“How about a week from Thursday?”

Her phone was always ringing... would she like to see this?... would she like to go there?... could she plan for the weekend? She was easily the most popular girl in town. And the funny part of it is that less than a year before she would have been hard put to it to get a man to take her anywhere. More fortunate than many girls who go blindly on wondering why they are seldom invited out, she had found the source of her trouble and quickly corrected it with the surest means at her command.

It’s the Whispers That Hurt

Let it be whispered about a girl that she has halitosis (bad breath) and, socially speaking, her goose is cooked. And people, being what they are, do whisper.

You yourself never know when your breath is bad—and bad it occasionally must be because of modern methods of eating and drinking. Consequently, you must ever be on guard against offending.

Be Sure—Be Safe

There has always been one product especially fitted to correct halitosis promptly and safely. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use. Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they failed to meet the standard requirements of an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, too bitter to be tolerated. Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine’s speedy action and efficiency.

For more than 50 years, Listerine has been used in hospital work because of its marked deodorant and antiseptic properties. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine, here is what happens—

Listerine’s Four Benefits

1. Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
2. Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.
3. Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
4. The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don’t Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.
A MODERN MATRON AND A DENTIST BATTLE OVER A CARROT

"Ridiculous," said a prominent matron. "No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would behave so badly. She'd be outlawed—every door closed to her!" That's the social side of the debate. But just for a moment listen to a modern dentist...

"Ridiculous?—not a bit of it. That's a very sensible picture. I'd be delighted to post it in my office as an object lesson for my patients. If more people chewed as vigorously, if modern teeth and gums were on better terms with coarse, rough, natural foods we'd hear a lot less about tender, rundown gums—we'd hear a whole lot less about 'pink tooth brush,' too."

"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious
When you see "pink tooth brush"—see your dentist. It can mean serious trouble. But usually it simply means that modern soft foods haven't given your gums enough work—that they need the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Ipana plus massage is a part of modern dental practice because Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as clean the teeth. Get a tube of Ipana today and begin this modern health routine. Massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Your gums feel healthier. And your teeth grow whiter, show more sparkle.

Help your dentist to keep you from being a "dental cripple." Don't let your tooth brush show "pink." Don't let yourself in for the really serious gum troubles. Firm gums and shining white teeth are vitally important to you. Switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—and switch today!

(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)
This page looks like a "Who's Who" of Hollywood! Imagine seeing four of your favorite screen stars in one grand picture! The story was so good that M-G-M decided to make a real film holiday of it by giving it this ALL-STAR cast. The result is a gay, sparkling, romantic, de luxe production in the best M-G-M manner—and that means the tops in entertainment.
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THE OPENING CHORUS

A Letter From Liza

Dear Boss:

You'll probably pull right over in your wastepaper basket when you see what the subject of our little discourse is today. It's "People Who Have Pleased Me This Month," and the surprise, of course, is that an old grog like me should be pleased by anyone or anything. But it just goes to show that my bark's worse than my bite.

I'm awfully pleased over the way Lily Pons and Gladys Swarthout behaved at each other's concerts here in the Hollywood Bowl this month. The night Lily Pons sang "Carmen" at the Bowl, little Miss Pons brought all her friends and gave her professional rival a most cordial ovation. If rival politicians could only be as sporting as rival prima donnas I'm sure I wouldn't get sick at my stomach every time I pick up a newspaper these days.

And I'm awfully pleased with Bill Powell for having the good sense to sell that ostentatious mansion of his and return to the normal life of a few rooms and one servant. Bill has had his fling at being a movie star and now he's most content to live like a human being.

And Beulah Bondi pleased me no end with her superb portrayal of Rachael Jackson in "The Gorgeous Hussy." For the first time in my life I became deeply interested in the wife of the seventh president of the United States.

And Connie Bennett pleased me most of all when she told a press agent that she had far rather have a "nasty" story written about her, and well written, than all the goopy hearts-and-flowers stuff that is usually dished up by fan writers. Imagine a movie star not wanting to be flattened!
If you do not reduce at least 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS... it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic, the sure, safe way to reduce! "My hips are twelve inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds" writes Mrs. Doris. "Immediately 5 inches smaller when first fitted" says Miss Browne.

Actually Removes Superfluous Fat
You will be thrilled to see inches smaller at once and immediately start actually reducing at last those spots where surplus fat first accumulates. You risk nothing, simply try Perfolastic for 10 days.

No Diet, Drugs or Exercise
No need to risk health or change your mode of living. The wonderful massage-like action of this "live" material takes off the fat and with reduced weight come pep and energy. Many performances and the soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear next to body. Girard or Brassiere may be worn separately.

SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER, DETAILS OF $1 DOWN PLAN AND SAMPLE OF RUBBER!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women. Note the new easy $1.00 down deferred payment plan! You risk nothing... we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon now!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 73115, 41 East 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girder and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material, particulars of your $1.00 down plan and 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name: ________________________________
Address: ______________________________
City: _______ State: _______

TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDER and BRASSIERE... at our expense!

What to See that's worth seeing.

ANTHONY ADVERSE—Fine. As a novel Anthony Adverse thrilled millions, and now, as a glamorous film with all the fascinating color and adventure of the original, the movie will reach out and thrill people all over the world. Fredric March heads a fine cast, including Claude Rains, Philip Kuchel, Ava de Havilland, Louis Hayward, etc.

BACK TO NATURE—Good. Another episode in the simple, domestic existence of the Jones family. Fred Prouty is still head of the family and Spring Byington is his wife. Everybody who likes good wholesome comedy of middle-class life will enjoy this picture. Of the youngsters in the cast George Ernest Marshall and June Lockhart, with Shirley Deane a close second.

CHINA CLIPPER—Good. Pat O'Brien is in his element in a story of commercial flying that possesses a number of perils. The film is also important of which is his hop across the Pacific. Beverly Roberts plays his wife, but the love interest is secondary to the flying angles.

DON'T TURN 'EM LOOSE—Good. A hardships and dramatic plot against an easy parade system. Bruce Cabot, a born criminal, gets paroled through the pleadings of a false wife and, once out of jail, causes several tragedies. It's a pretty sordid tale, but extremely well told. In cast Louise Latimer and John Arledge.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART—Fine. A lavishly produced musical with a real live plot concerning the extremely mad adventures of a theatrical family that takes over the troubles of a stranded show troupe. In the cast, and singing often and melodiously, are Miss de Havilland, Bruce Cabot, and Michael Barretti. (John Eldredge-Louis Alberini.)

GIRLS' DORMITORY—Fine. This serves to introduce a new and much publicized personality—Simone Simon, a little French girl who more than lives up to all the ballyhoo sent out about her. The plot concerns the problems of a straight but highly emotional love of a school girl for her teacher, and the setting is a boarding school on the Continent. Herbert Marshall and Ruth Chatterton are cast with the new screen find.

LAST OF THE MICHIGANS—Excellent. The J. Fenimore Cooper historical novel which served as the basis for this picture has fascinated thousands of Americans, young and old, and transformed to the screen with some of its favorite actors in the well-remembered roles, it will command the attention of every age. (Randolph Scott, Henry Wilcoxon, Bonnie Barnes, Glenda Farrell, Patric Knowles, Walter Pidgeon, and Robert Lincoln.)

MUMMY'S BOYS—Fair. There's a title for you—especially when you learn that Wheeler and Woolsey are the boys in question. And, speaking of Wheeler and Woolsey, if you like the comic absurdities of these two binnies, why this is your man—otherwise it's just plain appall, no matter how you look at it.

RACING BLOOD—Fair. A melodrama of the racing world brings together most of all you with a gambling instinct in spite of its hokum. Frankie Darro plays a jockey who is a descendant of a long line of famous jockeys and therefore has the traditions of the track behind him. The love interest is taken care of by Jane Randolph and Glenda Farrell.

ROMEO AND JULIET—Splendid. An exquisite production of Shakespeare's immortal love tragedy. You will want to see it on many counts—the authenticity of its magnificent settings, the lyric quality of its dialogue, and the excellence of its individual character interpretations. Norma Shearer surpasses herself as Juliet; Leslie Howard does Romeo. John Barrymore is Mercutio, Basil Rathbone, Tybalt.

SEVEN SINNERS—Fair. A detective yarn made in England, starring our own Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings. While some of the situations are pretty wild to take, the direction is excellent and the acting more than makes up for plot discrepancies.

SING, BABY, SING—Excellent. The most amusing farce of the month, with Adele Montague giving a superb performance as the middle-aged actor whose star is on the wane. Adding to the laughable antics are Grace Moore, coming out of his heart. Problem is how to make good their bluff will command your sympathies and interest throughout. (Jane Darwell—Chirri Trevor-Arlene Judge).

TENTH MAN, THE—Fine. A British picture taken from one of Somerset Maugham's highly dramatic yarns, John Lodge, one of England's finest actors, has the title role and acquitted himself splendidly. The supporting cast is everything that you might expect from a first-rate picture of this kind.

TWO IN A CROWD—Interesting. An entertaining complete romance co-starring Joan Bennett and Noel McCrea. The plot brings these two together after they each come into possession of a half of a thousand dollar bill. They pool the money, buy a horse and groom it for a big race in spite of being handicapped by grooms. (Nat Pendleton.)

WALKING ON AIR—Very amusing. This is all about a sentimental but stubborn heiress whose father refuses to let her marry the man of her choice—and rightly, too. Ester-Gene Raymond, a college coed temporarily in need of money with which to buy food. The heiress hires him to pose as aphony count, but ends up by falling in love with him. Cast includes Ann Sothern, Henry Stephenson, Foster Ralph.

WOMEN ARE TROUBLE—Fair. Stuart Erwin, Paul Kelly and Florence Rice in a swift-moving action film having to do with various rackets. It has a number of exciting and a number of amusing moments.

Bill Powell and Joan Harlow in "Libeled Lady." Please pass the salt and pepper.
None knew the overflowing, bursting gladness, the singing joy these two, who had never loved before, found deep in the heart of the desert. The lavish brush of Technicolor reveals the golden beauty of Marlene Dietrich, the burning emotions of Charles Boyer with an intensity never before seen on the screen.

Marlene DIETRICH Charles BOYER
The GARDEN of ALLAH

Selznick International Presents

IN TECHNICOLOR

with BASIL RATHBONE • C. AUBREY SMITH
TILLY LOSCH • JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK • Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI

From the book by ROBERT HICHENS

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

for November 1936
BEAUTY OF FORM HAS ALLURE

Care To Keep Legs, Ankles And Feet Shapely Is Essential To Beauty

By Mary Lee

THEY'RE going up—and we hope you're glad to welcome short skirts back again, after the relapse into duster lengths and ankle-wearing that lasted just about as long as the depression. The standard 13 inches from the floor of the new daytime skirts will be a "lucky 13" for you, provided you keep your legs and feet trim enough to show them off with pride. It's certainly a "lucky 13" for Marlene Dietrich, who is known as the owner of one of the loveliest pairs of legs in Hollywood!

Now that ankles and a fair amount of calf are coming into Beauty's spotlight, we feel it our bounden duty to give you some advice on keeping them as attractive as possible. Don't envy Marlene Dietrich her famous legs—and stop there! You can do so much to improve your own.

One of the greatest drawbacks to shapely legs and good posture is the habit so many girls have, especially if they're tall, of keeping their knees slightly bent when they're walking, standing or dancing. This makes the tendons under your knees tighten up, so you look knock-kneed when you really shouldn't.

Here's an excellent exercise to straighten out tensed knees: Lie flat on your back with your arms stretched straight out at the sides. Then bring your right leg over so the toe comes as close to touching the left hand as possible, but don't bend your knees or raise your shoulders. Do this ten times, then ten times with the left foot reaching for the right hand. Stretch hard to reach that hand. It'll hurt at first, but keep it up.

For fat calves and thighs, we recommend the epsom salts "half-bath." Put a pound of epsom salts in the tub, then draw enough water, as hot as you can stand, to cover your legs and thighs when you're in a sitting position. Stay in 15 to 20 minutes. We don't advise immersing the entire body as it is too weakening. Massage and pinching under water helps, too, and continue the pummeling through your Turkish towel after you emerge.

Actually, beauty of ankle and leg starts with the lovely feet, which are so apt to be neglected simply because they're covered up with shoes and stockings most of the time. They appear in public. It's utterly impossible to be graceful with painful feet. Still it isn’t necessary to proclaim your foot weakness to the world by wearing heavy, ugly shoes in the hope that they will cure ills that may need entirely different treatment.

Most foot ailments are caused by throwing your weight unevenly on your feet, by badly-fitting shoes or stockings that are too short (a chief offender in starting growing toenails). You can avoid trouble by getting both your shoes and stockings long enough and having heels the height that is right for you.

It's just as important to beauty as it is to comfort to have foot troubles corrected. For instance, if your arch changes from its normal position, your whole body is thrown out of balance and you can't walk gracefully. Or a painful toe may cause you to throw too much weight on one side of your foot, running down the heels and otherwise getting even your prettiest shoes out of shape.

No two pairs of feet are exactly alike (actually, footprints are almost as characteristic as fingerprints), so it's the better part of wisdom to have your feet examined and the remedy individually prescribed as soon as you feel the first pain. Foot ailments don't correct themselves. We're enthusiastic about the Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Service which is available in almost any leading shoe store or shoe section of a department store.

You'll find an expert trained in the Dr. Scholl methods who will give you a thorough foot examination, without charge, and fit you with whatever remedial device you need—whether it's a lightweight arch support to slip into your own modish shoes, a Zina-pad to correct corn or callus, or a "Walk-Strut" to keep you from running down your heels. So much can be done to make legs look, straight, ankles trim, and carriage graceful simply by having the right "build-up" in your shoes to equalize the burden of your body's weight!

There's really a Dr. Scholl remedy for every foot ailment we ever heard of.

Another splitting Headache

• Feel dizzy, headachy? Skin sallow and inclined to break out? These may be signs that the system needs clearing out. Millions now enjoy freedom from the misery of constipation. For an ideal laxative has been found—a dainty white mint-flavored tablet. Its name is FEEN-A-MINT.

• Just chew FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative that comes in delicious chewing gum. Chew it for 3 minutes—longer if you like. The chewing makes the difference! FEEN-A-MINT brings blessed relief. Used by 15,000,000 people of all ages. Non-habit-forming. Convenient. Economical.

• Again able to enjoy life! All accomplished without gripping, nausea, or disturbance of sleep. No upset stomach due to faulty elimination. No splitting constipation headache. No medicine taste. So try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—the cool, mint-flavored chewing-gum laxative that is winning thousands of new users daily.
(Academy Award Winner)

VICTOR McLAGLEN

The MAGNIFICENT BRUTE

“A fighting fiend and a fool for blondes”

with Binnie Barnes, Jean Dixon, William Hall, Henry Armetta, Edward Norris

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
from the LIBERTY MAGAZINE STORY “BIG”

CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer
EDMUND GRAINGER, Associate Producer

Directed by JOHN G. BLYSTONE

for November 1936
HE SAID:  
"You've got the loveliest hair of any girl here."

