Brothers
when Priscilla was making "Variety
Show." Later, Warners cast Wayne and
Priscilla together in "Love, Honor and
drink." Wayne was assigned the deli-
cate task of making up the floor with
Priscilla. The scenario called for him
to paste her around, sock her with a
book, sheave her a steak and gener-
erally maltreat her in one of those
roughhouse boy-tames-naughty-girl
sequences currently faddish on the
screen.

Wayne did. He's built like an ox,
you know, and sweeping tiny little Pris-
cilla around the set was a left-handed
cinch. The next thing he knew he had
wobbled for her like a load of cool.
And vice versa. Which just goes to
show that love laughs at a lot of things
besides locksmiths. Rough stuff, for
instance.

It was a swel romantic setup—the
kind Hollywood likes best—a set ro-
man, blooming right underneath arc
lights and booms and milkes, powder
and grease point.

They held hands between scenes and
whispered in the corners of the sound
stage. They tagged off together daily
for lunch and sat toying with food in
the commissary and gazing moonstruck
into each other's eyes. They drove off
the lot together, took motor trips on
holidays and bought penny postcards
for the cost.

They showed up some nights at the
Trocadero and at the Beverly-Wilshire.
They had cocktails at the Hollywood
Knickerbocker. They teamed up at the

right with it ... doubly sealed-in by
two jackets of stake-proof Cellophone.

At the peak of freshness, wherever
and whenever you smoke it, every
Old Gold gives a perfect performance
in the role of America's most
appealing cigarette. The price of one
pack admits you to this year's big-
gest smoking hit ... the "Old Gold
Freshies of '38".

TUNE IN an Old Gold's Hollywood
Screencaps, every Tuesday and Thursday
night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast
QUAKER STOCKINGS

Perhaps you don’t believe stockings can be “thrilling”... Picture a sheer silk texture that hugs and flatters leg contour, slenderizes ankles, gives that young, sleek, exciting effect. Wouldn’t you call that thrilling? Well, it’s the effect you can get in Quaker stockings. Try them. 79c to $1.65 at good stores everywhere.

The Best
GRAY HAIR
REMEDY
IS MADE AT HOME

You can now make by following this simple recipe. Take half pint of water and one ounce of cow butter, a small box of Barlow Com- pound and one-fourth ounce of sarsaparilla. Any drug store can put this up for you or you can mix it yourself. A little better than any other remedy I know of.

YOU WANTED IT AND WE HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN—it’s now in the shape of a book. We have compiled a valuable guide to health, plus a wealth of real cooking and household hints. It is the only book of its kind ever published by Quaker Company. It is being distributed to you free, so that you may read it and try out the suggested remedies. It’s your privilege to take it or let it go to another.

QUAKER HOSIERY COMPANY, 330 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Can the Gable-Lombard Love Story Have a Happy Ending?

(Continued from page 18)

himself to be perfect in one role, in a scene.
...if he really love this woman, Jo- line Dillon, Hollywood said, and did they? Was there more than wifely feeling in her? 
...it was twenty-two when he married her, twenty-nine when she obtained her divorce. Mrs. Gable in Los Angeles then. Clark was in the Army. He had arrived in that city on a long tour of the south. He was in "Marchaln," and he had met Langham, a wealthy divorcée from whose brother was in the cast of the play. 
...once she had Josephine divorced him. 
...Clark married Rhea Langham. 
...Josephine, Rhea was much older her husband. They came west on a honeymoon. Clark was playing in "The Last Mile." Hollywood 
...gave him a little more recognition on second visit. M-G-M gave him a test. Eventually he appeared in Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul." 
...Gable, who loves society, entered lavishly, did all in her power to make her husband into the hectic of Hollywood, and to keep pace with him as he walked through the electric lights that plays on movie Hollywood. Hollywood has a way of lionizing the star, and ignoring his family—especially if the family does not "be-". Yet Mrs. Gable attained the "incredible" in her own right.
...ad, for a time, all seemed as merry a wedding bell. 

CRK and Carole met in 1932 when they were selected to play in "No Man of Her Own." They were married then; and appar-}
Sylvia of Hollywood

Now Reveals How You Can Acquire the Beauty of the Screen Stars

You have always wanted to be beautiful . . . attractive . . . glamorous. Now you can be! For the very same methods which the famous stars of the screen and stage use to acquire and maintain their beauty are now revealed by Sylvia of Hollywood, in her best seller, No More Alibis.

Madame Sylvia is the personal beauty adviser to Hollywood's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary looking women into dreams of loveliness.

And now Sylvia has just put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In No More Alibis you will find every ounce of knowledge, every whit of observation and all the good sound advice that Sylvia has gleaned over a period of thirty-five years of making the human body ideally beautiful.

This book gives you the very same information for which the screen stars of Hollywood have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price for this marvelous book is only $1.00 a copy. If you are unable to get this book at your local department or book store, mail your order to: Dept. F-3, Macfadden Book Co., 205 E. 42nd St., New York City.

"TARTAR for greys — LANCER for blues"
says Hattie Carnegie

show world believes in faithfulness in marriage, honesty in relationship between husband and wife. She shies by her beliefs.

Her favorite expression at all times is, "Well, I'm on the Lord's side.

Arthur Treacher:

The old bromide of when is a butler not a butler can be answered in only one way: when he's Arthur Treacher ("Pip" Treacher to his friends). Actually he began in movies playing a gentleman. But the six-foot-four Englishman in full evening regalia promptly bumped his head on the overhanging microphone and couldn't read his lines for the goose egg on his brow. The combination of Buck and Pip, waist-deep in a game of squash, is just one of those things, that's all.

After four years of service in the War, he gave way to those old choir boy's urges and became a publicity man, to keep his toe in Hollywood. To be sure he kicked him out, the little blonde in the row ahead landed flat on her face.

It was a dog's life really. So he became a stock player all over England and then on to New York and the stage—at long, in-between intervals. Tried out once for radio, reading a love scene. The sound man had to be carried from his box screaming with hysterics.

Pip's feelings were hurt. Tested out for movies, too, but the director took one look and sneered, "Where did you get that Adam's apple?"

Pip's feelings were crushed. And for weeks he practically starved himself trying to swallow his Big Apple.

Landlord in Hollywood and went into a cooperative theater project where everyone shared the profits, only there were seldom any profits. All six feet of him seemed caved in at once. It was a fine how-do-you-do, indeed, until casting directors began noticing him (as if they could miss him) and so they demoted him to adorably arch nosed butlers. Which he didn't mind playing at all.

A bachelor, who lives in an English-type annexe to a rabbit warren in the country; plays a very tired game of tennis but simply goes to town on squash. Seeds with Buck, the colored locker attendant at the Athletic Club.

And for weeks he practically starved himself trying to swallow his Big Apple.

He's considered Hollywood's A-1 gourmet. According to local restaura-
durers, the lad knows how to order the perfect dinner. But he's definitely against veal loaf and gravy. Especially with gravy.

And so Pip's feelings were hurt. Tested out for movies, too, but the director took one look and sneered, "Where did you get that Adam's apple?"

Pip's feelings were crushed. And for weeks he practically starved himself trying to swallow his Big Apple.

Pip once complained to a friend at a party that strange ladies were always bothering about, "... if you know what I mean. Everybody seems to think of his height, ladies in crowded rooms would always say to their husbands, "Look— I'll meet you near Treacher." "

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From Paris Comes the Idea

SKIN AFFINITY* THE NEW EVENING IN PARIS FACE POWDER SENSATION

Completely new! ...At last the face powder that combines the best features of light and heavy textures!

TRY IT...and you'll exclaim: "I've been using only half a face powder until now!" For at last here's the face powder that gives you the most desirable qualities of both light and heavy powder textures! That's why beauty experts have named this new Evening in Paris Face Powder "Skin Affinity"*

...Because it actually seems to attract to your skin, it goes on so smoothly, stays on so evenly and so long! Such superior staying and covering qualities usually have been associated with a "heavy" face powder, but this new Evening in Paris texture is super-fine, super-light! It is especially flattering, because Evening in Paris colors are vividly warm, clear and glowing. At drug and department stores everywhere. Generous, enlarged box, $1.10.

*Trade Mark

Evening in Paris
BOURJOIS

Playmrograph made with the assistance of Dr. Clarence B. Allen, Consulting Chemist of New York City.

Now! In one face powder...this amazing combination of beauty advantages
1. Exquisitely smooth, translucent.
2. Looks superbly natural.
3. Refines, softens features.
4. Covers the skin better.
5. Maintains oillessness longer.
6. Beautifies BOTH dry and oily skins.
7. Clearest, most flattering shades.

KEYED SCENTS—Evening in Paris Perfume, the "Fragrance of romance" scents all the exquisite Evening in Paris Preparations. Use it with your other Evening in Paris preparations toward "shading" effects.
...Evening in Paris Perfume, 15c to $1.00.

constant voyage to her picture is desk.

& yes, the C. is for Charles. With
1 a plain name, he felt Aubrey
the more hothither. For an actor, he
2 And along with the striped blazer,
3 this he's got something there.

Alan Mowbray:

Butler, orchestra leader, opera singer, magician, and plain ham actor—how are you, Mr. Mowbray?

No matter the role played by Alan Mowbray (including all of the above), his friends always exclaim, "My dear, how perfectly you were cast!"

Sophistication—an overused, misused word in Hollywood—fits him like a glove. A soft nude glove with a platinum horse-shoe tumbled inside. His remarks are gems of wit, lined and interlined with barbed steel shafts that find their mark in the most devastating and deflating portions of the anatomy.

There, now, is Alan Mowbray.

An Englishman who is nuts over the idea of becoming a papa to two American children.

Married to an American, he has two children, both born in California. A situation that intrigues the actor's English fancy no end. He calls them P.M. and A.M. for short. Patricia is five. Alan, Jr., or "Butch" Mowbray in polite circles, is three.

For years and three months, Mr. Mowbray shivered through the paroxysm of a world war and now, just think, he says, "There's actually a powder puff man in his life." Driving to the studio he'll think, "Down there at the studio, there's a man with a powder puff wait-
it was while he was acting his role in George Bernard Shaw's "Widow's House." When he arrived in Chicago on October 17th, future dates were ordered and he signed a contract. And only, as he warned Hal Roach, did he sign it because he learned do-nuts and coffee were free on the Roach sets every day.

After twenty-nine pictures (the current one being Hal Roach's "Merrily We Live" and directed for it and signed a contract. And only, as he warned Hal Roach, did he sign it because he learned do-nuts and coffee were free on the Roach sets every day.

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They made headlines too often for comfort. He insulted the wrong people. He had been in jail several times—once for drunken driving, once for socking a policeman, once in a gambling raid. Twice, his contracts had been called off because he raised hell with the director, or forgot to show up for a week at a time, or got into some scrape.

He had been married three times. His first wife had divorced him with considerable scandal. His second wife had committed suicide when she found he was unfaithful to her and had left heart-breaking notes behind—heart-breaking because she had loved him and believed in him, and he had made her hate both love and life to the point where she wanted to leave him forever. He was separated from his third wife who refused to divorce him and who haled him into court when he forgot to pay his alimony, which was often.

Trouble was his middle name. Publicity exploded around him. His name gave producers heartache and heartburn. Moreover, he was always news because he gave great performances on the screen and nobody ever knew just what he would do next, so the newspapers kept a close eye upon him at all times.

There you have the reason why no one else could play with exactly that Barry touch.

You got utterly furious with him, mad enough to kill him, swore you'd never chisel or double-cross, a little cruel; and he preferred a good lie to the truth when it would serve as well. But he had a touch of genius. He was ruled off the track over and over again and then called back because a part came along that no one else could play with exactly that Barry touch. You got utterly furious with him, mad enough to kill him, swore you'd never chisel or double-cross, a little cruel; and he preferred a good lie to the truth when it would serve as well. But he had a touch of genius. He was ruled off the track over and over again and then called back because a part came along that no one else could play with exactly that Barry touch.

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But he had a really dreadful reputation. It was only the fact that he played kind of role on the screen made it possible for him to continue in pictures.

He had been in a rather nasty little scene with the producer's wife and had gone to Honolulu when the part in Rosalie's picture came up. It was just one of the many parts that Barry could play. So, again, the studio called him back. But, right from the beginning, it worried. Had it been a mistake to put Barry Hay on one of Rosalie's pictures? He'd been drinking heavily in Honolulu and he had money problems. If his wife, whose existence he had also forgotten, divorced him they could be married.

Cruelly enough, it was Barry who explained it to Rosalie.

He let her see pretty quickly that if the divorce ruined her career he wouldn't be bothered. Demanding that it would be the end for him this time for sure. One more scandal, one of such magnitude as this, would exile him from Hollywood for good. Frankly he told her he wasn't prepared for that.

"Why," she said, "did you let us get into it, then?"

He shrugged. "Never thought my wife would cut up like that," was his answer.

"She always swore she'd never divorce me no matter what. and when you said them you couldn't help but see that here was a girl hopelessly, madly in love.

But all this took quite a while and when the studio actually faced it, the reverberations shook the indus-
tory. The hers, to-be-dare were horrified—and then panic-stricken.

Rosalie was, for once, beyond reason. Her infatuation was complete and dev-
esting. The world had ceased to ex-
st. There was no one but Barry. She was in the grip of her first honest, un-
di seamed passion and she didn't know what to do about it.

BARRY, on his part, regarded the fran-
teous executives with lifted eyebrows and an ironic smile. He was, said, very much in the mood for the moment was the foremost thing. He was en-
joying it all hugely.

Now, there are some things that can be a bit irritating, but when a man is in love, all things are possible. Public opinion that he had always important—can be made to see some things and understand them. Often, the public forgives. "I understand that things, and people used to dealing with public opinion recognize them instantly, which are sim-
ply impossible.

Linking Rosalie's name with Barry's would destroy her instantly. She had been too long an idol. She had reput-
eous, they would think her all that they too, she would be difficult. But a scandal with a man like Barry Hayes would simply spell the end of her career.

The climax came out of the blue.

Barry's wife, who sat back, as usual, watching his pay checks, got wind of the trouble. "What do you think of it?" I remember thinking it was strange that she hadn't heard before. Perhaps she had—and was giving them rope enough to handle it. She then had gone-
over—and she threatened to name Ro-

SARIE. She threatened to name Rosalie to that time there hadn't been anything in the newspapers. There were two reasons for that. First, the newspapermen were nervous to save their own--they had difficulty believing it and so they were afraid to print it, even as a rumor. If it wasn't true, it was so libelous it sized. Secondly, it was a story the public would resent—and it should be printed only when they were absolutely sure it was news, not rumor. If they printed it as rumor, and it wasn't true, they looked like fools. Moreover, even if it was an accurate account of what Rosalie's fans would take them apart.

They'd never credit such a rumor.

The day after he talked to them they were watching and waiting when the threat of divorce from Barry's wife hit the studio like a hurricane.

Rosalie sold her husband the next day. Her ambition hadn't been altered. But she was so desperately in love that she had forgotten all about herself. If his wife, whose existence she had also forgotten, divorced him they could be married.

Crucial enough, it was Barry who explained it to Rosalie.

I was this story had a happy end. I wish I could say Rosalie had found in love with Mac, and forgotten Barry. That's the way it should have been. But even if it were so. Rosalie was right—it had to be.

In time, she broke the engagement.

She did that well, too. A movie star breaking an engagement she had given to her career and to her past.

She couldn't be the kind of a woman like Mac had a right to expect. It wasn't fair. She was on being mad, utterly mad, about him. Who was worthless and cruel and, God help you, I don't suppose Mac was worth a cent. She adored her and she and she had saved her career with knowing it. If Barry had only Rosalie, Rosalie that.

In time, she broke the engagement.

"I shall never marry," she said, there were tears in her eyes and dimples quivered. "I shall never marry until I am ready to retire from the screen and—people are so kind to me that I don't want to be whitewashed."

She broke Mac's heart—in a way,

he had never really thought it was possible. It had always seemed like some wclinical Hollywood to him; she was an angel, far above the mere mortal man. There, you may recall, was a man, and god that felt what way Rosalie could, he could, she could, she didn't ask her to give up for him, it would be a shame, and she could.

Nobody ever knew about Barry's case. Rosalie got tired of warnings—she put him in a good position. Rosalie wasn't, when the ely had worn off, of his kindness at all. He really preferred his wife, he wasn't an adored, he never had it if he had it, or anybody else, put anything on her. He went back to her. Rosalie got tired of warnings, as time went on, she appeared a little hard and a little bitter and somewhat tortured and tormented with longing for the man she had loved. But her heart, the angelic face concealed it.

But, you see, when Mac married Rosalie with his little wife was a fine girl, worth a million Rosalies. But Mac explained to her that he would always love Rosalie, I didn't think that he was worthy of her, but he had to be honest and explain that he couldn't love you anymore and some way Rosalie's husband didn't do Mac's ideal.

And Mac's wife, who had seem-

S in the screen many times, at least, a bit of her distant, in believing that she wasn't good enough for Mac, that it was too bad he couldn't have it. She had, in a way, felt, I suppose, much like you trying to live up to anything as wonderful Rosalie's and done what she had to do to disturb Mac's ideal.

But maybe if she realizes that Mac's ideal was thoroughly stuffed with love. And that Rosalie the better woman and a million times bet-

ter wife than Rosalie ever could be, it will correct her if she feels Rosalie's time and make her get her—particularly since they ne-

S go to see her pictures any more ats. Nothing d ole people on the screen today have to real—have you noticed that?

Watch for the third in this fascinating series of Hollywood's secret life stories. The next will appear in an exciting issue of Photoplay.
We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 32)

er miles out at sea and saying, "C'me Hollywood 1231!" That's the new studio number.

Miss Lane says it feels almost like a divorce, not working with Wayne in this picture. She knows, too, that when a gal works for Warner's, she works. She started one day "Men Are Such Fools" ad.

Our way to Paramount, we take a peek at RKO-Radio's "This Marx Business," with Victor Moore, Dixie Lister and Allan Lane. We find for stealing the whole scene as usual, a time he's a marrying justice who himself thoroughly scandalized.

It's only a routine close-up, though, we crave excitement. So on to Paramount, "Tropic Holiday," Ray and Dotty Lamour, Bob Burns and agagal Martha Raye.

before we know it, we're right in the thick of Old Mexico with señoritas calabazas as thick as flies around a very stable. Dorothy has swapped strong for a serape in this pleasant and musical tale of a Hollywood screenwriter who goes to Mexico hunt-story material and finds Dotty, who is fair enough, we'd say. Ray, of course, is the writing gent.

You're going to see Bob Burns in this a senator from Oklahoma, "The In's Choice," which sounds like trend to us, considering how much dough your made kidding Arkansas. There's a usual chase of Martha Raye, which is almost a Paramount picture stunt by now. But Martha goes a bullfighter.

The day we see her she's worried. A comedy scene, they're trying to catch her into fighting the bull. Martha Raye, "The sky too rough." Ray really doesn't look so well—little thin and peaked in places. When ask her if he's love, she says no—alkal, which doesn't make sense. She explains that she's allergic to alkali, I know, like some people are to thes, or carrots.

"Tropic Holiday," Paramount hopes, will be another "Waikiki Wedding," which made their biggest score at the box office last semester. If they don't ring the bell with it, they've got another are in "Cocconut Grove."

Before this one's over, they're being the paper-mâché monkeys half to death with cameras down at Hollywood's famous dance spot. But the day we take it, Fred MacMurray and Harriet Hilliard emote their big scene in a trailer camp over some bizzling frankfurters. It's pretty tender stuff and in one shot La Hilliard is supposed to lean off her perch and swoon delightfully into Fred's brawny arms. Her line is, "Darling!" Only she slips off for a bump and yells, "Ouch!" Not so romantic.

All the works Paramount can muster is slated for "Cocconut Grove." The Yacht Club Boys, Ben Blue, and Bufe Davis, Harry (Sweet Lei'lan'i) Owens, the Hawaiian twanger guy, serves the music with some special dreamy ditties to make it lush and lovely.

Fred tells us his wife, the former Lillian Langford, who has been under the weather entirely too long, is much, much better. They've just been away on a desert vacation to celebrate that and her birthday. And what do you think Fred gave his wife for a birthday present? A shotgun! He's teaching her to shoot skeet.

As for himself, he's been spending his spare hours practicing up on the clarinet. It used to be his racket but he hasn't played one since "Champagne Waltz" and he's lost his "lip," as we musicas fellers say.

They were supposed to do a clinic scene today, Fred explains, but it's out because he played the squeal-pipe so long he cracked his lip right in two.

"So I can't kiss Harriet," he says.

Harriet herself arrives up at this point, her arms akimbo and her eyebrows pinched.

"A fine thing!" she complains. "My big romantic moment arrives and the guy turns out to be just another musician with a cracked lip! I'm going back to my husband, Ozzie!"

Wouldn't you say this was Your Lucky Day if you found a way to win extra compliments—extra attention—extra admiration? A way that can bring out the sparkle in your hair—the dancing light in your eyes?

The prize I'm talking about is the one flattering shade of face powder that can create a new you... your one and only "lucky" color. For you know as well as do I that the wrong powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

Perhaps you're saying—"This doesn't concern me. My powder color seems all right." But are you sure? Are you certain you have found the face powder color that is 100% right for you—the one that is so true that it blends into your skin—so natural that it seems as if the color comes from within? The day you find that color will indeed be a lucky day for you. That's why I'm so anxious to have you try all 10 of my face powder colors. Because I am sure that your special color is among them.

My gift to you

I've helped many others, and I'll gladly help you, too. If you'll send me your name and address, I'll mail you all ten of the glorifying new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder free and postpaid.

When my gift arrives—try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then STOP at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours, see what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft and radiant I leave your skin!" See how the color seems so natural, so lifelike, so much a part of you.

Have you a lucky penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (42)

Lady Esther, 7118 West 66th Street, Chicago, I1.

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me you 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name.

Address.

City.

(State.

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
MANDARIN NAILS
Oriental Symbol of Aristocracy

Long, graceful nails that do not split or break, made possible by Nail-O-Wax - the genuine stimulating wax originated by Juliette Marglen.

... protects nails while they grow
... encourages growth of stronger, thicker nails

Juliette Marglen Nail-O-Wax, the special formula polish for Nail-O-Wax - not transparent - jewels for the fingertips, as applied in the famous Juliette Marglen Salon in Hollywood.

If your favorite shop does not as yet carry Nail-O-Wax, send $2.25 for introductory set (Nail-O-Wax, Wax-O-Namel, Special Remover). Indicate the shade of polish you now wear or prefer.

Name: ____________________________
Address: ____________________________

JULIETTE MARGLEN, Dept. 14, 8629 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California

Beauty Secrets Revealed

Sylvia of Hollywood has put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In No More Alibis you will find all of the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce fat from the hips, abdomen, breasts, arms, legs and ankles. You will learn how to acquire a firm lovely face, beautiful hands and feet and myriads of other Hollywood beauty secrets. Only $1.00 post-paid.

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WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT DUBBING?
BY EUGEN SCHARN

LETs take a look at that well-known American citizen, John P. (for Preposterous) Public who has been and still is bringing his dimes and quarters to his favorite neighborhood movie house, week in and week out, ever so faithfully. What would he say if, all of a sudden, producers began to engage actors and actresses he knows and likes, and then endowed these images with voices which in real life never have and never could have belonged to the actors and actresses?

Well, no doubt John Public wouldn’t like it. Would he let them know about it, out there in Hollywood? You bet your last couple of five passes that he would. Yet, this situation is exactly what European audiences all over the Continent contend with year in and year out. What is more—they like it! And what is still more—they asked for it!

It all started with the advent of dialogue. Hollywood was very busy at that time, what with former stars toppling over like straw dummies and a whole set of new troubles popping up right there at home. No wonder nobody in Hollywood had the time to pay much attention to the foreign field. Let Continental audiences take care of themselves was the slogan of the day.

Unhappily enough, they did so. As soon as they found out that their idols of the silver screen had merely become actors speaking in an alien tongue (said to be English but incomprehensible, whatever its name), well, within a very short time, French, German and Italian producers were offering a brand-new set of European stars, speaking the European public’s own language and doing their best to replace the fallen go Hollywood.

Rather unexpectedly, and, for wood, more than just fortunately, it did not work out. The European liked the local lads and gals but still yearned for the more finished Hollywood product and its more glittering dazzling stars. And as Hollywood was still too busy to take care of her full but neglected foreign public, distributors in Europe took thin their own hands and the “dubbing” industry was born.

At the beginning it was a rather leisurely, but today dubbing, the situation for the original dialogue (lack) of voices speaking another or local tongue, is prescribed by law in three European countries.

The procedure is somewhat interesting. First, the original, meaning the picture as made in America, is shown in one of the specialized houses in Paris or Berlin, or there still is a limited public of foreign picture fans. If the picture is a successful and the critics do not pan it too much, it is ordered to be dubbed. Six to eight weeks later it is available for national and provincial houses in its new, the dubbed version.

This is the process. The dialogue must be translated first and then well. In the early days, this used a rather crude job but today it is done in a satisfactory manner by highly specialized writers who are well paid for their efforts. Not for only do they to include the action and which were contained in the original script must also make their words con
were prevalent in the desert (Continued from page 66). In Bennett accentuated a basque frock with sharkskin with a sleeveless jacket of turquoise suisse with match-sleeves and bag (a handsome set crepe by Alma Duff of Los Angeles, can also be worn as an accessory to the coat). Brilliant color in the dreary days of winter are carefully handled by the distributing companies as are the star stars in Hollywood—even if the expenses, salaries are far from the same.

The early days of dubbing, which are but five years ago, it was impossible to hear the same French spoken for Garbo, Crawford and urn. Since then, however, the public has become more discerning and such practices have been curtailed.

Nowadays, the average stock company needs about ten days of rehearsal for a picture. Before they begin, the picture is taken apart and divided into 100 to 130 pieces of varying length. The average length of a piece is about 100 feet. It is continuously being run off: first in the rehearsal hall and then in the studio. The "actors" set the lines into microphones placed exactly as during the original shooting. After four or five days of "shooting" the dubbed version is ready. Final correction is left to the cutter, and in dubbing the business of cutting is often the most important job on hand. It also takes about six weeks to have a dubbed version ready for general consumption.

The slogan "An Old-Fashioned Artistic" mail, but in some countries their names appear on the programs and on the main title alongside those of the original actors. There is also one lonely case on record where dubbing led to another career, considered more legitimate: Lisl Huwel, a Viennese girl and pupil of Max Reinhardt's famous dramatic school, obtained her first theatrical engagement after it became known that she was the final choice for the German dubbing of Katharine Hepburn's "Mary of Scotland." Funny situations arise when well-known stars have been dubbed into their native tongue—many of them, Anthony Wallbrook for instance, prefer to do this work themselves rather than have somebody else speak for them.

An interesting situation will arise when Walt Disney starts his search for an international cast for the characters in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." It is planned to dub this picture into more than a dozen languages, including Swedish, Polish and Greek. But maybe we shouldn't call this work dubbing. After all, we'll have to admit that Mickey Mouse is the only star who is shown "dubbed" even in America. For some time there have been mice who chipped into radio mikes, but there are still none to speak their own lines on the screen.

FASHION LETTER

(Continued from page 66)

She predicts we will see an abundance of lapel watches, puffs that lace and tie around the ankle, beaded bags imitative of fine tapestries. So, watch for these whimsies that make life more amusing for the fashion-minded.

To complete the accessory picture, I want to write you about an interview with Lea Valley Fenton, who played the part of a lively young woman who makes her mark on the first day of her new job. Lea Valley plays the role that of a young attractive woman in every version of a fashionable designer's new line of shoes. Her creations, which do not include sport or play shoes, reveal individualized shoe for every costume.

Now a word about hats. I can't omit last minute news that John Frederics, a shoe designer in New York, is developing a new line of shoes that are comfortable and fashionable. The line of shoes now being made is called "Vanishing Powder." Mr. Frederics's emphasis is on the importance of natural straws. He believes that a straw hat is a part of the natural human attire and that it is fittingly treated with that suitably treated straw. He will be featured in his outstanding chapeaux on the fashion pages in a future issue.

That's all for now. Be with you again next month.
Then the panic of joy when at last she heard voices, knew that men and horses were breaking through the wheat; knew that her father...that at last he heard her call!

And after another eternity she was riding home in his arms, shadowy men and women ahead and behind, who lit fitfully streaking the dark, her mother waiting at the lane gate...the soft fields never looked silken or beautiful after that. And she felt just a little triumphant when the great revolving knuckles of the reapers and binders, the thick, lashing forward of the scis-sor sea! She felt a particular com-radeship too, with the men who, having felt the field at noon and night to eat at the long table in the ranch house kitchen.

She loved the horses, her mother remembers, the bay and sorrel aristocrats of the corrals, particularly since she was forbidden that territory. The gates between house and barns were kept care-fully closed, but tirelessly, three-year-old Myrna watched from the back porch, waiting her chance. And came the day! The open gate! And suddenly she shook her bow, blue pinafore, trotted down the lane. Her father called her. She kept right on going. He called again. She trotted still a little faster. He strode out of the house, reached up to a cotton-wood tree, and provided himself with a harmless weapon. She had never been punished, but evidently had somehow absorbed the general idea, for now a streak of blue gingham was on its way back to the house and in at the back door! Time, nothing flat!

"I can see her now," laughds handsome, wavy-haired L. and Alfalfa, "those feet of hers tearing for the door! I remember hoping, that for the sake of discipline, she didn't see her father's face, nor hear the roars of laughter that came up from the corral."

When winter snow and wind swept coldly across shining doors and windows, Myrna remembered two gray kit- ters, Timothy and Alfalfa. Behind the cook stove was a particularly pleasant space which the three of them shared. There she kept her slate, her picture books, her small red chair, and her star. For one little girl and two gray kittens, life was complete, and very satisfactory.

Sometimes when she would close her eyes...she and her Dad would go hunting. En-circling the Valley were the foothills, rising to rugged mountains, dark patches of scrub forest below, purple and steel-blue shadows above. And in the foothills, growing close to the ground, showing brightly through the snow, grew kinnie-ka-nik, scarlet berries and waxen leaves. So they would go hunting, L. and Myrna and her tall Dad, for jay rabbits and kinnie-ka-nik.

She remembers the sharp, startling split of the gun, the bounding track of the echo which was mountains, down the canyons, her strange, half-frightened consciousness of the little mound in her father's hands, a sack which she knew to be a dead rabbit.

Then they would fill her hunting sack with green leaves and red berries; and be the happy little girl the trip home at dusk, the ranch house in the valley, lights in the windows, a thread of smoke from the chimney. They walked, without knowing why, with their wild white eyes, they were now following the footprints she and her Dad had made in the snow!