SHE THOUGHT:  
"Then I'm the first one to discover Admiracion."

New Beauty for your HAIR
IN ONE TREATMENT

IMAGINE!—this new soapless shampoo treatment brings out all the glorious natural color, sheen, and softness of your hair—the very first time you use it!

Admiracion completely eliminates the soap film which even repeated rinsings never removed and which has been masking the real loveliness of your hair. Admiration makes no messy lather. It washes away with just one rinse—so easy!

Admiration is more than a shampoo because it contains Davolene—the most effective scalp tonic known to science today. It helps eliminate the causes of excessive oiliness or dryness, falling hair, or dandruff.

You will revel in the simplicity of your first Admiration treatment. Marvelous for children's hair. Buy a bottle today; or send coupon for a 2-Treatment bottle.

Admiration DeLuxe Treatments
If you have your hair done professionally, ask for an Admiration DeLuxe Treatment next time at your favorite beauty salon.

Admiracion
SOAPLESS SHAMPOO TREATMENT

SEND 10¢ FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE
Admiration Laboratories, Inc., Harrison, N. J.
Olive Oil for dry hair ( ) Fine Tau for only hair ( ) Both 20¢
Name______________________________
Street_____________________________
City______________________________
(Please Print Plainly)

In the studios Robert Taylor is appreciated just as sincerely as he is by the public. He is working on "Camille," with Garbo. He received 35% of all the votes cast.

ROBERT TAYLOR WINS
The Silver Screen GOLD MEDAL

This Medal Is Awarded Each Year By The Votes Of Our Readers To The Most Popular Player On The Screen.

THOUSANDS of the readers of this magazine responded to the invitation to vote for the most popular player on the screen. The voting was of course entirely voluntary, and the polls were open only one month. Below are the names of the leaders in the voting and first of all is Robert Taylor. He has, in a short time, won friends in every town and city and many of these individuals sent in their votes to help win for their favorite the gold medal. At once a proof that his good work is appreciated and also to encourage him in his efforts to make the characters he plays convincingly real. The following list gives the ranking of the leaders.

1. Robert Taylor
2. Nelson Eddy
3. Clark Gable
4. Jeanette MacDonald
5. Ginger Rogers
6. Shirley Temple
7. Frank MacMurray
8. Franchot Tone
9. Dick Powell
10. Henry Fonda

The voters have paid Robert Taylor a great honor and from now on no part can be too difficult for him. Last year Shirley Temple was at the peak of her popularity and the Gold Medal was voted to her. In 1934 Clark Gable received the most votes, and before that Jean Crawford carried off the honor. Robert Taylor's medal is now being designed and executed and in a few weeks it will reach the young man, bringing to him the respect and best wishes of Silver Screen and thousands of its readers.

Nelson Eddy  Ginger Rogers  Jeanette MacDonald  Clark Gable

Fred MacMurray  Dick Powell  Shirley Temple  Henry Fonda  Franchot Tone

Silver Screen
"Folks, Meet ‘Oiwin’"

(‘Oiwin’ is Brooklynesque for the good old Anglo-Saxon name of Erwin)

To the bride and neighbors he was a polite and milk-toasty Erwin, but to the mob he was ‘Oiwin’—the horse-picking demon who gave bookmakers financial D.T.s! A gentle Jekyll in Jersey...but a Hyde-de-ho in the betting ring.

Now it can be told! Nearly every star comedian in Hollywood wanted to play ‘Oiwin’. “I’ll buy the play,” said one...“I don’t want any salary. Just give me the chance and a percentage,” said another world-famous funnyman...But Warner Bros. decided to give this coveted acting plum to Frank McHugh—not because he was the best-known actor to do ‘Oiwin’—but because in their opinion he was by far the best suited. How glad you’ll be they made this choice when you meet ‘Oiwin’ on the screen!

COMING SOON!

“THREE MEN ON A HORSE”

Conceded to be the greatest comedy hit in ten years, now in its second capacity year on Broadway and being played in four countries, by ten companies to thousands of hilarious crowds everywhere!

A MERVYN LEROY Production with FRANK McHUGH JOAN BLONDELL GUY KIBBEE CAROL HUGHES ALLEN JENKINS SAM LEVINE TEDDY HART

for November 1936
Write A Good Letter And Win A Framed And Inscribed Photograph.

"I HAVE written many a letter for the photographs of quite a few actors, but never succeeded in obtaining one. I guess it was because I never sincerely felt what I wrote," writes Marticita Smith of New Brighton, N. Y., "However when I say that I think John Howard is simply wonderful, swell, colossal, and a great actor, I mean it from the bottom of my heart.

John seems to click with you, Marticita.

"GIRLS CAN have Gable and his romantic ways, but I'll take the one and only, Nelson Eddy,' even though his magnificent voice just takes the heart out of me. My only plea is, 'Give me back my heart with one of his pictures,'" writes Sona Rotman of S. Keeler, Chicago, Ill.

Good theme for a song for Eddy.

Larry Lane is just a chorus girl, but that's the way stars are made.

"NEW STARS may come and new stars may go but my lovely favorite, Joan Crawford, goes on forever. For years I have admired her and everything she represents, beauty, intelligence, graciousness and a natural ability to act," writes Margaret Morris of No. Mentor Ave., Pasadena Calif., "She is what every fine American girl dreams of becoming some day. May your star keep shining in our movie heavens for years to come. Joan. Here's to your success and happiness."

Mrs. Tone will be pleased.

"SOME PEOPLE prefer Clark Gable, some Fred MacMurray, some Fred Astaire, etc., but my top on the actors' list is handsome, talented Bob Taylor," writes Loretta Comiskey of Michigan Ave., Pueblo, Colo.

"He'd make any girl's heart pit-a-pat faster at first glance. I like him so well I'm afraid I'm destined to be an old maid unless I find someone similar to him."

A Taylor bachelor girl.

"THREE CHEERS for Michael Whalen, my favorite!" writes Laura V. Wallack of Eutaw St., Lawrence, Mass., "After seeing him in pictures, I've longed for a picture of him. He strikes me as the Prince Charming a girl dreams about. Tall, dark and handsome, he has that kind of a face and eyes which make an impression upon me. When those lips are in action your heart stops a beat or two. Oh! what a personality!"

So they named his next picture—"The Man I Married."

"I THINK Nelson Eddy is easily the first star on the screen today," writes Ella B. Dauch of Hacketts-town, N. J. "He is so handsome, and his personal charm of manner would make any girl's heart flutter. Above all, I admire his marvelous baritone voice; such warmth and beauty of tone, such clear cut enunciation."

Brain power gives quality to a voice, and Eddy was once a newspaper man. That explains it!

"I COULD write a long and beautiful tribute to Joan Crawford's greatness and beauty but in a few words I can hardly convince you how much I adore her," writes Helen Uranschek of Sidney St., St. Louis, Mo. "Joan is beautiful but she has an inner loneliness that surpasses dimples and blonde, curly hair. I want to sincerely thank Silver Screen for this opportunity to win (I hope) Joan's picture."

We'll ask her, Helen.

"FOR a long time we've been hearing los and losses about Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone and others, and one

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after Nov. 6, 1936

Editor,

"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.
In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is...
Address...
City...
State...

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in July have been notified by mail.

Editor,
can't deny that they are more than good. But I'll cheer for John Howard any day of the year," writes Rosemary Fitz of Wayne St., Erie, Pa. "I don't know what it is—his looks, personality, acting, or all—but he has that 'certain something' that makes one like him. I hope he'll make lots more pictures."

*You'll see him in "Valiant Is The Word for Carrie."*

"TD LIKE to heap a few laurels on Michael Whalen for his fine performance in 'White Fang' and 'Poor Little Rich Girl,'" writes Margaret Sinclair of W. Adams St., Los Angeles, Calif. "He deserves better parts for his wonderful acting, handsome profile and winning smile. Here is hoping he goes into larger parts and that I win a picture of him."

*For the love of Mike!*

---

**TRAVELLERS! KEEP CALM WITH BEECH-NUT GUM**

Do sudden swerves upset your nerves?
Does traffic get your goat?
Do stomach ills disrupt your thrills?
On board a train or boat?
If so, be ready—
Keep calm and steady—
Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

**Do** sudden swerves upset your nerves?
**Do** stomach ills disrupt your thrills
**On** board a train or boat?
**If** so, be ready—
Keep calm and steady—
Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

For that uncertain feeling—

---

**Title Changes**

The Names For COMING PICTURES

"The Case of the Caretaker's Cat" (Ricardo Cortez) has been changed to 
"The Case of the Black Cat"
"Heroes of the Air" (Jean Muir) has been changed to
"Fugitive in the Sky"
"Sing Me A Love Song" (James Melton) has been changed to
"Come Up Smiling"
"Outlaws of Palouze" (Jack Holt) has been changed to
"End of The Trail"
"Way For a Lady" (Doris Nolan) has been changed to
"The Man I Marry" (Kay Francis) has been changed to
"Stolen Holiday"
"Where's Elmer?" (Stu Erwin) has been changed to
"All-American Champ"
"Turn of the Century" (Franchot Tone) has been changed to
"Living Dangerously"
"The Bowery Princess" (Shirley Temple) has been changed to
"Dimples"
Where The Pictures Are In The Making, There We Find The Stars.

On the R-K-O Lot

This month R-K-O are cracking out with another of their specials and when R-K-O makes a special it is a special. This time it's a picturization of "The Plough and the Stars" by Sean (pronounced "Shawn") O'Casey. One of the most gripping plays in the repertoire of the Abbey Players, it concerns itself with the ill-fated revolution during the world war, in which Ireland sought to break away from England and establish her independence.

What a set they've put up for this picture. It's an entire square in Dublin and the whole thing is on the inside of one of the big sound stages. It takes as long to walk around it as it does any small city block. The street is cobble stone—real cobble stones, and all the houses are complete—not just fronts. There are gas street lamps. The time is 1916 and everything is so authentic—well, as we used to say in my kindergarten days. "When words fail, send Dolly Varden chocolates."

By special dispensation of the Irish Free State, five of the Abbey Players have been brought over for this number. Imagine! Six thousand miles over and six thousand back—and all for one picture—for you.

They are trying to make this so authentic that all the extras (the young ones) have been recruited from Loyola College. The others (the older ones) I guess have been recruited from the congregations of practically every Irish Church in the vicinity. At any rate, I never saw so many dyed-in-the-wool Irishness at one time in my life. And don't get the idea that some of them are not real Irish beauties.

Not a soul in this picture—not even the star—the one and only Barbara Stanwyck—uses any make-up.

This scene we see is when the Irish troops, who have joined the British army during the world war, are marching by, on route to the train. F. J. McCormick (who plays a lieutenant) and Preston Foster (who plays the naile lead) are watching them—rather tuttively, I thought, and yet there is a sort of look on Preston's face that—that—

Over and over and over and then at least a dozen times more the troops march by. If I didn't know from my own experience, I can at least learn from this how troops smell on a long day's march. The sweat is pouring off them.

As they take their places once more for another take, one of the extras dryly remarks, "The show must go on." And on it goes.

Finally, they get a shot that suits the director, John Ford, and he says cut. Personally, I can't see one iota of difference between the take he likes and all the others he didn't like—but I'm not a director.

I've been watching Preston closely and when it's all over I say, "What happens to you in this scene—are you being hired with enthusiasm?"

"Hell, no!" he says. "I'm supposed to be scared to death. I guess I didn't act it well if you thought I was getting enthusiastic."

"Well," I explain hastily. "I really couldn't see your face very well. Where's Barbara?"

"Ford's got her locked up in her dressing room," he says.

I breeze over to her dressing room and knock on the door.

"Who's there?" she calls.

"It's—I—Dick," I smile confidently.

"Gee," she says, "I'd like to see you but I can't get out. Mr. Ford's got me locked up in here."

"What goes on?" I inquire.

"I'm up to my neck in Irish," she says. "Yeah, I know," I agree, "but why has he got you locked up?"

"Oh," Bobbie explains, "my next scene is a very dramatic one and he doesn't want me annoyed with visitors for fear it'll get me out of the mood."

I've often boasted that no one has to drop a ton of bricks on my head for me to take a hint so I told Barbara a very pleasant good day and left it there.

The only other picture shooting on this lot is "The Portrait of a Rebel" with Katharine Hepburn and Herbert Marshall. As usual, the set is closed to visitors so
we'll just skip it—without comment. Any-
how, by this time you should know the
words even if you don't know the music
of the song I dedicated to her.
Next, we'll tackle—

Columbia

If there was only one picture I had to
cover at R-K-O they more than make
up for it here. I really have my work cut
out for me.

First, there's "Pennies from Heaven" with
Bing Crosby, Madge Evans, Donald Meek
and Edith Fellows. That's the entire cast,
I believe Bing has a 50 per cent interest in
this picture, which is being produced by
Emanuel Cohen.

At the opening, Bing is in jail. Of course
it goes without saying he's innocent (I
believe the charge was vagancy). He meets a
man who's to be electrocuted and the con-
demned one wants Bing to find a family
(named Jones, probably, or Smith) in a
certain town and give them the deed to a
house he has. When Bing gets out he starts
searching for the family and finally locates
them. That's Meek and Edith.

Their belongings are all piled on the
sidewalk in front of their home. They've
been dispossessed because they can't pay
the rent. Meek has been telling the land-
lord for months he expects to come into
some money. The gang won't work any
longer, however. After they've been put out
it develops the money he expected to come
into was $50 a month on county relief.

Bing finds them, as I say, and they've
got to have some money immediately. Bing
takes an old guitar and they start going
around singing. The money thrown them
is "Pennies from Heaven." The Street
Singer, you know. Something happens
under a certain window and they go up-
stairs to see what's what.

When they arrive, the door is opened
and Madge confronts Edith. "Well, young
lady," she demands sternly.
Edith takes one look at her and flies.
"Paty!" Madge calls. But Edith has not
stood on the order of her going.

"Hey, Sarge!" Bing yells, looking over
the railing.

Madge starts after her. "Come back
here!"

"What's all this about?" Bing wants to
know.

"That's just what I want to find out,"
Madge informs him. "Come in."

And that is the meeting between Madge
and Bing and the beginning of love's
young dream.

"I suppose," Bing begins to me when
the scene is finished, "as soon as the Mayor
(Richard Arlen) gets back, you'll be busy
for a year writing up his memoirs of this
trip."

"There may be something in what you
say," I concede. "After all, you must agree
that there are few people who can get as
much material out of a trip as Dick—
or who can tell it as well."

He looks at me and laughs. Bing must

"Two Minute Alibi" a Columbia
picture, with William Gargan and
Marguerite Churchill running a
temperature.

for November 1936

GIVE A
"FACE POWDER PARTY!"

See If You and Your
Girl Friends Use the Right
Shade of Face Powder

By Lady Esther

You're sure about the shade of face powder you use,
aren't you? You're convinced it's the right shade for
you, or you wouldn't use it.

Your girl friends feel the same way about the
shades they use. Each is certain she uses the right
shade.

All right—I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you hold
a "face powder party" at my expense. What's that?
Well, it's a party at which you can have a lot of fun
and, at the same time, learn something of great value.
You can hold this party at home or you can hold it
at the office during lunch hour.

The Test That Tells!

Here's what you do: First, send for all five shades
of my Lady Esther Face Powder, which I offer you
free. Then call in several of your girl friends. Try
to get girls of different coloring—blondes, brunettes
and redheads.

Let each girl select what she thinks is her best
shade of face powder. Have her try that shade on.
Then, have her "try on" all the other four shades.
Let the rest of you act as judges while each girl tries
on the five shades.

Then, see if right or wrong each girl
has been! Note that in most cases, if not in
all, the shade of face powder that proves
the most becoming is not the one the girl
selected. On the contrary, you'll probably
find that the shade that proves most flattering
to a girl is one she would never think of
using at all.

You can instantly tell which shade is most
becoming to a girl. It immediately makes her
stand out—makes her look her youngest
and freshest. The other shades, you will observe,
have just the opposite effect. They make her look
drab and years older than she really is.

Why Look Older
Than You Really Are?

It's amazing the women that use the wrong shade
of face powder. I see evidence of it on every side. Artists
and make-up experts also bemoan the fact.

There is one and only one sound way of telling
your most becoming shade of face powder and that is
by trying on all five shades as I have described
above. To try to select a shade of face powder ac-
cording to "type" is all wrong because you are not
a "type," but an individual. Anyone knows that a
blonde may have any one of a number of different
colorings of skin while a brunette may have the
same. So, trying to match a "type" is fundamen-
tally unsound if not impossible, and may lead to
some weird effects.

Prove My Principle!

Be sound, be practical, in the selection of your
shade of face powder. Use the test method as I have
described here. Clip the coupon now for all five
shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, also a 7-days' supply of
your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

(name)

Address.

City State.

If you live in Canada, write Labled Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

FREE

Limit Offer! Give a FREE 5-days' supply of your Lady Esther
Four-Purpose Face Cream when you order face powder.
HINTS for the EYES of WIVES!
by Jane Heath

UNLESS you have one of the rare husbands who is anxious to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of Kurlash enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private cache of Kurlash products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty consultation with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the result-and never know why wives look prettier. You can whisk your lashes into Kurlash ($1 at good stores) in a split second. When they emerge, they'll be curled back soulfully-looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat; no cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other absolutely un-detectable Kurlash products also. Try them in private... and give your husband a BEAUTIFUL surprise today.

Lash-tastic Compact. A patented mascara case with a little sponge, encasing just the right consistency to darken the lashes naturally without stiffening or cakeing them. Water-proof. In black, brown or blue. $1.

Kurlash. Dresses the lashes, keeps them soft and silky, darkens them, tends to make them grow longer and thicker—and, either alone or mixed with a little Shadette (foot illustrated, $1 in a shade to match your eyes, gives the youthful shiner-lidded look that is so flattering. 50c and $1 sizes.

Twisters. The little miracle frown with carved wood handle lets you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.

Billie Burke introduces her grand-son, Tokiee Trigg, to Alma Kruger, thus working up the excitement in "Craig's Wife"—a Rosalind Russell-John Boles picture.

Billie Burke life. She rules it with stern discipline, keeping it in irritating fastidiousness. Never is tobacco smoke within its walls, never a minute detail of furnishing out of place. Never, for that matter, is anyone at ease within it. John Boles plays her harassed husband and Alma Kruger (who was so well as the dead bandmother in "These Three") his aunt—who somehow manages to bring a small measure of happiness into his life. And Billie Burke—ah, my! Mr day is complete and there is a God—plays the friendly neighbor.

It is at least 150 outside but Billie in a gray pleated chiffon seems so cool and fresh as the proverbial daisy. I guess the set is attractive but when Billie is around I never notice anything else.

For Billie, this scene isn't terribly important.

She is seated in a chair in the hall carrying a basket of roses. A little cut of about two, Tokiee Trigg, is playing beside her. Miss Kruger descends the stairs and greets Billie.

"Don't tell me this is that grandson I've heard so much about."

"Yes, Billie (who looks about twenty) admits. "This is Tim. Give Miss Austen you hand, Tim."

Miss Kruger calls the maid (Jane Darwell) to take the roses and put them in water. Then she remembers Rosalind and is afraid she may come home and find Billie and Tokiee there. "Come up to my room," she suggests uneasily. "Come along, Tim. Maybe I can find something nice for you up there."

Robert Allen and Dorothy Wilson are the young lovers for whom Rosalind makes it tough.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," Fania says sweetly, "we just finished "Lost Horizon" after ninety-eight days of shooting. Before that, our longest picture was "The Captain Hates the Sea" which took sixty-seven days of shooting."

"I'm certainly up on Columbia statistics," I sneer.

"That's one thing," my guide goes on impartuously, "the "Man Who Lived Twice" with Ralph Bellamy, Isabel Jewell and Tokiee Trigg. There is no excuse to mention it so people will be looking for it."

You should have kept quiet about that one."

"I could," I begin. "I could."

"And," she finishes finity, "I'll see you.

next month when Irene Dunne will be
shooting in 'Theodora Goes Wild.'

And that, my friends, is what I'd call a
perfect squelch—nest, but not gaudy. "Pray,
goodly, please," as Kate O'Hara used to
say, "to moderate the rancour of your
smell.

Smarting under the sting, I cast about
for new studies to conquer. I finally hit

Warren Bros.

W HEN I get a look at their call sheet
my head starts swimming. The good
Lord certainly never intended me to loaf
this day.

First there's "stolen Holiday" starring
Kay Francis. It used to be called "Mistress
of Fashion," and fittingly.

The picture opens about 1907 in a room
off the salon of some big couturier. They're
having a fashion show and all the manne-
quins are dressing and undressing. Kay
comes on the set with an ice pack strapped
to her head in a futile effort to keep cool.
"Hello, darling," she murmurs, slumping
into a chair beside me. "Isn't this awful?

Kay Francis and Alison Skipworth
in "Stolen Holiday."

The assistant director comes up. "You
ready, Miss Frances?"

"Yes," she agrees and turns to me once
more. "Darling, this doesn't mean you'
and then she addresses the assistant. "I
want the set closed to all visitors today. I'm
not going to have a lot of strangers gaping
and gawking at me when I'm in my undies
changing clothes."

Presciently the scene starts. My dear Alison
Skipworth is sitting at a table with a tape
measure around her neck, telling fortunes
with the cards. Rita LaRoy (remember
when she was a coming star at R-K-O?) is
looking over her shoulder. Kay is on the
opposite side of the table getting out of
one costume and into a coat suit.

"Don't pay any attention to those cards,"
Rita laughs. "I had my fortune read once
and it was good. Within the week I fell
down and broke my leg." She passes on,
pulling her pink velvet negligee trimmed
in white maribou about her. The girls
laugh but Skippy continues to look mood-
ily at the cards.

"What's the matter, darling?" Kay
queries. "You look worried."

"I would read such cards!" Skippy
snorts, brushing them into a heap.

"That's not fair," Kay protests.

"Some other time," Skippy promises.

"There's something wrong with the vibra-
tions."

"Vibrations?" Kay echoes scornfully. "Per-
vessiveness, more likely. I want to know the
future. What am I going to do? I've got
to do something."

"What?" Skippy asks practically.

"Something I can do better than anyone
else in the world." Kay replies, putting her
scarf and coat on. "But what? My mother
God rest her dainty French soul, was a

[Continued on page 79]

KOOLS NEVER MISS! Do better by yourself this winter
—smoke KOOLS. When overheated rooms dry out your throat or
sniffles spoil you for hot smokes—smoke KOOLS. Freezing
weather, sudden thaws, late nights, early parties—you'd better
smoke KOOLS. Their touch of mild menthol soothes and refreshes.
Their better tobaccos have won millions of friends. And
each pack carries a B & W coupon good for fine premiums.
(offer good in U.S.A. only) Brown & Williamson Tobacco
Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS

Claret Cocktail Set, Shaker, 300 coupons; 4 cups—175, tray—200, set—500
FREE: Write for illustrated 28 page B & W premisum booklet, No. 12
Sheet Silk Housety—Full length. Run-
top band. Newer shades. 255 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

for NOVEMBER 1936

17
**Why Some Women are Natural Beauties**

They intensify natural coloring...yet never look "made-up". Read how the Color Change Principle available in Tangee make-up brings natural loveliness.

You see many more "naturally" beautiful women than you used to. For make-up styles have changed. Gaudy make-up has vanished. The Tangee Color Change Principle is available in powder, lipstick and rouge.

Begin tonight to be lovelier in your own way. Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Color Change Principle. Tangee Powder is 55c and $1.10. Rouge, compact or creme, each 83c. Lipstick is 39c and $1.10.

**BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Always ask for Tangee Natural. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

**World’s Most Famous Lipstick**

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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**"LET'S TALK TURKEY!"**

Now That She's Brought Home The Bacon, Shirley Temple's Mother Gives Her A Nice Juicy Bird To Play With On Thanksgiving.

By Ruth Corbin

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**DINNER MENU**

- Citrus fruit cocktail
- Consomme with celery seed
- Roast turkey or chicken
- Giblet gravy
- Macaroni stuffing
- Mashed sweet potatoes on pineapple rings
- Brussels sprouts
- Olives, celery, mixed pickle, cranberry sauce
- Pumpkin pie or pumpkin custard with whipped cream and honey
- Coffee

**SUPPER**

- Turkey or chicken au grain sandwiches
- Molded cranberry and cottage cheese salad
- Fig pudding with whipped cream
- Cocoa
- Candied apples
- Grapes

The success of the Thanksgiving Day meals is determined by the number of tempting dishes on the dining table, but by the comfort later of all who partake of the food. The traditional dishes of turkey, roast duck or sucking pig, cranberry sauce, homemade pies and cakes are things every woman revels in at this season, but the ideal to seek is a well-balanced meal, carefully cooked and beautifully served. The supper which follows these rich spreads must be composed of only light and delicate dishes to tempt saturated appetites.

To avoid trouble and expense, most of your dishes are prepared the day before Thanksgiving. Here are suggestive menus for both Thanksgiving dinner and supper which may be readied by the homemaker without overwork or outside assistance.

The turkey should be prepared the day before and the giblets for the gravy cooked at that time. In selecting the bird remember that smooth legs and feet are signs of a young turkey. Cook in a covered or uncovered roasting pan in a moderate oven of 550° F., allowing 20 minutes to each pound. To obtain a dull finish the breast of the turkey is covered with a layer of butter and flour thoroughly rolled together.

If a shiny surface is desired it is basted only with water and butter.

Macaroni stuffing is made by cooking 1 package of macaroni in salted water until tender. The water is then drained off and to the macaroni 1 beaten egg, 1/2 cup melted butter, 1 lbs. paprika, 2 tsp. salt, 2 tsp. poultry seasoning, 1/4 cup cream and 1 cup chopped celery are added. Mixed onion may be used if desired. This makes approximately 1 quart of dressing. Recipe will need to be doubled for a large bird. Do not, and this is important, season turkey until it is scarred. Seasoning draws out the natural juice.

Most fruit cocktails may be kept in the refrigerator for hours without harm. Canned grapefruit in orange juice is both appetizing and easily prepared. If you want a different cocktail chill sections of canned grapefruit in gingerale and garnish with orange sections. Don't forget to put celery seed in your consomme, and this also may be served from cans...there are many grand brands on the market today...for celery adds an unusually nice flavor.

The sweet potatoes may be steamed the day before and mashed while hot. They may be heaped on the pineapple rings at the last minute, topped with a marshmallow and browned under a hot blaze.

Brussels sprouts, cooked in a kettle of rapidly boiling water no longer than 10 or 12 minutes, are delicious served with a bread and butter sauce—sale bread crumbs.
LOOK OUT FOR THE "COMMON COLD!"

The "Common Cold" is the Common Forerunner of Pneumonia and Other Serious Diseases!

The Sensible Thing in Treatment
How often have you seen it—a cold today and something worse tomorrow. Almost every case of bronchitis, bronchial pneumonia and influenza has its start in the "common cold."

According to recently published figures, there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the "common cold." A menace to life and health, the "common cold" is also a severe tax on the public pocketbook. Statistics prove that the average person loses ten days' work a year on account of colds.

Something to Watch
If there's anything you want to watch, it's the "common cold." Health authorities on every side urge it. Don't take any cold lightly. Don't try to laugh it off. The cold that may be only a sneeze or a sniffle today may be a bed case tomorrow. Regard a cold seriously. Treat it for what it is—an internal infection.

As an internal infection, it is patent that a cold requires internal treatment. Mere surface measures—mere local treatments—merely alleviate the symptoms, but to get at the real trouble, you must get at a cold from within.

An excellent thing to take for a cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Fourfold Effect
First of all, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is expressly a cold tablet and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well. It has only one purpose, the treatment of colds.

Secondly, it is internal in effect and does four definite things of vital importance in the relief of a cold:
1. It opens the bowels, an admirably advisable step in the treatment of a cold.
2. It checks the fever in the system.
3. It relieves the headache and fever.
4. It tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

A fourfold treatment, in other words, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine accomplishes definite and speedy results.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine imposes no penalty for its use. It contains nothing harmful and is perfectly safe to take.

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

Don't Procrastinate
When you feel a cold coming on, do something about it right away. Don't delay, don't procrastinate. Go right to your druggist and get a package of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Start taking the tablets immediately, two at a time. Usually, if taken promptly, Grove's Bromo Quinine will check a cold in 24 hours—and that's the action you want for safety!

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. When you ask for it, insist upon getting what you ask for. The few pennies' cost may save you a lot of anxiety.

NOTE: Listen to Gabriel Heater review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening, 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations, 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.
IF THEIR SMILES FALL DOWN, THEIR JOBS FOLD UP

New York's Handsomest Men Say:

"For a thorough and safer cleansing, Listerine Tooth Paste every time!"

WILLIAM CRABB'S main interest outside the studios is golf. He plays an excellent game and keeps fit for studio work that way. He wants a career in Wall Street.