With springtime came the unbelievable loveliness of the orchards. Winter, the long, cool, shady, sneezing lanes between the basketfuls of apples trundled to the sheds to be graded and packed. And through the miles of trees, from spring to fall, and behind Myrna solved her Dad, would look seriously a oyster-shell or blight on the trees, quick to discover if she were it instead of going-on-five.

Far out over the range wandered cattle and horses wearing the brand of "W" for Williams. David, Della and Myrna, but in and barns were the milk cows, and awa on the kitchen table. 15 for a basketful of milk, on those left from ye-terday the satin cream ready to be lift in the skimmer.

And every night before bedtime, on the best hour of the day. In the kitchen perch on a particular high stool Myrna was served a particular bit, a china bowl full of milk and crisp cra-cers; served with her mother's compli-attention, this the one hour of eve-day when the little girl and her mother belonged to each other, this one memory Myrna Loy cherishes most of all.

After crackers and milk came go- night to the kitchen, the trip upstair preparation for bed, prayers, the big blown out; then how the routine was made with Mother, the stair door was oun, and up of the parker would float the gentle sounds of piano and violin.

One of the ranch hands was a Ger- count, a violinist. With a love of music, a hatred of war, he had requested for con-scription in the German army.

Myrna would listen to Grieg, God and aank in the car, but not present-ly a could no longer follow them.

But to a drowsy little girl the reali-zation never came that sleep was stolen over her. Instead there was always very certain feeling that the stairs we growing higher and higher, the ball b-ween the stairs grew longer and longer, the music by its conjury, taken farther and farther awa

Every morning, in nightgown and bath robe, she would sing. And was for perfectly convinced, that this time it was really happened.

In later years she heard the great Pablo Casals play the "Barcarolle."

"I have a funny feeling about the music," said she to her mother. "I fe as though I have always known it."

Her mother smiled a little, thinking a trundle bed, a sleepy little girl, a quiet lamp-lit parlor of a lonely far umbrella house.

"Perhaps you have always known it, she said.

In Myrna's sixth year it was decided that the family should move into Helena, which was fifty miles away. Cattle, horses, Montana blue-joint hay would still be Dave Williams' business, but Myrna would become a√ the accumulate land (at the time owned five thousand acres), but for her wife and baby daughter, "home" would mean.

Here were completely new thrills to the little girl from Crow Creek Valley; but without knowing, with, with her father a closer to her than even ever before, she was lonely.

She remembers, sometimes the wild look of the range; the open spaces, the dis- tart road, but not until the summer sh was nine, and went back, a barefoot...
At Grandmother's there was always a big shiny apple for me at bedtime,” she said, her voice so soft I had to listen well to hear it, “and she'd tell me stories about Scotland. She'd left her little sister Mary there. A family named Kennedy had brought Grandmother to America. When they went to Glasgow again they wanted Mary. But the answer was... "You took one of the bairns and she never came back. You can't take Mary!"

Myrna Loy's first grief was the death of this grandmother of the quiet house and the bright bonnets. She turned for particular companionship, then, to her grandpa, finding him usually at his special desk, with his special pipe, usually discussing with some rancher a plan for experimental farming, irrigation, improvement of the soil, or preservation of the grazing lands. Here at his desk Myrna remembers him best, always kind, understanding, ready to listen to problems, always tolerant, helpful and generous.

"He had a real talent for living," she told me with affectionate pride. "And he did it so well! Ours was such a gay house, always good times, always guests at our table, Dad a perfect host. As I remember it, it seems like holiday festivities only that we had it all the time! Tall cakes on high dishes, lots of puddings and roasts, my father making everybody glad to be there."

But there were quiet times too, just "family." Myrna's father at his desk, her Mother with the mending basket in the sunny dining-room window which was a garden of potted flowers, her roly-poly little brother tumbling on the floor.

With the advent of "The Bluebird," Myrna began instigating and directing neighborhood performances which she also authored from her fairy books. Considering herself far from a beauty, she modestly allotted herself only those roles requiring the least looks, playing therefore, in "The Sleeping Beauty," not the heroine but the Witch of Act One, the Prince of Act Two.

Her costume for the latter impersonation was a pair of black bloomers, her mother's willow-plumèd hat and silk stockings, with, for a collar, the accordion-pleated paper lamp shade. But upon her appearance in this entirely appropriate disguise, a relative in Row 1, afforded himself a giggle! Myrna's response was instant, a one-line speech delivered with a prompt closing of the curtains.

"If that's how you feel about it," she said, "there won't be any show!"

She doesn't remember much about school. She never could see much reason for it. Her memory of lessons and teachers is only that she missed most of the answers she was supposed to supply.

She found great joy in dreaming, little in learning, and during her eleventh year, heard with as keen triumph as she ever recalls, the family decision that during her father's next term in the Legislature, school might be forgotten while she, her mother and David Jr., traveled to La Jolla, California.

A village by the sea, rugged coast line, barren rocks, tawny shore, restless tide, Myrna's first acquaintance with the great Pacific!

A strange new distance here, white sails against the sky, gray gulls, the scurrying sandpipers on the silk, wet sand her only playmates, for there were no children nearby.

But here Myrna found a companion whose friendship she immediately accepted as a smile of Providence. A fisherman, as rugged as the coast itself, a "Dan Peggotty" of So'wester and oil-
skins, a gentleman whose name, so
Myrna reported to her mother, was
Cap'n Mr. Klein. He had built a house on
the road down to the beach against his
to the sea. Plants, eels, lobsters,

He was a great pal," Myrna Loy told
me, "and the tide would go out. I could still feel
and something was brought
out. Of "Nobody"

Larvex Larvex
den, cure-all. Turning
mothproofs are
sprayer. Is

eye-training,
collaboration
been
startling,
The them
preparing
to
died!

"Have you heard what old Mr. Fin
cross the road to the doc's office, to her
good friend Cap'n Mr. Klein.

She wasn't however, on her way to
Bellagio to Los Angeles, where they
visited for several weeks, and during
which time, instead of school, she
studied dancing with Ruth St. Dennis.

And so was it with Myrna's mother,
for it was a new and pronounced sign of tal-
and this time so much of it that
when the family was once more together
at the old mansion where her father had
turbed about it. He had wanted her
to study dancing. He wanted her to have

But his was an old-fash-
ionable America. He had never dreamed of such a
ting "professional ideas," or that in
his daughter's hair, little Myrna Williams should
be publicly presented, as had happened
last week, at a theater. There had been
enough after encores. A flushed and
radiant little girl had gone to bed
that night with a more vivid dream than
ever. And the next day her Dad had
come home from town, had hung him
on the hall post, had come into the sit-
ting room behaving just as he did when
there was a big project afoot in the val-
ley!

"Mother," he had said seriously,
"everybody in town is talking about
Myrna!"

"You mean . . . they liked her dancing?"
Mrs. Williams had asked him.

"Yes, they had noticed. I don't know
what to do about it!"

"You can't do anything about it, Da-
vil!" Myrna Williams had told him.

"Myrna dances well. She loves to do it.
People are asking her to dance every-
where, and what would you do about it?"

"She's my daughter! She's a Williams," her
Dad had said. "Nobody in our fam-
ily has ever done such a thing! I can't
understand."

"But in a trunk in the attic is a pink
satin dress," Myrna's mother had smiled.

"It was once made for a concert tour! After all, David, she's your daughter too"

So Myrna kept on dancing, loving it
more and more, having only one dream,
to be a star. It was what the theater world
thought she was to be an actress, but certain
now that dancing would be the begin-
ing.

After the dancing school she worked early
and late, learned everything anyone
could teach her. In the Public Library
she read all the theatrical information
she could find, absorbed all she could
about costumes, stage mechanics, suc-
cesses, failures, try outs, opportunities.
She felt a kindred spirit in her mother.
Though she had not yet talked all this
over with the mother she knew most of
her life and had no intention of
ion here. But her ingenuity was com-
pletely stumped by the attitude of her
dad. He knew everything about her.
No misunderstanding had ever come
between them. She couldn't bear that
should. She didn't want to hurt him, or
displease him or make him afraid. So she
as was she that she meant to
the dance into her future, as
she was sure of tomorrow's surprise!

Now, at thirteen, she wore a coronet
of braids like her Grandmother Ann.
There had been an occasional talk about her,
something she could feel but couldn't define.
She was tall for the seventeen-year-old, as,
talented for thirteen.

And one day she was invited to dance
the yearly Elks' show, the theatrical
event of the season. So here again was
something to dream about. And it was
a dream filled with joy until a day which
brought the surprise and heartbeat of
her Dad's announcement that . . .

wouldn't be there!

"Have you heard what old Mr. Fin
\new things?"

"I've been to the movies today,
and as though he wished he were not so personally con-
cerned. The new little town has ever done such a thing before! Even though the shows on Saturday
night, he's going to close his department store.
I'm afraid she's headed for a career . . .

And he wasn't. But his daughter
danced and stopped the show. She
took bow after bow. She received round
upennings from her Dad ...

But at the finish discovered that a gener-
ous portion of it had come from the wings
where, would the show the way act which had been imported for
the evening.

Dressed to "work" in the next number
Mr. Eddie Stevens took a good look at
the breathless little girl just out of the
spotlight. He put his hand on her arm
and daintied her.

"Kid, you're all right," he said warmly.

"With that pair a feet you ought to
hit the big time! Look . . . why don't
you take back with you now how
you where they hide the contracts?"

He winked broadly. And three
younger girls did sing a song for him.
He was easy to talk to ... and
interested. Very interested.

Another member of the act came out of
the dressing room.

"Nice little dancers they've got here,
Bootsy," said Eddie. "She could step into the shoes now! I'm afraid she
wouldn't have time to unspack her
trunk!"

In the wings everyone was crowding
around, waiting for little Myrna Wil-
liams, but still Eddie detained her.

Her name is used to few persons. She's
lil Bluebird."

She wore bright blue acrobatics pleats, gauzy feathered
wings, blue shoes, a tiny blue mask.
On these sides she was the picture of a
high-school girl in top hats and
checked minuitet suits, stepping breezily
ealous. . . . The mimic of the Robert E. Lee," Eddie Stevens ready
to follow, a sunflower in his orange lapel.

"Look," he said, "it means about you. Why
should anybody dance like this . . .

In Montana. We've got a good act. Pien-
yville." We're going to Montana at 2:46
tonight after the show and Maurice's
shoving, to jump into Hollywood.
hen the girl in the act is my wife. We
have you East on Maurice's ticket.
We've got a week in Chicago at the Hippo-

Dome and you can step into Mas-
spot. I know you're just a kid . . .
there's a couple of kids dancers
names . . . Fred and Adele Ardelt,
and you can give 'em cards and . . .
If you want to go . . . see me at

He picked up the rhythm of the new
"Think it over," he said, and gr

pared.

Little Myrna Williams was at
home in a bewildermor of emo-
Her mother was very proud of
her. Dad's chair was cosippically by the
desk whick she had to be 
congratulate her . . . to con-
grate her mother and her
dad. In the gay little wings which
bore her to the skies high up in the
daisys . . .

Mr. Eddie Stevens! Chicago! The
podriome! Maudie's spot! Her dress
closed, eyes, then carefully got
in. A Broadway contract so she
wouldn't have time to unspack
trunk! . . . but she wouldn't need a tr
Just the little suitcase in which she
taken her Bluebird costume to the
Even. Tonight the even case, the Maudie
gave her Daddy's trunk to pack! And there was no use for
her father to change his mind.

that he had gone away rather than
her dance . . . she knew there was
use for her Father's trunk in the end. He always did.

David Jr. who had been allowed stay
up was getting silently into Mother's
room, climbed into the bed. . . .
out, put out the upper lights.

"Now hurry to bed, dear," she
and stopped for a quick good-night
and pulled her bright dress down to
right to sleep. Mother was
of you!

The "Bluebird" dropped her around her
eyes and flew over the desk where Grandfather Jo-
sen's carving of oak leaves.

"Dearest Mother," she wrote,
ning away with the act that came
for the show. Don't worry. I'm tak
the $5.00 you gave me for my birth-
It's all I need till I begin dancing,
Chicago and New York . . .

The sky was a cloudy
Outside on the corner the street
was out now. Down the street, by
turn, all the lights were out,
the little girls go to sleep.

Little Myrna Williams dropped
Bluebird dress into the open suite.
And from her closet quietly, winged to the
deck where the desk which here Grandfather Jo-
sen's carving of oak leaves.

Eddie Stevens changes My
Log's career? Her strange her-
the real truth about her early
days Hollywood—and then she meets Radio
Valentine. I'll let you hear the brilliant second instalment of My
Log's story—next month in Priscia's Don't Miss it.
Brief Reviews (Continued from page 6)

FILM FLYERS—K-Ro Radio

Loder and Westminster's favorable performance as the team is one of their greatest pictures. The part is still quite different, with the screen's ability to show off its poetry and its fame. It's for the family. (Fam.)

ITING A NEW HIGH—K-Ro Radio

If you pass this fine new comedy to a good group of friends, you will get a lot of appreciation. It is an ambitious picture of Dr. H. H. Brown, who is an important figure with an often humorous talent to black or white audiences. Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss Miss 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PHOTOPLAY'S RETAIL STORE DIRECTORY

PHOTOPLAY fashions on pages 58 and 59 of the Fashion Section in this issue are available to readers at these stores.

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BYRON HOLLYWOOD MODES—(Continued)

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— Stops Perspiration

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This strong, practical rule helps to keep the proper climate for the dressing of Nosh. It contains 200 tablets of strength.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

EXERCISE AND LIKE IT

Once again Bernarr Macfadden leads the way. Now he offers you men and women a simple method for regaining youthful vigor...a definite plan for increasing your personal beauty. In his great new book, Exercise and Like It, Bernarr Macfadden shows you how to reach out and pluck the greatest rewards which life has to offer. Make no mistake about this book—it is not an exercise drill book, but a not a dry discourse on health. It's alive...its every page contains priceless information—information which will transform men into dynamo's of energy-information which will develop active in adults. The price of this powerful, new 156-page book, containing over 500 illustrations, is but $1.00. If not obtainable from your bookseller, send one dollar to address below and book will be sent to you postage prepaid.

MACFADDEN BOOK COMPANY

Dept. P-5, 203 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y.
How Grant Took Hollywood

(Continued from page 22)

he traded the car in. The difference in his present—annonymously—to a relief bureau.

At the moment, Cary and Randy Scott are resting Constance Talbidge's morning at the Atlantic dining place with a gin and Ping-pong tables and the ocean literally pouting in the room. The life these two live down there is as full of surprises as an English plum pudding, for Cary follows no schedule, except his own. If he decides to stay up all night, he's up. What's to do if you have a lot more fun that way, you usually don't think about it, as long as you stay up all the time. Is he actually hungry, he's not, regardless of the hour. Regular meal times have no place on Cary's calendar. I suppose I got that way from the old times when I didn't know what was coming from, is the way he explains it, sweating up that left eyebrow of his.

The life, naturally, it drives Cary a little wild. She and Henry, both ebony-hued and hefty, run the Grant-Scott household and threaten to leave three times a week to save back the rent. As a matter of fact, you couldn't bribe them away. A seaward writer tried it once, but Cary said he could do without them. He's east of the sun and moon, Mary only shrugged. "Ah'll be thinkin' all the time of what we'll do, but mark my word, we'll do something," she said.

"Of course, Mary admits, "he's the most forgettin' man I've ever known!" She's invited fifteen people to dinner and did he remember to tell Mary about it? He didn't.

Around nine, the guests, in formal attire, began to arrive. Cary was still at the studio. When he arrived home he found them milling about, eating all the nuts and candy in the house—and Mary on the point of apology.

"What the heck!" said Cary. "You can have to eat 365 days in the year. Where you eat isn't so important as long as you do." And he bustled the crowd about the house, saying, "For once he has his checkbook along.

CARY never has cash with him. It's always in his other trousers. You know that No, 1 Embarrassing Moment when Young-Man-Out-On-A-Day dives into his pants and can't find it in every pocket. Mr. Grant has learned to meet that situation with an amazing amount of aplomb. It happens to him so often. As a rule, he simply reaches for a cigarette and signals the head waiter. But sometimes the signals won't work.

At that little Russian café, for example, where he went with Phyllis Brooks a short time ago, the h.o.'s, didn't know him like Carie Cr-runt, yes, but impostors, they are too-thick in Hollywood.

Cary made a free for and he had the fiercest black mustache in captivity. Cary didn't argue long. He telephoned Randy—but he wasn't home. He frantically called, "Stand-by, Mal Mason, only to find that he'd gone to the fights.

"Cary, there's more!" shouted the mustached one. "You run up the telephone bill on top the check."

For the sake of the Volga bearman, just one more call," pleaded Cary. This time he got the prop man on his picture. "Jim," said the strangely bearded bearman, "I'm too busy to do the dance.

"You can lend me four bucks?"

Among his pals Cary is the "Granny professor," Not, however, for any academic reasons. It all dates back to that time aboard the Argonaut, when he first started crossing the Atlantic. It was Cary's idea to go in full evening dress minus his shirt. Then Cary got to thinking of a new vaudeville gag.

When he entered the bathroom he saw the eyebrows shot up, the startled expression. A chill premonition came over him. He looked down. It wasn't his shirt he was minus. It was his pant's pocket.

JUST the other evening, Cary showed up at the Countess di Frasso's swank party in faultless Fifth Avenue tails, top hats and all. It's a gift.

Irresponsible young blade, Delightful but quite mad. Yes, indeed. That's one view of Cary. But don't let it fool you. He drives the shrewdest bargain with the studio of any actor in Hollywood. As one producer put it, "Grant won't sing anything longer than a three or three-picture contract, but he gets everything into that contract but the bathroom window. The man should be a lawyer yet!"

He has earned his own living since he was thirteen years old. He's learned through the hard way of hard knocks that life is too serious to take seriously. It needs to be flavored with nonsense.

Cary puts up his own home, pays his laundry, cooks his meals, and washes his clothes. Cary makes three-picture deals, takes his own pairwise, and pays his secretary's mother on her birthday; collecting the funny papers each Sunday to mail to a kid brother back in England (he hasn't forgotten that once in all the time he's been in the United States); planning a circus party for the children of all the crew on his picture.

He worked out this circus party to the last item with Mal, his stand-in. "I can't get off, but you can and your wife can, and I'll go along with you and look after the kids."

He hired a couple of buses, figured out a schedule for the day, got tickets and had his agent pick up youngsters all the way from Highland Park to Southgate and he wanted those kids deposited at the circus at exactly the time they'd have to pick up. And they were tired. The kids were told that about three o'clock he got worried. "Look, Mal, I'll look after the kids."

You go to the circus and see that everything is all right."

But he just can't remember important things.

The day before Mal was to take his first screen test over at Universal, Cary and Phyllis Brooks spent three hours coaching him, going over every line. He had to pick up youthfuller they are all the way from Highland Park to Southgate and he wanted those kids deposited at the circus at exactly the time they'd have to pick up. And they were tired. The kids were told that about three o'clock he got worried. "Look, Mal, I'll look after the kids."

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You go to the circus and see that everything is all right."

But he just can't remember important things.
The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 49)

FAIRLY

THE JURY'S SECRET—Universal

A COURTROOM trial furnishes the
tools for this mild little effort at
providing drama plus entertainment.
There is little drama and less entertain-
ment. When juror Kent Taylor refuses
to return a guilty verdict, the trial is a
complete fairly competent cast. Don't
break any blood vessels getting to this.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR—Monograph

You'll find this a neat package of en-
tertainment dealing with the inside
workings of a telephone exchange. Judith
Allen and Alice White are two telephone
operators who risk their lives to
remain at their posts when the dam
breaks. Grant Withers and Warren
Hymen, two linemen who are constantly
fighting, help out when disaster threat-
ens. It's exciting, but it's adequate "B" material.

START CHEERING—Columbia

Brightly as a new penny, this novel col-
legiate musical tells the story of a movie
star, Charles Starrett, who gives up fame and wealth to attend a university.
Its manager, Walter Connolly, and
tooge, Jimmy Durante, make every
effort to lure Starrett back to the movies,
and he accepts. When the other col-
lege lads, who resent the handsome ac-
tor, succeed in driving him away, it
takes Joan Peach, the deep's lovely
daughter, to bring him back. Hal LeBoy
dances, Gertrude Niesen sings.

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY—
20th Century-Fox

Be advised not to believe a word of this
dismal pseudo-portrait of Broadway. It
picturizes six careers of six Dorothy Lamour
characters. The first one to come to
New York; two die miserably, one goes to jail, one runs away with a
crook. When, at last, Claire Trevor sur-
vives and also gets Michael Whalen you
are too depressed to care. Loose script-
ing and very casual direction are
 plainly evident.

THE RANGERS ROUNDUP—Stan Laurel

Another singing cowboy, a troubad-
our of the plains, rides into the public's
eye with an unprecedented burst of Western. Fred Scott, the warbling cow-
hand, shares honors with Christine Mc-
foy, whose lovely voice sings dig-
sightly. The threadbare plot, of good
men tracking down bad ones, with sev-
eral blood and thunder battles thrown in,
is incidental to the musical part
of that funny man Stan Laurel turns
producer in this one. At St. John offers
several comic turns.

RADIO CITY REVELS—RKO-Radio

HOLLYWOOD has put out another mu-
sical and it's known as it. With lots of music
and some gags, and a good deal of danc-
ing, and no story; but you will pay your
money, laugh a bit, hum the tunes after-
ward, and then forget the whole thing within ten minutes. Kenny Baker
croons; Bob Burns makes noises on his
banjo; Jack Oakie romps airily about,

Are Ill-fitting Shoes
Undertaking Your Health?

Corns, bunions, callouses are the uncom-
tortable outward signs of badly-fitting
shoes. But the real danger of improper
footwear is far more far-reaching and seri-
ous. Permanent ill-health, diminished
physical and mental power, loss of
beauty, premature old age, pellagra, and
general failure in health and strength are
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wondering just what is wrong with you,
and are looking for a solution to your
problem, Foot Troubles. This book will
only be the beginning. It will also go a long way toward helping you to
reach the normal health that is your birthright. Use the coupon be-
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Entirely at your risk, and with the understand-
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THE RUGS ROUNDUP—Stan Laurel

Another singing cowboy, a troubad-
our of the plains, rides into the public's
eye with an unprecedented burst of Western. Fred Scott, the warbling cow-
hand, shares honors with Christine Mc-
foy, whose lovely voice sings dig-
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is incidental to the musical part
of that funny man Stan Laurel turns
producer in this one. At St. John offers
several comic turns.

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HOLLYWOOD has put out another mu-
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and some gags, and a good deal of danc-
ing, and no story; but you will pay your
money, laugh a bit, hum the tunes after-
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banjo; Jack Oakie romps airily about,

Are Ill-fitting Shoes
Undertaking Your Health?

Corns, bunions, callouses are the uncom-
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footwear is far more far-reaching and seri-
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general failure in health and strength are
traceable to this source. If you are
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Entirely at your risk, and with the understand-
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FRENCH CURSE.)

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For every dollar spent for this course you
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will gain will stand you in good stead in
any line of work. Most of the students take
up a new vocation. Any age, anywhere—
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WHOLESALE TO ALL

Prices Right

ADVERTISE YOUR OWN BUSINESS

CITY

STATE

The Honolulu Bulletin

Hawaii Calls—RKO-Radio

The red, sweet voice of small, b rapidly growing, Bobby Brown
nates this saccharine travelogue to hi Islands. It's a wail who smug his
down a Hawaiian dance, and by
shadows, the villains who want Ofi
Warren Hul's naval plans. Ned Spar
out with gold of heart, is a
most amusing, you will like "The
Where the Trade Winds Blow" and
title song.

PENITENTIARY—Columbia

Another somber drama of prison li
this, nevertheless, is a vivid comment on the
Disturbing character of the Dyer.
Attorney Walter Connolly sends
Howard to prison and later, as wa
has no wish to set the boy free,attempts
to return Howard prefers to live by a new
just! The amateur tries to get the
prison code. Jean Parker, as Connolly
daughter, and Robert Barrat are a
pup. Travelling too is done by Connoll

LOVE, HONOR AND BEHAVE—Warner's

With the exception of Priscilla Lane
tholic portrayal of a modern young
or to make a man of a branch, in
Rome, this is unimpressive. Wayne Morris is the
daughter to be a "good sport" in the movie, but the material is not the
the unprepared for the rigors of 1938's p
lems. Cheaper production overall
several good performances, among 
Arnie Baruch's is the most spirited

THE BELVEDERE BLAT—Warner's

A sadly uncanny story of a young
named Snudly, who has escaped from 
noel, rebellious brute into a sweet at 
normal child by the kindness of Dol
Ward Lammore, who in turn is 
Natalie Moorhead and Donald Cr "po 
Bonita's wealthy parents, who are 
to be too busy giving her any atento 
picture is a yarn.
**MERCALIZED WAX CREAM**

*UK.*

Mercalized Wax Cream makes the surface skin
**Keep your skin Young-looking.**

Mercalized Wax Cream makes the surface skin tiny, visible particles. Revers the age, and it

smooth, young looking undiscovered. This simple, all-

in one manner the world over. Bring out the

Before you are beautified by your skin with Mercalized Wax Cream, use

**Use Talc**

This tingly, antiseptic astrignent is delightfully exhilarating and exhilarating in one-pint wax hazel and apply.

For quickly removing superfluous hair from face. Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

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**MERONIZED WAX CREAM**

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Merolized Wax Cream thickens the surface skin tiny, visible particles. Revers the age, and it

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Before you are beautified by your skin with Merolized Wax Cream, use

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For quickly removing superfluous hair from face. Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

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**APPENDIX**

- **Bleach**
- **Talc**
- **Merolized Wax Cream**
- **Use Talc**
- **This tingly, antiseptic astrignent is delightfully exhilarating and exhilarating in one-pint wax hazel and apply.**
- **For quickly removing superfluous hair from face. Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.**
Only PHOENIX takes this extra step!

Vita-Bloom

a secret process* that restores life to silk...gives you hosiery that is sheerer looking yet longer wearing—at no extra cost!

*PATENTS PENDING

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YOU'RE SURE OF YOURSELF IN PHOENIX

PHOENIX
Vita-Bloom HOSIERY
Beech-Nut Gum with you in hand adds pleasure to every trip...to your nerves when traffic is thick, to your throat's moisture and helps you stay awake and alert when driving at night.

Beech-Nut Gum with a purpose gives your mouth the treasured benefit of chewing gum benefits—beneficial exercise of the gums and teeth. Oralgene is specially made for you. It is firm, "chewy" in the mouth, and refreshing to the senses.

Opening day—and every day—

BEECH-NUT GUM

is the password to pleasure

3 KINDS OF BEECHIES

A package full of candy-coated individual pieces of gum—in three flavors—Peppermint, Pepsin and Spearmint—select the kind you like best.

"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

Oralgene helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking...is a real aid for mouth health.
HERE are the facts! Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts, Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes put together. These men are auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen. They deal with all, but are not connected with any manufacturer. They know tobacco from A to Z... and they smoke Luckies... 2 to 1!

Remember that every Lucky Strike gives you the throat protection of the exclusive process, "It's Toasted." This process removes certain harsh irritants present in all tobacco, and makes Lucky Strike a light smoke—easy on your throat.
THE TEST THAT WILLIAM POWELL DARED FACE
APE INTO ENCHANTMENT By TEMPLE BAILEY
Let's
Look at her

From shining hair to shapely ankles—she's smart.
A man would say: "Isn't she good-looking?"
A woman: "How well she chooses clothes, and how clever she is about her hosiery."

For styles may come and go—but trim ankles remain always the fundamental of smartness.

Davencrepes by Humming Bird have become America's High Fashion Hosiery because women who know this simple secret of dress, insist on them, remain faithful to the stores that sell them.

Accenting smartly, slimming cleverly, Humming Birds are preferred for their lively color, exceptional fit, and for the Invisible Extra silk that makes them both sheer and durable.

Just Out! A BOOK YOU’LL TREASURE
Because it teaches you to make the most of your figure, McClelland Barclay and Sheri Ames have written a book that every woman should have who would dress well on a moderate budget. 10c per copy from your Humming Bird dealer, or send the coupon to

DAVENPORT HOSIERY MILLS
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE
Enclosed please find 10c for my copy of "How to STAY in STYLE"

Name
Address
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I was averaging $45.00 a Week as a Saleswoman...

At twenty-six I had worked myself up to be the best saleswoman in an exclusive women's shop. Two of the wealthiest women in town were my customers and because of their patronage I was averaging $15 a week. Sylvia, whom I disliked, approached my record.

**suspected dirty work...**

I rived a few seconds late one morning to find my two best customers practically buying out the store—and leaving from it! Why hadn't they waited for me? They greeted me coldly, but greetings don't pay my expenses. I immediately suspected Sylvia of trickery; I lost my head and my temper and...

**winning back my Business and my Boy Friend...**

That was my trouble—my breath—the very thing I noticed in other saleswomen. That night I started using Listerine—it's the best deodorant there is.

**7** Next day I called up Mrs. W— and Mrs. J—; apologized, and begged them to come back—to give me another chance. And, bless their hearts, they came! "We wanted to suggest Listerine Antiseptic for your trouble," they said, "but it seemed so personal. You've had your lesson."

**8** My next problem was Ned. No wonder he had been indifferent. I "came clean" to him also, and now we're billing and cooing again—thanks to Listerine Antiseptic. We'll announce our engagement soon.

**LATER**

AN EMPLOYMENT MANAGER SAYS:

NO CUSTOMER WANTS TO DEAL WITH A SALESPERSON WHOSE BREATH IS BAD. KNOWING LISTERINE TO BE THE OUTSTANDING BREATH DEODORANT, WE SUGGEST ITS USE TO ALL EMPLOYEES. NO GIRL...NO MAN...IN CONTACT WITH THE PUBLIC SHOULD RUN THE RISK OF BAD BREATH

LISTERINE for HALITOSIS (bad breath)
Out of the inferno of war came three men and a woman—to live their lives, to strive for happiness, to seek love... The most heart-touching romance of our time, brilliantly re-created upon the screen, from the world-renowned novel by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front".