That's straight from the shoulder advice from the hardest boiled critics of tooth paste—the men who every day must face the merciless eye of the camera in New York commercial studios. Men like Glen Gallagher, William Crabb, Harry Conover, whose very livelihood depends largely on the perfection of their teeth, cannot afford to take chances with ordinary tooth paste.

Why don't you discard the tooth paste you are now using and switch to Listerine Tooth Paste for a while? You may be amazed at the improvement in the looks of your teeth.

There are no coarse, hard abrasives in Listerine Tooth Paste. Instead there is an exclusive combination of cleansers chosen for their extreme gentleness. While they remove every vestige of debris on the teeth, they cannot harm the priceless enamel itself. Examined under the microscope, teeth brushed twice a day for the equivalent of a lifetime, showed no harm to the enamel.

Gentle polishing, too

The ingredient in Listerine Tooth Paste that gives teeth such brilliance and lustre is so delicate, so fine, that only three places in the world can produce a product that will meet our specifications.

When you brush your teeth with Listerine Tooth Paste you know that you are getting the utmost in cleansing with the greatest degree of safety. There are two sizes: Regular 25¢ and the great big tube at 40¢, which contains 162 brushings.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

GLEN GALLAGHER is well known on the Coast as a polo and tennis player. In summer stock, he gains acting experience to fit him for moving picture work.

HARRY CONOVER is interested in radio as a profession and has worked as announcer and actor over New York and Detroit stations.
CLAUDETTE COLBERT, who is all done up in quaint little Puritan caps and woolen dresses these days for "Maid of Salem," loves to tell how little four-year-old Mickey Nelson completely put her in her place on the set the other day. In her little Puritan costume Mickey looks too sweet to be true—but evidently her angelic blue eyes aren't missing out on anything. Claudette had to do a crying scene and didn't feel like crying so she gave her a copious draught of glycerin to help her become properly lachrymose. When the scene was over Claudette was introduced to little Mickey whom she greeted as "You beautiful baby." But even at the age of four Mickey knows professional jealousy, "I can cry real tears," she announced importantly.

SPENCER TRACY'S fan mail has upped from 200 letters a month to 3000 since "Fury" and "San Francisco," and all goes to show what a couple of hit pictures can do for you. But it's still handsome Bob Taylor who gets the biggest fan mail on the Metro lot.

JIMMY STEWART nearly fell over backwards when he arrived home from the studio the other night and his butler quite matter-of-factly informed him that he had had a caller during the afternoon. "Who?" asked Jimmy without much interest. "Miss Garbo," said the butler without much interest. "What? Who? Garbo? Why?" shouted Jimmy with great interest. But the butler was quite unperturbed. (Probably not a Garbo fan.) "She asked to see the house," he said, "I showed her the house. She said, 'I think I took the wrong house,' and left." Not a very satisfactory Garbo visit we'd say.

And since her visit she hasn't been the least bit neighborly. She rented the house next door to Jimmy's (formerly occupied by Jeanette MacDonald) and immediately built a high white fence around it.

AND speaking of houses, there's a regular epidemic of house-selling going on now. Bill Powell sold his Versailles for a profit and a smaller house thrown in—and he now lives in the smaller house. Claudette Colbert's house, which was so long in the building and the furnishing, is now up for sale. Freddie March would like to get a buyer for his mansion, and ditto Dick Powell.

WALLACE BEERY has bought a trailer to attach to his transcontinental bus, for that trip to Idaho. And now Errol Flynn, who has finished charging in the "Light Brigade," is trailer shopping. He is planning a vacation with his wife, the exotic Lili Damita, which will lead them far into the Sierra Mountains, miles away from hotels, so he wants a trailer with an especially nice kitchen as Lili will have to cook most of the meals. Now Lili has never cooked anything in her life and has no desire to learn how to cook—but Errol thinks it will be fun to have Lili cook. Be sure and take a can opener, Errol.

JEANETTE MACDONALD has had the extreme pleasure in her short life of making three prominent men "eat their words." When she was trying to get her career as a singer started on Broadway, Jeanette had an audition with the famous Ned Wayburn who has started many a young actress on the road to glory.

ANNOUNCEMENT

On Page 10 to the winner of the Silver Screen Gold Medal for popularity is announced. The readers made the award and the medal is now being designed.

THERE'S a big feud on between Mac West and Alice Brady on the "Go West Young Man" set, and it stands a pretty good chance of being one of the best feuds of the year. It all started when La West announced that no one in the picture could wear false eyelashes except herself.

Continued on page 76
STARS OR STOOGES
Success Does Not Come To The Players Until The Experts Of The Studios Have Ironed Out All The Kinks.

By Helen Louise Walker

YEARS ago, when Jack Gilbey was at the height of his success, he said to me, very earnestly, "Sooner or later the public is going to find me out! When it does—I shan't be a star any more—and then I shall try to do some of the real work in pictures!"

"You see," he went on, "I am only the star of these pictures. I don't really count. Someone else has written the story. Some experts have worked on the script. Someone has designed the sets, designed my costumes, concocted my make-up. I am the last one to come into this picture. When I make my entrance, the director, working from his script, tells me exactly when to enter a scene, when to speak, when to turn my head, when to smile. Make-up men, cameramen and electricians see to it that only the best parts of my face are photographed—see to it that the public doesn't find out that my nose is too large and my neck too long.

"I want to do some work on a picture. Help to write it, help to direct it. Now—if one of my pictures is a success—I take the bow and the applause for the work other people have done!"

Poor Jack! When the fighting days were ended, his efforts to do "some of the real work in pictures" met with scant success. But, at least, he had had the intelligence to know that his success was the product of other people's brains. He had been too modest to realize that his own glamour and fire gave those other brains material with which to work. But what he said was true. When a picture is in its first stages of planning, there are weeks of painstaking work by author, producer, adapter, script writer and director. The set designer goes to work to "plant" the period, the atmosphere, the mood of the story. The picture is cast. Then costume designers, make-up men, electricians, cameramen confer. How to dress the star? How to make her up? How to light her, photograph her, so that she may express the character she is to portray, enhancing her own personality the while?

At long last the star is called to the studio. There are fitting tests. There are more conferences. She may object, she may fret and fume. But, in the end, the consensus of the opinions of these experts is final. She has nothing to say about anything.

I remember encountering Joan Crawford in a Hollywood beauty shop. She was sobbing her heart out. She had been cast for a role in which she must have long hair, and therefore a wig was required. She had spent days trying on various types of wigs and making tests with them. When I met her she was wearing the one which had been approved for the role. She hated it, and I didn't blame her. I thought it was dreadful and I sympathized with Joan's dismay.

But the eye of the camera is an entirely different eye from yours and mine—and from Joan's. When the picture was released the critics and the public proclaimed loudly that Joan had never been so beautiful, so really telling before. It pays the young starlet, generally, to do as she is told!

I called upon Claudette Colbert one day to find her in gales of mirth over a review of one of her pictures, in which she was described as "radiantly beautiful."

"After the trouble I, and everyone else, have had with this face," she burbled, "I didn't know it until after I took a flyer in pictures—but everything is the matter with it. The eyes are too far apart, the mouth is too wide, the chin is too short. After I saw myself in my first motion picture (in which I made my face up, myself) I simply hid under something and cried, 'Well, that will be the end of that!'

'It took weeks—months—of study by cameramen, electricians, make-up men, hairdressers, directors, to make me look like anything at all upon the screen. I had to be taught how to hold my head, how to turn it, how to smile, to get the right camera angles. They are wonderful those people!"

Now, this is the curious thing. Claudette, off the screen, is quite as beautiful as she is on. The charm and sparkle of her amazing personality show when you meet her. But "dat ol' daffid," the camera, will pick up defects of which you never dream when you look at a lovely face across a luncheon table. Claudette had the intelligence to sense these defects and to submit gracefully, even eagerly, to the correction of them for the screen. You see, the majority of stars—and this means men as well as women—are really tailored to fit their roles.

Many of them have chases in their con. tr. a. c. t. s which provide that they must stay under or over a certain weight or the contract will be voided. In Ann Dvorak's recent squabble with the Brothers Warner, the allegation was introduced in court, that Ann had been ill and had grown too thin to fulfill picture requirements. Whereupon Ann bounded into the courtroom to announce that she felt fine and to ask the judge and jury whether they didn't think that she looked pretty nice?

On the other hand, Dick Powell recently suffered a bout of laryngitis which put his valuable vocal cords temporarily out of commission. He was packed off to the desert to

Reading from left to right: Bette Davis is one of the few who made her own success. Joan Crawford did as she was told and to her surprise made a hit. Garbo was not great until Adrian designed her costumes. Norma Shearer, a real star.
rest and recuperate, and when he returned, with the vocal cords in fine shape, his studio surveyed him with dismay and then ordered him to go on a cottage cheese and fruit juice diet until he took off the pounds that the rest and relaxation had added onto him. It is difficult, sometimes, when the boss says, “Keep the health and energy up and the poundage down!”

Marion Talley was extremely surprised at what motion pictures required of her. After all, she had done pretty well for herself in grand opera. When she arrived in Hollywood and was analyzed for the purposes of motion pictures she learned that she must (1) take off a lot of pounds. (2) Change the color of her hair. (3) Change her tempo, her entire style of singing and of delivering lines. She had to learn to walk differently and to restrain the somewhat grandiloquent sweep of her gestures. When the make-up men went to work on her, they changed the shape of her eyebrows and the contour of her mouth.

When you meet Marion Talley upon the screen she will be an almost entirely different woman from the one who held audiences spellbound at the Metropolitan Opera House.

When you hear of a player being “groomed for stardom” it means, literally, that dozens of experts study him off the screen and on—that they confer about his potentialities and how they may be developed. They look upon him as so much raw, plastic material to be moulded and exploited. Sometimes, of course, these experts err and then there is heartbreak and disappointment. Perhaps a promising young artist is lost to the screen for all time, unless he has the stuff in him which makes him try again and again, until someone sees what he really has.

Why, goodness me! I remember when Garbo was considered “cold, but decorative.” They had, by then, changed her eyebrows, her mouth and her hair. They hung her with glass beads and brass bangles and made of her a lovely, but meaningless, prop. When Adrian (pretty new in the picture business, himself, then) was called in to design her costumes for “Flesh and the Devil,” he saw in her something entirely different.

“She was like a tree,” he told me. “Her soul was rooted deep in the earth and I knew that she must not wear anything that was ornate or artificial. I have never given her a false jewel or a bit of machine embroidery. Some of the hand wrought costumes we have made for her are now museum pieces, so fine is the handwork. You can’t always detect the painstaking care spent on these costumes when you see the picture. But the trouble and the expense have been worth while. The psychological effect upon Garbo has been so important.”

The most successful of them have learned to put themselves, trusting, in the hands of the experts. Harold Lloyd, who chooses his own stories, produces and pays for his own pictures, [Continued on page 85]
NOW that there's no mistake about Fall having checked in, there isn't the slightest doubt, either, as to what the leaders among our movie stars are up to. There are no horse races to bet on, and the sun definitely isn't what it used to be. So being a sport and living for one's irresistible tan is passe. Walking miles after a danged golf ball that just won't go into its hole has become boresome. A bit studly, too, are smoky night clubs, for with these first hints of nippy tomorrows the urge is to go forth and leap around gaily. And the sweetest spot to do your leaping, according to the wise celebs, is on a tennis court. (If you sit home you might begin to wonder what life is all about and, heavens—start a diary!)

I follow the Hollywood hobbies with my eagle eye and this month it's a snap to discover who's vying for whom. My secret system is to tie myself around to the particularly popular tennis courts. There the males of the moment, who generally play slashing games, are apt to suddenly forsake their strenuous partners for slow and patient volleying with certain extra-adorable damsels. That indicates love in the embryo. Of course, by the degrees of solicitude and coyness you can learn lots that's none of your business. "Upsy-daisy, Claudette."

The ball is supposed to come over the net." When I hear the doctor, who's head man at the Colbert mansion, address

Anita Louise brings to any tennis court the gift of beauty.

milady that way I'll know the honeymoon is over.

Errol Flynn and Garbo are Hollywood's number one players. The dashing Irisher is so darned proficient that the U.S.C. team trains on him. He hasn't a court up at his Lookout Mountain home, so daily he repairs to a club or to the Warner studio where there are several courts for their stars. Usually he doesn't have actor opponents, for there are few who can keep up with him. His back-hand is terrific. Garbo, as you might expect, isn't chummy with the other girls. She won't defend her title, preferring to tackle Dolores Del Rio's husband, Cedric Gibbons, on Dolores' court. Being anxious to hang onto Greta's friendship, the Gibbonses refuse to utter a word about their most noted guest. But she isn't as languid as she's been advertised.

I'll rank the other topnotchers for you. So far as the men go, the ladder (reading from Flynn down) is—Gilbert Roland in second place, then Johnny Mack Brown, Paul Lukas, Charlie Chaplin, Ralph Bellamy, and Ronald Colman. And for the ladies—after Garbo it's Carole Lombard, Elizabeth Allan, Virginia Bruce, Merle Oberon, Frances Farmer, and Sally Eilers.
The Stars Have Taken Up Tennis For Fun And For Health—It's The Craze Of The Year.

The most promising recruits are Michael Barlett and Ann Sothern. (Mike's black eye is due to his forgetting the racket does the receiving.)

Tennis, many a favorite of yours is finding, isn't quite the snap it appears. You may buy a racket and some balls and be ready to go to town. "But you aren't!" exclaims authority Errol Flynn. "Constant practice is the simple key to excellence and you shouldn't attempt to actually play until you've all the vital details down pat. By this I mean that there's a right sort of stroke, an ideal kind of footwork. Movements must be automatically right so you can concentrate on playing the ball itself." It's similar to golf in this respect: you must acquire a helpful set of habits if you're going to amount to anything. What seems natural probably isn't. Since faulty habits will prevent you from becoming good, you must avoid them as though they were the ancient plague. In one sentence: the wise take lessons.

The current craze had its big impetus only a fortnight ago when the Pacific Southwest Tournaments finally wound up at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. At first everyone had attended mainly because it was the smart thing to do: the bluebloods took it seriously. So every afternoon the Bennetts were in their boxes, Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Stewart vied with Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor in hand-holding; and I could reach over and touch the Gary Coopers and Jean Harlow as easy as pie. Norma Shearer got "tennis neck." From her violent ogling of the ball and Kay Francis flashed the most stunning spectator's ensemble. That is, I thought so until I bumped into Joan Crawford. By the concluding day every star had become a died-in-the-wool tennis addict. And the slogan was "Out of the gallery and into action!"

So the conversation on the sets and at the Troc concerns the talker's and the listener's difficulty in mastering the precise

[Continued on page 65]
ONE OF THE GREAT SCREEN SUCCESSES

Frank Morgan Clicks In Every Picture With His Comedy Troubles.

By Wick Evans

STOKING coal on a tramp steamer somewhere between New Orleans and New York, . . . selling tooth brushes and real estate, . . . washing dishes in a restaurant because he didn’t have the wherewithal to pay for his meal, . . . eating his grub from a ranch-house mantle because he was too sore to sit down. . . . All of those things are but a few of the so-called “minor” events in the colorful life of that stuttering, stammering, decidedly nonplussed gentleman of the stage and screen—introducing Mr. Frank Morgan.

To look at him today—as you do practically every time Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer makes a picture—you would not think that his life had ever been anything but that of the perfect gentleman he portrays so well. But if all the odd things that have happened to him during his career were laid end to end they would, well, make a book or something. By no means have these incidents had to do with picking up a lady’s handkerchief from the ball-room floor, or rescuing madam to her carriage. Not by a lot.

But to start at the beginning, Frank Morgan was born in New York City in the month of March. His family name, believe it or not, is Wupperman. That family, in case you have forgotten, is the one which makes all those Angostura bitters and things. To see Frank now, would you ever believe that he was once a boy soprano? A boy soprano and reputedly one of the best in New York. He was just that, although his remark about that phase of his life is: “I’ll never be able to live it down.”

After the usual grammar and high school education he attended Cornell University but, in his words, “studying made me nervous.” Therefore he began his “business career.”

His so-called “business career,” while brief, was, to say the least, colorful. First he sold tooth brushes from door to door. But, like his college venture he “couldn’t get his heart into it,” so he turned to the newspaper game.

His experience as advertising space salesman for the Boston Transcript wasn’t much more lucrative than selling tooth brushes, so he tried selling real estate. This, for some reason or other, was even worse, financially. “Maybe,” he says, “there is a faint possibility that people weren’t buying real estate at that time. There is also an even fatter chance, too, that I wasn’t cut out to be a salesman.” At any rate it was a dismal flop.

Either because of the fact that business men wouldn’t take him seriously or he wouldn’t take business any seriously, he decided to give up real estate. Mr. Greely’s advice: “Go West, Young Man,” seemed a good idea, so he tried it.

His experiences in the Golden West as a cowpuncher (of all things) told in the typical Morgan manner are gems of description.

“Those cowpunchers knew a lot more about the well-known brown beer than did the denizens of the Bowery themselves,” he says, “It must have been my Eastern accent, my store clothes, or the name Wupperman. It might even have been me. At any rate they made my life pretty miserable for awhile.”

On the ranch, however, he found a friend and an ally in the person of a red-headed puncher who answered to the sobriquet of “Spike.” “It was this gentleman,” Morgan relates, “who not only consoled me when undergoing that peculiar torture that comes from hours in the saddle, who explained that the bowling coyotes weren’t wolves and wouldn’t bite, who backed me against the other cow hands, but who taught me to use my fists as become a man. In short he helped me make a man of myself.”

It is typical of Morgan that he gives another all the credit. It is a deep-rooted conviction of this writer that Morgan was pretty much of a man anyway.

In return for Spike’s kindness, Morgan, who was still known as Wupperman, imbued something of his own spirit of wanderlust into his pal, so they boarded a “side-door” Pullman for any place adjacent to their present locality.

New Orleans eventually proved to be their goal, or rather the goal of the freight train whose itinerary they didn’t know or care, and they finally arrived in that city with but a few dollars between them. Characteristically those last few bucks were spent for baths and clean lines. Thus, when they entered the restaurant, it was with the knowledge that they couldn’t possibly pay for the meal. They explained their dilemma to the head-waiter—about the time the desert arrived—and as a result washed dishes until seven the next morning. Followed other adventures in New Orleans but, as always, the Big City called and Morgan, after bidding “Spitoe” the proper adieu, found himself aboard a tramp steamer as a stoker. “That,” he says, “was quite a chore. But at night I was too tired to sleep, so I had a lot of time on my hands to ogitate on my career. It was then that I decided to follow in my brother Ralph’s footsteps and become an actor.”

Ralph, incidentally, had adopted the name Morgan from a well-known actor of that time for whom he had a great admiration. It might be well to mention here the fact that the two brothers have always been so confused in the minds of new acquaintances that they decided on the novel idea of wearing rings of the family crest. Ralph’s is fashioned of platinum, while Frank’s is of gold. But to get back to Frank.

“Since I had decided to follow my [Continued on page 70]
TWO BLONDE MENACES

By Maude Cheatham

It was an exciting day—what with Glenda Farrell marrying Victor Moore, giving her scheming boy friend, Osgood Perkins, the slip, and Dick Powell and Joan Blondell demonstrating the latest technique in romance! All this, mind you, in the interest of art on the set of “Gold Diggers of 1937,” at Warner Brothers studio in Hollywood.

Being sweethearts before the camera didn’t embarrass Dick or Joan in the least, nor make them self-conscious. They dutifully followed Director Lloyd Bacon’s suggestions, then shyly added a bit of their own glamorous realism to the love scenes. I can just hear the chorus of ohs and ahs that will sweep through audiences when this picture reaches the screen, for, despite all the braces, the modern world still loves a lover. And what adorable lovers these two are!

Here being a hull, Joan, Glenda and I found chairs on the side lines and I discovered that two laughs are better than one, because, with the conversation wandering in all directions, their irrepressible and utterly spontaneous gaiety was running high.

“As usual,” explained Glenda, “in this film we are just a couple of wise-cracking, fast-talking girls trying to get along. Such is our screen life! And here I am yearning to play Camille, why, I’ve practiced her couch for years and have it down pat. Tragedy, what a thrill it would be!”

“It’s poor Eliza, for me,” said Joan. “With her child clasped to her bosom and battling the icy river as she escapes from the bowing bloodhounds. Or a la Lillian Gish, leaning pensively against the window pane while hot tears run down my fair cheek. Emotional drama, that’s my dream! Yet,” she added merrily, “my one serious picture, ‘He Was Her Man,’ was a beautiful flop; it was so very sad.”

Said Glenda, “In ‘I’m a Fugitive From the Chain Gang,’ I didn’t have a wise-crack nor even a smile. But how I loved the suffering!”

After a dozen or more pictures together—they made four of them in a straight row—Joan and Glenda decided they didn’t want to become too definitely typed as a comedy team, they preferred to stand on their individual talents. They can’t escape it entirely for the names of these blithe, blonde menaces linked in Neon lights over a theatre means fun and laughter. The fans adore the combination and object to a long separation. This reunion in “Gold Diggers of 1937” is, however, their first for some time and they are both enjoying it immensely.

“We’re always pals in our pictures but Joan usually reforms first,” began Glenda, with Joan interrupting to say, “But when Glenda starts turning over a new leaf she does a grand job of it.”

Joan went on, “We really get a terrific kick out of our reputation of being the ‘wise-cracking gimme cuties,’ the ‘slanging-slinging team-mates,’ the ‘giddy gold diggers,’—”

“And the laughingly lovable romps,” supplied Dick, hovering over Joan to give her a lighted cigarette.

“The real truth,” she went on, flashing Dick a smile, “is that we are regular nine o’clock home girls. We make one big dash to get home from the studio to fuss over our sons, superintend the dinner, check up on the garden’s progress and all the other homey duties, for we are honestly domestic.

“Mr. and Mrs. Norman,” Joan was beaming with pride, “is now nearly two years old and he’s talking all over the place, repeating ever-
thing he hears, so Mamama is watching her conversation. He's blond and is a pretty cute little guy. He was named for Norman Foster and now Norm and Sally Blane have an adorable baby daughter, so we've fixed up a match between them and they're the cunningest pair you can imagine.

"That reminds me," exclaimed Glenda. "I'm having some New York friends to dinner tonight and must decide upon the menu. I might have a steak — she was thinking out loud, wholly oblivious of us, that's always good. Still, for some reason or another, my Hungarian cook is better at frying chicken. Guess it'll be chicken," she repeated, starting for the phone.

"She would speak of food to make us hungry," moaned Joan.

"Funny thing, but the minute Glenda and I start a picture together we forget all our diet resolutions and eat all the time. In the middle of the morning, one of us will recall the merits of a juicy hamburger, with onions, and right away we begin scheming how to slip out to get them. The afternoons are punctuated with ice cream cones.

"My earliest memories center on ice cream sodas in tall green glasses at the corner drug store. I'd save my nickels and then grandly buy three or four chocolate sodas all at once. To me that was the high peak in a perfect celebration.

After eating, these stars confess that the next best thing they like to do is to go shopping. Whenever they can inveigle the directors to give them a couple of hours off, they dash for their favorite shops and the studio can always locate them by paging either Bullock's Wilshire or Magnin's.

"They call us the 'Magnin Kiddies,'" said Glenda. "We both adore buying clothes and then never have a chance to wear them. After dressing up all day before the cameras we don't want to begin doing it again when we get home. We like to slip into slacks and sandals and it takes something very special to get us out of them."

"Slow, don't say anything," glibly whispered Joan. "but we're working fast today hoping to get away early enough to attend a swanky fashion show late this afternoon. We're always so optimistic. We gazed enraptured at the tall, slim models wearing adorable creations and rush to buy the clothes right off their backs, fooling ourselves that we will look just as smart in them."

Glenda Farrell, whose cradle was the open drawer of a theatrical trunk, began her career at seven. Joan went on the stage when two years old. They met in Hollywood and now they are pals.

"We concentrate on evening frocks, slacks and negligees," volunteered Glenda. "We're neither one athletic enough to go in for sports together. Joan still refuses to admit that she and Dick have any plans for a marriage in the autumn but I'm willing to wager that before you read these lines they'll be Mr. and Mrs. And a beamingly happy pair they will be.

Following another romantic scene before the camera with Dick, Joan offered this sincere tribute. "It's fun to work with him because he is so understanding and just leaving him here gives me confidence. We were co-workers, then pals, and later, sweethearts, and he proved true blue in each role. Really, there is no one like him. He could easily have been spoiled with all the admiration showered upon him but he has never let it influence him. He has a quiet dignity of his own, and a very deep sense of refinement that never leaves him for an instant. In many ways he's just a big kid; loving life, loving his work and loving to play. Yet he never loses his perspective and is deliberately building up to a substantial future both on the screen and with the radio."

While these giggle-getters, Joan and Glenda, never met until they landed in Hollywood for pictures, their lives are oddly parallel. Both were born into the profession. Glenda's cradle was the open drawer of a theatrical trunk, and she made her acting debut at seven as Little Eva. Joan's crib was a vaudeville property trunk and, at two, she joined the family's vaudeville act and toured the world.

Reaching Hollywood and weary of traveling, each spent her first movie money to buy herself a home. They're neighbors and pals, and have a genuine admiration for each other. They are always the appreciative audiences, both on and off the screen, they respond completely to the other's nonsense, possess the same cooped-up tempo and the same gorgeous comedies urge.

With gay, sunny dispositions they keep cheerful and come up smiling no matter how trying the day may be. Both are sincere and honest, crisp and flippant, and rather proud of their abilities to portray their wisecracking characters so convincingly.

"Of course, there are kick-backs," said Glenda. "Because we play gold diggers and free and easy chorus girls, some people believe we learned our tricks through [Continued on page 85]"

Silver Screen
Let's Beat the Drums


The biography of the Master Painter, Rembrandt, will be told on the screen with Charles Laughton in the rôle of the great artist.

The result of all this is rather astonishing, of course. Inasmuch as Norma Shearer, Katharine Hepburn, Fredric March and Freddie Bartholomew have become, through repetition, common denominators—the pages of Shakespeare and Dickens from now on will forever be peopled with these modern images. School children, reciting "Romeo and Juliet," will have in mind Norma Shearer as Juliet and Leslie Howard as Romeo. Whenever they read of Mary, Queens of Scots, she will emerge in their imagination as Katharine Hepburn. And Charles Dickens forevermore will be the man who wrote the story about little Freddie Bartholomew. Literary and historic values have been brought up to date, and modern faces substituted for the characters that streamed out of Stratford-on-Avon.

Now this, in every way, is a great boon to literature. True enough, the great writings of great masters need no modernizing influences, but in putting flesh and bones on the characters in their books, and giving them for sound, the movies have been of incalculable value. The appreciation of "Romeo and Juliet" was enhanced for me when I saw Katharine Cornell on the stage. Watching her dark beauty, listening to the appealing Cornell voice, I could understand the purely physical reasons a Romeo would clamber up a ladder to woo her. Movie fans, seeing Norma Shearer in the rôle of Juliet will experience the same reaction, just as girls, seeing Leslie Howard in the rôle of Romeo, will get a clearer and deeper explanation of Shakespeare's immortal love story. The same reasoning holds true in the modernization of Dickens. Although he relied less on Shakespeare's fantasy in creating his characters, and they came out as more solid portraits, the sympathy for David Copperfield becomes more acute when you picture him as Freddie Bartholomew. And your interest in the great masters of painting will be stimulated when you see Charles Laughton's portrayal of "Rembrandt." [Continued on page 69]
WHEN Irene Dunne was a kid in pig-tails, they called them "braids" at the Loretta Academy in St. Louis, and was being subjected to the subjunctives of the Latin poet Virgil—she invented a game, a very clever game, which her class-mates heartily endorsed. It was called "Stalling Teacher." The idea being that if she and the other victims of Latin IV could think of enough beguiling questions (Is it true what they say about Priam?) to ask teacher, who the year before had made the Grand Tour and was a perfect pushover for the glory that was Rome, the hour would pass without a single one of them being called upon to translate the day's lesson.

"Is there much of the Roman Forum left standing?" Irene would ask in wide-eyed innocence—not that she cared a row of beans about the Roman Forum but she knew it was good for fifteen minutes—and if Gladys and Sue would only get their cues right it might even be good for the entire hour. Well, the years passed, as years have a habit of doing, but Irene Dunne still plays "Stalling Teacher"—except that with no teachers to stall now she takes it out on interviewers.

Interviewing Irene Dunne is an achievement worthy of an Academy Award or something. Oh, she'll see you all right—none of that silly Carbo mystery business—and she'll not keep you waiting a moment, and she'll greet you cordially with the most musical voice you've ever heard, and she'll captivate you, but completely, with her beautiful blue-grey eyes, and she'll take you by the hand and lead you all over the new home she has just built in Holmby Hills, and with flattering interest she'll listen to your opinions on drapes and things, and she'll pour tea for you out on the patio, and it'll be so gay and cozy and conversation—

you'll realize to your horror that you don't know a thing about Irene Dunne. In the fan writer's diary Irene is listed as "Terrible copy—but awfully charming." No matter how you look at it Irene just doesn't like to talk about herself (there are people like that, I'm told, but I never imagined to meet one in Hollywood) and she can think up hundreds of little tricks to stall off an interview. They usually work. But me now—I'm the horrid type. "Miss Dunne, please translate the next five lines. The Roman Forum? To heck with the RomanForum! GIVE!"