ROBERT
TAYLOR
SULLAVAN
FRANCHOT
RÔBERT
TONE
YOUNG

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Vivid Drama of Today

Three Comrades

with GUY KIBBEE • LIONEL ATWILL • HENRY HULL

A FRANK BORZAGE Production • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE • Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

Screenplay by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edward E. Paramore
PHOTOPLAY
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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Many Moods

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Presenting some eligible bachelors "at home"

Complete Cuts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

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VOL. LII, No. 6, JUNE, 1938
**ACTION FOR SLANDER—Korda-United Artists**
Thirteen years in the making—Playing an English army man, he falls in love with a brother officer's wife, is accused of being a double black sheep, loses his military rank, and his whole world crumbles around him. Film direction allows exceptional suspense and a speculative cast assist. Roy Britten and co. (April)

**ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists**
A treasured and magnificent mosaic of the Venetian duchess who opened the trade routes between India and the 13th Century. Goring, Greer Garson, and Olivier are magnificent. Laurence Naish, Alan Hale, Binnie Barnes and others. Humor and excitement in millions of incredible beauty. Directed by Reinhardt. (April)

**ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER, THE—Selznick-United Artists**
Two little stars, Tommy Kelly and Ann Gillis, once more prove David Selznick’s discovery of Freddie Bartholomew, a genius in the same select company. The wholesome village life of 1845 is faithfully and beautifully reproduced in Technicolor with Hay Petrie (Walter Brennan), Lee Faye (Mary Boland), and Blackey Foot (Jackie Moran), are all here. Need we say more? (April)

**ARSENE LUPIN RETURNS—M-G-M**
The gall of Melvyn Douglas as the renowned French Rouget creates the background for the anticipated story of a murder. With the aid of Warren William, Douglas outwits the genius of his heart, Veronica Lake, thus he is innocent of stealing her bubbles. Averett. (April)

**BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE—M-G-M**
Under the superintendence of the bandit, this equality rung tale of the early Western had man. Wally Bersey hasn’t been so good since "Five Villas," and Dona Drake as the sin who never recognized his father in the killer, will give Gary Cooper a run for his money some day. Veronica Lake, Gary Cooper, Lew Ayres and Bruce Calhoun are superb. Good. (March)

**BARONESS AND THE BUTLER, THE—20th Century-Fox**
A sophisticated study, built around a domestic’s attempts to get elected to Parliament in Hungary. He succeeds and becomes Prime Minister in the European parliament, which is actually directed by Bill Powell, Annabella, Henry Stephenson and Joseph Schildkraut. The action and romance are much better than the story material. (May)

**BELOVED BRAT, THE—Warners**
A sadly unnecessary story of a spoiled, rebellious child’s transformation into a lovable, lovable. The kindness of a reform school superintendent. Brenda Granville, Dolores Costello, Natalie Moorhead, and Donald Cargill are in the cast, but the picture is a dud. (May)

**BIG BROADCAST OF 1938, THE—Paramount**
Offering a diversity of entertainment, this elaborate vaudeville brings back L. C. Fields to the screen after a two year’s absence. Kay Kellner, June Lang, the famous radio star, Charles Butterworth, "Battle Cry" Tito Guizar, Tere Spanish, Nils Asther, Ben Blue, Donnie Brooks and Shirley Ross direct, but the whole show falls next to Fields. (May)

**BLACK DOLL, THE—Universal**
Six months have passed since the disappearance of the cast, this is the latest of the Crime Club series. It deals with the attempts of C. Henry Gordon to capture a burglar, and his own extermination by the bees. Nan Grey is lyrical, Donald Woods is backboned, Edgar Kennedy is2 slightly leathered. (May)

**BLUEBEARD’S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount**
Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper in a tinkle, highly amusing comedy, very much a man’s picture. Lathams with his usual gay trick. Cooper, believes in his, has had a week before he marries a simple peasant girl, the innovation becomes the eighth and leads him a merry chase. David Niven and R. E. Hurst are excellent, and Shirley Ross plays the.fx Miss Mone, make this a magnificently funny picture. (May)

**BRINGING UP BABY—RKO-Radio**
This chronicles the case of a young heiress after a stay collector of tins for a purpose, and her problem is held in a baby painter on a Connecticut farm. Kate Hargrave and Gary Cooper give their performances well, but they are no match for Charles Ruggles as a big, gawky sonater, and above all, the leopard skin which makes this film. May be再造 these, make this a magnificently funny picture. (May)

**BUCCANEER, THE—Paramount**
With a story set in American History, an exception-able cast, lively production and some delightful photography, this is a story of passion on a Spanish and a youthful attitude. Jim Colton and Anthony Quayle as pirate Jean Lutens’s life and pathetic efforts on behalf of the U.S. during the War of 1812. Fredric March, Frances Dee (Paramount’s new little Hungarian star), and notably Hugh Sothern as Andrew Jackson are knockouts. Don’t miss this for any-thing. (March)

**CHANGE OF HEART—20th Century-Fox**
Based on three stories set in Los Angeles, one left out of a misguided executive, the result is oddly entertaining. Gloria Stuart is the girl who sees Cap, tommy arm McCarty, Michael Whalen is the one who profits by the experiment. Two-hurt material. (April)

**CHECKERS—20th Century-Fox**
A detective story about a man who en-genders the romance between Una Merkel and Stuart Erwin. When the horse is a big, and Una плохо in the blandishments of the town banker, Miss Ditty, Wuther steps in and does her stuff. (April)

**DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI—Paramount**
Anna May Wong emotes in the U. S. Government’s campaign to capture the last of the Chinese racket, on the Pacific coast, and contributes considerably to a tense picture. Bernard Holland, John Carradine and Leonard Hayford have outstanding roles. Just another movie. (March)

Presenting Dick Powell in a kippee mood, equipped with steer, ranch regalia and yodel—all for the sake of Warner Brothers’ new semi-musical, “Cowboy from Brooklyn”

**DIVORCE OF LADY X, THE—Korda-United Artists**
Made Otero’s “Divorcee,” the entanglements of the English countryside in Technicolor, and the old-fashioned characterization of the British. (March)

**DOUBLE DANGER—RKO-Radio**
This might be labeled “The Trail of the Missing Preston Foster,” for it is to be, in the vein of a gentleman crook, who keeps policemen busy for his chicken stew. Whitney Bourne is an at-tractive crook. (April)

**EVERYBODY SING—M-G-M**
More pictures like this and the recreation would be over. It’s funny, bright with music, the cast happily plays the production, it concerns a medical family with Billie Burke (mother), Reginald Owen (father), Judy Letman (daughter), Farmer Broady (nurse) and Allan Jones (coach). Their antics will delight you. (April)

**EVERY DAY’S A HOLIDAY—Paramount**
This is a film that is a little too bad for its badness. It is a lavishly produced story of a crook who breaks a big, and Una brings to the blandishments of the town banker, Miss Ditty, Wuther steps in and does her stuff. (April)

**GIRL OF THE WEST, THE—G-G**
One expects a deft handling of suspense, sure dialogue and expert definition of character in Director Alfred Hitchcock’s pictures and this one is disappointing. Nana Patek, nearly grown-up, is the miscast star, and Burke and Warner’s, the man suspected of murder with whom she falls in love. You will like this film. (April)

(Continued on page 82)
One of the Best Pictures you’ll see this year!...

A new-slt love-story made to order for red-headed Ginger’s blue fire, and wishful Jimmie’s come-and-get-me charm!... It’s a revelation in rich romance and heart-lined laughs!... Night-club Ginger married to college-professor Jim!... What a blow to culture in that moss-grown college town, when she tries to adjust herself to patterned life in a world where they use six-syllable words to say good-night!... IT’S POSITIVELY PRICELESS!

Ginger Rogers James Stewart
Vivacious Lady

James Ellison Beulah Bondi
Charles Coburn

Pandro S. Berman
in charge of production

A George Stevens Production

Screen Play by P. J. Wolfson
and Ernest Pagano

Don’t Miss the Big Fight...
when Ginger locks claws with the prissy miss who tried to claim her man!

Hear Ginger Sing!
the tantalizing new blue bal-
lad, “I’ll Be Reminded of You”
ERROL FLYNN

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND • BAXTER RATHBONE • CLAUDE RAINIER
PATRIC KNOWLES • EUGENE PALLET
ALAN HALE • MELVILLE COOPER
IAN HUNTER • UNA O'CONNOR

Directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley

Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and J. Miller • Based Upon Ancient Robin Hood Legends

Erich Wolfgang Korngold • A FIRST NATIONAL FILM
V PAINTS
THEIR DASHING DEEDS TO LIVE FOR THE AGES!

Loving, roistering, battling ... blazing their deeds of daring into the legends of the world! History's most beloved rogue and all his merry men come fighting again for Richard, King of the Lion's Heart! Come galloping out of their outlaws' forest to storm and take forever the castle of romance!

The Adventures of Robin Hood

Presented by WARNER BROS. in TECHNICOLOR
Imagine sanitary protection without a pad, pin or belt! Imagine protection that is absolutely certain, yet entirely invisible, even with a bathing suit! Imagine protection so efficient that there is not the slightest chance to give offense through odor! Imagine the comfort of protection with nothing to rub or irritate to cause chafing, with no belt to bind.

Such is the sensational new freedom offered by Wix, the original internal protector. Wix is a scientifically designed roll of absorbent cotton that absorbs internally, naturally.

Developed by two physicians, successfully used for more than eight years by millions of American women, Wix is not an experiment. Wix has successfully met every demand put to it by America's most fastidious women. Ask for Wix at department, drug, 5c and 10c stores.

NOTE: If you have tried an imitation of Wix and were not satisfied, do not become discouraged with internal protection. Ask for Wix, the original product, manufactured under exclusive patent. Then you will know the full comfort and convenience of original protection.

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Newark, N.J.

For the enclosed 10c (stamps or cash) please send me an introductory pack of Wix.

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Address: __________________________
City: ____________________________ State: __________

WIX

FIRST PRIZE $25.00

THE WINNER!

G. LAAMOUR, intangible as it is, is the thing that fills box-office receipt drawers. It also fills millions of hearts with ecstatic dreams.

So, must we stand idly by and watch the glamour of the movies murdered slowly and surely by thoughtless columnists? Photoplay has proved that the truth can be told of the movies, and that none of the glamour need be sacrificed.

Newspaper columnists—many of them, at least—seem to wish only to disillusion their readers—giving them inside and unnecessary dope on how certain sound effects are achieved by rubbing this against that, or by the rattling of a lot of little whistles in a whoosit.

It's all right to state that Miss So-and-So is divorcing Mr. So-and-So. In fact, to a certain type of performer, a divorce or a marital entanglement seems to lend only enchantment. But must we know that Mr. So-and-So has a bad temper? That Miss So-and-So likes liver and onions? Or, that Mae West is really a quiet home-loving girl? Or, that Janet Gaynor loves to party, and isn't at all like her screen self?

I grew up in the theater, and I saw the theater killed right in front of my frightened eyes. I saw the public admitted backstage, where they learned that actors are just like everyone else. That was fatal. I saw popular plays depicting backstage life. I read books on it, saw movies of it. And the theater died—a slow, sure death.

I don't know anything about pictures—and let me say, I don't want to know about em. Let me think that thunder is thunder; that a frog croaking is a frog croaking; that my Western hero can really ride the devil out of a horse; and that my heroine is really that—a heroine. Let Photoplay keep up its fine work, printing the truth, but sparing "too-ugly" details; and let the columnists remember what they did to Broadway—and spare Hollywood. The movies are capable of doing a lot of good in this world—as long as the public is allowed to take them seriously—as long as the illusion lasts.

WES CORNELL,
Chicago, Ill.

SECOND PRIZE $10.00

SPENCER, SENTIMENTAL, SAGACIOUS AND SUCCESSFUL!

There should be a relieved and current of gratitude among country's enormous group of pretty men. Spencer Tracy, year's Academy Winner, has infinitely glorified them all.

He's a rustic individual, sweet and sentimental. He's homely, to them wouldn't waste a foot of it on his profile alone because it isn't worth it. The close-up make of him isn't meant to be a pretty picture—it's to show his tender eyes that are so transparent can see his soul. You wouldn't make him handsome—it would be like tume jewelry against the Kohl diamond. He rough-looking, and a white tie and tails wouldn't come. As you watch you have a feeling he isn't acting that Spencer himself, not a part.

As the millionaire from Hell Street in "Mannequin" he was that was necessary. If there has been a story, and if there has been a girl, it really wouldn't have mattered. His great capacity sympathetic understanding completely envelops you.

We have had Spencer Tracy actor before. Now, in recent "Spencer Tracy Faces Forty," we have Sper Tracy, the man, and we love him.
Week is more a comedy.

The half-starved mother trudging
tively through the snow to pawn a wedding ring, so that her boy
can spend it on luxuries.

Walter Huston, an able and experienced actor, trying nobly to do
nothing with a stereotyped part
the father, who, seemingly cruel,
in reality only following the dis-
tices of his own conscience.

But, as hard as these are to swal-
bow, the final insult comes when
colin, in the midst of the crucial
the Civil War, calls an ace
Sergeant, James Stewart, from an
understaffed field hospital to Wash-
ston so that he can personally

supervise a letter to the boy's
mother, whom the young doctor had
neglected for two years!

DOROTHY OSBORN BRICKNER,
San Antonio, Texas.

$1.00 PRIZE

VIENNESE SWAN SONG

I am living in Vienna, Austria.
I have been fortunate enough to
visit many of the many interests
of this city. The citizens of
Vienna are very proud of their
nations.

They couldn't help noticing Betty's
great big RUN

Poor Betty! Just as she had
captured the two most attractive men
in the room, that awful run had to
pop. They couldn't help noticing how
dowdy it made her look... how it
killed S.A.*

SAVE ELASTICITY! Why not cut
down runs... guard S.A. with
Lux? Lux saves the elasticity of
stockings so the silk can stretch without
snapping so easily... then spring
back into shape. You cut down runs,
avoid wrinkles, wobbly seams, too.

Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with
harmful alkali weaken elasticity,
rob you of S.A. Lux has no harmful
alkali. Buy the economical big box.
Luxor powder is light-proof. If you use it, your face will not shine. Trial box sent postpaid for a dime!

At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that you can just feel are playing havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glisten in every strong light.

Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have to worry over shine.

Seeing is believing

You have doubtless bought expensive boxes of powder on claims and promises, only to find that you wasted the money. You don't run much risk with Luxor, because your first box will cost you only ten cents!

Test it in all lights, day and night—under all conditions. See for yourself the lovely softness and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how it subdues those highlights of cheek-bones and chin, and nose.

BUILD YOURSELF A LOVELY figure. This is the time of the year when we become unusually conscious of the fact that any minute now we'll be called upon to display our figures on the public beaches. That's all very well if you've been keeping up with your exercises all winter and can simply step into a bathing suit to reveal a slim, perfectly proportioned figure, with no bulges around the waist or tummy. But, unfortunately, too many of us have been slumped over desks for months, getting round-shouldered and flat-chested. Or chasing around to cocktail parties, drinking too much and letting our hips and tummies go into a dreary sag.

Take a good look at yourself in a full-length mirror. I know just how you feel. That spare tire around the waist isn't going to look any too good in a bathing suit, and you've been sitting around so much that you have an advanced case of stenographer's hips. Don't get discouraged, though, because in one month, by faithfully following certain exercises, you can restore your figure to its natural symmetry and slenderness.

Hollywood stars have the advantage over us, because they have to keep fit all year round. We sort of relax after the summer, and, first thing we know, we're not what we used to be.

So here we go, girls, getting ourselves a figure to be proud of in one of the streamlined bathing suits for the summer.

First of all, your figure is a direct result of your posture. That's an old, trite remark that you've all heard before, but the reason it's trite and why it's been so emphasized is because it's all too true. When you allow your head to slump forward and your shoulders to curve, you throw your body all out of balance—your stomach protrudes, your muscles become slack, and what is coyly called your "derriere" sticks out in back. So the first important thing to do is analyze your posture habits, get rid of the bad ones, and cultivate a beautiful carriage, which automatically throws your figure back into its proper balance.

MADGE EVANS stands in a doorway with her arms down. Then she raises them at the sides above her head and stretches up to try to reach the top of the doorway. She does this fifteen times each morning, and always makes a conscious effort to hold herself very tall and to sit erect. Besides keeping her posture always correct, she finds that this exercise builds and strengthens the abdominal muscles and keeps her waist slim.

A splendid exercise to develop a beautiful carriage is this one, which the physical training department of every studio uses with each new actress to give her a graceful walk and teach her to hold herself correctly. You stand in your stocking.

(Continued on page 9)
A TIP ABOUT BATHING TO A GIRL WITH A DATE TONIGHT

After your bath, don't fail to give underarms Mum's sure care!

WHAT a wonderful lift a bath gives to a girl who is going out in the rag. It "does things" for your body and your spirit—it starts you off gloriously fresh and alive.

Even the most perfect bath can't carry you all evening long. Underarms have special care—that's why smart girls follow every bath with Mum! For you know that just a hint of underarm odor can spoil the best evenings. They know that a daily take care of perspiration—but Mum keeps underarms sweet through the hours it makes unpleasant odor impossible.

Any girl who starts out in the evening's over. If you want to avoid worry about underarm odor—if you want to be a girl who gets a second date and a third—remember, no bath protects you like a bath plus Mum.

With Mum, you are always certain that your charm is safe and lasting. You never risk offending others, spoiling your good times.

Mum is a gentle, inviting cream that simply, but surely, takes the odor out of perspiration. Make Mum a daily habit—the first thing every morning and after every bath. You'll find Mum has all the things you like—

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute is all Mum takes—enough to smooth a bit under each arm.

MUM IS HARMLESS TO FABRIC! How convenient to be able to use Mum, even after you're dressed. Mum holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to every kind of fabric.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is actually soothing to the skin. You can use it immediately after shaving the underarms.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop perspiration—it simply banishes all odor, all day or all evening long. Hours after your bath, Mum will keep you as fresh and sweet as when you started out. Underarm odor is one offense friends cannot forgive. Always use Mum.

ONE HALF MINUTE AND YOUR CHARM IS SAFE

THAT BATH WAS GORGEOUS NOW A TOUCH OF MUM UNDER EACH ARM AND I'LL BE SAFE ALL EVENINGS

TO HIMSELF: FRANKLY THE NICEST MAN I KNOW! AND HOW THANKFUL I AM NOW—FOR MUM.

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration
Jeepers Creepers! Wait'll you see those Ritzes as imitation hillbillies on a rampage in the corn likker country! They've cooked up the con-sarndest mess of fun since Grampaw shot the galluses off'n that revenooer! "Life Begins In College" was just a warm-up for Public Maniacs No. 1, 2 and 3!

...and there's romance in them thar hills.

Tony Martin as the singin' radio talent scout "discovers" cute little Marjorie Weaver in Coma, Ky. ... and they've been in a coma of love ever since!

The RITZ BROTHERS in KENTUCKY MOONSHINE

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

TONY MARTIN • MARJORIE WEAVEN

Slim Summerville • John Carradine • Wally Vernon
Berton Churchill • Eddie Collins

Directed by David Butler

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Art Arthur and M. M. Musselman • Original story by M. M. Musselman and Jack Lait, Jr.
Additional Dialogue and Comedy Songs by Sid Kuller and Ray Golden
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production
BY RUTH WATERBURY

HOW actors keep from going completely wacky in deciding which roles are good for their careers is beyond me, take the case of Barbara Stanwyck and "Condemned Women" for example... Barbara, though under contract to two studios... Twentieth-Century-Fox and RKO... hadn't worked a day or earned a dollar since last November until she signed for "Always Goodbye"... that was because she had turned down all the stories either studio had previously submitted to her... feeling that no pictures at all would do her career less harm than a couple of bad pictures... But among the stories submitted to her was one called "Condemned Women"... this Barbara refused... I can see how she might very well have believed this was the wisest course... being smart she was probably aware that Columbia had an unimportant women-in-prison picture in the make which would release just before "Condemned Women" which would hurt the earnings of her production... her rôle as written was a pretty merciless one... it kept her in the confines of prison all the time with no chance to wear attractive clothes or look particularly appealing... the outlines of the plot were drab... at any rate Barbara refused it... RKO then turned the picture over to Sally Eilers... Sally being less important than Barbara they spent only a fraction of the cost in making the picture that they would have spent on a Stanwyck vehicle... Louis Hayward was engaged for the male lead where the chances are if Barbara had been the star a bigger masculine "name" would have been put opposite her... the only thing that wasn't "cheapened down" was the original story... now that writer named William Shakespeare said a long while ago that the play's the thing and now this simple little production of "Condemned Women" proves it... for along it comes with no big investment, no big money, no big names in it and turns out to be as sincere, as moving and as satisfactory a picture as has been shown in months... Sally gives a very stirring performance... one so intense and colorful that it will do her career indefinitely good... that too goes for Anne Shirley and Louis Hayward... and meanwhile Barbara sat on her Marwyck Ranch and waited for a good rôle to turn up... Meanwhile, the fate that haunts all actors was dogging her... that is the danger of staying away too long and gradually see the personality procession pass her... OF COURSE, Barbara is a star with the power to choose her own stories... but think of the plight of actors who are under straight contracts and must take what they get and do the best they can with it... consider Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland forced to wander around in "Her Jungle Love"... one of Hollywood's most fixed and silliest ideas is that the possession of a good figure makes for a sultry personality... the Lamour girl, in reality, is more demure than Shirley Temple... she lives as quietly as any suburban spinster... when her husband, Herbie Kay, cannot be with her because of the demands of their individual careers, the distinctly old-fashioned Dorothy sits at home night after night all alone, her love being such that she prefers this faithful loneliness to even creating the possibility for jealousy in her husband's mind... but on the screen her producers have insisted that she stay always at the boiling point... as Turia in "Her Jungle Love" she is made so untamed and torrid that you expect Ray Milland to die of second-degree burns after kissing her... Ray looks so embarrassed throughout... he apparently is the orphan actor at Paramount, just as Bob Young is Metro's stepchild... neither of these two fine actors seems appreciated on his own lot... as much as I admire Fred MacMurray, which is very much indeed, I still feel Milland has more personality and distinctly more sex appeal... so this is my very personal plea for Paramount to give the guy a break...}

IF HOLLYWOOD stars are going to keep on having managers, agents, and what not, I think they could well afford to have literary advisors, too... I mean that seriously... whatever salary they paid such aides they could at least deduct from their income taxes... and there are lots of people on magazine staffs in this country who do know a story when they see one... it is the stars who guess it right on stories who stay up and the ones who don't who sink... Look at Herbert Marshall... when you see him in "Mad About Music"... which, incidentally, is my favorite picture of the last several months and you really will be cheating yourself of much pleasure if you miss it... you will respond all over again to his really (Continued on page 91)
HAVE THEY THE RIGHT TO LOVE ON PAROLE?

Have this man and woman paid the debt of their tattered past in full, now the prison gates have opened for them? Have they the right to hope, to dream, to make their dreams come true? Have they the right to love on parole? They place their case before you, ask you to be their judge and jury. Read these pages. See the flaming story of their battle for life, for love in Paramount’s daring drama of the mighty parole problem. Then search your heart and speak your honest answer!

Joe (George Raft), on parole, gets job in store.

They meet, like each other, make their first date.

Encouraged by their friends they dare to marry.

Comes the dread shadow of the past, the parole officer.

Again the finger of the law levels at Joe, accusing...
Must they again pay the terrible price?

Helen (Sylvia Sidney), on parole, gets similar job.

Soon they are daring to speak of love, of marriage.

Happy in their new love, they face the world together.

Again Joe is reeling the law...

Sylvia SIDNEY • George RAFT

"YOU AND ME"

Barton MacLane • Harry Carey • Roscoe Karns
George E. Stone • Warren Hymer • Robert Cummings

Produced and Directed by FRITZ LANG

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
"DIVINE FOR MY TROUSSEAU

... AND PRACTICAL, TOO"

"—an evening wrap now,
a street bolero in the fall"

For the time in your life when you want to look your loveliest—FEDERAL Silver Fox. Flattering past your fondest hopes! Richly silvered . . . luxurious as a trousseau fur should be. A wrap with a happy future, for it will be as glamorously smart with your wool dresses, next fall, as it is over your June dance frocks, now. FEDERAL Silver Foxes . . . lasting in loveliness . . . are easily recognized by the FEDERAL name, clipped to an ear and stamped on the leather side of each pelt. Featured by better stores everywhere.

FEDERAL
Silver Foxes
Hamburg - Wisconsin
The famous artist, Russell Patterson, presents his version of a pep-up parlor pastime known, to some, as "indications" or "quotations"; to most, as simply "The Game." The most popular of its many variations requires two teams. The members of each team write down a single slogan, phrase or title (such as "Gone with the Wind"). Each member of the opposing team gets one of these slogans, and, in turn, must convey its meaning by pantomime to his teammates. The team that does the fastest job of guessing its fellow members' slogans is the winner! For beginners, two may act out the slogan together; for brilliants, a guessing time limit is imposed. Reckless teams play for money. In any version, "The Game" is definitely all the way up!
ESCAPE INTO Enchantment

BY TEMPLE BAILEY

John Barrymore

Herbert Marshall
A woman well over a decade, Temple Bailey has endeared herself to millions by her heart-warming love stories. Now, for Photoplay, she has succeeded in persuading her to turn, after a long lapse, to article writing—to give, for the first time, her impressions of Hollywood. More, perhaps, than any other writer of the modern era, this famous romantic novelist is qualified to write about a city that is synonymous the world over with romance.

S I write in my home in Washington, with Hollywood three thousand miles away, it is an exciting experience to weigh likenesses and the differences of these two most dramatized cities of these United States. They are alike in this, that, each has a great show, news goes out from each to eagerly waiting public, the most popular amanuenses are those who deal with politics and with moving pictures. Each city is a keen rival of the other in striving for spectacular effects, each has its stars in the ascendant and on the wane.

The differences are, however, significant. Washington's show is political and social. It is melting pot in which senators and representatives, lobbyists and laborites, plutocrats and politicians, diplomats, department employees, "cave dwellers" with aristocratic inhibitions and climbers with no inhibitions, all meet and mingle and seethe and boil and produce a kind of elixir which makes it lovely to live in, with never a dull moment.

Washington is, however, limited in the scope of its appeal. Outside of the United States only a few of its great names are known, only a few are familiar to the people of other countries, only a few of its national problems are intelligible to the European, the Asiatic, the French, or to the America south of us.

Hollywood, on the contrary, goes everywhere. From the cosmopolitan centers of the world to the most remote outpost of civilization the faces of Garbo, Garbo and Garbo, of Boyer and Barrymore, Crawford and Hepburn, and a thousand others are both familiar and beloved. Hollywood steals the show from Washington because Hollywood sets the pace for glamour and enchantment. Hollywood has so far distanced the beautiful sphere from the problems of its present sordid complications. For Hollywood's owls is essentially one of escape. The people in the pictures are gay and romantic and amus- e, and we fly to them from the commonplace-ness of our lives to dwell for a time in a besieging world of make-believe.

HE Hollywood of today is known to me only through the eyes of others or from what I see on the screen. My last visit to California was in 1917. I arrived in April of that year, at the very moment of America's entrance into the Great War. The whole country was at fever-heat. Those who had voted for Wilson because "he kept us out of war" were damning him because he had not, and those who had preached riper cooperation with the Allies were saying, told you so," when the world walked to the agony of unpreparedness.

Hollywood, however, when we reached it—

In war days, Wally Reid helped the author forget the tragic times and by "we" I mean my mother and myself, who had matters other than war on our mind. Shortly it had been a small and somewhat s m u g suburb and it had liked itself that way. Then suddenly, unexpectantly, a new colony had moved in, a colony which wanted to rent and buy houses and was impatient when it could not get them, a colony which wanted to spend mints of money for everything, a colony which was spectacular and lighted, a colony which was press-agented and publicity-conscious, a colony which spread its stage-settings over the hills and valleys, which built papier-mâché cities and towns against a background of sea and sky, a colony which "shot" its scenes on the streets or, with insouciance, on anyone's front lawn, a colony which, in other words, was not in the least concerned with the indignations and frustrations of the old inhabitants and which in the end swept them away.

There was, of course, no other possible outcome. What Hollywood wanted, it got. It paid good prices in rents and lands and houses, and the former residents, having pocketed big profits, sought other strongholds of exclusiveness in which to continue a lotus-eating existence amid other pepper trees and other eucalyptus.

Now, three thousand miles away, I look back at it and know that the Hollywood of 1917 was as water unto wine as compared to the glamorous city of 1938. For the moving pictures of those days were set for the silent scene, and the stars whose names shone bright are dimmed by the light from later stars.

My mother and I went often at night to the snug neighborhood theaters where those talented pioneers of pantomime—Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Marguerite Clark, Wally Reid, Charles Ray, and all the rest—made us forget the heaviness of our hearts. Our days were busy ones. As members of the Navy (Continued on page 88)
Irene DUNNE adopted her little daughter for two reasons:

First of all, Irene wanted a baby. She believed that having a baby, loving her, being loved by her, watching her grow and develop as an individual would prove one of the greatest experiences life could offer.

Secondly, Irene felt that she and her husband, Doctor Francis Griffin, had a considerable amount to offer a child. But recently she has had cause to wonder if she were wrong about this, to wonder if the things a baby loses when she is adopted by a motion-picture star aren't greater than the things she gains.

The things little Mary Frances Griffin (called Missy) has gained are wonderful and many. Missy and her nurse have their own suite in the Dunne-Griffin house which sits on the crest of one of the exclusive Holmby Hills. The furniture in this suite is built to scale. The sunny rooms are lined with shelves stacked with the picture books and the toys that are dear to a child's heart. Outside, in the garden, there are stretches of bright, sweet-smelling flowers and an old gardener who has stories to tell about the flowers he tends, some incredibly true, others fanciful. In the center of the lawn, around which the cars approaching the house swish on a blue gravel driveway, there is a huge oak tree. When the sun is high and there is cause to be grateful for the deep shade this old tree provides, Missy plays beneath it with her dolls, her nurse, and a faithful Scottie dog.

To go on: every month or two, a renowned pediatrician, wise about the hygienic care of children, observes Missy to see that she is growing straight and strong. Even now, when she is only two and a half, her education is being thoughtfully planned. And the stocks are bonds which have been placed in trust for her guarantee her financial security all the days of her life.

Then there is the debit side of the ledger. It reared its ugly head only recently and Irene would eliminate it if she could. And it is in the hope of doing this that she has given Pictorial Play this exclusive story.

It all began when Missy had been with Irene for the year of trial which the law requires and the time had come to sign her final adoption papers.

"We could have signed those papers in Los Angeles," Irene explains, "but I dreaded the reporters and cameramen who would wait for us outside the Judge's chambers. In New York we were assured everything could be done quickly and quietly, with the dignity which had come to mean so much to the doctor and to me."