But even after, through sheer determination, mingled with a bit of brutal slave-driving, you've started Irene talking about herself—"giving" as we say in the "trade"—the way of the interviewer is still not easy. Suddenly in the midst of the most exciting story about the time she got lost in Paris and a taxi driver took her to the Latin Quarter instead of the Ritz and there he was leering at her—leering at her—there is a complete silence. Like a preview night, when the sound track breaks down. The audience is there, and the actors are moving about on the screen, but it's all kind of eerie because there isn't any sound. Miss Dunne, dear fans, is day dreaming. And on my line, too. Now I suppose the ilk of Emily Post would call this rather rude, and doubtless the ilk would be right, but I call it a jolly idiosyncrasy for it's such fun to see Irene struggling to recall what she was talking about before she wandered away, and to hear her laugh like a guilty child when I say, "Remember me?"

This day dreaming of Irene's is one of her worst faults, she admits, but it has been a part of her so long there's nothing she can do about it. Her best friends in Hollywood know that if Irene is expected for dinner and seven o'clock comes, and seventy-three and eight, and no Irene, that it is a mere matter of Irene's being lost again. She loses so easily, Irene gets in her car (she adores driving herself) and with the best of intentions starts out for her friend's home for dinner, but somewhere along the way she starts day dreaming, and when she comes to she invariably finds herself hopelessly lost in the Hollywood Hills, San Francisco, or mayhap well on her way into the Arizona desert. She has no sense of direction, and that, combined with a bit of fancy day dreaming, makes dining out for La Dunne a complete gamble. Well, what is she thinking about that she can forget time and place and people? Oh, anything. Is the kitchen stove too near the pantry door? Should she pay all that money for a Queen Anne secretary? Did her fans really like her in black-face? Did they consider it disgracefully undignified? Etc.

When she was a child most of her day dreams were about the time she would be a famous prima donna with a feather fan...
and have the adoring public swooning at her feet, or else about gay adventures with her six tall handsome brothers arriving just in the nick of time to save her. Now Irene had never had six brothers. She has one brother, younger than herself, to whom she is devoted, but she never had six brothers. But she imagined them so much as a child that for a while there she actually found herself telling strangers, particularly strangers who frightened her, that she had six brothers who would arrive any minute. Now Dr. Freud, the old pet, would probably find a very adequate explanation (perhaps more than adequate if I know Dr. Freud) of Irene's big brother complex, but personally I prefer Irene's own simple analysis of the case: "I don't know why I was always pretending I had six brothers. Except that I liked to go to parties, and I was shy, and wanted to assure myself of plenty of escorts." That's it, dear reader, in a nutshell, and we don't need Dr. Freud. Irene Dunne is a Party Girl with pine leaves in her hair. And don't let that dignified lady-like reserve fool you.

Vivacious Irene is both actress and singer. Here she is with her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, a prominent New York dentist.

The nicest things in her life have always happened to her at parties. Dr. Francis D. Griffin for instance. She'll never forget the night she met him, and how near she came not to meeting him. New York was in the midst of one of its severest snow-storms that particular Saturday night, and Irene was completely worn out after the evening's performance and besides she thought she was taking cold, and you know how careful singers have to be, so after the last curtain call she scurried out the stage entrance, jumped into a taxi, and dreamed (what again?) of a hot bath, her nice soft bed, and a book, she arrived at her apartment to find the living room full of gay young people, hell-bent on a party. "But I can't go!" groaned Irene. "But you promised!" they shouted.

over the White Rock. Well, you can't argue with party-minded people, you know that. So Irene slipped into a red evening gown and a mink coat and still complaining bitterly that she'd much rather be in bed, that she didn't want a Scotch and soda and would probably catch her death of cold in the snow, left for the party.

The party was at the Biltmore Hotel, and Irene cheered up considerably when she heard the gay dance music. It was a great year for stags, and there were dozens of them lined up against the wall all trying to figure out an introduction to the beautiful auburn-haired girl with the big eyes (were they blue or gray or green?) And Irene, who knew exactly what to do with those eyes, was quickly the belle of the ball. (Entire nous, oh completely encore nous, she's a bit of a flirt.) Around and around the dance floor whirled La Flamme. It was her first red evening gown, and her last, though she often wonders why she never bought another, it was so much fun.

"Where have you been all my life?" asked the first stag who managed an introduction and a dance. "I'm from Louisville, Kentucky," said Irene, "Where have you been all my life?" asked the second fortunate young man, "I'm from Madison, Indiana," said Irene. "How have you been all my life?" asked the third young man (No, there wasn't much originality among the smart set during the speakeasy era) "I'm from St. Louis," said Irene. But the fourth young man took her completely by surprise. "The boys think you are lunched in the head," he said casually, "It seems that you don't know where you're from. You're given each of them a different answer. Is it an old [Continued on page 72]
The Stars Read In The Tea Leaves What Their Destinies Will Be.

**TEA LEAVES TELL**

By Mark Dowling

The pattern of the tea leaves in Connie Bennett's cup tells her future

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**A speedy marriage** was foretold in Jeanette MacDonald's cup

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Horse shoes: success in choosing a marriage partner.

(We began to think Jeanette and Gene had "fixed" this.)

A single key at the bottom of the cup: guard against robbery.

A chain: early marriage. Had the chain been broken, it would have meant trouble in store.

Jeanette left us to decide for ourselves about the truth of the prophecy. She just smiled mysteriously—and refused to comment.

Gene said, "Most of all, I'd like to know if I'll be given another assignment as pleasant as my last picture, 'Walking on Air.' That was a swell part, and I could stand a few more like it." His cup answered:

Pigeons at rest: meaning domestic bliss, and wealth acquired through industry.

A ring on one side of cup: sign of marriage. Had the ring been near the bottom of cup, it would have meant a marriage to be broken.

Full-blown rose: luckiest sign of all, meaning long life, prosperity, success in new ventures, and fame to artists.

"I guess that answers my question," said Gene, rather awed. We verified the predictions, in part, by learning that Jeanette and Gene have already drawn up plans for a home, and are looking for a suitable location.

Surprisingly, if you're a sceptic, the forecasts were closely allied to current problems and situations in each star's life. Maybe Hollywood is right to take its newest fad seriously!

Carole Lombard found symbols that are significant in the light of her recent great success on the screen, and also her daily social private life—though nothing referred to her rumored romance with Clark Gable. Her cup held:

Many faces in the clear, at top and sides: meaning change, discovery, friends, and merry-making.

A house near top: change, success in new enterprises.

Kite: your ambitions, if wisely directed, will lead to success; if rashly directed, will end in disaster.

"This is amazing," Carole remarked seriously. "I've been wondering if I'm doing too many light, flippant roles, and if I should change my type on the screen, for
one or two pictures, and do a seriously, dramatic part!

More frivolous were the pictures discovered in the cup of Luise Rainer, that odd and enchanting actress who has risen to screen fame and still kept her private life almost as secret as Garbo's. We saw:

A parasol: quite distinct and clear, it meant a new lover, and a hasty marriage. Dots surrounding it indicated that the lover will be wealthy!

Windmill: success in a venturesome enterprise.

A hare: tidiness and melancholy.

"Explain?" Luise cried with sparkling eyes when we asked her about the new lover. "Certainly not! I'm learning my fortune, not telling it.

So we hastened on to Constance Bennett, that colorful and outspoken star, whose tea cup provided the most interesting revelations we encountered:

Pigs: a mixture of good and bad luck.

Mountains, both clearly defined and rugged, meaning good friends and powerful enemies.

Saw: hard work, trouble through strangers.

Vase: rewards through sacrifice and service.

Connie surprised us by saying, "You know, although it doesn't tell of ease and luck, I've found that cup, I know I have enemies, but I've made friends, too. And I've found that almost all happiness and reward does come through service and work."

She recently made "Ladies in Love," at Fox, with three other feminine stars, Lorettta Young, Janet Gaynor, and Simone Simon. No easy task for any of them—risking inevitable comparison with the others!

The gypsy blood is coming out in Jimmie Dunn and Marian Marsh as they read the mystery of the days to come

But someone who worked on the picture told us that Connie made no special effort for attention, and will shine out solely because of her superb talent.

One amazing coincidence occurred during our investigation of Hollywood's tea-leafery. Bette Davis had her cup read just before she left Hollywood, incognito, and made that secret trip to London. Her cup held:

Ducks: increase by water.

Eyes: observation. Inspect carefully all propositions you receive.

Airplanes: interpreted as travel by that means.

"Ridiculous," Bette laughed. "I'm going up to Canada by automobile, and I've always absolutely refused to fly. I'd be scared to death."

Two days later Hollywood learned that Bette had flown to the East coast from a remote town in Canada, and was already on her way to London, leaving far behind her contract worries with Warner Brothers!

Dolores Del Rio, serene and lovely, startled us by offering a strangely troubled cup. Then we remembered that her career has been at a standstill for almost a year, with a surprising lack of good parts for so glamorous a star. Her cup revealed:

A cross in the clear: troubles that may be overcome by perseverance and faith.

A lily at the top of cup: many friends of refinement and great influence.

A lock, near thin, straight lines: obstacles to overcome by forethought and determination.

A flower—a triangle—and a butterfly: all symbols of prosperity, pleasure, and happiness.

"As I interpret this," said Miss Del Rio thoughtfully, "it augurs well for my new contract with Columbia. I'll win success if I exercise forethought and perseverance. One could hardly ask for more than that!"

The figure of the lily, by the way, is especially suitable for Dolores, who is one of Hollywood's great hostesses and whose Santa Monica home has seen entertainments for leading lights of the artistic, business, and social worlds.

Karen Morley read her cup on the set, while Brian Aherne looked on. Now making a brilliant comeback to the screen under the banner of Sam Goldwyn, Karen remarked, "The one thing I'm superstitious about is not being superstitious about anything! So I won't be a very good subject."

Nevertheless we found in her cup:

Spiders: money coming to the consultant.

Hen: addition to the family.

(Another?) cried Karen, who is quite content with her two-year-old youngster, Michael Vidor.

A daffodil: meaning success in new undertakings and fresh endeavors.

And that," said Karen, grinning, "is something Mr. Goldwyn would be delighted to know!

Leaving this charming skeptic, we next visited Nelson Eddy, to find him drinking a cup of tea in the MGM restaurant and quite willing to serve as a subject for our researches. His cup showed:

Bees: signs of industry and sagacity.

A clock near the top of cup: sickness and speedy recovery.

A pair on one side, a tree on the other: meaning promotion and prosperity.

Jug near top, near bees: meaning excess, in this case excess of professional worries.

We sincerely hope the cup and its warning will lead this popular player toward the rays of success (meaning revelry, flirtations, and merry-making!)

Gleenda Farrell, one of Hollywood's most vivacious ladies, provided interesting speculation when she found an odd variety of symbols in her cup:

A trident: meaning honors in the Navy. ("Glenda muttered, "I know I played in too many of those sailor pictures, but I never thought the tea leaves would know about it!"

A fan: innocent flirtations.

Hearts: love affairs; sometimes a man's initial will be close by.

Swallow: a journey with a pleasant ending.

Sceptre: honor from royalty.

(Well" said Glenda.)

A complete necklace: many admirers.

We haven't space to tell you all the other readings we saw as we tossed tea cups with the stars, but maybe you can understand why the game offers fun and sometimes profit. Almost any book store or news stand can supply you, at a nominal price, with the same little booklet the stars use to work out interpretation of the figures in their cups. So try it for yourself.

Maybe—just like Hollywood—you'll find that you actually enjoy the tea itself!
IT HAD been almost two years since I’d really talked to Fred MacMurray... the two most important years in his life. Actually, I didn’t expect to find him changed. I wasn’t disappointed. Save for just a shade more self-assurance, he might have been the same boy who walked into my office in the Paramount publicity department a year ago last May—six foot three of clean, clear-thinking young manhood—just a little bit dazed and surprised at finding himself there.

I recall the first time I ever had occasion to look for him—there at the studio. And believe me, I went on a still hunt that occupied the best part of an hour, before I could track him down. And then I found him, of all places, on a stage! That may not be surprising, now, but it was to me. The fact of the matter was that Fred had been in Hollywood under contract to Paramount for the best part of six months and so far hadn’t even drawn a part. But there he was:—on a stage—all made up.

“Well, Fred,” I asked, cheerily. “Have they really put you to work?”

“No,” he said, a bit flatly. “Just a test.” Then that irresistible bump of good humor came to the fore. “Guess they’ll never give me a chance to really act.” And he grinned broadly (he hoped). You see, Fred isn’t much of a talker. Especially about himself. Even when he’s something very important on his mind, you have to draw him out, sort of bit by bit. And the more important it is—the closer to his heart—the harder it is to pull anything out of him.

For instance, it wasn’t for a couple of weeks after it actually happened that it finally leaked out that Fred had all but packed his bags at the end of the third day of shooting on “The Gilded Lily.” I reminded him of that today.

“Well, you don’t blame me, do you?” he wanted to know, sampling a bit of my shad roe and nodding his approval. “(Tastes a little bit like liver, don’t it? I like liver.) But you see, they told me no one liked me in the picture. I just figured I was doing it the only way I knew how and if they didn’t like me, the best thing I could do was quit. Glad I didn’t, though.”

And, but for the graciousness of Claudette Colbert, who whispered a few words of encouragement in his ear, and his own tenacity, Fred MacMurray might have been playing a saxophone with the California Collegians to this day. And then who would the lovely ladies of the screen have thought of for their leading man?

And don’t think for a minute that hasn’t happened! I had occasion to be present at a cocktail party not so many months ago and to hear one of the most charming of the young stars, say most emphatically:

And told him I wouldn’t make another picture unless I could have Fred MacMurray opposite me!”

This same bland young man was the cause of all sorts of ructions when Walter Wanger wanted him to play opposite Joan Bennett in “Big Brown Eyes” and Carole Lombard insisted, at the same time, that Fred replace George Raft who had just left the cast of “The Princess Comes Across.” Carole won out, of course, but I don’t think either Walter Wanger or Joan Bennett will ever forgive her.

And what, you may ask, has happened to this young man during all these going ons? He’s just gone blithely on his way, not believing any of it, piling up a list of box-office pictures for himself by the dozen—an even dozen, I might add, in less than two years.

Sure, it’s been hard work. He’s a little bit sorry he hasn’t had time to go in for sports or anything like that. Back in the high school days in Beaver Dam, he won ten letters for his athletic achievements. But he’s not really complaining because he sometimes has only one day between pictures, or that the longest period of rest he’s had is three weeks—just long enough for a trip to Las Vegas to be married to Lilian LaMont and a brief honeymoon trip.

Lilian, as you all probably know by this time, came to the coast at the same time Fred arrived to fulfill his picture contract. But, as with all things private and personal, Fred didn’t talk much about Lilian.

“Sure, she’s my girl,” he’d say, and that would be the end of it.

Just try to get Fred to fill in as an extra man at a party, though. And, as you can well imagine, after his tremendous success in “The Gilded Lily,” he was much in demand. That’s the way things are in Hollywood. Naturally, Lilian would not be included in the invitations.

“So sorry,” Fred would apologize, with his friendly grin. “Just can’t make it.”

And the truth of the matter would be he had a date with Lilian—which was more important.

And he’d taught her how to cook. He told me today, chuckling a little. “You know, back in New York, lots of times we’d buy a chicken on Saturday night and cook it in her apartment on Sunday. Saved money, too.”

Fred loves to eat. And not in the fashionable places haunted by picture celebrities, either. He’ll find a remote little spot where they have “swell” fried chicken—or a lunch counter famous for its steaks. Or Lilian will prepare a meal in their small apartment on the maid’s night out.

And Hollywood parties leave them both a little bit cold, if the truth was told. Night clubs don’t interest them, and, besides, they cost lots of money.

They’re saving their money, too—good sound investments, insurance policies—and they’re looking around, now, at property.

How Fred MacMurray, By Good Work In One Picture After Another, Has Reached The Top.

HE’S JUST THE
They figure they'll be building their own home some one of
these days, if they can get a good buy.
"How have you managed to be in Hollywood, but not of it?"
I wanted to know.

"I don't know," he answered, a bit puzzled. "How do
you mean?"
"Well," I volunteered, "it seems to me you've
managed to live as quietly and peacefully as anyone I
know. And you've kept out of the limelight to an almost amazing degree."

"Gosh, I wouldn't know," Fred replied, blushing a bit. "Unless
it's because I knew what Hollywood was all about before I came
back here. I saw quite a bit of the other side of it, you know.
And Lilian helped a lot. I don't think either of us had any
delusions about this success business—haven't now. You know, it
might last a long time, and it might be gone tomorrow. You have
to be prepared."

Fred isn't the type of person who rushes blindly into things.
No, sir. He thinks and thinks before he takes a step forward. He
listens kindly and gratefully to all advice, making a mental note
of the good parts, but on the whole, doing pretty much what he
had in mind to the beginning.

"Lots of people thought we were foolish to wait so long before
we got married," he told me. "But somehow, I don't think it's
fair. I feel the same way about raising a family. I want to be sure
of my future before I make any plans."

He's a very loyal person, too, this MacMurray. In his quiet, un-
demonstrative way, he's always tried to repay anyone who's helped
him along the way. Take the California Collegians, for instance.
Fred will never cease being grateful to them for introducing him
in their band during the stage production of "Roberta," where
he was discovered and signed to a contract by Paramount.

Recently, the powers that be at the studio were discussing the
engagement of a band for "Champagne Waltz." Fred suggested the
Collegians. No one was particularly interested, but, quietly,
Fred kept plugging them. They were hired for the picture! And six of the boys in the band
are Fred's pals, having formed the original
seven-piece band which engaged Fred at the
Warner Brothers' Hollywood Theater.

"It was funny about our honeymoon," he said suddenly. "You see, we'd planned on going
to Honolulu on the "Lurline." At the last minute,
we couldn't get a reservation. But we made
up our minds we were going some place, so we
went to Catalina! We stayed there over the
week-end and then decided we were going to
make the best of what was left of my three-
week vacation and really take a trip. We'd just
about decided to go to Alaska, bags all packed
and everything, when we got a reservation on
the 'Monterey' for Honolulu."

Even in Honolulu the MacMurrays didn't
do the round of the night spots, as is usual.
The only place they did go was to visit a fel-
low from Beaver Dam who lives at the Naval
Base there! At heart, you see, Fred is just "the
boy from Beaver Dam."

The only thing that worries him right now is that things have been moving too fast.
"I don't like to go ahead so fast," he ad-
mitted, "it scares me a little. After all, I can
only do one thing on the screen—be myself.
I'm afraid people will get tired of me!"

Well, there you have it. I know a dozen
actors right here in Hollywood who would
give a lot of money just to "be himself" on
the screen. And therein, to me, anyway, lies the
charm of this big, overgrown boy from Beaver
Dam. He might be the boy next door!
FOUR MORE GREAT HITS FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX

IN THE NEW PERFECTED TECHNICOLOR

RAMONA

with

LORETTA YOUNG

DON AMECEHE • KENT TAYLOR

PAULINE FREDERICK • JANE DARWELL

KATHERINE DE MILLE • JOHN CARRADINE

and a cast of thousands

Directed by Henry King

Executive Producer, Sol M. Wurtzel

Based on the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson

Shirley Temple

in

Dimples

with

FRANK MORGAN

HELEN WESTLEY • ROBERT KENT • ASTRID ALLWYN

DE iris BYRON • THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by William A. Seiter

AssociateProducer, Nunnally Johnson

Janet GAYNOR

Loretta YOUNG

Constance BENNETT

in

LADIES IN LOVE

with

Simone SIMON

DON AMECEHE • PAUL LUKAS

TYRONE POWER, JR. • ALAN MOWBRAY

Directed by Edward H. Griffith

Associate Producer, B. G. DeSylva

Based on the play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete

PIGSKIN

PARADE

It's a "triple threat" of girls, music, and laughter!

With a cast Picked for Entertainment

STUART ERWIN • JOHNNIE DOWNS

ARLINE JUDGE • BETTY GRABLE

PATSY KELLY • JACK HALEY

YACHT CLUB BOYS • DIXIE DUNBAR

TONY MARTIN • JUDY GARLAND

Directed by David Butler

Associate Producer, Bogart Rogers

36
FREDRIC MARCH carries most of the super-ambitious productions and puts life into picture after picture. His delightful humor in "Design for Living" is a precious memory and his latest roles have won the applause of both audience and critics.

There is no better school of acting than the legitimate stage and that is where Fred March learned his profession. (Above) As Dmitri, an officer of the Czar.

Fred March has "the friendly neighbor" spirit. He is the one actor who is never publicized with press agent stories. He comes through on his merits. (Center, below) Fredric as Lord Bothwell in "Mary of Scotland." (Below) As Anthony Adverse, one of the important milestones in the triumphal March of the Movies.
In THE days of the silent pictures, the movies by means of gestures, expressions and action told stories that delighted millions. Now that theatres are all "wired for sound," many a picture has been talked to death. However, the geniuses of Hollywood have come through and today the screen shows graceful and expressive action. Sound effects have been pushed to second place where they belong. Talented players act their parts instead of just mouthing words and now the screen has reached its peak—The Supreme Form of Entertainment.

Keep Moving

In the "Gold Diggers of 1937," Lee Dixon dances marvelously—real entertainment. (Below) As he reverses the direction of the complete turn. Tapping three times with each foot before the other hits the floor. A Russian touch—repeat four times. A series of "cross overs"—improvise as you go along.
In "Polo Joe," the inimitable Joe E. Brown reveals the comedy of motion.

Maria Hurbe dances in "The Big Broadcast of 1937" and helps the picture to success. (Left) Fred Astaire blacks up for the "Bojangles of Harlem" number in "Swing Time."

Faster—kicks and whirls, as the dance draws to its climax.

As the music gets faster change to ballet dancing.

The beginning of the end—regain your balance.

A final step-back to gentle tapping as the music dies down. It is motion that makes the screen so fascinating.
Kiss AND KLINCH!

Pretending To Be In Love Is As Easy As Flirting And That’s The Way That Many A Hollywood Romance Begins.

THERE has been too much printed about the screen kisses. These stories “smack,” we may say, of back fence gossip and do not give the true impression. The girl in the picture is not playing an old unattractive woman, but a young and lovely creature, and when the hero holds her in his strong arms he tries with every drop of actor blood that’s in him to give the appearance of a decent fellow who has lost his heart. Then the girl honestly and unaflectedly endeavors to register for the film the beautiful emotion of a lovely girl overwhelmed by life’s greatest moment.

The kiss and the clinch keep the world turning.

In "The Longest Night," Robert Young and Florence Rice put the sentiment into the mystery thriller. (Left) "Don't Turn 'Em Loose" does not refer to Bruce Cabot's hold on Grace Bradley. They are gaining in popularity. (Right) Gloria Stuart and Edmund Lowe. It's a sore throat instead of love.
WHEN a film meets with success, the producers frequently repeat the idea and the result is that pictures become better and better. The season of 36-37 starts with a number of very interesting stories and the box- offices are busier than ever. "The Informer," one of the great hits, led RKO to make "The Plough and the Stars," another Irish story. Bing Crosby sings some more, and the biography of an old master, Rembrandt, is played by Charles Laughton. Never has a coming season appeared brighter.
Pictures To Come That Will Start The New Season Off In High.


(Left) A scene from the picture "Come And Get It," Edna Ferber's best seller. Mady Christians, Walter Brennan, Frances Farmer and Edward Arnold. (Right) Paul Lukas, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Tyrone Power, Jr., in "Ladies In Love."
Out Where Styles

If you turn up at the first football game of the season in a striped brown and white June ermine sports costume such as June Lang is wearing, you’ll have all the rah-rah boys delirious. Especially if you wear a matching fur toque.

Upper left—Gail Patrick sheathes her tall, graceful figure in luscious gold lamé when she dines out formally. The full draped sleeves and corded belt and jabot of the same material add a distinctive note to this lovely ensemble.

The hat’s the thing! That’s what Anita Colby, Bette Davis, Marian Marsh and Anita Louise insist. And, judging by their individual choice, the small hat which gives them that piquant look gets a unanimous vote.
Heavy brocades and silks are favored alike by Paris and Hollywood. And (at right) Marian Marsh demonstrates what can be done in the way of a tailored evening suit fashioned from luxurious blue upholsterer’s satin brocaded in shades of mauve, pink and peach.

(Left) Every schoolgirl will adore this tailored two-piece frock of Anita Louise’s. The skirt is green and tan plaid wool and the jacket hunter’s green velvet. (Above) Anita sets off her delicate blonde beauty with a three-quarter length evening wrap of Russian ermine.

Now that winter has come to Main Street, the ladies are looking to Hollywood to provide them with an idea of the coming trend of fashion. It isn’t enough for them to read that Paris is sponsoring certain definite style changes. They must know what their favorite film players are wearing. And if Joan and Claudette and Loretta sponsor these styles, rest assured that the ladies of the nation will adopt them—but definitely.

When Lovely Woman Stoops To Conquer She Visits The Movies To See What The Well-Dressed Stars Are Wearing.
Everybody Likes Unusual Photographs

It isn't the camera, the film, or the lights that makes the picture catch instant interest. It is the unusual quality that catches the reader's eye.

It is this provocative factor that frequently gets the picture printed and so turns a simple photograph into a fine bit of publicity material. On the sound stages the director and players work to carry out the whimsy or idea of the highly paid writers. The one tremendously valuable touch which puts over the writer is his ability to be original. The scenes he thinks up as well as the action and the dialogue, must be unusual or he is a failure.

Hollywood loves a new and striking idea and it is this fresh and brilliant quality that makes even a publicity photograph a success.

The designer of Gail Patrick's dress may not like to see her wearing it under a shower bath, but it is a new idea and even Lew Ayres thinks it's funny.

(Above, left) Frank Shields, tennis champ, takes Andrea Leeds to lunch in the tank to dodge the heat. There's an idea we tank is good.

(Above) Jack Benny does a close-up with Martha Raye, and trust Jack to give the photo a sour touch to surprise you. (Left) Cary Grant and Damon Fend in an unusual shot that fairly sips with action. (Right) The cameramen would not take just a straight shot of Claire Trevor. He appreciated the charm of a beautiful figure fore-shortened from below and snapped it to please you.
You rarely tee a “stand-in” and a star together. Here’s Edward Arnold and Bill Hoover, who wears the same clothes so that the cameraman can focus the lens.
Garbo's new picture, "Camille," is eagerly awaited. She has become world famous for her inspiring screen personality and charm.

How often you have looked at a little brook and enjoyed its playful chatter without giving a thought to the unbroken stream that leads to the sea. So it is with the ambitious beginners in the picture studios. They try with all their hearts to be the living image of a character in the story. One part leads to another, and as life goes on, the glory of being a star comes nearer and nearer. On this page are new faces, and at the left is Greta Garbo, the girl from Sweden who today stands at the top—the greatest actress the screen can show.

We wish them all good luck for they give their lives to the task of entertaining the folks of all the world.

(Left) Ruth Colman is under contract to Paramount. She is an expert stenographer and a famous artists' model—just in case. (Above) You will see Helen Burgess in "The Plainsman," the big DeMille picture. It is her first time in pictures. Although she had been studying drama, it was not until Mr. DeMille saw her in a restaurant one day that her chance came. (Right) Nova Pilbeam, a young English girl, is only sixteen years old. She has played a number of parts and because of her good work her future seems very promising.
Some Beginners Who Will See Their Names In Electric Lights Some Day.

"Girls' Dormitory" introduced Simone Simon to American audiences. Her training on the stage in France and her exotic charm helped her to success in America.

(Above) After Philip McMahon made a hit on the radio, RKO offered him an opportunity to make good on the screen.

(Left) Harriet Haddon, a bright spot in "The Big Broadcast of 1937," starts her career in the chorus.

Nelson Eddy is a marvelous example of an ambitious artist who planned his career. First he studied with Victrola records, then broadcasted, and after careful preparation he appeared in pictures. Now he arouses tremendous interest when he sings on the concert stage. He has reached the "sea" of his desire. Congratulations!
THE script tells the actor the story and the director is lavish with advice, so the actor only has to imagine that he is actually the character the author created. We have been behind the camera and seen the actors move and heard them talk in the manner of the characters they represent. The bell rings, the lights flash and to an observer it seems just play.

We have seen an actor tell a story off-stage and put himself completely into the narrative. It is one of the secrets of success. The salesman must have this knack of glowing with enthusiasm and the doctor must radiate sympathy. Perhaps it would be a better world if we all took a course at Hollywood to learn to hide our own likes and dislikes and to play every day the part of “the good neighbor.”

Victor McLaglen won the Number One honor last year. Above is his conception of “The Magnificent Brute.” (Below) Merle Oberon in the arms of Brian Aherne for “In Love And War,” a story of the Irish Rebellion.

By Jerry Asher

"Being Handsome Is Not Enough!"