So they came to New York... Irene and Doctor Griffin and Missy and Missy's nurse and Missy's favorite doll, Donnie—named after a little boy who lives down the road in Holmby Hills, who is Missy's idol. They came to New York in spite of the difficulties that attend a trip across the continent with a baby when you are a famous star and professional demands are made upon you at every stop.
UNNE'S DAUGHTER

False rumors are dispelled, poignant facts revealed, in this first authorized report on
Missy, recent addition to Hollywood's baby set

BY
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

The final adoption papers were drawn up and
and in privacy, as Irene had been assured she
The immediately she and her
island returned to the hotel where they were
opposing, the storm broke. Cameramen and
porters besieged the lobby. Irene saw no
or made no statement. But sob sisters and
humans painted sensational stories anyway.

Irene announced Irene had adopted a foundling,
y their stories they proclaimed Missy a baby
she had been deserted by unknown parents.

"There are times, of course," says Irene,
when circumstances might force an unfortu-
tate and desperate mother to leave her baby
a strange doorstep. But, generally speaking,
one who cast off their babies are irresponsible
people, not people from whom you would be
out to have come.

"And I want to make it very clear that Mary
ances Griffin was not a foundling. I want
errase any blight which Missy might feel clung
her ancestry because the press, in a desire be
sensational, reached beyond the truth.

perhaps those sob sisters and columnists
fuse a foundling with an orphan," she went
on, as if she sought to make excuses for those
who had printed untruths about her baby.

Irene has no plan to keep the fact that Missy
adopted a secret.

"Immediately Missy is old enough to under-
and," she explains, "I will tell her how she
me to live with us. But I want to put an end
t all those untrue stories that have been pub-
hed; so they will not arise later on to cast
my shadow of doubt upon the true story I have
tell her.

I would be glad to tell all I know about
any's paternity if I did not feel this might
st all of us unhappiness later on. And it
ould be sufficient to say that Missy is as bright
the I.Q. tests the doctors have given her
ere her to be because of the splendid heritage
gets from her mother and her father. Be-
es, Doctor Griffin and I have met her grand-
ents. They are delightful and charming old
ople.

"It wouldn't make any difference to me-
that I've come to know Missy and to love
her—what her background happened to be,"
Irene went on gently. "It's on her account that I
recent the improper stories that have been
published about her. And it's because of these
stories that I begin to wonder if it will cost
Missy more than it will gain her to have been
adopted by us.

"For the things the doctor and I can give
Missy will count for little if the unhappy pub-
licity she is subjected to because I am her
mother causes her to have any doubts about
the people to whom she was born . . . and of
whom she has every right to be proud, as proud
as I hope she always will be of us, too."

When Irene Dunne adopted the little girl
with hair like corn silk and questioning blue
eyes and a sensitive little mouth, I think she
felt she was doing as much for the child, in
way, as she was doing for Doctor Griffin and
herself. As I said in the beginning of this story,
they wanted a family. But they also felt they
had much to offer a child.

Now it is clear Irene feels Missy gives them
far more than they ever will be able to give
her in return. Which is another reason she
is as concerned as she is about the stories that
were published recently.

There is one incident which concerns Missy
and Irene Dunne's mother that Irene will never
forget. It happened only a short time after
Missy's arrival.

One Thursday, about ten days before Christ-
mas, when Irene was in bed with influenza
and Missy's nurse was out, Irene's mother had
charge of Missy for the afternoon.

"She's one of the sweetest children I've ever
seen," Mrs. Dunne told Irene after Missy was
in bed. "I'm glad you have her. It's a little
difficult now for all of you. You've all strange.
But wait, you'll suddenly find she belongs here.
And then you'll be surprised that you ever
found life good enough without her."

It was later that same evening, following a
dinner party at her home, that Mrs. Dunne
returned to Irene's house to see that she was all
right. She collapsed at the front door.

Hearing the commotion downstairs, Irene
pressed the alarm beside her bed. And so
amazing is the private police system in those
Holmby Hills that there were officers taking
charge of everything a few minutes after Irene
had slipped into a dressing gown and gone
downstairs to discover what had happened.
Doctors were summoned at once. Everything
that could be done was done. But Irene's
mother never regained consciousness. She died
early the next morning.

And the first thing Irene remembers being
aware of, after they had told her that her
mother was gone, was Missy playing under the
old oak tree, with her dolls, her nurse and the
faithful Scottie dog.

"Curious the way things happen sometimes,"
she says. "When I looked out of my bedroom
window and saw Missy there, I was very grate-
ful. Her nurse spoke to her and she looked
up and waved at me and smiled. And a little
warmth stirred inside of me. Suddenly, just
as my mother had predicted the night before,
I knew she belonged. Somehow it was as if
one life had gone out and another had come
in . . ."

Christmas 1936, which came along only a
few days later, would have been an ordeal for
Irene and Doctor Griffin if they had had only
themselves to think about. But with Missy
there, they made an effort, and some of the
peace of the season found its way into their
hearts.

Christmas 1937, just a month or two before
they came to New York with Missy to sign the
final papers of her adoption, was a gala day.
The Christmas tree was wondrously beautiful
to Irene and the doctor, too, because they saw
it through Missy's awed and starry eyes. And
no acclaim either of them ever has known in
their professions, no grand party they ever have
attended has thrilled them as much as Missy
did that day.

Tears in their eyes, feeling just a little foolish,
they watched her go up to her nursery, bring
her old dolls downstairs, and install them in the
new carriage and chairs she had found under the
tree with new dolls sitting in them.

"It was so sweetly loyal," Irene says.

(Continued on page 91)
In this rare interview with the famed but elusive Award winner, she answers a question all Hollywood is asking

BY SARA HAMILTON

THEY speak of it in Hollywood as the eclipse of Rainer.

"In heaven's name, what has happened to Rainer?" Hollywood kept repeating between its recensions and retrenchments. "Where is she? What's happened to her? Is it true that she'll never make another picture? Where is she hiding and why?"

After Luise's appearance in "Big City," a picture greeted by the public with a strange mixture of wonder and bewilderment, the little actress suddenly dropped from the limelight. As weeks rolled into months and still nothing was heard of Rainer, who, in her two short years in Hollywood had turned in two of the screen's finest performances, it became an accepted fact that little Rainer had been just another luminary that had come and gone.

And then with unexpected suddenness something happened. Rainer appeared out of her obscurity to become again the focus of all eyes in Hollywood. For Rainer was about to make screen history when the Academy Award was given the actress the second time in her short screen life for her performances in "Good Earth," Rainer's rôle in "The Great Ziegfeld" having won her the first award.

"How could an actress that good be neglected and almost forgotten?" Hollywood wondered, and again took up the old question of, "What happened to Rainer?" Why hadn't the studio given the public more of this acclaimed star? Why let her step into forgotten oblivion for almost a year at a time?

In one of her very rare interviews given a few days after the Academy Banquet, Luise told us exactly what had happened to her. Slender at a reed, her dark eyes glowing with much life within, Luise sat in the dressing room that had once belonged to Jean Harlow and told us this story.

"Three years ago I came into a new life. From my native Vienna I came to America, a new country, a new language and new work. I had never made a motion picture. Never faced a camera. Always I had worked on the stage. "Exactly as some people choose painting, some writing to give what they have to others, I chose acting as my form of expression. So, after four years on the stage, I came to Holly-

wood and went to work. All the little things that came up and seemed so important to the studio I pushed aside as not necessary. Looking over my stills and photographs, giving so much time to publicity and interviews, seemed small things beside my desire to give something really warm and living and understanding to people.

"Gradually I began to see I was but a part of a huge business. So big, the individual became lost in the great mass of machinery. The studio had me under contract and I must work even if there was nothing suitable for me. All this is not their fault, I see that now. They must make pictures and I am here under contract. What is there to do?

"But one day they decide I should be glamorous. 'Oh, my god,' I cried, 'don't make me glamorous.' There are so many lovely girls here, so many, I tell them. Please just let me act from the heart and pay no attention to the outward. But after 'Good Earth' they were afraid the public might think I am homely and can play only such rôles.

"So for 'The Emperor's Candelsticks' they wanted me to be glamorous—which is something I can't be. It weighed me down more than the character of O-Lan in 'Good Earth.' I was unhappy. I thought of all the things in my life I want to do. The world is so big— not just here before a camera in Hollywood—but so big a world and people waiting—I began to feel that I must get away from Hollywood, not to become terribly unhappy.

"I felt as if cameramen on the set whispered and looked at me, saying, 'She looks strange to me this morning.' I thought to myself with heavy heart, well, this is my face. I can't hide it if I'm not glamorous. What has that got to do with my rôle? And again I begged them not to try to make me glamorous.

"Then they gave me another story. I didn't like it much.

"'No, no, I can't,' I said. 'Please let us do the right one. Not one on just a chance.' But, of course, I did not understand the studio's view point that pictures must be made and often cannot wait for the right story.

WHEN I saw my great plans going, I knew not where, I lost all perspective. I grew ill. My mental confusion made me ill physically. I would not talk. I could not sleep. I could not eat. I grew thinner and more ill. All life seemed blank despair to me.

"Of course my studio could not understand why I should not go on. 'Is she difficult?' they said, and I wasn't being difficult. I was suffering mentally, physically, spiritually because I felt my whole world had crashed around me.

"No one knows this but I went away to a little town outside of New York, a place my husband found for me, and I stayed there many months. Dark, black months in which all sense of value was gone. I tell you I was in despair.

"Gradually, as I regained some of my lost...

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 85)
In two years she won two Awards: in 1938, as O-Lan in "Good Earth"...
By Ruth Rankin

Anything can happen now. Hollywood has discovered the world! Suddenly, there are other people, too.

Suddenly, overnight, Hollywood has become politically and socially conscious. No, not cocktail-party-social or buffet-supper-social; these affairs still go on, of course, but mainly as an excuse to get together and—believe it or not—talk politics! The whole town, with one great concerted gasp of astonishment, has discovered society, in the most aggregate sense of the word, and is as thrilled over the discovery as if she had invented it.

The world discovered Hollywood twenty years ago, and, being a little late with her own discovery, Hollywood is making up for lost time. Now, when our village sets about reconstructing time lost, it is no halfhearted endeavor. Literally, we leap off the springboard.

To think, for instance, that we've actually seen the day when a movie star would wear cotton stockings—and brag about it! But you would be amazed at the number of very smartly dressed stars who are doing just that—buying and wearing only the sheer lisle hose manufactured in this country.

"My legs," remarked a certain star, whose what-she-mentioned are not exactly unknown to the public, "are pinched black-and-blue. Oh, from a purely academic interest, I assure you. No one believes these stockings really are cotton."

A silk evening gown, too, is positively dated. If, perchance, you do see one, the wearer hastens to explain she bought it "before the war."

Thus, by their hose and clothes will you know one group of Hollywood's political-conscious—the boycott sympathizers.

But this is just the beginning! Lifelong friendships are being formed and broken every day over the Wagner Act, the Spanish War, the C.I.O., Hitler and Mussolini.

It is no more possible for a Fascist approver and an anti-Fascist to be friends than for two stars who are candidates for the same role. To call a man a Nazi is, in some circles, tantamount to calling him an unprintable name. Hollywood's political awareness is changing even its vocabulary!

Thus Hollywood today!

Last year you could accurately have described our town as an insular and self-centered place which regarded itself as the entire area in the only spotlight; the locale on which the eyes of all the world were focused.

But things have happened. A most radical change has occurred to jolt this hamlet out of a smug complacency. Somebody switched the spotlight to shine on Washington, Detroit, Kansas City—on Spain, Russia, China, Germany, Italy and Japan. So, within the space of six months, the town of Hollywood has about-faced and become the diametrical opposite of itself.

(Johnny, draw a diagram.)

Where once it was smart to be a snob, it is now smarter to be conversant with labor problems. The hallmark of the new aristocracy is a conversational acquaintance with the men who are physically responsible for picture production; the carpenters, technicians, "juicers." props.

Where once the "smartest" girls were the
dumbest (and blondest), it is suddenly smart to be intellectual (and brunette). The star who cannot give a comprehensive résumé of President Roosevelt’s Chicago speech, or discourse knowingly on the siege of Teruel and the menace of Fascism; or who does not know the difference between the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L., had just as well give over to her well-informed rival.

The baby stare is out. The girls have discovered eyes are also to read with. (And all of them know better than to end a sentence with a preposition.)

Even the local beauty parlor, that last stand against interference with the rampant feminine personal pronoun “I,” has become a political salon. In fact, the beauty shops are where you can hear some of the best debates in town. The other day the girls were taking war to pieces, and from one of our kitherto fluffy-witted stars came the best solution so far advanced, i.e.: that armament factories all over the world be scrapped. There wouldn’t be any ammunition, how could there be any war?

Everybody present swooned in a body when this same star, who has made an international reputation, both personal and public, playing frivolous and completely wing-dinged dames, tossed this one at us: “I have just written our congressman,” she said, “and asked him for a definitive statement concerning his attitude toward our foreign policy.”

“Before I vote for him again, I want to know whether he will support the revision of the Neutrality Act to impose economic boycotts against aggressor nations.” Then she opened her book—“Theory and Practice of Socialism”—and began reading.

Well, you could have slapped us down with a hairpin. Nobody ever even suspected she knew all those words.

Beside the undeclared Japanese boycott, Hollywood is not a bit backward in subscribing to other boycotts, if convinced they are in a good cause. A certain large Los Angeles department store persisted in vast imports from Germany, after Hitler declared his non-Aryan policy.

Leading Jewish producers, directors, and actors quietly withdrew their patronage, to the tune of many thousands of dollars. The shelves of that store are stocked now principally with American-made goods.

Not only does Hollywood argue and discuss politics, war and international events—it is becoming also highly politically developed. It has a conscience. Pictures such as “Zola” and “They Won’t Forget” have contributed to that conscience. The world has become a very small place, and it has dawned upon us that what affects the people in China and Spain and the boys in Scottsboro, affects every person in the world. That we are in very truth our brother’s keeper.

The natives of Hollywood no longer are simply Democrats or Republicans on election day, and forget it the rest of the year. They are for the open or closed shop: they are Nazi or anti-Nazi, Fascist or anti-Fascist, Rebel or Loyalist, conservative or liberal. There is not one person remaining, from porter to producer, from scrub-woman to star, who is a hold-over from the days of political apathy when “politics belong to the politicians.”

The town has become Cause-conscious in a big way, and not to be the sponsor of at least one Cause is just not to be, that’s all.

They form leagues and guilds and do something about it.

There is the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League for the Defense of American Democracy. It started in June, 1936, with seven charter members: Donald Ogden Stewart, Dorothy Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Gloria Stuart, and two others. The League now has a membership of five thousand, in which are included hundreds of other top-flight picture names.

Any doubt of Hollywood’s concern over world affairs in general (and the League’s anti-Nazi campaign in particular) would have been amply dispelled by the League rally held out here on January 30, 1938. The vast Shrine Auditorium was jammed with 7500 people, and hundreds were turned away. It seemed as if every other face present was one familiar in pictures, in spite of the fact that it was Sunday night, the favorite night-club evening.

Dorothy Parker was chairman, to a rousing ovation. Speakers included John (“The Informer”) Ford, Irving Pichel, and Jerry O’Connell, congressman from Montana. The demonstrations and applause and understanding from that great audience could have come only from (Continued on page 86)
The first story to tell of the test

William Powell dared face—a test

that makes him today a changed man

A weak man would have lost his courage under the blows that death and disease have been raining on William Powell in the last year.

Bill has survived, however, because he isn't a weak man; because by temperament and will and training over years he is a wily, successful fighter who means to win.

Bill's cycle of ill health began early last spring with that strange malady that the doctors could not diagnose accurately, but which, for one horrible week, threatened Bill with blindness. That danger safely passed, Bill currently is recovering from a serious operation, only now leaving the hospital for an enforced vacation of a month or two.

Death reached its climax for Bill when it took Jean Harlow away from him last June and he was barely able to face the knowledge of that when the wife of one of his closest friends, and therefore one of his closest friends, Mrs. Eddie Mannix, was killed in an automobile accident. Bill was, in fact, returning from a trip abroad, where he had fled in his attempt to get over Jean's passing, and just when he thought he had the courage to return to Hollywood and take up his work again, fate demanded that he get off the train and go straight to Mrs. Mannix's funeral.

Most recently, he had made plans for the vacation following this recent operation. He was going to sail away for awhile with Austin Parker, the writer, and Miriam Hopkins' ex-husband. But while Bill was in the hospital, Parker died, suddenly and unexpectedly.

Still, Bill has come out of the hospital. He's still smiling, and he's probably going away now with Ronnie Colman.

Now that should give you the measure of Bill Powell somewhat—let you know that he is the type of man whom his friends follow wordlessly; the type who does his duty, no matter how hard it may be to accomplish; the kind of man who can, when he must, put aside his private emotions until he has time to comprehend them. Yet, as marked as these things are, in order to understand him you have to know more, since he is not only one of the most complex humans under the bright golden sun of Hollywood, but under the bright golden sun of the whole earth.

To begin with, you have to know that he isn't, really, an actor. Oh, I grant that he does know his job magnificently, backward, forward, and in the clinches. He can take the darkest line and make it sound like something George Bernard Shaw has written in his most inspired moments. But he would see to it that he could do that, since it is exactly a part of his day's work. Just as he would know the causes of labor turnover and the best type of mill operation if he had happened to go into the steel business.

I'll grant you that when he dresses he has about him the bright gloss that you usually associate with a well-bred Thespian, but, on the other hand, he would never in his most abandoned moods have dressed as conspicuously as did O. O. McIntyre, the columnist. His rows of perfectly tailored suits hung for yards in a closet big enough to make a vain woman sick with envy; his stately rows of shoes, all neatly treed, and his chests upon chests of socks and shirts and accessories still do not, I'll wager, surpass in number the wardrobe sported by, let's say, Herbert Bayard Swope, the publisher.

When he was a boy in Kansas City (he was only an child), his parents decided they wanted him to become a lawyer. Willi took a go at it and it was there that he discovered the power of his voice and the persuasion he could put into the simplest language. He claims now that he realized even then that he could never learn all the dull intricacies of the law, but he saw, instantly, what a satisfactory, easy thing it was to stand up before people and influence them. So he came to New York, on money borrowed from a kindly aunt, went to the American Academy of Dramatic Art, and in a really very short time was duly launched on an acting career.

Whereupon you can shout and say, "What do you mean, not an actor? The man is a natural actor!" But I still say no, and for this reason. Do you know what was the first thing Bill did after graduation? He bought a notebook in which to record his salary and made himself a vow that no matter what happened that salary, successively, must always go up. No decision, you notice, about just when he would charm the world with his Hamlet, followed by his Romeo; no decision about how to make himself more devastating to the ladies and his voice more mellifluous. Just a quiet, calm decision about money. And he has kept not only the notebook but the vow to this day. His salary has always gone up—and currently, a very rich man, when new contracts are brought to him to sign he does not haggler over roles, directors, leading women, but solemnly he argues about the cash therein—and gets more than ever before.

Bring him a script and you won't hear him say, "That's a great scene for me in the last reel, I'll take it." Instead he comes back with remarks about the general plot, whether or not the characters are real people and that there is a grand rôle in it for Myrna. The limpid Loy is far and away his favorite leading lady and her being in the part opposite him will influence him even on a script that he thinks is a little weak. He sees Mr. Powell as part of the whole, rather than the standard ham reaction that the whole is there merely to glorify the star.

He is, you see, a businessman first, and knowing how to read a line to get the maximum of laughs, knowing how to dress and how to squeeze an effective double take into a scene are all a part of mastering a business that enthralls him because it pays such enormous salaries.

But because he is a businessman and lays business aside when he leaves the studio, his private life is most important to him. He does not and never will live in full view of the Trocadero floor or always within reach of Hy mie Fink's camera. He will make all the sensible concessions to publicity, but the private life of William Powell, gentleman, is the goal toward which his eyes are directed. And in that private life, Jean Harlow with her golden beauty, her youth and her gift for sensitive

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NEW DAY FOR

FRED

MAC MURRAY

A "Main Street" heritage has given the boy from Beaver Dam happiness for today, unique plans for tomorrow

BY HOWARD SHARPE

It is a clear, hot day in the early part of the next decade: picture it. Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, acclaimed back in 1908 as the Typical Small Town of America, lies like a Sinclair Lewis word portrait among the Midwestern hills; its Main Street lined with medium-priced cars, its one modern high school comfortably filled with healthy, intelligent youngsters, its few industries working in direct conjunction with the average of all the nation's other industries.

Here there is no more or no less unemployment than elsewhere. Here God is worshiped with rather more than usual sincerity in the simple churches. Here the Kiwanis and Lions and Elks Clubs meet to further the ends of commerce and to swap smoking-room stories and to slap backs. Here the hearty American citizen, in essence, is born; fights his way through childhood; is educated and married and continues the endless cycle of the Rooseveltian dream. Or, if he must, leaves to do a bigger job in a bigger place.

It is afternoon, and, from the service porch of a smart Colonial house in the best district, a boy emerges—he is of the age of Penrod, or of Tom Sawyer. He hitches up his corduroys with their baggy pockets, gets a fishing rod with sundry equipment from the garage, and sets off down the street. He may or may not have a fist-fight with a contemporary on his way to the stream, but if he does he will win it, because he is a big boy for his age.

He will catch some fish, too, for, in this boy's family, success in things, big and small, is a kind of heritage. And when he arrives home, belatedly, with his fish and his black eye, there will be nice news for him. News that will make his brown eyes light with pleasure and his dreams be troubled with excited anticipations that night.

"Your pop," he will be told, "gets in tomorrow. All the way from Hollywood. He'll be here six months, to go hunting with you."

And the next day, when Fred MacMurray swings off his train, his famous eyes, too, will hold a brighter gleam, his flashing grin—mirrored from so many screens—will be the wider for his happiness.

This is Fred's dream. He dares now, at last, to let the idea of the future roll unencumbered through his mind.

You know the story. He eloped with Lillian Lamont in 1926, and almost immediately she had appendicitis. Her recovery, slow and with many relapses, took a long time; then, when she was well enough to go out a little, she went with Fred to location at Santa Cruz and he took her fishing. This time her relapse was sullen, almost fatal. For months she was in a hospital, and for further months she sat in bed at home, waiting for Fred's inevitable small gifts, his hourly phone calls—his impatient step at evening.

It always came.

Young, vitally human, Fred forsook the gaiety Hollywood offered him, overworked so he could make his vacations longer to spend with Lillian; spurned the beckoning night club, abjured the luscious party.

I PUSHED myself up on my elbow and looked across the wide pool at the MacMurray house. I thought with envy of its owner, whose career had taken a definite stride forward with his last film, "Coconut Grove."

"But why, when the children come, must you take them out of this place?" I wondered aloud. "The schools here are the best in the world. The whole country's a summer resort for them to play in—and anyway they'd have the advantage of being your kids in this town. I mean they'd have an edge because their pappy was a movie star."

"You call that an advantage?" Fred asked seriously. "I don't think it's any kind of an advantage to have to battle against the name of a father who's been glamorized all over the world.

(Continued on page 87)
The third in a fascinating series: the story of a man whom all women adored—a charming Lothario, who, because he learned to play the game of love too well, lost it in the end.
They danced together because the director told them to, but, if it had been a real ball, they would have danced together just the same.
death trailed the happiness of this brave woman. Like her father, she led with her chin when it came to hard luck, but always came back for more.

For a woman, Alice Brady has more essential courage than many men. Being entirely feminine, she denies it, of course. No man is going to rush to the rescue of a courageous female. "She's like her dad," say old-timers of show business. "He may have led with his chin when it came to hard luck, but he always came back for more. Why, I remember when he was handling Jim Jeffries, before he ever started producing Broadway plays..."

At this moment the flexible mouth of Miss Brady makes an unmistakable noise. Unmis-

Valiant, haunted by tragedy, you get a glimpse of greatness. She'd laugh at you if you suggested it, twisting her red lips out of shape in a laugh that was half grimace, the depths of her great dark eyes showing sorrow and the humor that has saved her. "Courage?" she would repeat. "I'm afraid these days. Afraid of motoring. Afraid to return to the stage ever, in a role that I know as well as Levistie Mannon."

But these fears are trilling in the face of what she has seen. Death has trailed her happiness. Life has brought moments when death might have been welcome.

To begin with, Alice is the only daughter of Broadway's famous William A. Brady whose career as a theatrical producer is as fabulous as any of the White Way's legends. He started his fortune as a train butcher boy, selling candles, peanuts, fruit. Today, at seventy-five, he is as basic a part of the vivid fabric of the American theater as is the warp. He has built theaters (the Playhouse; the 45th Street The-
ter); created stars; served, by order of the late Woodrow Wilson, on federal commissions for theatrical betterment; in the last decade, at an age when most men would retire from profes-
sion, he brought forth Elmer Rice's Pulitzer

Prize play "Street Scene."

"The most fantastic stories circulate about Father," says his daughter. "One is that his father kidnapped him from a Chinese nurse in San Francisco, where he was born, and took him to New York. And that when my father..."
was in his teens, my grandfather was killed in a fall under the Bowery 'L' tracks, and that my father supported himself as a steward in a New York press club. They're utterly fantastic because my grandfather is quietly buried with Grandmother in San Francisco. I know, because recently there was talk about bringing them down here for reburial, and I said 'All right, but why? They are so peaceful up there where three generations of the Bradys have lived.'

When Alice was born the odor of the prize ring (her father once managed Champions James J. Corbett, James Jeffries) had given way to the aura of the theater. Alice, slim, dark, quick-mouthed, was a miniature of her French mother, who was Marie Rene, actress. More than French, Marie Rene was from the capital of France—Paris. Any Frenchman will tell you that is the capital of the world. Every gesture that Alice makes today, if you will notice, is that of a French woman. Her ruby-red nails (toe and finger), her dashing white satin lounging pajamas, each trouser leg with its own train, her scarlet chiffon handkerchiefs that she twirls endlessly in her fingers, show the Parisienne. And show the Theater—which she pronounces with full Gallic inflection.

"But I don't dress today," she says, with an impatient flick of her hand. "I don't see any point in dressing up in finery to go out to a dump like So-and-So's Café. Do you? And this neo-classic decoration they are adding to some of the night clubs in Hollywood—!" She shuddered. "Why? There was a time, of course, when I'd go without lunches in order to get a new hat, but no more. Clothes simply no longer interest me. What does? Oh, dogs and books and people and my home;"

Alice Brady's mother, the petite Parisienne, never lived to see her daughter in her present glory. She died when Alice was three. Of course, her death had its effect on Bill Brady's little girl. But Bill was anxious to do right by his Alice. He couldn't see her reared by an endless procession of governesses, nurses, nannies, that his wealth and position could supply. Four years after Marie Rene Brady's death he married again. Married from the stage, too; for by now the theater was traditional in the Brady family. Grace George was the new Mrs. Brady. "Mom' tried to be a mother to me, and she succeeded," says Alice.

By that time, of course, Alice's education was being considered. It was decided to entrust her to the care of the sisters at St. Elizabeth's Convent at Madison, N. J. So there she went, and became one of the few actresses who actually received her education inside the cloistered walls of a religious order. The studies were the usual ones, to which she added singing. Already she had convinced herself that she wanted to be an actress. Convincing Bill Brady would be something else. Soon she spoke Italian, Spanish, German, with the same fluency that she spoke, and still speaks, French. "I learned to speak French as a child," she explains.

"My biggest trouble when I was a child was in learning to enunciate any language correctly. I had a speech impediment," Alice continues. "Do you notice it much today? I scarcely have any 'r's and no 's.' But it is not so noticeable now, is it?"

The wonder of it is that, with a speech impediment, she chose the theater and the singing stage as mediums of self-expression. But a Greek named (Continued on page 79)
THE CAMERA TELLS THE STORY OF THE GARBO-STOKOWSKI TRYST

From a private album come these views, exclusive to Photoplay, of the idyllic spot chosen by the famous pair for their romantic rendezvous. Ravello, a little town perched high on a mountainside overlooking the blue waters of Italy's Bay of Salerno, is the perfect haven for the world-weary...
as a novelty Photoplay brings you these pages of unpublished portraits from the private files of this distinguished artist.

Internationally known as the glorifier of motion-picture stars, George Hurrell is a brilliant pioneer in the modern camera field. Born thirty-three years ago in Cincinnati, he chose art as his career; specialized in photography, which he considers "exciting." Migrating to California in 1925, he organized a studio, and, equipped with fine cameras, innumerable lights and his own genius, proceeded to establish the reputation that today sometimes insures him as much as $1000 for a single sitting.

Conchita Montenegro, as Hurrell's camera sees her.
Technically, Hurrell's success is a result of inspired use of lighting; specifically, it is founded in his ability to create a mood, and then, in one perfect moment, to record it. To this artist, the preliminary of arousing enthusiasm in the subject is requisite—a process that may involve, on his part, a song, a joke, even a jig or two. The results—these dramatic studies of individual types of glamour, each alive with light and shadow—Hurrell always gets glamour.
Barbara Stanwyck—The enchantment of simplicity
In these pictures, Hurrell has caught two distinct moods: on the opposite page, emotional intensity; on this page, serenity. The secret of Hurrell magic lies in the fact that each picture is taken to musical accompaniment. In the studio, a record plays constantly, its music varied to the mood of the subject. Thus, perhaps, for this portrayal of Shirley, a lullaby; for that of Rainer, a waltz; for the portrait of Tyrone and Loretta, a tango.
Dolores Del Rio—languorous

Bette Davis—challenging

Margo—wistful

Sonja Henie—cont
belling against the rigid rules of "still" photography, Hurrell has combined the warmth of the painter's art with the cold precision of the cameraman's skill. Thus, he has been successful in capturing in his portraits both the fluid beauty of his glamorous subjects and all the subtle nuances of their personalities.

Anna May Wong—exotic (appears in "Dangerous to Know")

Irene Dunne—ingenious
WHEN THEY WERE TWO-BIT

In 1925, the misses Myrna Loy (top) and Lucille LeSueur (right), supporting glamorous star Zasu Pitts in "Pretty Ladies," burst upon a public, which, unfortunately, didn't notice them. The future Joan Crawford is the Japanese lady at the far right on the stage; Myrna is draped over the left end of the bamboo bridge.

In "Dancing Lady," way back in 1933, a blond young man was hired to appear in just one scene in which he was to sing to the heroine. He did his job thoroughly, made a hasty exit. His name, new to the fans, was Nelson Eddy.

The tense look on the face of the young bit player may be the result of proximity to that gangster (see above) or of making the most of his few scenes in "Don't Bet on Blondes," starring Claire Dodd. Presenting Errol—who, one year later, was to stardom in "Captain Blac
This young man haunted Central Casting until, in desperation, they got him a job. As a bit player in "The Collegians" in 1929, the future King of the Movies started the upward climb via the now-famous Gable grin, which flashed, then, without benefit of make-up man.

"The Love Parade" of 1929 excited the critics because: 1, it was All Talkie (!); 2, it boasted Jeanette MacDonald, an "eye feast." They ignored the other eye feast, cast simply as "Second Lady in Waiting"—Virginia Bruce.
WHO'S GOING
With whom?

For reasons romantic or otherwise, these lads and lasses, like that Gable-Morlan-Power team, go places a deux. Can you pair the rest? Check on p. 85
Nicely sun-kissed is Anne Shirley of "Law of the Underworld" in this one-piece suit designed by Allen A.

Marjorie Weaver leaves the "Kentucky Moonshine" set to pose "The Clipper" a saucy swim suit designed by Jantzen.

Marie Wilson, the girl in "Boy Meets Girl" chooses a yellow suit with green pine cones designed by Pacific Knitting.

A smart suit designed by B.V.D. worn by Mary Carlisle of mount's "An Angel with H.

Frances Mercer, fresh from "Vivacious Lady" prefers lounging to swimming when wearing this swelt model designed by B.V.D. Of grey wool, it has a yellow plaited yarn rope halter strap that runs through green loops on the bodice, ties around the waistline.

Marla Shelton, Wagner's new player, hits the sands in the robin's-egg blue waffle Lastex suit designed by C.
Ed Estabrook voley jumped the gun, and slim Hollywood starlets tyeo* the spring air to bring you the first news of sand styles—and scanty is the word for them!

Virginia Grey, M.G.M player (left) turns mermaid in yellow satin lastex designed by Augstein. Ann Rutherford, of “Judge Hardy’s Children,” chooses a patterned rubber model designed by U.S. Rubber.

Barbara Read, forgetting the terrors of “The Crime of Doctor Hallet,” invests in summer charm insurance with this suit of cotton matletex of navy leaves on white designed by West Coast Manchester Mills.

Witchery in the sunsuit for Diana Gibson, KKO player, who wears this one-piece white satin lastex suit with a bubble net. Designed by Gantner.
Unphotogenic Leland Hayward in a moment of apparent boredom—but certainly not with wife Maggie Sullivan

While Hollywood beaux bite their nails in despair, clown JoJo and his midget claim the undivided attention of Wendy Barrie and Anita Louise

That steady foursome—Bob Taylor, Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford and Babs Stanwyck—plus one "Ten Gallon" hat
hat famous couple, the Franchot Tones, as they leave party—a charming bareback rider and her ringmaster!

Bob Abbott remains, as ever, smoothest man-about-town; while Anita Louise, queen of Hollywood's younger set, becomes, for the evening, a queen of tight-rope walkers.

The circus coming to town is the surest sign of summer, so the Frank Borzages, one jump ahead of Barnum & Bailey's, usher in the Hollywood season with a super-version of sawdust hijinks.

All the world loves a clown, but there's more to it in this combination, for the gypsy's dancing partner is none other than husband Bob Young.
—that is, the redheaded Mr. Cagney, Prigal Son of Warners, returns to his home and meets blonde Marie Wilson, does an ape —and the success of the forthcoming version of the Broadway hit is in the
A lot goes on behind the scenes, but behind your back if you're a constant reader of our inimitable Mr. Y.

Young Love Has Itself a Time

When Twentieth Century-Fox studios decided Arleen Whelan and Richard Greene, both promising newcomers, needed a bit of publicity, they paired the two, sending them to night spots to be seen and photographed.

Lo and behold, it took! The youngsters fell madly in love.

And then, along came Sonja Henie back from her tour and Richard, under contract to the same studio, took to beaming Sonja at the same night spots.

Fortunately Arleen understood and now Sonja, Arleen and Richard are the best of friends.

And so another Hollywood romance survives the needs of publicity.

Wedding Bell Maybes

Joan Bennett and producer Walter Wanger. In the autumn.

Allan Lane and June Travis. When the June moon shines brightest.

Martha Raye and Dr. Harold Wiggins. When Martha is legally free.

Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks. If, Hollywood says, the knot hasn't already been tied.

Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel. Unless the lady again changes her mind.

Ken Murray and Shirley Ross. If they can get away from Oswald.

Cecilia Parker and Dick Baldwin. Any minute now.

Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane. Real estate shopping. So—soon or sooner.

Just Being Themselves

What do married couples do when they make public appearances in Hollywood?

Well, when Margaret Sullivan and Leland Hayward dine out in public,hubby sits with a newspaper before his face during the entire meal. No, not a word passes between the two. At least, not the night we spied the silent partners at the Gotham.

Joan Crawford dances between courses when she dines out. If not with Franchot, then with a friend. And, in general, has herself a time.

Arlene Judge and Don Topping do the Big Apple from soup to coffee.

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee gaze at each other, completely absorbed; occasionally hold hands a moment, thus causing sighs of envy to echo about the town for days on end.

Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, dining usually at Hungarian and French restaurants, discuss each dish and how each particular recipe could be improved upon at home.

A Date with Fame

Don Ameche continues to be the most grateful and least blase actor in Hollywood.

When informed by publicity director Harry Brand that he had been chosen to plant his hand and footprints in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater, along with other famous stars, Don just stood and looked at Brand.

"What's the matter?" Brand asked.

The eyes of Don Ameche slowly filled with unshed tears.

"It's just that I feel so honored I can't speak," Don said. "I can't believe all this is happening to me, Harry. I can't believe it."
In Hollywood and Timbuktu, Saturday night is date night. Above: the Joe Penner's gala at the Grove, Eskimo fashion, by rubbing noses.

Photography by Hyman Fink

... while the Bing Crosbys celebrate more formally at the Clover Club: Dixie in a sophisticated "little girl" round-neck dress. Bing bows to fashion with a boutonniere, still clings strongly to his pipe.

Bachelor Life in Hollywood

CARY GRANT and Randy Scott live in the same house but the boys may as well live as far apart as the Poles for all they see of each other. Either Randy is trotting off to Virginia between pictures or Cary is off on location.

Finally, after two months had elapsed with Cary just missing Scott by minutes or Scott going out the front door as Grant came in the back, the boys began leaving notes around.

"Dear Randy," wrote Mr. Grant. "Where is my razor strop? I bought that strop. I thought you dragged in those nightmare pajamas. The smell must be from someone's last picture and I don't mean mine. Everything okay?"

Bob Burns Says:

"FOLKS down in Arkansas jes naturally wouldn't understand. No air, my Grandpa Snazzy would say I'd gone Hollywood or maybe highfalutin' if he could see what happened to my little log cabin.

"But that's not the case. You see, things here in Hollywood jes kind of inflate through necessity. People here don't go big-headed. They go grey-headed trying to keep up with the way things somehow get beyond them all of a sudden.

"Now take my little one-room log cabin that I built out in my back yard to write in and jes loaf around in. When we found folks wuz messin' up our parlor with ashes and stuff we built a little playroom onto the back of the cabin for entertainin' and things. Jes like my Aunt Foozey always made my Uncle Fudd do his whittlin' in the woodshed 'sted of the parlor.

"Then, so many relatives from down in Van Buren come to see us, we had to build a few bedrooms onto the playroom to take care of them. Then the flood kind of got to messin' around in the log cabin so we decided to build an upstairs to it to keep out of the next high fog.

"And that's how my little cabin grew into an eight-room rustic lodge! And derned if I can..."
In this case, it's the men who pay—but definitely—for David Selznick and Tyrone Power, dressed in their very best black and white, are just for the glory that is Janet Gaynor's silver fox.

and what would Emily Post advise? Band leader Herb Keay meets wife Dorothy Lamour and her partner Randy Scott at the Grove.

When Claude Rains left Hollywood for his Connecticut farm, his two-month-old daughter raveled in fine style. On each piece of her luggage was printed the name "Jennifer Rains." Henry Fonda, who has taken over 300 candid camera shots of his daughter, is planning a private showing of his collection. Five dollars thrown in, says Hank, to anyone who will look at all 300 shots and exclaim rapturously over each one.

Gary Cooper reveals his plans for baby Maria Cooper: he must learn that each and every individual has rights that must be respected; he must learn that life outdoors is vastly important toward building mind and body; he must learn that spoiled and selfish people have no place in the world today.

Ve Ask, You Answer

Here are some in Hollywood who say George Brent still cares. Terribly.

At any rate, when the announcement of Barbara's intended marriage to Stokowski made newspaper headlines, George hied himself to his ranch near Indio and remained there, out of reach of studio and the world, for weeks.

By the way, since George's stand-out performance in "Jezebel," the muttered demands for Brent to play Rhett Butler in you know what are growing into a small-sized din.

What's your opinion of George in the role?

Gable's New Job

Clark Gable is the only California rancher with two elephants on his hands. When Clark's friend, Frank Whitbeck, inherited elephants Sally and Queenie from a circus friend, he was nonplussed for all of two minutes, wondering where, oh where, to park the unwieldy pachyderms. And then he thought of friend Gable. Sally and Queenie are most happy on the Gable ranch. Clark claims he's teaching them to trumpet in swing time.

Shadows

Memory, as a rule, isn't long in Hollywood. That's why, when we heard weird rumors of Russ Columbo's new two-year contract, we rushed out to investigate.

Hollywood still remembers the beloved singing star who bore that name. He was accidently killed on Labor Day Eve, 1934. At the time, Russ Columbo's adoring Italian mother, suffering from a heart ailment, was not informed of his tragic end. Every week for four long years John Columbo, Hollywood agent and brother of the slain star, has written the weekly letter read to his mother, supposedly from Russ, who is doing so well in English pictures. Doctors still fear that the true news of her boy's end would climax her heart ailment with death. Every Thursday flowers have arrived for her. A weekly reminder of her idol's love, though he is far away.

But recently, the mother's yearning to see her boy again became stronger than ever. The family must write him not to let his work interfere with a visit, as quickly as his existing contract ran out, she informed them. And that is why news of Russ Columbo's new two-year contract reached Hollywood just now.

A New Love for Tyrone

those flash-glitz announcements regarding the romantic intentions of Tyrone Power, so numerous a short while ago, have toned down considerably of late. But how can a chap training to become a champion cyclist and toy train authority find much time for romance.

Yes, you've guessed it, Tyrone has gone hobby-minded in a big way. His daytime leisure is spent tearing along the roadways of Bel-Air on a racing bicycle, paced by this instructor Hans Ohrt, ex-World Champion Amateur Cyclist. And, at night, Tyrone "engineers" his new $150 toy train outfit, winding in and out of practically every room in his house.

(Continued on page 72)
THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

THREE COMRADES—M-G-M

PURSUANT of the new policy of keeping your own Mr. Bob Taylor on the de glamorized side, Metro has hustled him from the racing shell at Oxford to a racing car in Germany. Here, with Margaret Sullivan, Franchot Tone, and Robert Young, Master Taylor goes in for dramatics and tragedy.

This is the story of three youngsters who survived the war and banded together as friends to face an ugly future in a wasted country. In a repair shop they construct a racing car. While driving, the friends meet Margaret Sullivan, a wis fus tiful tubercular, and Bob falls in love. Sandwiched into this romance, which is completed in sacrifice and grief, is a compelling sociological theme. Miss Sullivan does exceptional work. Tone, Taylor and Young individually make the most of their opportunities.

FOOLS FOR SCANDAL—Warners

IT'S not a good metaphor to call several reels of film a straw but anyway this is the one that probably will break the back of that slapstick camel Carole Lombard's been riding so long. Of all the inane, pointless, labored comedies, this is it.

Carole plays an actress visiting Paris incognito; she meets Fernand Gravet, penniless man about town. He follows her to London, gets a job as chef in her household, and a lot of talk—rather puerile scandal led by Isabel Jeans—ensues. Ralph Bellamy is the dull fiancee who gets left in the lurch, an identical repeat on his role in "The Awful Truth." An honest criticism must insist that warmed-over film material is essentially tasteless.

THE TEST PILOT—M-G-M

THE shrewd combination of rough, soft-eyed Spencer Tracy and rough, glint-eyed Clark Gable with a story of dangerous thrills, makes this one of the most entertaining pictures of the month. Aside from the superb work of Gable, Tracy's flair for sacrificial best-friend parts, and Myrna Loy's incomparable wife portrait, the story alone demands your absorbed interest in every reel. It concerns the most famous test pilot in the country, Gable, who intersperses his brilliant stunts with periods in which he gets roaring drunk. On a test flight across country, he is forced down on a Kansas farm, meets Myrna there, falls terrifically in love and takes her back to Pittsburgh for the ceremony. Clark is fired then, after a flight with Lionel Barrymore, his boss. Thereafter, it is a tale of Myrna's staunch love battling against her nervous fear for her husband and his failing. Climax comes when he is to test a great bomber and Tracy, who is flying with him, gives all for friendship, when disaster comes at last. Production and process on this are so well done that you will quake for the safety of your favorite actors. A rousing performance is presented by Barrymore; Gable could not be better cast. Tracy here is not a traitor to the Academy Award he got for "Captains Courageous," but the part again leaves you feeling sorry for him. The shrieking whine of plane motors will burn in your ears for a long time, but don't miss this.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

The Adventures of Robin Hood
Joy of Living
Test Pilot
Three Comrades
Life Dances On

Stolen Heaven
There's Always a Woman
Port of Seven Seas
Girl of the Golden West

A Review of the New Pictures

JOY OF LIVING—RKO-Radio

IT would be okay, in this rash of farces Hollywood's turning out, if the characters would just be mad and let it go at that. But to say: "Now we are going to do crazy things," and then, with a kind of grim determination, do them . . . well, this is amusing, well dressed, well written, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. looks more like his father every day. Jerome Kern's score is pleasing, and Director Hoy Garnett rushes everything through so that nothing drags. This time Miss Irene Dunne is doing all right as an actress (except for a family of leeches who suck her bank balance) until young Doug comes along. He's a poet who owns a South Sea Island. It's whimsical, that's what it is!
BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Robert Young in "The Adventures of Robin Hood"
Joan Blondell in "There's Always a Woman"
Melvyn Douglas in "There's Always a Woman"
Wallace Beery in "Port of Seven Seas"
Frank Morgan in "Port of Seven Seas"
Jelson Eddy in "The Girl of the Golden West"
Jeanette MacDonald in "The Girl of the Golden West"

Joan Blondell in "There's Always a Woman"
Melvyn Douglas in "There's Always a Woman"
Wallace Beery in "Port of Seven Seas"
Frank Morgan in "Port of Seven Seas"
Jelson Eddy in "The Girl of the Golden West"
Jeanette MacDonald in "The Girl of the Golden West"

WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT—Warners

POOR Kay Francis really gets a dirty deal in this. Kay, heavily emoting, tries to show you what women are like in love and business—but you don't ever want to find out.

Miss Francis has a brain wave on the day of her wedding to stuffy Ralph Forbes, elopes with Pat O'Brien, a high-pressure advertising man. When he discovers his father-in-law has embezzled the firm's accounts, he covers papa's tracks, promptly takes to drink.

Kay, trying to help her discouraged spouse, then shows him that sex appeal can work wonders on a customer, runs the business herself. When Pat returns from a world tour, Kay then decides that Kinder, Kirche and Kuche are okey-doke. Would you believe it?

ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD—Warners

Once again out of the pages of romantic fiction tops the inimitable Mr. Robin Hood, philosopher-romant, played this time—and as never before—by Errol Flynn. Losing none of the excitement which characterized Douglas Fairbanks' version, this, in addition, is given glorious flamboyance by the use of Technicolor. It is an enthralling film pageant. You will march beneath the banners of Richard the Lionhearthed; you will don the green doublet and rose of the Sherwood Forest outlaws and join them in their lusty play. You will joke with Friar Tuck and plot the downfall of kingdoms with Prince John and follow forest paths with winsome Maid Marian. This will exhaust you slightly but happily. The romantics in this are frankly melodramatics. Claude Rains as John has never been so sinister; Basil Rathbone is magnificently villainous as Sir Guy of Gisborne. The romance is of the old school, with Errol a real and mighty hero, and Olivia de Havilland a story-book Princess in distress.

William Keighley and Michael Curtiz have taken the earliest authentic tales of Robin Hood and directed a production that is at once faithful and realistic. Ian Hunter as Richard, Patric Knowles as Will Scarlett, Alan Hale as Little John and a huge supporting cast lend color.

This was a dangerous picture to make but it has been worth it. The universal appeal of reckless men and their chivalry to fair ladies is here brought to life without the dull addition of social significance.

A TRIP TO PARIS—20th Century-Fox

The Jones family take a trip to Paris, and all the things that could happen to average Americans abroad happen to them. First they are taken in by Harold Huber, a phony Frenchman who nicks pa's bankroll for plenty. Finally they are suspected in a spy plot, but manage to talk their way out. Jed Prouty as Pa Jones and Spring Byington as his placid wife offer splendid characterizations.

ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE—Monogram

You'll catch this someplace and you'll like it. Movita, (remember her as Franchot Tone's native love in "Mutiny on the Bounty") is really lovely, and John Carroll is excellent as the hero in a story concerning the brigandage in Mexico one hundred years ago. Antonio Moreno is not a very convincing villain, but Lina Basqueeta, as a jealous dance-hall girl, makes up for that.

MONEY BATTLE OF BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

A NEW team of gusty enemies, Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy, take over where Quirt and Pidge of yesterday's memory left off. The boys are Legionnaires attending a convention in New York. While they there decide to break up the romance between their boss' son and a show girl, Louise Hovick. The end is catastrophic, with the boys emerging triumphant. (Continued on page 52)
WE COVER THE STUDIOS

This month's set-seeing tour uncovers a peck of pandemonium, a gram of gossip and a brand-new movie villain

BY JACK WADE

It said "Boy Meets Girl" on the studio call sheet at Warner Brothers. But right away we meet Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Ralph Bellamy and Marie Wilson. Also, a peck of pandemonium and what resembles stark, staring insanity. If this cycle of nut-house movies continues, we'll never never again venture out on these monthly set strolls without our straight jacket.

Take this scene we watch: at first glance, you'd think Jimmy Cagney's return to Warner's was too much for a twisted brain. He's jumping from a chair to a desk top, slamming a huge bear skin shake on and off his top and gibbering like a zoo—zany ape. Even now and then, he tosses a silver loving cup to Pat O'Brien who executes a combination Off-To-Buffalo, Minnesota Shift and Big Apple, before he hands the cup to Ralph Bellamy, who is floating around vaguely looking like a reeler man. Throughout the whole business, blonde Marie Wilson sits on the sofa, weeping rivers of tears.

Silly stuff, this movie acting! But it's a living...

Then Director Lloyd Bacon yells, "Cut," and everybody relaxes—except Marie. She still sits there, she still bawls.

"Sure it's a crazy scene," admits headman Bacon, "but it's a crazy picture, too—about Hollywood."

That ought to be explanation enough, but, in case it isn't, "Boy Meets Girl" is the stage play satire on the movie world that paralyzed Broadway for so long. It concerns a couple of high-voltage screen writers, how they rip off scenario inspirations and what havoc results. Hollywood satires have done terrible nose dives at the box office in the dear, dead past—but, of course, they've never had the Cagney touch. We'll have to wait and see. Meanwhile, why does that funny Wilson girl sit there and weep?

Well, Marie blubbers bravely, she's either allergic to nonsense, or else it's a pure case of nerves. "Although," she manages to grin, "Nick Grinde says it's the shock of being in an A picture!" Marie is usually queen of the B's.

Even Ralph Bellamy laughs at that, and it takes something to tickle Ralph's funny bone right now. Old Man River took Ralph for a terrible ride in the great Los Angeles flood. His whole house vanished in the muddy torrent. "All I saved was three suits of clothes and a typewriter. But I was lucky at that," Ralph grins. "I'm still here." Then he goes into an—
other screwball comedy scene, his personal regality shoved aside. We know now what they mean by trouping.

WARNER BROTHERS is busy like the beaver, we find, which is a relief, with most of the big radios playing possum this month.

We take a quick gander next at "Secrets of an Actress"—and Kay Francis. Kay’s in a white chiffon evening number, dripping with diamonds. It’s covered up with a linen snood, as she sits and knits a pretety for—whom? Her brand new fiancé, Baron Raven Erik Barnewok? Lebebe. They got themselves engaged during his picture, you know. But here’s something perhaps you didn’t know. The man who introduced Kay and the Baron was Delmer Daves, Kay’s old sweetie. He was leaving on a trip so he brought up his friend. “Now take care of Kay while I’m away,” he begged. The Baron did. Before she knew it, Kay was saying, “Yes.”

Incidentally, the romantic Raven holds a British title, too, so Kay will be a Lady, to boot. Kay, if you remember, is the same star who said if she ever got married again she hoped somebody would tap her on the head with a hammer! Anybody got a hammer?

Right now, Kay looks miles away from marriage as she trips about the floor in one of those music-less set waitzes with Ian Hunter, very natty and gorgeous in white tie and tails. The plot of this film boils about the life and woes of Kay, a tank-town actress who makes good on the Big Street, incorporating herself a Bing Crosby and falling like a brick chimney on handsome George Brent. Ian Hunter is the long-suffering “To Mary With Love” silent worshiper. Ian tells us he’d like, just once, to get the girl in the end, especially when she’s as lovely as Kay. But no—that’s Brent’s dish.

George strolls up to prove it, in patent-leather pumps, tuxedo pants and a tweed sport coat, which he’ll doff when the camera twirls. His body is in Hollywood, says George, but his heart’s in Old Mexico. He just got back from an automobile tour through mountain land, and now he wants to leave Hollywood and live down there for keeps, raising beans and sleeping in the sun. Honest! We ask him what he thinks about his old girl friend, Garbo, and Stokowski playing cozy, and George says it is indeed lovely weather we’re having if it wasn’t for the floods. Nice guy! But so talkative!

We bang into Garbo’s other ex on the “Four’s A Crowd” set next door. Colored Hazel Washington used to maid for Garbo, until Rosalind Russell filched her. Now Roz is on loan to trade romantic swats with Errol Flynn, so naturally Hazel goes with the deal.

Before we see Rosalind we have to fight through a stack of white orchids which set somebody back plenty of trolley tokens. Guess who. That’s right—Jimmy Stewart. It’s on again. He sends them every day, and Roz doesn’t object. In fact, one look at the Russell’s grinning smoker and you can tell all’s right with the world. It’s because, she explains, this is such a swell part. “It’s no ‘Lady Mary’ part,” she says, “like they usually throw me.” A “Lady Mary” part, in the Russell language, is a lah-de-dah, society girl part. In “Four’s A Crowd,” Rosalind is a slam-bang female newshawk, sparring with spoiled rich man’s daughter, Olivia de Havilland, to hook Errol, a high-pressure publicity genius. Livvy looks wins. We watch Errol high-bash with a mob of movie reporters and his secretary, emoted by Joan Blondell’s little sister, Gloria. Looks like her twin, too. When Dickey’s secretaries suggest a bit, Errol crashes over to his chair and buries his handsome nose in a stack of catalogues. They’re all about the care and feeding of ships, he explains, and he’s known to distributing his new wave bustle, the “Sirocco.” Right after this picture Errol and Lilli heave anchor for a six weeks’ Caribbean cruise with typical Flynn derring-do. He meant to go before, but “Four’s A Crowd” gave him a break he’d been long awaiting: to sit, a straight comedy part. Besides, this one’s a bonus picture for Errol. The pay check is considerably upped for crowing it in—and that’s an item, even to an Irishman.

Errol’s only Warner rival for the year’s high movie scoring record is Olivia de Havilland, who’s under strict doctor’s orders at this point, because she’s made so many movies without any rest. Livvy can’t go out anywhere at nights, can’t even eat in the studio lunch room with the rest of the grown folks. She has to sip milk in her dressing room. It’s her nerves; they’re about to pop. So, after this one, she sails away for a two month’s vacation. She couldn’t turn down this part, though, she confesses to us, because for the first time in her life she’s had such a swell layout of clothes! What’s a nervous breakdown to a twenty-one-year-old girl teased by a set of Orry-Kelly rags? Practically nothing at all.

FROM Warners’ to Wanger’s through washouts is our next heroic battle, just for a peek at the super-lovely Madeleine Carroll. Even then we almost miss, because for four days up in Malibu Madeleine has nibbled her fingernails while the money was marooned her from her art. Thank goodness that’s all they did. With Dietrich apparently ducking out of pictures for a spell, we couldn’t stand to lose another real beauty like marvelous Madeleine.

The epic the Lone Star Wanger is whipping up at present is called “The Adventurers,” but chances are they’ll think up a fanier title than that before you get a crack at it. It’s all about Spain, plot and counterplot, Insurgents and Loyalists—and—right there’s one, and the fellow her Mata-Hari maneuverings involve is Henry Fonda. We stumble in right as Madeleine spills a very dramatic plea to an evil-looking general, and Henry Fonda looks like the unhappy lad who’s about to eat his last hearty dinner.

They break up right away, though, and we get some licks in while Lady Carroll combs out her hair and pretties up a bit, if possible. “A very fine thing,” says she. “My husband and I own a castle in Spain, but I have to come back to Hollywood to get a look at the place!” It’s all true, too. Mr. Carroll—pardon, Capt. Philip Astley—and Madeleine tried like Turks to spend a day or two at their Spanish castle they bought in a romantic moment. But too many firecrackers were going off around the spot, and they had to compromise on a Mediterranean cruise. “Maybe,” maybed Madeleine cheerfully, “by the time I make a few more pictures, they’ll be fighting somewhere else, like Tibet or Timbuktu.”

Fatherhood seems to fit Hank Fonda like an acrobat’s tights. He looks much in the pink and says little daughter Jayne Seymour takes to a camera like a kitten to milk. Already Hank has snapped three hundred Leica shots of her, goo-ing, gurgling and making eyes at her paw and maw. He rushed East and brought her to Hollywood in a basket—the baby, not Hank’s wife—just before pinch-ming the clock at Wanger’s. Now he’s a family man and nuts about it, (Continued on page 80)
WHEN
HOLLYWOOD
Entertains

Here's the kind of private parties filmtown's bachelors give, when they invite whom they please to share some special "at home" fun.

BY KAY CAMPBELL AND ROSAMOND MARIOTTI

There's been a lot said about the bachelor contingent of Hollywood. On the screen, they become the dream of feminine America; off the screen, in white tie and tails, they are the gallant escorts of the glamour girls and excellent copy for the columnists.

For purposes of classification, the contingent can be divided thus: the confirmed bachelor, and (according to his fancy of the moment) the benedict-to-be. But, engaged or unengaged, the private lives of these bachelors are a subject of speculation to everyone in Hollywood—and elsewhere.

Here then, is the story of how this other side lives—and entertains.

The younger bachelors' parties bluster from bowling alley to roller-drome and back again to swimming pools. They burlesque anything and anybody and try to impress their elders with their ability to star in inventiveness and wit.

Tyrone Power lives with his mother and infrequently has the "gang" (which usually means Dixie Dunbar, Carl Leemmlle, Jr., Eleanor Whitney, Johnny Downs and a few others) over for dinner and to spend the evening. But it was while he was escorting Loretta Young to a party at Sally Blane Foster's house that he had that moment of inspiration which led to a run of those amazing "Who-dunit" parties.

Norman Foster, Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell were wondering how to end the respective mystery screenplays they were writing. Foster, who directed "Death in Paradise Canyon," which he co-authored with Saul Elkins, got his hero into a series of seemingly inexplicable predicaments and couldn't quite decide who the villain should be. The Campbells confessed they were similarly stumped on their story, and a "Who-dunit" conference ensued. Now "Who-dunit" is introduced wherever Tyrone goes. He starts the story, each guest in turn adds to it, and the last person called on has to unravel the mystery, with the result that half of cinemaland is writing mystery thrillers.

TYRONE POWER'S STUFFED ARTICHOKE

Select large-sized artichokes. Cut off the stem end and about an inch off the top, also remove the outer layer of leaves. Spread the remaining leaves apart and fill with stuffing made of bread crumbs, a little chopped parsley and onion and grated cheese. Mix these ingredients together with butter and olive oil. If one likes garlic, a little may be added. Bake artichokes in a pot with about half an inch of broth or water until tender. A strip of bacon or slice of tomato may be added to the top of each.

ROBERT TAYLOR'S ENTERTAINING used to begin at his mother's home. But now that he has his new ranch house, he's more apt to be found out in the wide open spaces. Yet, when it comes to serving meals, he still seems to feel that Mother's cooking is good enough for his guests (and think of the responsibility that takes off his shoulders), so he takes them to his mother's home for fried chicken and apple pie. Like most riding enthusiasts, Bob likes, whenever possible, to get up a horseback-riding party to explore the Beverly Hills bridle path by moonlight. But, failing that, he ushers his guests on to the exclusive West Side Tennis Club.

ROBERT TAYLOR'S APPLE PIE

PASTRY

4 1/2 cups flour
1 1/2 cups shortening
4 teaspoons salt
cold water to moisten

Mix the flour, salt and shortening together; the fat may be cut in with a knife. Add just enough water to make the particles adhere together.

Turn on a lightly floured board, roll thin, handling as little as possible. This makes three two-crust pies of ordinary size.

(Continued on page 86)

PHOTOPLAY
Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Contrast tones of green and grey silk linens combine to fashion this summer sports costume designed by Travis Banton for Claudette Colbert, star of the popular Paramount film, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." The box jacket, featuring flap pockets, novel rents and self-covered buttons, has a "beanie" to match. The skirt has a companion sweater of cashmere.
ack costumes find sophistication in new fabric moods and dressmaker details. Sft: a tri-color suede outfit created for Juan Bennett (whom you'll see in Paramount's "The Texans") by Voris of Hollywood. The draped slacks, with front pockets and stitched creases, are grey; the blouse is navy; the "beanie" and single-breasted jacket (see insert) with "little girl" collar are rose. The three plors are co-ordinated in the braid ed kit that fastens with navy ties. Pearls and a link bracelet lend a feminine note.

Winter dresses are paramount in Hollywood's fashion foreground. Joan selects hers in navy and white. The cotton skirt is a front panel of pleats. A red kid-in belt with navy inset and gold trim; the hand-knitted cotton sweater; the linen hat is stitched in red and blue; the cotton gloves dotted with fabric knots; the La Valle sandals, revealing heel and toe, are finely perforated. Juan's costume was selected at I. Magnin, Hollywood; her sandals (close-up below) are from J.W. Robinson, Los Angeles.
Suédé is seen in Hollywood's smartest street and sport ensembles. Left: cyclamen posies with golden yarn centers and green leaves spot the jumper blouse and flowerpot bag of this two-piece turquoise ensemble worn by Virginia Bruce of M-G-M's "The First Hundred Years." The turquoise hat has ties and crown band of cyclamen and rose grosgrain; the wrist-length, hand-sewn gloves are rose. Suspenders pull through slits, button onto a six-gore skirt.

At the right is a bolero frock of golden yellow, worn by Maureen O'Sullivan, who is now appearing in "Port of Seven Seas." The short-sleeved blouse with its tailored collar tucks into a smart four-gore skirt, and the two pieces are joined by a gay cummerbund of royal blue appliquéd with posies in shades of red, yellow and green to repeat the floral motif of the bolero. The "baby bonnet" matches the frock. Yoris created the suédé ensembles on these pages.
Peasant fashions adaptable for wear in town and at the beaches brighten up the summer mode. Inspiration traveled from the costumes of far-off Hungary to style this peasant jumper dress of navy and white silk linen worn so attractively by Margaret Lindsay, who is appearing currently in "When Were You Born?". Large pearl buttons mark the closing of the piquant blouse, while a wide band of brilliant red, yellow and green yarn embroidery defines the slim waistline.
Insert: an authentic Southern Mexican costume of Aztec derivation designed by Edith Head for Dorothy Lamour to wear in Paramount's "Tropic Holiday." With such costumes as inspiration, Miss Head has launched her American Indian peasant trends for play, day, and evening clothes. Below, Miss Lamour is wearing an adaptation of this costume—a playtime frock created for her personal wardrobe by Miss Head and photographed exclusively for Photoplay. Fashioned of coarse white linen, the full pleated skirt is striped in red and black. The inset belt and square, geometric neckline and front panel of the "camisa" (blouse) are appliquéd with stripes of the skirt fabric. Directly left is a sketch of a frock which was also inspired by the early costumes of Southern Mexico. Stripes in the Mexican national colors (red, green, and white) style an inset girdle on a black linen one-piece frock. A coarse white linen bolero and Panama sombrero complete the enchanting mood.

PHOTOGRAPH BELOW BY WILLIAM WALLING
The revealing true story of

Myrna Loy...

The saga of a beloved redhead

By Dixie Willson

Of Montana's Crow Creek Valley where little Myrna Williams was born, she first remembers the acres of her father's wheat, his cattle and blue-blooded horses roaming the range. Then, moving to the city of Helena, growing into city advantages, she went to dancing school, and much to the disturbance of the stolid Williams family showed exceptional talent, such talent in fact, that there seemed but one answer: she was "born to dance."

Her father, though a laughing genial jovial type, a great host, their home constantly gay with parties and guests, could not accept the thought of a daughter of his progressing toward a professional career. Adoring her Dad, having always regarded him as her particular pal, it was difficult for Myrna to feel that he did not share and understand her one dream.

Her great thrill came with her chance to appear at the "premiere danseuse" in the Helena Elks' show, the outstanding event of the season, and her heart was broken when her father deliberately planned a week's business trip out of town to avoid seeing her on the stage that night.

But she danced, and was a sensational success, so much of a success that afterward she was approached by the manager of the Broadway act imported for the show, who offered her the chance to go East, leaving tonight, meeting his troupe at the railroad station.

Myrna was only thirteen, but tall, serious, lovely to look at, certainly unusually talented, and this offer she felt to be her great opportunity. So her decision was to go... telling her family afterward, of course.

At one a.m., still wearing the make-up of tonight's triumph, her mother sleeping, Myrna waited in her own room until it should be time to leave for the railroad station and the 2:40 train.

Now continue the story:

She remembers still the pounding of her heart against the strange portentous stillness of midnight. She had shaded her light, had turned the...
Adolescent Myrna was torn between two ideals—a high-school halfback and a career as a sculptress. The former she discussed with cousin Laura Bell Wilder (left, below); the latter with brother David (bottom), now a prominent sculptor.
Summer chic is charmingly represented in these dark sheers (woven of Celanese yarn) worn by Joan Perry, star of Columbia's "Start Cheering." A duco petit-point motif individualizes this frock of sheer crepe with its white zipper closing which matches the piping on neck and sleeves. Patent belt and shoulder corsage of piqué.

A synthetic yarn which has the body of wool and the coolness of linen makes this "Tropical Sheer" (top, right) a "must" for summer. The frock buttons down the front, has a pleated skirt that is cleverly stitched to mould the hipline. A patent belt, a gay shoulder carnation and a sleek open-crowned turban complete this ensemble.

Summer magic is evident in the costume shown at the right—a marquisette frock with a cool all-over floral design which is applied with narrowest tape. The underslip is of sheer crepe with a net yoke. Joan has chosen her dress in navy with the design in delicate pink, the year's (and the men's) favorite accessory color.

Cotton daisies set on coarse net stylo the jacket of Joan's pure silk chiffon frock. The skirt has front and back side panels of knife pleats stitched from the waist and released at the knee. The blouse of the short-sleeved frock has a V neck line piped in white linen. The corsage is of patent and linen; the belt of patent.

FOR LIST OF STORES CARRYING THESE DRESSES SEE PAGES 94-95
A Bride Now...

will she keep Romance?

"Don't let Cosmetic Skin develop—rob YOU of love"

LOVELY SKIN WINS ROMANCE. SO WHY TAKE CHANCES WITH UNATTRACTIVE COSMETIC SKIN

COSMETIC SKIN
DEVELOPS WHEN PORES ARE CHOKED WITH DUST, DIRT AND STALE COSMETICS.
LUX TOILET SOAP'S ACTIVE LATHER GUARDS AGAINST THIS DANGER

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION "BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE"

I ALWAYS REMOVE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP. IT'S THE SAFE, EASY WAY TO KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
The Roxford "Demure," a Leghorn in natural color that goes well with every costume, frames the charming face of Barbara Read, currently appearing in "The Crime of Dr. Hallet." That air of schoolgirl simplicity, heightened by winsome chin straps and tailored grosgrain band, is the very soul of sophistication for this summer season of 1938.

Dorothea Kent, now playing in "Goodbye Broadway," gives you a new line on felt. Miss Kent is wearing the Roxford "Coquette," one of the new flat-crowned, swinging-brimmed felts. Note the coquettish upweep of the brim in back, the downward tilt over the eyes. Contrasting grosgrain ribbon forms the smartly bowed banding. Shown in the new String beige, this Roxford is available in other colors.

Barbara Read poses for you in "Winsome," a Byron model tailored of Leghorn in flattering natural color. The crown reaches a smart new low; the brim is wide enough to shade you from the sun, yet not so wide that you can't wear this model for almost any daytime occasion. Tailored to typical Byron quality, and banded 'round with grosgrain, this hat is headed for the limelight.

The Byron "Sophisticate," photographed here on Dorothea, shows you felt at its cleverest in line and detail; gives you an idea of what's ahead for summer. You'll travel far without meeting a smarter felt. There's a dashing angle to the new lowered crown; a dashing line to the bumper-edged brim. Grosgrain banding is accented by fringe detail at the felt. Smart in vivid sports color.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood hats shown on this page are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on page 95.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAY JONES
It helps their skin more directly!

THE NEW CREAM WITH "Skin-Vitamin"

"A great advance..."

"Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream is a great advance—a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it. It makes texture seem finer."

—Mrs. Henry Lathorne Roosevelt, Jr.

"Helps skin more..."

"I've always been a devoted user of Pond's. Now that it has the 'skin-vitamin' in it, it helps my skin more than ever. Keeps it bright and fresh looking all through the gayest season."

—Frederica Vanderbilt Webb

"Gets skin really clean..."

"Pond's Cold Cream always gets my skin really clean. Now it nourishes, too, and keeps my skin so much softer."

—Mrs. Victor du Pont, III

Use the new Pond's Cold Cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Put it in. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Do this faithfully for 2 or 3 weeks. Some women reported enthusiastically within that time!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Suppose you try and see what putting the active "skin-vitamin" directly into your skin will do for it? In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only three weeks!

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.
Jane Withers, like all little girls, has one special school dress that's a delight to her heart. Jane's favorite is this fine English gingham in blue and white. Her jumper frock, with flared skirt, has a blouse of Irish linen with gingham trim on the collar and cuffs. Helen Myron designed this and Jane's party frock (above right).

Jane decides to "say it with flowers" when she arrives at the party all dressed up in her newest afternoon frock of deep blue crepe with myriads of tiny white stars spotting the blouse and collar. The sections of Jane's hat are joined with cords of the matching print which fashions the banding, too.

On a day off from 20th Century-Fox's "Rascals" we found Jane in her yard, wearing this dress of turquoise-blue silk linen with hand stitching of darker blue. A trim of white silk braid edges the collar and cuffs and forms a belt which ends with three buttons at each side of the front panel.

Photography by Frank Powolny
"Look at those snapshots... then decide," says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage

I BELIEVE that practically every girl or man has a chance, sometime during romance days, to make a happy marriage. Unhappy marriages simply show how many let the right chance slip...

"Try this plan: When you meet someone you like, see that you get plenty of snapshots. This is a natural and easy thing to do—romance and snapshots go together like music and moonlight...

"And be sure to save your snapshots. Then, when you think your big moment has arrived, spend an hour or two looking over the snapshots of all the others. See what they say to you. See if some of the faces and scenes don't awaken memories that make you pause. Perhaps you'll recognize the right chance that has gone by temporarily, but can be regained."

Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.
No Idol to His Father

Theodore Flynn, professor of biology at Queens University, Belfast, Ireland, is still amused at his son Errol's choice of a career. Just before the star left he received a letter from his father in answer to Errol's offer to send him a few specimens of deep-sea specimens which he hoped to collect during his six-week cruise in the Caribbean aboard his new ship "Sirocco." The letter, in part, reads: "Dear Errol, "Thank you for your willingness to collect deep-sea specimens for me. I hope your adventure is pleasant and successful. I should like to caution you to learn a little more about your present choice of endeavors, if you are scientifically interested, especially as an ichthyologist." "If you should run into one of the medusae possessed of long extended tentacles with a bookstore, however, please send it on. If you do, I shall make it a point to see this new picture of you."

Errol swears he's going to do his best to find that rare jellyfish, too.

Stokowski's "Isolde" is

In the maze of rumors and counter-rumors about the Garbo-Stokowski epopee, we think the news of the day is this: years ago, before Stokowski had even met Garbo, he wanted to do Richard Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" for the screen. His dream, even then, was to have Garbo for his Isolde. But, you will say, Garbo can't sing. It's true. But that didn't stop the revolutionary Stokowski. He plans to have a great singer's voice dubbed in for the aria.

Wagner went to Italy to finish "Tristan." Is it too much to suppose that Garbo and Stokowski went to Villa Cimbrone (don't miss the pictures on page 32) not only as companions, but as two great artists, seeking to recuperate Wagner's good? Garbo inevitably has new doors opened to her by her romances. Maurice Stiller turned her from a peasant girl into a seductive star. John Gilbert opened the door to a happy, youthful life. Stokowski represents an unlikely world to Garbo-music, if these comments are true, and we believe they are, it means Garbo will not retire from the screen. Won't she be a divine Isolde?

The Big Ten

SHIRLEY TEMPLE: is finished "Little Miss Broadway." At this writing. Her studio secured Irving Cummings, the director of one of Shirley's biggest box-office hits, "Bright Eyes," to direct her in this latest film. Despite rumors to the contrary, Shirley should make one more picture before she can start on her vacation. The parents have decided against going to the Garbo-Stokowski musical appearances, but she will still visit the "Quinta." She will leave Hollywood in June.

CLARK GABLE: back from a Mexican hunting trip, in which he reported "no luck." He's now making preparations for his coming role of a Russian film cameraman in "Too Hot To Handle," by trailing veteran newreel photographer Sam Greenwald about on assignments.

CLAIRE GIBBS: spent the first day of his vacation, after completing "Three Conquers," sowing alfalfa on his ranch. He had a nice New York trip all planned, giving himself three weeks in which to see the stage offerings and "do" the town, but his studio said no. It is reported that M-G-M's new M-G-M airwave has helped boost the broadcast to such good ratings that they insist on his presence, even during his vacation period.

BING CROSBY: has started his new picture, "Sing You Sinners," for Paramount. It is needless to say that between pictures, his weekly radio broadcast, and the growing Crosby boys, Bing finds himself one of the busiest guys in town. But he loves it!

WILLIAM POWELL: while still in the hospital, Bill is improving so rapidly that studios are bracketing up on their scripts to persuade him that his next picture should be done for them. His old studio, M-G-M, has another "Thin Man" yarn waiting, and 20th Century-Poxy wants him back for another right away. Meanwhile, the con-valescing Powell is just smiling and enjoying the daily deluge of flowers sent to him by his friends.

JANE WITHERS: the energetic little Jane is busy these days super-visor the rebuilding of her cottage playhouse and other buildings, damaged by the recent California raindrops (flooded to you). Script on her next picture will be completed soon, and Jane will have to forget the grand rest she's had, of late, and that exciting personal appearance tour.

FRED ASTAIRE AND GINGER ROGERS: reporting to work faithfully each morning, now, to put the finishing touches on those dance routines he has worked up for his reunion film with Ginger. Poor Ginger is still acting away on additional scenes for that "difficult-to-get-released" film entitled "Having Wonderful Time."

SONJA HENIE: back in Hollywood, after her successful tour and Florida vacation, the little blonde skating star has the local swains in a twirl, trying to get a date with her. She's pounced and pounded lighter than when she left, and has the grandest suitor in town, even if it did come from Florida. Sonja for her next picture will be ready within two weeks.

GARY COOPER: will probably be back in Hollywood by the time you read this. He is in Iceland, visiting his "in-laws" and recuperating from that minor operation he underwent recently.

MYRNA LOY: was all set to take a pleasant journey with hubby Arthur Lake to Mexico. But Mr. Loy was not in a mood to travel. Mr. Loy is spending her intended vacation at home—and enjoying it very much, thank you.

George Brent—his column

GEORGE BRENT, a Hollywood star, has just finished his big produc- tle he was purchasing was a present for the nephew of Mexico City's chief of police.

It all came about this way. During George's recent visit to that city the young Mexican attached himself to the actor and followed him about faithfully. So he admired George's silver buckle, that the latter couldn't resist presenting the buckle to his nephew.

That trend of feeling that has a way of sweeping through the Hollywood air, carrying its message of favor or disfavor for the actor, has swung the way Mr. Brent's direction lately—and with happy conclusions.

"Two's company, a man's a friend," once said, in speaking of George, "who, through no fault of his own, suffered such pitiable publicity as Brent.

Before Hollywood had a chance to get to know George very well, he married Ruth Chatterton. Ruth's failure to cooperate with the publicity departments, her active aversion to cameras, despite the routine of playing for the camera boys for many a blue room.

His romance with Garbo only widened the barriers between George and Holly- wood, for naturally Garbo's mania for seclusion included George. That meant that the best things in life, the beautiful young girl, Garbo, and the Mexican hornblow, were lost in the country and stayed there, alone rather than be asked ridiculous questions. He saw Miss Garbo in "Frost." His last flight into romance with Constance Worth and its deplorable after-math just about crushed George. He gave up trying to get deeper into film life, and Hollywood is suddenly seen as pleasantly the man as he really is. A charming young fellow, intent on becoming a good American citizen and furthering his place on the screen. Just a fine chap who like all of us, hopes to be understood.

Plenty of credit for this break in the clouds for George Brent belongs to his wife, Ruth Chatterton. George went to see George at, a time when he needed it most, real friendship.

Many a time when George sat alone in the studio sleeping room, Olivia bounced in and, with a pleasant grin, plopped down beside the actor, ordered a drink, and would begin his most post-dinner day from his trip to Mexico.

Yes, Hollywood is rapidly becoming pro-Brent. And it's about time!
Your Powder... should be in a color harmony shade to add new beauty to your skin. You'll find a shade that is perfect for you in Max Factor's Powder... and you'll marvel how it imparts a satiny-smooth make-up that really stays on for hours... One dollar.

Your Rouge... should give a natural touch of color to your cheeks without being obvious. There's a color harmony shade for you in Max Factor's Rouge that will look actually lifelike... and you'll be pleasantly surprised how creamy-smooth it is, and how easily it blends... Fifty cents.

Announcing!... Max Factor's Normalizing Cleansing Cream... a perfectly balanced cream that will "agree" with your skin whether it is dry, oily, or normal.

Max Factor * Hollywood
"Cosmetics of the Stars"
some day I'll bring you the moon and the stars and all the lovely things in the world, and make you very own. Well he was with her now—and always and we'll love only each other. You're so little and so sweet and so perfect and I love you more than anything in all the world."

And so, indeed, he did. Also, he wasn't a bad dialogue writer; later on, when he became famous, he always twisted his dialogue around to suit himself and it always sounded better.

They were married and set up housekeeping, and she did miracles with the little money they had. They were quite happy in their one room, and quite sure of being fed properly. They used to sit up in bed at night, with the bedclothes spread out smooth, and draw plans of the houses they'd build some day.

"We'll have the swimming pool right here," he'd say and hug her and laugh with a great, confident joy. She'd look up at him with complete adoration, believing in him utterly. He would do all the things he said he would. He would be a movie star and build glorified houses and have swimming pools.

She was right. He did. But she wasn't with him.

It wasn't that he outgrew her exactly. Nor that he stopped loving her—it was pretty hard to stop loving Viola, for she was a dear and personable woman.

He just fell in love with somebody else. Violently, insanely, magnificently. By and by, in love, young wedded love, became a pale and faded tintype out of the past beside his first exciting passion for a brilliant, experienced woman of the stage. He actually looked on his marriage as something that had happened to him in another life, another time.

Frogs would sweep off his feet, away from her—for away.

"There isn't anything I can do about it," he told her sadly.

After long nights of tears, she silently into her pillow for fear of waking him, after days of trying to be beautiful, learned that he said was true.

Just at first she thought she ought to fight for him, try to keep him. He was her husband and she'd got over this infatuation, if she was wise and patient. So she put on her best clothes, which weren't much, and spent hours combing her pretty brown hair, and read all the things he liked best to eat.

It wasn't any use. Her heart was broken, for she had learned to love him better every day and she simply didn't see how she could live without him. Life would be so flat, so stale and unprofitable without Richard. Other men would be so drab and commonplace and dull beside him. All the sparkle and thrill and excitement of love and life would be gone, because how could she bear another lover after Richard?

And she wasn't yet twenty and there were so many long, gray years ahead to be lived through.

Her heart hurt for him, too. This other woman wouldn't be good for him. She wouldn't take care of him. She'd waste his time and his money.

But he explained that. "You see," he told her, "I'd have anything, I need someone who understands me. I need someone who inspires me."

"Yet you're so domestic; he can't live a quiet home life; he shouldn't be tied to one woman, ever. An actor has to live—to know life— to have new experiences the time. I want to live dangerously."

He was very, very young, of course.

In the end she gave him his way. Fame and fortune were just beginning to smile brightly upon them. Odie was becoming known. He had done one leading rôle with sensational success. Odie was considerably all around a hit.

Of course, he had everything—dark beauty of the most masculine type, acting ability far beyond the ordinary, glamour and the kind of a spectacular quality that literally blazed on the black and white screen. She couldn't stand in his way when he didn't want her any more.

He divorced her. Nothing could have made her believe she would ever be divorced. Divorce was something that happened to other people in the newspapers. Her mind went around and around in circles back to those nights on the moonlight beach when they had vowed eternal love, through the brief, glorious, exciting, poverty-striken two years of their marriage, trying to discover where they had missed the path. Marriage was real; you couldn't just say, "That's the end of that."

But she found out that he could. Hollywood wasn't impossible for her after that. Hollywood had taken him from her and there could never be another man. If they'd been just normal, ordinary people, she'd have been happy, kept him. But then, she had to admit, he wouldn't have been Richard.

The train carried her away and the wheels went over her heart at every turn. The small Kentucky town swallowed her in the stage. He actually looked on his marriage as something that had happened to him in another life, another time. Frogs would sweep off his feet, away from her—for away.

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For true girls and last control . . . FLOATING BRA, exclusive with GANTNER. Do you order yours everywhere?

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DAMASK DACEY, knit Luster and wool, plain, .50.00

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FLOATING B R A is an amazing inner uplift . . . to glamorize your every lovely line! It creates smart, slim-waist illusions by raising surplus inches to accent your beautiful, high-pointed bust!

(Continued from page 29)
Make Your Gift to Him an

"INVISIBLE STITCH" BILLFOLD

by PRINCE GARDNER

Whether it's for Tom at graduation, for Fred who is coming down to usher at the wedding—or for Dad on Father's Day (June 19th) you can find the ideal masculine gift in an "Invisible Stitch" Billfold by Prince Gardner.

John Boles speaks for men generally when he says that a good billfold should wear well. In Prince Gardner Billfolds the stitches are invisible—cleverly concealed so that they give important reinforcement and yet cannot be worn out.

See these practical stream-lined billfolds at one of your better stores. No matter which style or leather you choose, you'll make a real hit with the menfolk.

Here are three typical Prince Gardner Billfolds with the Invisible Stitch feature.

LEFT: English Morocco Double Bill Compartment, Visible Pass Holder .......... $5.00
CENTER: Genuine Alligator Single Bill Compartment, Concealed Pass Holder ... $10.00
RIGHT: Grained Goat, with Talon fastener, Stamp and Card Holders ........... $3.50

"A Good Billfold—Like an Old Friend—Wears Well" says

JOHN BOLES

Appearing in

"Sinners in Paradise"

NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE

SOLD BY LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

PRINCE GARDNER • Pine Street at 19th • St. Louis, Missouri
There was something about the way she held herself, the way she moved, that would always make her the center of attention. She was the one everyone watched as she walked into the room, her dark, flowing gown trailing behind her. Her eyes, a deep, luminous shade of green, would sweep over the crowd, taking in every detail. And when she spoke, her voice was like music, a melody that could make even the most jaded listener pause.

It wasn’t just her beauty, though, that made her stand out. It was her grace, her poise, her effortless elegance. She moved with a sense of purpose, as if she knew exactly where she was going and why. And when she looked at you, it was like she could see right through you, right down to your soul. It was a power that was both mesmerizing and disorienting, a force that would leave you breathless.

Yet for all her allure, Viola knew that she was not immune to the struggles of the world. She had seen too much, heard too much, felt too much. She had seen love and loss, joy and pain, triumph and defeat. And yet, through it all, she remained steady, unchanging, a rock in a stormy sea. She knew that she was special, but she also knew that she was not alone. There were others like her, others who had fought and struggled, who had come out the other side stronger, wiser, and more resilient.

So when she walked into the room, she went straight for the hat rack, her eyes扫视ing the collection of headwear before her. She paused at a particular item—a wide-brimmed hat, adorned with feathers and pearls. It was a style that was out of fashion, but she knew that it would look perfect on her. She lifted it from the rack and held it up to her head, admiring the way the light played off the diamonds and pearls. Then she turned to her mirror, her eyes scanning the room for any signs of the party she was about to attend.

And there they were, the people she had come to know and love over the years—her friends, her family, her family. She knew that this was the night she would make them all proud, the night she would show them what she was made of. For she was more than just a actress, more than just a woman. She was a symbol of hope, of resilience, of the human spirit. And as she made her way through the crowd, her eyes扫视ing the faces she saw, she knew that she was exactly where she was meant to be.
The Flash of WHITE Enna Jetticks

WITH THE DASH OF YOUTH... Here, there, everywhere—you see the flash of young white Enna Jetticks! Graceful street shoes air-cooled by punchings. Sports and spectators with alert lines and gay new trimmings. All light-hearted companions—all perfect fashion partners for your daytime costumes. Stores everywhere sell Enna Jetticks. Be sure to see them.

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SIZES 1 TO 11
WIDTHS AAAAA TO E AND EEE

America's Smartest Walking Shoes Go Places Comfortably

Enna Jetticks
Hand-Flexed by Master Craftsmen
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laughter was the lovely center.

For Bill, like most intelligent men, has not been too happy. His first marriage was a failure, though characteristically he garnered two fine things from it, his son, and the deep friendship of the woman who was his wife. His second marriage was a failure, too. That was his marriage to Carole Lombard, and out of that, too, he kept Carole's friendship, if not her love. It is my own opinion that he has never quite gotten over that latter loss.

Both those wives were simple, quite naive girls when he married them. Looking at the glittering Lombard of today, it is hard to remember that when she married Bill she was really just an undeveloped girl, closely tied to her mother's apron strings. She was, though.

But Jean was as experienced in disillusion as Bill. She had gone through two disastrous alliances and a third that ended in the sheer horror of Paul Bern's suicide. She knew what it was to have every man pursuing her and all the women jealous of her. She had to fight for every bit of her career. Yet with it all she was gentle and kind and understanding. No personality could have been more perfectly suited to the basically romantic, superficially jaded human being that is William Powell.

They played with the idea of marriage. They were completely in love but they were afraid. They saw no one else and they spent long days lying under the desert sun, or basking in the gardens of Bill's beautiful estate, not talking particularly, not entertaining particularly, just content in the happy realization that they were together.

—

AND THEN THERE WERE THREE

Every woman of experience loves 'em—Hollywood's famous three—Ronnie, Bill and Warner. Read new and heart-warming anecdotes about this trio's sturdy friendship next month in PHOTOPLAY

both their minds was the expectation of getting married sometime. But this drifted along, joyously, dodging the stern reality of that final bout until death entered.

You can not explain the finality of death to anyone who has not lived through losing the person who is dearest to him and knowing, at long last, that there is nothing to do but take it. Reckoning from that point, you have to change every value. If death is release for the person who has gone, it is one of two things for the person who is left: release into life or imprisonment in grief for life. Those are the only two ways you may take it; either the strong way of growing or the weak way of grieving.

Bill Powell has taken it the strong way. I saw him a night or so after the end of his European trip and with joy I realized that. For he was much thinner and his face was drawn but his eyes were steady and the light in them was much softer.

He had gone to Europe, accompanied by his loyal friend, Al Kaufman. They sailed on a slow, unfashionable Dutch boat and landed once one day at an unimportant Dutch town. They prowled around after that as they liked. They went to Amsterdam for a few days. They went

laughing. They went to Budapest, where they visited the houses of Parliament, beating against that background to be laid some of the scenes for Bill's picture "The Barons and the Bankers."

They journeyed back to Paris again, and there was a trip without plot or planning, a tour on which they forgot the joys which could no longer be remembered, due to the aching hurt of those left behind.

Finally they got to Italy. Bill to Italy, since the first trip he ever made abroad took him there in company with his closest friend, Roscoe Arbuckle. They were both much younger then and they had a glorious time, prowling around in interludes muddled apart between appreciation of art and very lively, amusing girls. If now there was only loneliness, as scented winds blow down the hills and the gentle Italian landscape fogs into the twilights. Now there was only the aching awareness that was unshared, is almost too poignant to bear. Until one night through a chance remark of a fan of his, whom he overheard talking on an Italian street and Bill found what he had to do to recover his own happiness. It was a shabby little boy who was talking. He didn't look too well dressed. He wasn't very clean. But was explaining to his companion that he was—poorly, shabby (or whatever it was) then say when they are most exulting going to the movies to see Bill Powell, who always laughs. And William Powell in person, unserved, the man who had been think, for four lonely months about an idea he realized at last what he had to do.

He had within him the power to make other people laugh. He was acting, but after all he was simple acting. He had lost the woman loved, which was the most awful any man may ever know; yet it was only a single loss. He did not have the fear of hunger or of cold of loss of a job or a home, or the pang of illness, or the muddled agony of trying to live up to a task that is too hard to do. Yet there were people who could lose their love and have all these trials, too, and the only hope for them in all the world was laughter and William Powell, could, by the grace God bring them cheer.

So, with the faithful Al, he boarded a ship shortly after that. He knew what he had to do. He did not live long in New York. He wanted to go back to the Coast, back to work. Jean was gone and there was no placing her, but he could at least up his life again.

Life, however, did not mean to let off so lightly. It was as though sincerity of his resolutions were tested through these further trials. His nerves are a little bit thin since the trip. His friends will tell you—and what a friend the man has—that 'I okay, now.'
The Unbreakable Brady

(Continued from page 31)

...wouldn't have been possible under his usual terror., and it would have seemed the same affliction但他 became a great orator. Was a funny girl named Alice Brady to let Greek? The answer of her is "No." Winning the first battle against do brought to Alice the truth of the maker's rallying cry. "The show must go on!"

It took strategy to win her father to the idea of a career for his daughter. She was a great singer, but—impatient, excitable to do things—she decided that Alice must get away from truth. She abandoned singing and took her dramatic debut. However, a rhythm that was within her was never dropped. It shows in the depth of her voice as it reads her lines; in her sparkling tunic. "I am a natural.' she says. "I have the 'drive' to do something artistic has already overcome her laziness. Overcome the laziness which enslaves speech, her father's disapproval, she became an actress. It was meant that she should, for her brother—Grace George who is Brady's son—appears was not meant to be in the theater.

"I think my brother would have been happier if he had left the theater," she said. "He had the same laziness that I have, only to a much greater degree, and because we were all in the theater, I seemed to think that he should be, and if his success—be produced him in 'June Bride' and 'Little Show', and other plays—I was happiest when he was on his feet, driving horses and living in the outdoors."

When Bill was burned to death in a pic accident three years ago, Alice was in the middle of film production—and the show went on. To be there came this consolation: that what was burned and heart was another plan. What does one do in the face of such overwhelming events? That is a first thought in anyone's mind, but not of course..." says Brady.

HE Balkan Princess in 1911 took Brady onto the stage. If you will other to look into Who's Who in the eater you will find a column and a line in fine print devoted to the plays, revues, films, in which she has appeared. All the Gilbert and Sullivan revues; plays like Romance which is billed Bradley and Missy Manners in which she appeared three years before the Aristmat she as a silent film star. In 1933, films covered her, introduced her to talkies. She found time to marry; she has two. But always her restless nature made her to the circle of her family. She could not even herself over to motherhood with tragedy's blocking the way. Seven weeks before the birth of her son, who is now about sixteen, her suitor met his death driving an automobile in which she was a passenger. It wasn't badly injured," says the actress. "My appendix became inflamed, but nothing could be done about it then. We were in the middle of a successful play, too, 'Driftwood,' and we didn't want to close it because it seemed we would have to leave the stage for a while. The only thing to do was to go on with the play, and we did, but under difficulties!"

"My appendix gave me such trouble that the doctors packed me in ice and I was carried to the theatre in a taxi. I had to take time for the performance and left the ice-jackets off-stage just in time to go and read my lines. It went on for seven days like that."

"On the final day I was so weak that when I went to pick up a child in a scene, I almost fell over, and Robert Warwick, who was my leading man, rushed over and came back with a stiff drink of whiskey. I drank it on the spot, and never knew afterward that I had touched a drop. It had absolutely no effect on me, and it should have been. I was dead as dead, as an actress, of ever taking anything alcoholic before I went onto the stage."

Shortly after this her son and actor James Crane's was born prematurely with the help and wizardry of modern surgery. But by that time, the romance with Dr. Frank Crane's—once that had come into being so wonderfully in the early 1920's—had ended. In short time the marriage was dissolved. Alice, slim, was weighing only eighty-nine pounds, was left with her son—and the future. She turned feverishly to rehearsals for another play. The 'show' went on.

For anyone less philosophic than Alice, her one jaunt into matrimony might prove the entire state disillusioning. But not for Alice. "Of course, I'd marry again!" she says, a year later, with a knowing laugh. "And I'd probably marry the same kind of man again.

Men of all types find Alice Brady stimulating company and they seek her out. She says she is interested in what she calls "clumps"—cocktail parties for a hundred guests.

Not at all athletic ("My heavens, not!" she shrieks), nevertheless she found herself dragging out of an evening to public Ping-pong parlors because a friend (male) dated on the game. Accuse her of doing it to be obliging and, because she adores the man, she retorts: "No, not at all. I found I really liked the game!"

Other times, Brady stays at home reading, writes impressions in a scrapbook she has kept for years. She says she will never return to the stage. Fear that she may "blow up" and forget her lines causes this decision. It resulted from an early "talkie" that she made with an actress who was headed for a nervous breakdown. The girl was forever forgetting her lines and in agony. "Before then, in all my years of theater, it never occurred to me that I could 'nuff a line," she says. "Now I'm scared, afraid I'll do the same thing."

Her long-term contract with Universal makes an early return to the stage impossible...her next film will be "Good-bye Broadway" with Charles Winninger...but it does not seem at all probable that a minor matter like stage fright would keep a Brady, particularly an Alice Brady, heroically self-disciplined as she has always been, from returning to the theater. She will decide, some day, that "the show must go on!" And it will.
We Cover the Studios
(Continued from page 55)

ROUNDER'S Guide to Hollywood

Lake where they're filming that epic, "The Texans."
In front of a shed dressing room sits Joan Bennett, her hair done up in a
popcorn-ball net wrapper to keep out bugs, wolves and other wild things. La
Bennett doesn't see us, even with her glasses, so interested is she in a hunk of
petit point she's embroidering. She's in old-fashioned rags, and, as you know,
Bennett is a hayburner, a hayburner's room-

"DON'T rush me, woman! I'm in no party mood—but I'll brighten up in a
hurry if you'll share that package of Beeman's! You
know that flavor's a real joy reviver. It's got a frisky
freshness, a tingly tang— in short, it's great.
If you don't know, the
package is sealed airtight to keep all that lascivious fresh-
ness inside. I'll stop on the way. We need a fresh
package."
The Charm of Ireland... The Chic of Paris... The Glamour of Hollywood!

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BURG'S EXQUISITE LINENS
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...the perfection of BURG'S IRISH LINEN, woven by hands that have carried the technique down through the ages, used in these beautiful PARIS FASHION SHOES! Created by gifted designers with the inimitable touch of chic "Paree" and glamorous Hollywood... expensive-looking WHITE LINEN PARIS FASHION SHOES that are hard to believe possible at their generous prices! See them at your dealer's... or write for style booklet and name of dealer in your city.

Guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping.
THEY were in the library, just the two of them. Just Myrna and her Dad, a wood fire smoldering on the hearth, the embossing whisperer. Can you see them? The quiet library, the quiet house, tall cases of legal and agricultural books and records, the old leather, frayed, tattered, and with a faded red leather-bound redwood desk, the worn, comfortable chairs, the slim little girl sitting on the floor on a buffalo-skin rug, her feet up in the air, her tiny hands holding her father's face, as she sensed that something was not quite usual. Her Dad had always treated her as though she were a boy, had always regarded her as able to consider difficulties and fair ways to meet them . . . and now she knew David was something more serious to be talked about today than her return to school.

It was the last day of October, 1918. A time, David Williams told his daughter, when there was a need in France for men who could think and plan and fight. And David Williams was going to war. He was reasonably sure, he said, that he'd come back, and probably very soon, but he wanted to feel that there would be a good soldier at home as well as in France, wanted to feel that his absence concerned her who would be the head of the family for Mother who had not been well since the birth of David, Junior, now a wavy rascal of a few months.

"I'm leaving you to take care of things," said David Williams. "Maybe you won't be long away, and your eye needs you. And your Dad's going to depend on you!"

With this slim little girl, resting her surety that there would be someone to carry on! He told her about courage, how to keep it. He told her about a mandate; how to leave in these little hands responsibility he somehow knew he could place there. And how right he was! How faithfully the little girl who listened was? How aware she was of the burden?

But she wasn't to see her father go to War . . . and it was his courage which first to be called upon, with a week after that day in the library David Williams' little redheaded girl—was dying, the doctor said, lying quietly in the little room in which she had waited to run away to Broadway, a victim of that dread, mysterious influenza. Conscious moments weren't many. The doctors didn't break the fever. They packed her in ice, guarded her with all the care that money could buy. Of it all she received, even Myrna herself. She looked up from her paper, a tensive library sitting—then the redheaded girl, just down her pencil, slid her school books out of her desk, quietly expressed regret that such an easy solution to getting the right answers had not been possible, with which she walked the length of the hushed schoolroom, out of the door . . .

And thus ended, finished, and closed Myrna's days in Helena's school, for, though her Dad hadn't been able to understand her passing through it, it was a thing he did understand, a spirit of which he was proud, a daughter in whom he glowed! But back, on the day she had come to school again, said her Dad, she could be very sure it wouldn't be this one! But she needed worry about school just now; he added couldn't have her kids to move, tried to get up and leave the place, but some untoward sense of helplessness possessed her—helplessness fear . . . and distress!

Then downstairs she heard the telephone ring. And she knew why it was ringing, telling them her father was dead. "I know it many minutes before th telephone rang. She told me how she knew she never quite been able to understand . . . but, of course, the explanation just that between people who are dead to each other there is a strange relationship."

That night came news that the war was over, that the war was over. And so the stark grief Myrna, her mother, her bewilidered little brother, had as its background it. Dad had been the advertising man, sirens, the bells, the ruffle of drums, the glare of torchlight! In that mad social gesture, she wanted to rejoin the shadow in the Rockies.

"But the day he had talked about going to France," Myrna told me, with quite a different air, "the day he told me he was 'Go-by' to me. That day . . . my legacy."

AND, for the little girl with a leg so fragile it was at an end. There was every reason to suppose it would take up a new pattern and be as it had been before, but never again could be unkindful of the little one! Miss Davis had said . . . "You Dad's going to depend on you!"

She and her Mother experienced something over. Her father had told them both that he didn't come back from France quick, but that he was going to be back, for a home for them in California . . . this was done. And the spring of 1919 found them in a sunny bungalow Culver City, small David in kindergarten, Myrna in the Los Angeles W. Lake School for girls, and continuing famous "Denishaw."

But her mother's health was now matter of particular concern, as with also small David's, both of them having had the influenza in times with Myrna and her father, and, though hadn't seemed serious for them at time, months went by and still little boy and his mother needed special and expensive care. There would money enough for . . ."The house for Mr. Myrna," she wrote. "He's doing well, and home."

"We have a responsibility," she to her mother one day. "I shouldn't want to West Lake. I'm going to Venice Bi," she added. "AndI'm going to the park and no doubt my dau. Maybe I can find a place to teach it."

She was fifteen. She entered Veni High School. She had a different idea about beginning "profession dancing" than had raced through
PORE-POCKETED NOSE!

Watch the Pores on Your Nose! Largest Pores on Your Body A Stern Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

Gorgeous figure—lovely face—but the whole effect ruined by Pore-Pocketed Nose! All because she carelessly permitted those large nose pores to fill up with dirt and waste matter and become coarse and unsightly!

You won't keep these pores CLEAN! Not merely surface clean. You need that deep under-layer cleansing that penetrates the mouths of your pores and lifts out hidden dirt that may have accumulated for months. It is this dirt that causes trouble. It becomes embedded and grimey and may breed tiny skin infections or result in blockheads, bumps and coarse, rough skin!

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates this under-layer dirt. It breaks up the embedded packs in the mouths of your pores and makes them easily removable. Just look at your cloth when you wipe Lady Esther Cream away. You'll be astounded at the amount of dirt that was hidden away! In just a short time your skin is glowing clean and smooth—alive with vibrant freshness and beauty.

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You can paste this on any pen or postcard!

Lady Esther, 711B West 66th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Four-Part Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name
Address
City (If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
State

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"That’s fine, dear,” she would say. “Mother’s so proud of you. But just never mind. Take it easy. Don’t plan too far ahead!”

For Myrna now was beginning really to dream, to hope. Almost to arrive at “determination,” though not quite, since for her there was no compromise with determination and she knew it.

So she didn’t quite dare dream her name into lights. She didn’t quite dare begin to plan for real fame and fortune, but . . .

“What did you dream?” I asked her.

day we talked about it between scenes on the set of “Test Pilot.”

“For anybody who wanted as many things as I did,” she told me. “I don’t know why I pick out this one to remember, but I used to imagine myself in a long, black, shiny limousine, swathed in furs, warm and comfortable, driving off into the night. I had forgotten all about that,” she said, “until a few weeks ago when, for the first time in all the later years which have afforded me a car, I found myself owning a long, black, shifty limousine, and wearing furs one chilly night last January . . . and driving away from the studio home. Then I remembered and wished I could tell everybody who dreams dreams that they do come true.”

ONE day at the Egyptian, a photographer named Henry Waxman came to select three girls to photograph. He chose a blonde, a brunette, and Myrna Williams; made a dozen studies in blonde, a dozen in brunette . . . but, with the red head, he lost track of plates, time and plan, and, when she went back next day to see the results, she found herself lost in a crystal maze of faces of herself. And with it the breath-taking news that, at the personal request of Mr. Rudolph Valentino, she was to report at United Artists’ Studio for a test.

The Miss Williams who burst into the Culver City bungalow an hour later was ready that instant to begin life all over, riding straight to heaven on a rocket! Ready to give up her job at the Egyptian! Ready to move her mother and brother into a palace built of crystal and furnished in jade!

Discovered by Rudolph Valentino!

Her mother set out hot tea, toast, crumpets, Myrna’s very favorite jam, and sat down to hear the story . . . and to remind Valentino’s discovery that many things might happen before glory were actually in hand.

“Mr. Valentino must change his mind,” her mother reminded her. “Mr. Waxman might be mistaken.”

But Valentino did not change his mind. Mr. Waxman was not mistaken.

Two days later, in the United Artists Studio, Myrna was dressed in a glittering gown of Valentino’s own choosing. She was made up in his own dressing room by the lovely Natacha Rambert and on the set where he was making “Cahns,” she was introduced to the man who was on the topmost pinnacle of stardom . . . yet so gracious, so charming this unimportant little dancer.

“He treated me like the Queen of England,” she told me. “I was shaken from head to foot with the thrill of the trust and the suspense of it. I don’t know how I ever lived through the day.”

The test was simple. As a siren, she was to walk into a drawing room, take a book from the table and read, her face assuming expressions of interest, surprise, amusement . . .

They told her that in two days she should see the result . . .

So two days later she and Mr. Waxman went together to the studio.

They didn’t see Miss Rambert, nor Mr. Valentino; but they saw the tan of Miss Myrna Williams, who crie herself to sleep that night and for man nights thereafter, for the young lad who entered the drawing room via screen, took a book, “registered” interest, surprise, amusement . . . was deftly, completely, and unmistakably . . . a washout!

Myrna Loy’s heartbreaking struggle to win a place in Hollywood will bring a catch to your throat; the dramatic tale of her face and eloquence as she quickens your pulse; the description of her lovely home in Hidden Valley, the famous star’s dreams for her future will bring her close to you—in the absorbing final instalment of a delightful red head’s life story by Daise Wilton.

Dear for the Asking with MAYBELLINE Eye Beauty AIDS

PALE, dull, scraggly lashes simply ruin every chance to possess that “loveliness complete” which you all aim for in our make-up.

• What can you do to make your lashes, brows and eyes just as beautiful as the rest of your make-up? Try this delightful, easy method:
  - First—form graceful eyebrows with Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Next—touch a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow to your upper lids, blending it lightly outward toward your temples, concentrating it near the lash line. Third—and most enchanting of all—darken your lashes with your Maybelline Mascara, beginning lightly at the inner corners of your eyes, and deepening the mascara at the outer corners. Maybelline is harmless, tear-proof, non-smudging.
  - Non glance into your mirror! You’ll be delighted with the pleasing charm and added beauty which Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids give you.
  - Nightly—smooth a bit of Maybelline Eye Cream into the sensitive skin area around eyes—to guard against those persistent little cross-sleek and eye wrinkles. It helps marvelously. For eye make-up in good taste—insist on Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

Top-flight comedians take their time about making pictures, especially when they produce their own as do Chaplin and Harold Lloyd. After a rare absence of two years, Photoplay welcomes Lloyd back to pictures—glaze grin and all! “Professor Beware” is a typically screwy Harold Lloydish ye
What's Happened to Rainer?

(Continued from page 22)

right—I grew very thin—I began to understand things better and when I came back to Hollywood, the studio was just kind and one day we came together and they asked me what it was wanted. I told them, two things. What I wanted from them and what I wanted to give them.

First, I had to have the chains broken I would feel freer. So my old contract was broken and they gave me a new one. You are the first to know. I work for my studio only six months a year (from April to October). Then I return to the stage for six months to six plays. I am happy for, it gives me back something I needed—my freedom.

Then I told them what I wanted to be. I wanted to be a girl up there on the screen, not a glamour girl, but a girl of the people, one of the audience with the same problems as they, just as bely perhaps or just as spny, just as refined, as there can sit forward in their seats as they watch me say, There, that's me. Now let's see how she solves that problem for that same problem, too.

Now since my new contract is signed and I am gaining weight (I have put on seven pounds) I see now that all the little things I once thought inconsequent are important.

WHO'S GOING WITH WHOM?

Here are the answers to the picture
spread found on pages 42 and 43

1 & 1: Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power
2 & 10: Gloria Youngblood and Rudy Vallee
3 & 5: Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor
4 & 8: Lucille Ball and Cary Grant
5 & 8: Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland
6 & 14: Leo Russell and Herbert Marshall
7 & 11: Carole Lombard and Clark Gable
8 & 12: Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris
9 & 6: Marlene Dietrich and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.
10 & 4: Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel
11 & 3: Deanna Durbin and Jackie Moran
12 & 9: Katharine Hepburn and Howard Hughes
13 & 2: Andrea Leeds and Jack Dunn
14 & 13: Benita Hume and Ronald Colman

"About interviews? I tell you I am decided. I cannot handle myself. I try things in such a way they are misquoted. I spill over. Then that is bad. When I think, no, I won't talk any more so they decide and writers fling back at me 'High Hat'-Snob—Difficult.' The day I met a reporter who once wrote of me 'High Hat' and I ask her why. You don't know me or how I feel think. Why do you say 'High Hat' your column?"

"Well, you are too hard to get," she replied, so I judge you are high it.

"So there is that problem, too, to work it.

I spoke of her marriage to the brilliant young author, Clifford Odets. "We are much alike. We both like be alone in our work. But outside work we are so happy to be together, It is a good thing we understand each other so well."

A friend who knows Miss Rainer well says Luise made every effort to ad-

just herself to the strange and bewildering town in which she found herself. At first her loneliness took her within herself. She took long drives alone, and once found herself in Mexico unable to recross the Mexican border until the studio phoned the officials it was all right.

With her accent they were convinced Luise was a spy.

She gave up her small home and took a home in Brentwood near the mountains where she could take walks. It was during this time that she met Clifford Odets. Standing before a simple white bed sheet, on which she herself had pinned garlands of flowers from her garden, she married Odets in her own home.

Today, with hopes restored, Luise lives in a small, unpretentious apartment in Westwood. Her husband, when he can be in Hollywood, shares the simple apartment.

Apple pie for breakfast and music, good music, are her strongest likes—except, of course, children.

She'll attend every child's party into which she possibly can worm her way, and is one of those rarest of rare people who can enter into the mind and understanding of a child.

"Herself a combination of child and woman, it's easy to understand," a

friend said of Luise, and went on to tell of a school play her own child had taken part in.

WHEN Luise heard of the play she instantly demanded to be taken. An important dinner date was broken so Luise could sit spellbound in a school auditorium and hungrily drink in the children as they spoke their lines.

Her extreme sensitivity to those around her is best illustrated by a little incident that took place the night Luise won her second Academy Award.

"Aren't you thrilled?" someone asked her.

"I can only think how much work lies ahead," Luise said, "and how much more responsibility I have.

"Besides," and her eyes suddenly twinkled, "I can't be too happy about it. Over there in the corner sits a woman whose face tells me so plainly, 'Tell me, why did you give it to that one?'" Did I say her sense of values as well as her sense of humor is restored?

Beech-Nut Gum gives extra pleasure and refreshment

Wherever you go

ALWAYS REFRESHING
Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has a pleasant taste you're sure to enjoy.

WHENEVER YOU PLAY . . . gum helps keep your "act your age" . . . it helps steady your nerves ... keeps mouth and throat moist.

BEECHES are the coordinated individual pieces of gum . . . in three flavors. Peppermint, Peppermint or Spearmint. Select the kind you like best.

Always worth stopping for.

"CHews with a purpose!"
The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Outline is specially made for this purpose. It's flintier, "chewier" . . . helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking.
When Hollywood Entertainers
(Continued from page 56)

FILLING
Wash, pare and slice thinly, tart, easily cooked apples. Cover a pie tin with pastry, arrange the slices of apples in the tin and sprinkle liberally with sugar, either brown or white. Dot with butter. A little cinnamon may be sprinkled over the top if one wishes. Cover with pastry and bake.

DRINKS on the house at Michael Whalen's shake forth what he calls a one-two-three cocktail, a simple, easy-to-make and quite inexpensive drink that everyone seems to like. It's composed of one portion maple syrup to two portions of lemon juice and three portions of gin. Try that in your own shaker, sometime!

MICHAEL WHALEN'S LAMB CURRY
Wipe and cut meat from fore-quarter of mutton in one-inch pieces. There should be three cupsful. Put in kettle, cover with cold water and bring quickly to the boiling point; drain in colander and pour over one quart of cold water.

Return meat to kettle, cover with one quarter boiling water; add three onions cut in slices, one-half teaspoon paprika, a sprig each of thyme and parsley. Simmer until the meat is tender; remove meat; strain liquor; and thicken with one-fourth cup each of butter and flour cooked together. To the flour add one-half teaspoonful curry powder; one-half teaspoon salt and one-eighth teaspoon pepper. Add meat to gravy. Reheat and serve with rice.

GEORGE RAFT'S new home is one of the most popular bachelor hangouts in town. At the Raiti house, bridge and blackjack are the favorite means of diversion; steak smothered in onions and mashed potatoes topped with Pasta Margherita, the favorite dishes.

GEORGE RAFT'S PASTA MARGHERITA
8 tablespoons potato flour
8 tablespoons granulated sugar
4 eggs
juice of one lemon

Hollywood Wakes Up
(Continued from page 25)

Beat the egg yolks with sugar until lemon color. Add flour and lemon juice and work the mixture for about half an hour. Add thickly beaten egg whites, mixing until smooth. Pour into a mould which has been buttered and sprinkled with powdered sugar. Place in a medium oven until golden brown. Remove and let cool in the mould. Serve with powdered sugar and a few drops of vanilla.

FILMDOON'S tallest man, Arthur Treacher, has little use for screenland's snobbish undressed and it's only the home folk, like Eddie Horton, Spring Byington, Marjorie Gateson and her fiancé, Kerry Conway, who get a chance to sample his favorite Philippine Stew.

Treacher was a Geecheen musical star in London and has a repertoire of songs that would make Noel Coward and Dwight Fiske fly to cover. Among the most popular of these is "Reckless Reggae." He'll also oblige his guests with a tap dance, and, unless you move fast enough to prevent him, he'll bring forth his egg trick. It works four times out of five, but the fifth time, well, it's a good thing his rug can stand soap and water!

ARTHUR TREACHER'S PHILIPPINE STEW
2 lbs. cubed beef
2 cubed carrots
4 cubed turnips
1 egg plant
1 bay leaf
1/2 cup green peas
4 cubed small onions
2 pinches of pepper, paprika, salt, cayenne
2 drops garlic powder
Brown beef with butter. Put into iron pot half filled with water. Cook until boiled, then put raw chopped or cubed vegetables in, cook very slowly until tender.
Add spices; mix well; cook a few more minutes. Mix the natural gravy with flour, according to taste for a thick or thin gravy. Serve with mashed potatoes.

thinking and politically alert people;
The Motion Picture Artists Committee with Dashiel ("Thin Man") Hammett, chairman, Sylvia Sidney, vice-chairman, etc., brought Ernest Hemingway and "The Spanish Earth" to Hollywood. As a result, they were able to send to Loyalist Spain eighteen individually contributed quantities of rice, and a huge supply of medical necessities. The multitude that thronged to get in at the Auditorium on the evening Hemingway spoke, and the picture, "The Spanish Earth" was shown, was a thrilling revelation of Hollywood's new world-mindedness.

The Committee membership includes Robert Stauff, Luise Rainer, Henry Fonda, Mrs. Ben Hecht, Melvyn Douglas, Edward Arnold, Walter Huston and others to comprise a hundred and fifty names. The Committee is now actively aiding war-torn China, with Anna May Wong as one of the leading workers.

HE snub to Vittorio ("War Is Sport") Mussolini was one of Hollywood's most outspoken demonstrations of awareness in world affairs. In "The Hollywood Reporter," the Motion Picture Artists Committee voiced a most vigorous and resounding protest to the reception of Vittorio Mussolini. It did not take Vittorio long to leave town.

Hollywood was represented at the President's birthday ball in Washington by six adults—Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Eleanor Powell, Janet Gaynor, Joe E. Brown and Louise Fazenda. These six were the most popular persons in town when they got back. Because they were entertained at the White House? Not entirely. Largebly because they had the latest inside news from Washington! One actor, Leo Carillo, has already declared himself in favor of the Governor of California. It wouldn't be at all surprising to see others follow his lead.

Before long it will be election time again, and all the politicians will be climbing on the bandwagon. But Hollywood—little old walk-up, outspoken Hollywood—says that what this country needs is a band wagon that will climb on the politicians!
"My son, in Hollywood, would have to catch his personality against the personal that's been built for me by social stories and the right makeup and all that. Because, in this town, every-where is picture-conscious to an enormous extent, especially the kids. "But in Beaver Dam— I know they've got theaters there too, but I would have established myself as one of the ministry, you see. I'd be the same old MacMurray back where he belonged, instead of a star, giving out with temperament and glamour. I'm not that way, you know that?"

I sat up. "You're not going to tell me sat in a year or two you're going to sit pictures and leave Hollywood?" I asked.

"I've heard it said that gag is a kind of psychic compensation, a defense prepared early so if the star doesn't lack creature the amazing."

Fred smiled. "Leave this place? This town? The last thing I thought of was going to Hollywood!"

I interrupted. "Well, any small town would be the same. I chose that one because it's here I grew up, and I'd like to be there again, and because I want the MacMurray tribe to have at least the same chances I had."

"They couldn't have them here, in Hollywood?"

"No," he said positively.

His first point Fred brought up, as he explained his reasons, was the ever-present threat of being cast in a type of role that wouldn't give him a chance to show his acting ability. He said that in Hollywood, there were so many stars who were already established that it was hard for a new actor to get a chance to display his talents. He also mentioned that the cost of living in Hollywood was very high, and that it was difficult for an actor to live on his earnings. He said that he had spent a lot of his money on clothing, and that he had to give up many of his old clothes, which he had grown to love. He also said that he had to give up his own home in Hollywood, and that he had to live in a small hotel room, which was not very comfortable.

The second point Fred made was that he didn't like the social scene in Hollywood. He said that he didn't like the way people were always trying to impress each other, and that he didn't like the way people were always trying to show how much money they had. He said that he preferred the simpler life of a small town, where people were more honest and straightforward.

The third point Fred made was that he didn't like the way people were always trying to make him look older than he was. He said that he didn't like the way people were always trying to make him look old and tired, and that he didn't like the way people were always trying to make him look as if he had a lot of money. He said that he preferred the simpler life of a small town, where people didn't care about how much money someone had, or how old they were.

The fourth point Fred made was that he didn't like the way people were always trying to make him look as if he was a success. He said that he didn't like the way people were always trying to make him look as if he was a success, and that he didn't like the way people were always trying to make him look as if he was a failure. He said that he preferred the simpler life of a small town, where people didn't care about how much money someone had, or how old they were.
They give you FRESH Faces

Who keeps your favorite movie star looking so FRESH? Why, it’s those geniuses of make-up! They give you FRESH faces on the screen, as Old Gold gives you FRESH faces in cigarettes.

Old Gold gives you FRESH Cigarettes

Hours of weary waiting “on the lot”. Dust and dirt. The heat of Kleig lights. Yet a screen star, to retain her charm and appeal — must be utterly fresh the instant she steps before the camera.

Cigarettes face that freshness problem, too. They travel a long way before they reach your lips; and they are beset by many enemies along the way. Such as dryness, dampness, dust. Yet a cigarette . . . to retain its charm and appeal . . . must be utterly fresh, the instant you put a match to it.

Hollywood spends a fortune to guard the freshness of its stars. We spend a fortune to guard the freshness of our star . . . Double-Mellow Old Gold.

We put an extra jacket of costly moisture-proof Cellophane around every Old Gold package. Thus, double-wrapped and double sealed, Old Gold’s mellow prize crop tobaccos are protected from stale-ness, in any weather, anywhere. Every Old Gold reaches you exactly as we make it . . . and that’s as fine as a cigarette can be made.

Like them: he does what is asked of him without argument because that is his job and they are paying him well for it.

He has found his girl and married her and he has seen her through the misfor- tune of her illness without complaint and he is content. Lillian is beautiful, smart, poised, and essentially his coun- terpart when it comes to normalcy. Their children, when they come, will start with those congenial qualities and, so help him, Fred is going to see that Hollywood has no chance to ruin them.

Shrewdly he has invested his money, living well but not extravagantly. In two years, he will be secure financially; but, even without that, he could face the future unsaid. Unlike other young ac- tors who complain stardom leaves too little for later life, Fred is able to shrug casually at the idea of losing his popu- larity and thus his job. He is a good musician; he could start an orchestra.

League, we knitted sweaters and socks for our men at home and abroad, we made hospital dressings for the Red Cross, planned our menus to fit in with the Government’s demand for food con- servation, and were so much in earnest that it was hard, even as we tried to capture for a time the magic of the screen, to separate ourselves from the tragic happenings overseas. But, ex- cept for our fear for the men who fought, there was no flaw in the perfect paradise of that golden southern country. We loved it all—the mountains rising out of the Pacific and purple in the setting sun; the old missions with their bells and bowed-framed brothers; the small and happy homes.

In the generation which has grown up with sound pictures I can convey no understanding of the charm of the silent screen. There was a freedom of move- ment which was sacrificed later when plays were brought from Broadway and dialogue and set scenes took the place of the pantomime on the wide screen of the out-of-doors. In those old films wind and wave and sky and mountains helped thrillingly with the action, and it is hard to find directors today using in “Mutiny on the Bounty,” “The Hurricane,” and “Captains Courageous” the effective climaxes which Nature provides.

We preferred the pantomime to which we were accustomed and which had been developed by the actors of that time into exquisite art, and it has been to me a matter of wonderment that so little talking has been allowed in the time some expert in pantomime, such as Mary Pickford. For years I have had it in mind to write the synopsis of such a play and to try it if my editors and my public ever tire of “young romance.”

As the mechanics of talking pictures improved, our prejudices were con- quered and we heard with delight the trained voices of those who brought to the screen not only grace of gesture but perfection of speech—the voices of Norma Shearer who speaks with a love- lines that matches her looks; Leslie Howard and Herbert Marshall with their intriguing Oxford accent; the golden voice of Garbo—how it tugged at my heart the other day in “Conquest,” with the voice of Charles Boyer matching it. And the voice fronds from Barrymore in “The Hurricane,” from Herbert in “Mutiny.” His control of it. Its depth, its richness.

Then came the great singers—Tibbett, Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, Grace Moore, Lily Pons, and a dozen others—and those light-hearted crooners—Dick Powell and Bing Crosby.

In charm and entertainment Hollywood on the screen sets the pace for the rest of the world, but off the screen, what does it do to us?

For without question we are copycats when it comes to our popular pattern set by our favorite stars. In matters of diet, dress, manners and mar- riage, the ideas and ideals of the picture people have been imposed upon us. Less bread is consumed, fewer potatoes sold, countless sweet shops are closed, because our school girls and our denizens of our saleswomen go through a slimming process that they may approach the at- tainment of their favorites on the screen. If later they learn that the self- less vegetable diet which took pounds from Garbo is said to have brought on a touch of anemia, that Luise Rainer is suffering from a lack of vitamins, that Joan Crawford’s bones now refuse to be covered because of the effect on her the proper amount of food, they refuse to credit it, and continue to con- sume clam broth and green salad, to- mato juice and maternity foods, our saleswomen go through a slimming process that they may approach the at- tainment of their favorites on the screen. It would be interesting to know the future of the marriage and amatory status of Hollywood stars. Can a woman longing desperately for feet achieve normal noise and self- control? Plumpness and good nature have always seemed synonymous, and it may be that the feminine surrender to the charms of Hollywood stars is based on the effect she gives of warm human happiness. Is her plumpness, perhaps, which makes her accept the man before she can express his unhomesticated delight. One hears much in these days of the suffer- ings of the "underprivileged," and we pour out our money in taxes and gifts that they may be fed, while in the midst- time Hollywood and its initiates starve themselves and no one rushes to the rescue!

In matters of dress the tale is less tragic. Hollywood both on and off the screen has set the pace for simplicity. There are, of course, mink coats and er- mine ones, emeralds and pearls, diam- onds and star sapphires, silver foxes are sabers, silks and satins, chiffons and tulle, but against these extravagances of John, Betty, Henry Ford and Kay Francis and Myrna Loy and Claudette Colbert and other favor- ites book their loveliness. The simple frocks may have cost a pretty penny, but
creaming, know, young, the, hurt, matters, healthy. 

I matter of etiquette, Hollywood has a rather good job. The stars of the screen are, as a rule, at ease in speech and generally. Jimmy with an air of dignity. They are, after all, self-conscious about table matters, find patterns which they may now. Jimmy learns to rise when entering the room, and Jane arrives in undress coral and forks. There are, inevitably, things presented which would make the English blush scrub up and die. But the young of folks whose parents pathetically unable to teach them it they want to learn watch eagerly acquire adopt them.

Here, of course, much that might criticized in the social setup, yet why harping about anything when as how know the pitfalls? My fan mail goes to me a healthy percentage of absent to balance the bouquets. When "Chanters of Spring" was being staged in "Cosmopolitan," one of my fans wrote to Mr. Heatrett to ask why Myrna Loy should wear one and the same hat a new moon and an old one. I note back to her "I know more about romance than astronomy," but the real reason was that in rewriting I had for to change my time! There was, that other classic example when I said that the ferry mentioned in my to-the-minute "Fair as the Moon," not run from Washington to Alexandria for thirty years! And now we come at last to my own romance—Romance. As a writer of love lies, I know what my readers want, it what they want in books they want the screen. Love must be treated se- sensibly, constancy glorified, and the joy end with happiness ahead. This end, for an ideal passion which trans- forms time and space goes deeper than sincere imagery. It is funda- mental, and it is the secret of the quality of screen plays such as "bytime" and "Sinlin Through" and "request." For "The Thin Man," were gripped by the knowledge that, all the lightness, Myrna Loy rec- tized William Powell as her "man," and "Powerful" was her "woman." In "Tovarch" the grande passion the married pair gave integrity to the a.

off the screen in Hollywood, what is Romance? well, try if you are a writer to give a heroine more than two wives, and what your readers will do to you. or, why Mary was Ador- each other, and the beginning in and to adore each other at all. And though we may our favorite stars and, alas, too often, cope, we wish they might be more frequent and thus hold us more strongly to our ideals. And, since we are on the effect we do not stop and speculate on the future of that great actor John frymore if, instead of marrying four women, he were wedded only to one. And we might speculate, too, on the appeal of Nelson Eddy to the feminine from sixteen to eighty. We do not in the fact that we see young Galahad still on his quest, young knight still in pursuit of his lady. And who may I tell the story my own lovely mother who, viewing "vita" immediately after the an- nunciation of the marriage of Jeanette MacDonald, said, "Oh, she can't marry anyone but Nelson Eddy!" To her late-Victorian mind the illusion of a deathless romance of the two great stars was perfect, and she still suffers from a sense of shock.

Yet the question comes, can any of the stars be judged by the standards of normal living? They dwell, as it were, in glass houses with everybody looking at everything they do. Yet they aspire to normal living. They buy houses and hope to make them into homes, they adopt babies and hope to satisfy the maternal and parental urge, they cook and plan menus and hope for domestic happiness. And, having done these things, they assure themselves that what they have is the real thing, and that dis- dore is a gift that won't "gift" them. Then, suddenly, unexpectedly, tragically, they find themselves, like the Lady of Shalott, caught in a web of en- tangling threads of adulation, fulsome fan mail, sophisticated contacts, close as- sociation with some overpowering personality, and before they know it an- other romance is shattered, as I have said, tragically, for in every separation one heart and breakare is hidden.

THERE'S a last question which Hollywood can answer better than I. Does it set the pace in imposing certain films upon us, or do we set the pace in de- manding what we want? It seems to me that the thing breaks, then. Hollywood does at times impose on us things we do not want, and then again its authors, its directors and pro- ducers startle us with something as stu- pendous as "Good Earth," or as en- chantant as "Snow White," or as com- pelling as "Emile Zola," and we acclaim their genius and wonder how we dare carp or criticize.

Yet I will confess to certain frustra- tions. I want to see Basil Rathbone as the sinister schoolmaster, Bradley Head- stone, in Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend," or that other story of Dickens' "Little Dorrit," with Janet Gaynor as Little Dorrit and Lionel Barrymore as Father of the Marshalsea, with that amazing scene in the end where old Dorrit loses his mind and believes himself back in his debtor's prison. I should like to have someone write a play about Lucifer and put John Barrymore in it, or a dra- matized version for him of the old opera "Fa diavolo" with someone else singing the songs. I should like to see Charles Boyer as David Remon, the astronomer, in that gripping play, "The Masquerad- ers," by Henry Arthur Jones. I should like, too, to see more plays with trium- phant endings, and by "triumphant!" I do not mean happy endings. The best example of a triumphal ending is in the death of Sidney Carton in "The Tale of Two Cities"—"it is a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done." Another is in the separation of the lovers in "The Prisoner of Zenda." In both of these plays, we are made aware of the fineness of human nature and its courage, and we go away thrilled to have our faith in constancy confirmed when there is in the world so much of insincerity and cowardice.

And we saw, coming to the end, if I who am three thousand miles away have seemed to pick flaws in Hollywood, it is because I want to see it perfect. Per- haps I ask too much. There is no other place like it, not even this Washington of mine where we have a show of our own! But this show is one of fact and not of illusion. Or am I wrong? Per- haps it is Hollywood which is real! And whether real or not, we crown it with the laurels of undying gratitude for all that it means to heavy-hearted women and men in a wild and work- day world.

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M I L L I O N S U S E D E V E R Y Y E A R! Send for the new Norforms booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Made Easy." Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist today, 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York; Toronto, Canada; makers of Unguentine.
Foot with your back to the wall. Your head, shoulders, lower back and heels should all touch the wall. Now, with two hands on your head, you extend your arms out to the sides, and walk across the room and back to the same wall. When you can keep two books on your head without their slipping off, try it with three. By the time you can balance three with the greatest of ease, you've learned how to balance your weight and you've got your muscles in their correct alignment.

If you've been bending over a desk all day, typing like mad or making out profit and loss sheets, you'll probably find that you're round-shouldered or have a lack of shoulder muscles and a slightly sway-back neck. Penny Singleton has a splendid exercise that fills out the hollows and helps to keep your shoulders back. She starts by correct- ing her arms behind her, clasping her elbows. Then she pulls on her shoulders, back and neck as hard as she can, tilting her head back as far as it will go. When you see her in "Boy Meets Girl," notice her lovely shoulders.

Another way to develop your chest and shoulders is to work with a yardstick. You stand erect, clasping it with both hands, holding it horizontally against your shoulders, pulling them back. Slowly raise your arms over your head and bring the stick down again until it is across the back of your shoulders. Your shoulders should be well back, and if you do it correctly you'll feel that your breast muscles are pulling.

The waist and hips have a terrible tendency to spread all over the place as soon as you begin to neglect them, so here are some excellent exercises to reduce them. June Storey does this one faithfully every morning to keep her figure slim and graceful. You sit on the floor with your legs stretched out in front of you, a little apart. Raise both arms in your sides to shoulder level. Swing your body across and down until your left hand touches your right foot. Then sit up again, reverse the procedure, and touch your left foot with your right hand. Don't move your arms, but twist your body until your left hand touches your foot, it's quite difficult, but the superficial fat will practically melt away while you work at it. Ten times a morning is enough at first, but then work up to twenty.

Penny Singleton's favorite method to keep her waist and hips slim is none too easy, either, for the girl who has to let herself go. But it's wonderful to bring yourself right back again. You lie flat on the floor with your arms raised above your head. Lift your body from the waist, keeping your arms stretched high and your legs flat on the floor. Then swing your arms down and in back of you, and make a determined effort to touch your knees with your chin. If yourummy's gotten fluffy, the sitting twist exercise should by all means be included in your daily workout. Sit down on the floor with your legs stretched out in front of you. If your hands behind your head, with elbows pointed straight out to the side, and swing your body around, let it out, turn it. Pull your body over to the left as far as you can, straining your muscle to do so, and then to the right. Pull your body to the left. Start with small times, then work up to thirty.

Remember, though, you can't do this exercise slowly and build up results. You've got to do them fast and put your heart and soul into it, as well as your muscles. In other words, you've got to let everything you've got, and you'll be so proud of your new figure that you'll take good care of it from now on.

Phyllis Brooks has an excellent way of keeping her hips slim and her tum flat. She takes a whole deck of cards, stands in the middle of her room, with a sweep of her arm, throws whole deck in the air. Bending body from the waist, keeping her knees stiff, she picks up a card and erect again. By the time she's picked up every card, she's become a better exerciser and has firmed up again and even more firmly about her waist, and she keeps her figure in perfect shape by this exercise.

Maureen O'Sullivan calls her favorite workout the all-in-one exercise. It strengthens the stomach muscles, reduces the waist and hips, and guarantees to fill out those hollows down in the neck. She feels that deep breathing is the secret behind all beauty and health, so this exercise is done. Here's how: it's done: Throw your arms out at the sides level with your shoulders, take a deep breath, hold the knees and go down in a curve, turn to the right and the left, come up again. Hold your breath through the whole process, but don't hold it in motion or you'll stagger death.

Getting in for sports will help in your figure in trim, too, and almost the Hollywood stars have their favorites. Alice Faye bowls to keep her waistline slim. June Storey aces a tennis match, and Joan Crawford walks a mile each morning. Dancing, too, is splendid, making your boy friend a lesson to you to a night club instead of to movies.

If you do these exercises faithfully every morning, not even letting one slip by, you'll find that your figure will be all gone—you'll be as slim and graceful as any Hollywood star. Whose figure depends upon her face and figure; and you'll be the envy of the other girls on the beach this summer.

If you've gained weight all over your body and would like to begin a diet and have an excellent one that I'll be glad to send you upon request. Write Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Be sure to enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Seeing Hollywood and the Movies with ELEANOR ROOSEVELT— is the unusual treat Photoplay offers its readers next month! You'll be surprised—and the stars will, too—to learn just what America's First Lady and her famous White House family think about pictures and picture personalities.

Next Month: A Great Movie Feature by ELEANOR ROOSEVELT.
The True and Tender Story of Irene Dunne’s Daughter
(Continued from page 21)

T'aint only the joy Irene and Doctor Griffin feel at the sight of Missy growing older; it’s the way their life has changed because she is there and theirs. “When we were a young couple living in New York,” Irene says, “and although you thought your roots went deep there, you find them now as you are digging deeper and deeper. Now that you have Missy, you can see how people with a family are less likely to be carried away by worldly things.”

Dozens of times Irene and Doctor Griffin have crossed the continent between California and New York. But his last time, because Missy was with them, they saw everything through new eyes, her eyes. The pink pagoda in Arizona, with the sun on them. . . . the Mississippi, which Missy learned to pronounce with the greatest of ease. . . . And, in New York, they discovered Central Park all over again . . . the zoo with the giraffe which is the most wonderful animals, because Missy thinks so . . . the pigeons that eat the peanuts from her little white gloved hands. . . . “Missy has given us so much,” Irene says, “that we’d like to give her a great deal, too. And how can we do this, if above everything else, we don’t give her pride in herself.”

Close Ups and Long Shots
(Continued from page 13)

narrating personality . . . it is such a relief to see him being gay and smiling after that long line of gloomy, betrayed husbands he has suffered with. . . . One of Missy’s pipe dreams is of being allowed to casting director of a big studio for a day and mixing all the cast and cost so terrifically to the types they always play that you know just how each scene has to be played before it starts. . . .

What I would do, in my pipe-dream casting, is to spot every actor in roles very different from those he has ever played . . . just to fool the audience . . . which isn’t a nutty idea at all . . . remember how we loved the change from William Powell, the demon lover, to William Powell, the Thin Man husband, detective . . . and Myrna Loy from her silly vamp to the lovely human being she is . . . and Carole Lombard moving from straight romantic leads to home comedy . . . and Gable as a hero who you see, I’ve really got something there . . .

A LETTER from a Pericic theater owner ent to “The Hollywood Reporter,” film- lon’s trade paper, pleads for Hollywood to drop its “broad A” accent and get to know the audience . . . which is what I have been crying for all along . . .

This gentleman writes: “The characters in pictures are just simply getting too fine . . . and if the actors and actresses will only return to the talking of good, common, everyday American English, instead of that British dialect they are all attempting to speak, we will all see more tickets . . .

I HAT sleightful of people you see on television these days that look like Miss Claudette Colbert having a time in a skiing vacation in the Italian Alps . . . I know of no one in all Holly- wood who balances her private life and career quite so gracefully as Claudette . . . there is no slightest detail in her that you don’t want to be real with her . . . story, clothes, direction, leading men . . . she attacks the problem from all sides in the hope of getting con- stantly better pictures . . . she is the only star I’ve ever known who, when she asks you about a performance, really wants to know . . . is not simply giving you a setup for a compliment to herself . . . but as serious as she is about

Always Grand for Flaky Skin
Now—with the active “Skin-Vitamin” it NOURISHES Skin, too

Miss Camilla Morgan

“Pond’s new ‘skin-vitamin’ Vanishing Cream is good news for any girl who goes in for sports as I do. A powder base that’s greasy and not drying and that actually nourishes skin is almost too good to be true.”

Glorious days in the outdoors—
—Are you wondering what you can do for that flaky skin?

This year you are doubly fortunate! Pond’s Vanishing Cream, always so grand for flaky skin, is now a nourish- ing cream, too. It contains the active “skin-vitamin” which especially helps your body to build new tissue and aids in keeping skin beautiful.

Now Pond’s Vanishing Cream not only rectifies those roughnesses off and holds your powder. It is also nourishing your skin all the time you have it on! Helping to make it finer and lovelier, fresher!

Does not come out in a “goo”

This new Pond’s “skin-vitamin” Vanishing Cream is never drying! . . . It keeps your powder smooth and fresh . . . It simply does not come out on your skin in a “goo”.

If you have ever said, “I just can’t use vanishing cream,” then you certainly want to try this new Pond’s Vanishing Cream. It’s a triumph of modern science—a true nourish- ing cream—yet nothing greasy or heavy about it. Pond’s Vanishing Cream is light and delicate in texture! Put it on always before you powder. Again after coming in from outdoors. And of course overnight after cleansing.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!
(Continued from page 21)

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“Pond’s new ‘skin-vitamin’ Vanishing Cream is good news for any girl who goes in for sports as I do. A powder base that’s greasy and not drying and that actually nourishes skin is almost too good to be true.”
The Shadow Stage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)

SAILING ALONG—GB

This is not Jessie Matthews’ best picture—anything slipped over with smart confidence—but it is the picture of a woman that has an almost as graceful an air as ever. Nor is Roland Young’s alight with it, which he portrays with such a debonair grin; nor Jack Whiting’s is the highlight of the picture. The whole trouble is that the principals worked too hard, and emerged as weary the characters in an English Horatio Alger story of a devoted little boy who is doomed to be the next London, and never lets down her proper paws of other days.

The tunes are delightful, but we still wish that someone like Travis Banton or Adrian could design some good rugs for Jessie’s cuteness.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND’S PERIL—Paramount

This time it’s diamonds that lead to murder and subsequently to Bulldog Drummond’s adventures. Interrupted at his wedding, John Howard, as Drummond, dashes off on the trial of society murder, Patrick O’Brian, to catch the criminal, Louise Campbell plays Drummond’s fiancée, John Barrymore is the unco-operative Inspector, and Reginald Denny is Howard’s man Friday. The cast have been full of their parts so often that they’re perfect in their roles. It’s excellent melodrama.

ISLAND IN THE SKY—20th Century-Fox

A NIGHT club atop a skyscraper is the locale for this murder mystery. Michael Whalen, prosecuting attorney, and Gloria Stuart, his fiancée, do the detecting. Much dashing about, correctness, and charm. Robert Kellogg is the wrongly accused youth; Paul Kelly, his escort father. It’s an amusing story, exciting, and so well done that it’s excellent entertainment.

MR. MOTO’S GAMBLE—20th Century-Fox

PINCHE-HITTING for Charlie Chan, genial Mr. Moto—Peter Lorre, as ever in the part—turns his talents to solving a murder that occurs in a prize-fight ring. Into the fray enter crook fight manager, Jack Buetel; ex-druggist, expert double-crossers, but, with the aid of Keye Luke, Mr. Chan’s eager son, Moto manages to solve the mystery. Dick Baldwin and Lynn Bari furnish the romance, and Maxie Rosenbloom the comedy.

JUDGE HARDY’S CHILDREN—M-G-M

These successful sequel pictures—“the continued adventures of So-and-So’s family”—so carefully follow a designated formula it is hard to comment on them from any fresh viewpoint. We can only record, with a small sigh, that here is Judge Hardy again, this time in Washington with spies in the bushes. Dick Parker plays the daughter, Lewis Stone the Judge, and Mickey Rooney is still one of Hardy’s finest actors as Hardy’s son.

CONDEMNED WOMEN—RKO-Radio

SURPRISINGLY good is this newest in the new bunch of prison stories. Grim and pretty dreary, there’s sustaining in-

terest in the plight of women convicts who need help rather than punishment. Louis Hayward is the forward-thinking psychiatrist who falls in love with her. A new slant on a social problem.

PENROD’S DOUBLE TROUBLE—Warner

GIVE Junior his dime and send him off to Saturday matinee with clear conscience, if this film is playing. It’s the Mauch Twins again, with Warners’ idea of Penrod; the basic story of boys playing G-men and surprising everybody by capturing the bandit is here twisted so that the kids rescue their own leader. Gene and Kathleen Lockhart are Penrod’s new parents.

GOODBYE BROADWAY—Universal

EVERYBODY is very nice and performs excellently, but this also tried story of a pair of outmoded vaudevillians who buy a small-town hotel just doesn’t get anywhere. Alice Brady and Charles Winninger are the outstanding asset, a descent of dullness. Tom Brown and Dorothée Kent supply the romance. Tommy Riggs, of radio fame, contains with his Betty Lou imitations. Jed Prouty goes villainous.

MAID’S NIGHT OUT—RKO-Radio

It’s an unpretentious little story, but amusingly done. You’ll enjoy Allan Lane as the millionaire’s son who drives Alkobil truck, and Joan Fontaine as the society girl who thinks he is a servant. Complications to their romance are caused by Heskis Hopper, Joan’s finan-

cially embarrassed mother, and William Brisbane, the rich fiancé. There’s a fight in a night club, a police chase, and the whole thing is really very funny.

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS—M-G-M

This frothy little domestic comedy revolves around a quarrel over the question of their respective careers between happily married Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce. Their attempts to bluff each other into surrender results in al-

mony to Montgomery, blundering inter-

ference by Warren William, Virginia’s partner, and by Alan Dinehart, attor-

ney. Binnie Barnes makes a play for Bob, too. It’s all very gay and adroitly handled.

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—M-G-M

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER officials remarked to this reviewer that “The Girl of the Golden West” was, they hoped, the last of that studio’s cycle of unfor-

tunate pictures; Irving Thalberg’s loss, they explained, was still being felt. Although the above judgment of this film is true—it doesn’t jell nor is it up to the other Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy songs—test—you nevertheless should see it for its magnificent beauty.

Done in Technicolor, it presents Cali-

fornia’s best scenery at its best.

The loosely linked story, held together by the fine singing of both stars, is a fantasy in which Mr. Eddy is a kind of Wild-West Robin Hood and Mr. Mac-

Donald a saloon owner. She meets the bandit as she is journeying from her hill home to Monterey, he falls in love, pretends to be in the Governor’s party, and follows her. Later he traces her to her home, learns about the saloon, has a fight with Sheriff Walter Pidgeon—who also yearns for gorgeous Jeanette—and is wounded. Then comes the famous scene from the David Belasco play in which our heroine, knowing at last the identity of her lover, gammes for his life—and cons.

Costumes aprope of the period—a lusty era of pedans and Idrians and gold fever—lend great glamour to the production. Buddy Ebsen, H. B. War-

ner, Bill Cody, Jr., and others are neatly fitted into the cast. Music includes “Shadows on the Moon,” “The Wind Bends the Trees,” “Who Are We To Say?” and “Mariachi,” all by the Romburg-Kahn team.

PORT OF SEVEN SEAS—M-G-M

Out of the bedlam of slapstick, there occasionally emerges a picture so appealing, so honest it is difficult to classify.

Such a picture is “Port of Seven Seas”; a misleading title for this story of unweeded love. Maureen O’Sullivan, daughter of a French grocer has a child by John Beal, a selfish young man who leaves her sweetheart to roam the seven seas. Frank Morgan marries Maureen and, in the security of his love, she finds peace. The lover returns and at-

tempts to win Maureen back. It is then that Wallace Beery, father of Beal, turns against his own son. Beery is outstand-

ing in this simple crudet; the surprise, however, is Frank Morgan, who forgets his stammering stutters to lend digni-

ty and charm to his role of protector.

For seventeen years on the screen Warner Baxter has been able to make feminine hearts flutter. At Santa Anita, he obviously holds more interest for pretty Virginia Walker than the horses. Watch this young player’s star rise! Her amusing headgear suggests that all Spanish influence these days is not confined to war
BRIEF REVIEWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

DOLLY IS WHERE YOU FIND IT—Warners' conduct between farmers and poverty- 
loving hoodlums of California's Sacramento Valley, 
sung to the tune of dancing, full- 
hour song, is a rough and rugged 
nder, made by Technicolor. George Brent, Olivia de 
and John Litel are extremely com- 
ected in their respective roles. Highly recom- 
end. (Apr)

DOLLY ZOLLARS, THE—Sam Goldwin- 
United Artists He is incredibly beautiful mustered a dizzy 
of electrocution. Then, as he 
and the producer won nobody "more 
Dolly Zollars" are celebrated 
ACHINE'S American ballet, Metropolitan 
and Josephine, Phil Baur's wife. Charlie 
Faul's deadly ability, the Bits Brothers' 
and Kenny Baker's titular role 
and the pugnacous music of George and 
omething's are wrapped in Technicolor. A 
0,000 picture you'll never forget. (Feb)

HAPPY LANDING—20th Century-Fox 
are prime requisites for good cinema- 
tale, music, comedy and, first and foremost, a 
se in the drink. This thin story concerns 
berg's tryst with a little Norwegian who, 
not manager to become a skater at the world 
field. The aviatrix are Ray Milland 
and the Desderi's, who finds a 
 Frances Langford. The happiest contribu- 
s are not Milland's romantic 
friend page's arrangement of "Black Eyes. 

WILL TAKE ROMANCE—Columbia 
ace Monroe's new romantic film with opera 
in its best theme, "One Night of Love. 
and beautiful singing, Hillary Walker 
make Melva Smith. The screenplay 
ails in love instead of imitating Melva 
Walker and Murray. The scenes 
more step both popular 
and Vital signs with physical and aural. (Apr)

OLD CHICAGO—20th Century-Fox 
the leading man's song to 
ret Zanuck who has here achieved a 
end of the road in the 2002 
before the famous (1817). The whole 
ning of O'Leary's, Walter 
, Don Ameriac, Terence 
and Tom Browne, live and learn in the 
 of making up. The boxoffice 
, tough-talking, and the huge cast, 
ving Alice Faye and Jig. 
and a whole lot of gags. (May)

ERENATIONAL SETTLEMENT—20th 
Century-Fox 
, unusual, the air raids, the 
peeding baby carriage and action in- 
ence. George Sanders finds himself a 
place. Dolores Del Rio finally finds the villains. Edna Barrie and Jane Farnham furnish the 
ance. (Apr)

JEZEBEL—Warner Bros 
lette Day's performance—is in one of 
parts, but she does a job. 
ning a different story, the 
 built a brilliant, story-striking story of a 
woman's trial. Nowhere are we in the 

YS'S SECRET, THE—Universal 
here is a vivid commentary on convict 
ology, though you might find it a bit 
under the surface dealing with the hostile 
District Attorney Walter Connolly 
 dans, and his future bride, for 
, Samuel Hinds and Jane Darwell complete the 
Dont break your good wishes getting to 

BEHIND THE SCREEN—is Regis Hart, 
wherebetween the novelist and the 
main role is taken by Harry Davenport, 
field—tremendous lady, playing 
, Demi Moore, as he notes, played 
able to Joseph Schlaferkind, 
, Bette Davis, and a fourth that 
Hamilton. Sally does a good 
job and Marla Mae Jones is really 
y. (Mar)

LOVE AND MISSES—20th Century-Fox 
Wagner and Beulah Bondi, as 
guide to another battle of wills and half-wills and 
and gain, built around a heroine, 
Simon, whose abilities this take credit for. Much 
likewise, if you go, to the new 
films we are a delight, and Simone Simon drops the 
price with her exceptional singing. (Eve)

LOVE, HONOR AND BAY—Warners 
with the exception of Priscilla Lane's 
atorial picture of a man's attempts to make 
man of his beloved and make the usual moral 
low ROMANTIC, seeing this picture is 
ingeworthy. Wayne Morris is the 
young gentle, Marle.hstack gives a 
performance. (Eve)

LOVE IS A HEADACHE—M-G-M 
who became the story of an 
outraged boy, a lovely Gladys George family comes to 
light, Vivien an actress lately by the publicity 
, an adoption of Mickey Rooney and Virginia 
ellers, is her best friend (Frank Tashlin) to become 
her secret desire. The setting is suave. (Apr)

MAD ABOUT MUSIC—Universal 
Don't think that music prevails when we 
that Duran could have done it again—because she 
He's got a voice over the top of the 
ning of a story on the 
Russell, Myrna sets out to get him back— 
outstanding results. Frank Tashlin here 
A bomb, a la Myrna. (May)

MAN-PROOF—M-G-M 
without the delicious humor of Myrna Loy 
this doesn't get the whole dialog of 
unemployed girl in love with a young 
(William Powell). When he naming 
Russell, Myrna sets out to get him back— 
outstanding results. Frank Tashlin here 
A bomb, a la Myrna. (May)

MERRILY WE LIVE—Hall-Rauch-M-G-M 
all of these and but the 
udies have been throwing are these days—this 
make the superlative story of 
love life of Evelyn Nesbitt. (Billie 
lt יותר)

MORNING HEARTS—M-G-M 
Beautifully directed by Clarence Brown, this 
short picture is a genuine pleasure. Against 
Civil War background, it tells the story of the 
successes of a poor-white pioneer 
's family to subsidize their son who 
becomes a famous surgeon. 
John Huston, Jimmy Stewart, the whole cast de- 
covered and credit. Don't fail to 
(May)

PARADISE FOR THREE—M-G-M 
Frank Morgan, Mary Astor, Edna May Oliver, 
iffy, and good sense. The success of 

involved. (Continued on Page 96)
PHOTOPLAY'S RETAIL STORE DIRECTORY

PHOTOPLAY fashions on pages 66 and 68 of the Fashion Section in this issue are available to readers at these stores.

PHOTOPLAY-retail-store-directory

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BY BYRON

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Brief Reviews  
(Continued from page 93)

Western: Fred Scott, the world's outstanding, shower-haired anti-hero with pretty Ulrich Schaeppie. Several good blood and thunder battles punctuated the mass of action, and at last, Scott offers a few new twists (May 15).  
★ REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM—20th Century-Fox  
Just for you who ever read the original: "Rebecca" will still enjoy every minute of the big-screen production. Lillian Gish stands in the same shoes as which she adorned others in this story. Her acting was superb. Barbara Stanwyck and Gloria Stuart are a mild romance and Helen Westcott is an appealing co-star. Shirley is splendid and Kilburn Robinson couldn't be outshone if he tried. (May 15)  
★ ROMANCE IN THE DARK—Paramount  
A sophisticated farce with detecting emphasis on the musical side: this is Gladys Swift's best outing to date. Playing a maid from London (who's really a spy) she gets into trouble by her love for a detective. If it's home, together they concoct a scheme to win a fortune. The plot is well written, the acting is good, and Gladys sings several songs and three duets to perfection. (May 15)  
★ ROSALIE—M-G-M  
Metro spent almost $2,000,000 on this and it couldn't be pretty special. You get Nelson Eddy among Cole Porter songs, Eleanor Powell's dancing and Fred Astaire's fancy steps. In the saddest story of a West Pointer in love with a princess, doesn't throw you for a loop, the colored sets probably will. Better go anyway. (May 15)  
★ SALLY, IRENE AND MARY—20th Century-Fox  
Another musical from the Zasu Pitts mold. The film story revolves around the ambitions of three children. You have Alice Faye as the cook's daughter, Davis' parker-kid and Margot-Weaver's vendor. You have Alice Faye as Fred Astaire as a gentleman. A host of guest appearances and the girls are fine. The songs are fun, but in a tasteless manner. (May 15)  
★ SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER, A—Warner  
Belonging to the addled-type of picture, started by 'Nothing Sacred,' is a marital farce which never appeared from murder. The story concerns the plight of a cancerist (Edward G. Robinson) and a love-struck wife (Ruth Donnelly) who try to go straight after her. Their line is a major, stocky, but outrageously witty way. (April 22)  
★ SPY RING, THE—Universal  
William Hall is the army vet of this fast melodrama, up to catch an enemy spy with a jet engine. Jane Wyman into Hall and Leon Ames and Ben Alexander are tossed on an occasion. The film begins with current headlines in the subplot. (April 22)  
★ START CHEERIING—Columbia  
Bright as a new penny, this new collegiate musical tells the story of a movie star who goes up fame to attend a university. His manager, Walter Coggs, Marjorie and Jack Oakie get into trouble. Penny is a major, stocky, but outrageously witty way. (May 15)  
★ SWING YOUR LADY—Warner  
A picture after an idea, even if it disappoints a musical. Nat Pendleton, in a great wrestler role, plays a role. Patsy Kelly, with Edward G. Robinson and Marjorie Lawrence, will keep you in stitches, some is good definitely music and " Jillie" sequence. " Add 'Ig" and you later laugh louder. (April 22)  
★ TELEPHONE OPERATOR—Monogram  
Curl'll find this a most package of entertainment, with the inside dope on the inside dope of an outside dope shop. Judl Thalberg and Alice White are the "two " and they laugh it till their hair falls off. Blake Edwards, and Marjorie Lawrence is the solo. Olmstead, Virginia Wynne and Grant Withers give Capil something to work on. Adequate is material. (April 22) 

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox  
Be advised not to believe of a word of this dismal production. "Briquet" is a Parisian street, the careers of six charm girls, several of whom get involved in the vortex. Claire Trevor tries to claim Michael Whalen, but who cares? (May 15)  
★ WISE GIRL—RKO-Radio  
Crip Miriam Hopkins gives an electric performance. Her second, after the direction and a cast that immensely enjoys itself. Two eclipsed children are used by a young artist Ray Milland. Milland resists an interference. " She's chuffed. Miriam was born with a sense of humor and he Henry Stephenson and the children are delicious. Carole Lombard is a step up. (April 22)  
★ YANK AT OXFORD, A—M-G-M  
In this picture made in England, Robert Taylor plays the farcical role of an Oxford student. After the direction of a small-town editor (Lionel Barrymore—can he do it!), Taylor wins a scholarship, wins and loses. Marjorie O'Sullivan, takes a beating from his classic, "because it does a fine job. Credit to the entire cast. (April 22)  
★ YOU'RE A SWEETHEART—Universal  
A comedy film in the making by the background of this story and fortunately provides the much-needed comic relief. Speaking of which, George Murphy really comes into his own as a dancer and singer. All the songs won't stick on either she can. Ken Murray and Oswald of radio fame lend support. It's a nifty. (April 22)
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