THE B. O. boys have taken over Hollywood. It’s not those individuals whose best friends won't tell, we’re referring to. It’s box office we have in mind, pure and unadulterated. It’s the lads who can act, who bring in the golden shekels. Gone are the patent leather heroes of yesterday. The Don Juans are done. Casanova wouldn’t have a chance maker’s chance in a present day closeup. Rapturous Romances may think they’re good in Hollywood, but they reek in Pennsylvania. Being dark and handsome may help you to go Beat young man. But all the Gables are now quite able. And the Coopers have all turned trouper.

Cast a weather eye in the general direction of the new crop of movie heroes. There’s not an arrow collar ad in the lot. The John Beals, the Burgess Merediths, the Jimmy Stewart and the Fred Astaires are something the Greeks handed down to Elinor Glyn. The boys with the pretty profiles haven’t a makeup man’s chance. The strong and silent types have suddenly become weak and willing to learn how to act. Actors already established, who were once wondrou to look at and marvelous to know, are now sensational to listen to and thrilling to show. The whole world may love a lover, but it don't mean a thing, if they ain’t got that swing. It’s what-a-man’s moment in the movies.

Those actors who have practically slipped into oblivion this last year, should have taken an example from such B. O. (box office to you) boys, as Charles Boyer, Nelson Eddy, Randly Scott, Robert Taylor, Cary Grant, Cesare Romero, Louis Hayward and dozens of others. These boys had quite an edge on the market, until the new deal in histrionic heroes hit Hollywood with a thud. They could have gone on for a while, being sympathetic screen lovers, and God’s gift to the tired working girl. But they saw the handwriting on next year’s option. The ability they had never been called on to use, suddenly asserted itself. Through their own efforts they put up a battle of the century. They’ve proven that the movie public prefers men of action, instead of attraction.

The first day Nelson Eddy walked on the MGM lot, they almost called out the riot squad. Secretaries fainted and typists worked overtime on their touch system. When Nelson walked into the commissary, all the little chortles sitting around took one look and promptly forgot their routines. Never in the history of sound stages had anything quite as handsome as Mr. Eddy been allowed to run around loose. Being a modest chap, he smiled his appreciation and wondered when they were going to put him to work.

Months later the gals were still gasping. Nelson was still smiling and he still didn’t have a job. Finally came "Dancing Lady" with a special novelty musical number called "Rhythm of the Day." Nelson sang it as only he can. There was a lot of trick photography, inserts of girls’ legs, with long shots of female bodies wriggling around until they spelled Metro Goldwyn Mayer—or maybe it was Leo the [Continued on page 64]

(Top) Franchot Tone is in the money because he can act—remember "Mutiny on the Bounty"? (Center) Randolph Scott had to play in "Westerns" until one day Fred Astaire requested him for "Roberta," and now he’s a favorite of the fans. (Left) Charles Boyer is a real actor with as fine a reputation in his native France as he has in America.
SWING TIME
It Will Have You Floating in the Clouds—RKO

DEFINITELY the entertainment picture of the month, and we certainly like to be entertained, don't we? If you're a push-over for the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers musicals, and who isn't, you'll be pleasantly mad over this one for it maintains the high standards of its predecessors and at the same time tops all of them with its delightful comedy and amazingly beautiful dance numbers.

Fred, in black-face, does a tap solo called "Bojangles of Harlem" which is without a doubt the most striking dance there has ever been on the screen—at the end of it the preview audience at the Pantages in Hollywood practically tore up the theatre in their wild applause.

Besides the marvelous dancing of Fred and Ginger, you have the comedy antics of Victor Moore, Helen Broderick and Eric Blore, and the charming words and music of Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields, so what more can you ask? It's a safe bet that you'll see "Swing Time" more than once.

Fred is cast as a vaudeville hoofer with a passion for gambling, who misses out on his wedding with Betty Furness all because of a crap game. Betty's irate father tells him he has to accumulate $25,000 in cold cash before he will again be given the opportunity of meeting Betty at the altar, so Fred leaves for New York to seek fame and fortune and, of course, meets Ginger Rogers, who plays a talented young dance half instructor.

Ginger and Fred work out a few routines and are soon the dancing sensation of New York, and falling more and more in love with every waltz. Something has to be done about Betty who loves Fred, and something has to be done about Georges Metaxa, suave orchestra leader, who loves Ginger, and something is done (Oh! Hollywood wouldn't let you down) to complete the satisfaction of everyone. The best of the songs are "Never Gonna Dance," "The Way You Look Tonight," "A Fine Romance," and "Swing Time." And just wait until you see Victor Moore.

ALL AMERICAN CHUMP
This Will Give You Many a Laugh—M-G-M

AND speaking of entertainment, we were as you know, here is a modest little picture (called a "program picture" in the "trade") which steps right out and surprises every one by being one of the best bits of grand entertainment of the month. Plenty of laughs from beginning to end, and played magnificently by a cast without a star. Which all goes to prove our old theory that stars aren't really necessary.

The story's about a small town hick, Stu Erwin, who works in a bank as a human adding machine for fifteen dollars a week. Stu has a trick mind when it comes to figures but no one in the village appreciates him; Stu doesn't even appreciate himself.

A slick carnival trio—Bob Armstrong, Betty Furness and Edmund Gwenn—lure him away from the bank and his beloved cows and put him in show business where he is a complete flop. While they are deciding whether to eat him or throw him off the train, Stu quite innocently gets involved in a bridge game with America's leading bridge expert (brilliantly played by E. E. Clive) and

In "Stage Struck," Dick Powell and Joan Blondell have a merry time and also score individual successes.

"The Texas Rangers" give battle to outlaws and Indians in the picturesque Southwest, Betty Furness, Stu Erwin, Edmund Gwenn and Bob Armstrong in "All American Chump," with his "figger" mind wins a wad of dough from the champion.

That's all Bob Armstrong needs to know. As Stu's manager he arranges the bridge tournament of the century in New York between Stu and the expert, and then just as gold is within his reach the gangsters
PICTURES

start to cut in. Edmund Gwenn, as Betty's gin-inhaling rascal of a father, is simply grand, so is Edward Brophy as a frightened hodgdon, and so is the entire cast. You'll enjoy this one.

THE TEXAS RANGERS
A GLORIFIED WESTERN—Paramount

Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie play a couple of wandering highwaymen who become Texas Rangers in the hope that their identification with the Rangers will lead them to easy jobs of banditry. But you know how it is with boys who want to be bad men of the West; after a good run-in with the Indians they become so excited over the Rangers and so loyal to their brave Chief, Edward Ellis, that they are completely regenerated and wish to devote their lives to wiping out outlaws. It's sort of a glorified horse opera, and the kiddies will love it, but I have me doubts about the ladies. Lloyd Nolan plays a bandit who remains unrepentant, Jean Parker is the love interest, and Jack Oakie is by far the best thing in the picture.

DRAEGERMAN COURAGE
A RECENT CURRENT EVENT BECOMES DRAMATIC PICTURE—Warner

Draegerman, in case you have been out of touch with American these last few years, means a man who conducts rescue operations at mine cave-ins. You probably read in the newspapers not so long ago of the men who were trapped in a mine, when the earth caved in, and of their exciting rescue—which, undoubtedly, inspired this picture.

Henry O'Neill plays a doctor, fanatically interested in the cause of miners, and in one of his campaigns (played by Robert Barrat) underground to survey an abandoned gold property. The earth slips and they're stranded for ten long days and nights, while workers strive heroically to save them. After being buried alive for all that time the mine owner sees the light and once rescued he devotes his life to the welfare of miners.

It's newsy stuff, but it's plenty exciting. Barton MacLane is the hero of the rescue and, with Jean Muir as his sweetheart, is also the love interest—which is an unusual spot in which to find this erstwhile big shot gunman.

OLD HUTCH
MADE TO ORDER FOR WALLY BEERY—M-G-M

A this, boys and girls, is a typical Wallace Beery picture and, if you like typical Wallace Beery pictures, this is your Roman holiday. Beery plays a shiftless small town character who hasn't worked for twenty years, not since he got married to his long-suffering but loyal wife, Elizabeth Patterson.

Fishing on the river bank one day he finds a tin box full of thousand dollar bills, and then a great problem comes into his hitherto simple life. He knows he must justify possession of the money, otherwise the village gossip will say he stole it, so he goes to work and soon, to his surprise, and horror, he finds himself a respectable and industrious member of the community.

Then the bank robbers put the pressure on him to retrieve their loot, but by that time Old Hutch is so respectable and law-abiding that he turns the gunmen over to the police and gets the reward.

There is an appealing love story carried by Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker (the two kids who were so grand together in "Ah Wilderness") who play the local banker's son and Old Hutch's daughter. Young love is definitely at its best, and loveliest, when played by Cecilia and Eric.

STAGE STRUCK
SWELL ENTERTAINMENT—Warner Brothers

Here's a refreshing parody on those backstage musicals where the leading lady gets sick five minutes before the curtain goes up on the opening night and the sweet, demure little chorus girl gets her big chance. And you have no idea how much more fun this plot is when played for comedy than it is when played straight.

Joan Blondell, looking simply ravishing and playing like a million, is the leading lady with the lark roll, who definitely has a penchant for playing ladies in gentleman's costumes. Joan's comedy scenes are cleverly written and what with La B. giving her all as a comedienne she ups and walks away with the picture. Her "grouping" scene with her dogs and luggage will have you in hysterics for weeks.

Dick Powell plays the dance director in the picture and to him Joanie is just so much output news, but not in real life (ridges). He is in love with Jeanne Madden, a little country gal who wants to be an actress, and he refuses to work in the one-man show with Joan, but is finally tricked into doing so by Warren William, the sly producer.

Mr. Williams resorts to psychology to make Joanie believe that Dick is really in love with her despite his evident disgust, and you can well imagine what grand comedy scenes follow. Frank McHugh is very funny as a stage manager and Craig Reynolds makes a perfect matinee idol. The Yaqui Boys sing and sing in song numbers. "The Income Tax" and "The Body Beautiful." Dick sings a very lovely song entitled, "In Your Own Quiet Way."

THE GORGEOUS HUSKY
ONE OF THE MOST ROMANTIC OF THE HISTORICAL FILMS—M-G-M

The Glamour Girls are going in for costume pictures this year—Katherine Hepburn had her Mary of Scotland, and Norma Shearer her Juliet, and last but not least, Joan Crawford steps out cinematically as the ravishingly and extremely clever Peggy Eaton, the ex officio First Lady of the Jackson Administration.

In the long coats, and little bows and big hats of the period (it's the 1860's if you're forgetful) Joan looks perfectly stunning, and there were those of us at the preview who wished, who wished to high heaven, that Mr. Andrew Jackson, seventh president of the United States, would not stop mouthing about state rights, secession, and nullification for a few minutes at least, and let us have more of the Gorgeous Hussy. (Of course if you're a statesman you probably feel differently about it.)

The picture story and history don't exactly agree on the character of Peggy Eaton, but this is no time for quibbling, and you know how the Hays office is. Anyhow, four men (according to the cinema) played important parts in Peggy's eventful life which carried her right into the White House.

The first was Bow Timberlake, a gay young lieutenant of the U. S. Navy (played by Bob Taylor) whom Peggy married—at some of the most delightful love scenes you have seen on the screen in ages.

The second man was John Raudolph, the Secretary (from Boyd s ights in; two solo) whom Peggy loved from the moment she knew the meaning of the word love, but who refused her love twice, once from sheer stubbornness and once from political differences.

The third man was Secretary of War John Eaton (Franchot Tone) whom Peggy married several years after the death of her young lieutenant in the West Indies.

And the fourth man was President Andrew Jackson (Lionel Barrymore) whom she married after the death of his adored wife, Rachel Jackson (Bucll Bondi). Barrymore's and Miss Bondi's scenes together are high spots in the pic

[Continued on page 58]
A Story Of


tice the knife throw she did in her gypsy number with Tony, had taken on the living attributes of the woman she hated. There was murder in the passionate heart of the little dancer.

Gaby's face contorted, she would speed death toward Vvette... Some remnant of sanity came at the final second. The knife dropped from her fingers. Gaby hurled herself to a couch in hysterical tears.

In her wild heart blaring hatred had been quenched by an icy tide of horror. She must have lost her mind! She, Gaby Seymour, contemplating murder? Torn between horror and grief, she lay panting.

Only a few days ago life had been glorious for Tony and Gaby Seymour. Two ambitious young Americans, they had perfected their wild gypsy dance in which as a climax, Gaby hurled the dagger into the body of a faithless lover. Morel's new show offered them opportunity and soon, so raged their young optimism, all Paris would acclaim their talent. The little American girl, who had been born Gabrielle Romarios of Texas, saw all the world through rose hued glasses. And why not, when luck gave them this splendid chance and she had Tony's love!
Tony (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) and Gaby performing a dance specialty.

"No," Gaby muttered, moodily playing with the dagger. "I'd rather be alone. You go on..."

When Ninette had gone she made a sudden resolution. Yvette Delange had not yet left the theater for her appointment at home with Tony. She would go to Yvette's dressing room and tell her a few things! Tony Seymour, meantime, waited uncertainly in the little drawing room of a Paris flat. Yvette's maid had told him the star would soon be home.

The young American felt ill at ease. The very atmosphere of the flat, vulgarly ostentatious and overperfumed, grated on his nerves. When he thought of Gaby's last furious outburst he felt miserable.

On tables and walls were photographs of many men, all inscribed with loving messages to Yvette. It was like a nightmare museum, a museum of a woman's vanities. He favored the collection of Yvette's lovers with a disgusted grimace.

Gaby had been a fool to accuse him of loving Yvette. Since they joined the show the star had pestered him with attentions and Tony, trying to be a diplomat, had fended her off with vague words and meaningless smiles. But in love with Yvette? How silly, when he loved Gaby and no other woman alive.

He rose to his feet and ringing for the maid demanded his hat and coat. He was going home to Gaby. Perhaps this snub to Yvette might cost them their place in the show? He shrugged. Better even that, than to have Gaby hurt... poor, violent-tempered Gaby who had shared his love and his ambitions so loyally!

The little furnished flat was empty and the gray light of first dawn gave it an eerie, haunted look. [Continued on next page]
Tony hesitated, depressed, filled with vague anxieties because Gaby had not come home. Then he heard her light tread on the stair outside. He flung open the door to welcome her.

She stood there, pale, her street clothes glinting from the night mists, her eyes piercing him. The felt soles of her shoes thudded into his ankles as they held each other, saying nothing, huddled close in a mute moment of reconciliation that brought sunlight to their faces.

"I thought you didn't love me any more," Gaby whispered. "I've been so miserable!"

So have I, Gabby. But where have you been?"

She looked at him strangely, as if startled and trying to remember. "I... I don't know what happened there.

A knocking at the door made them stare at each other with mutual questions. "Ah," Tony smiled, "The milkman! Black or white?"

The scream would have been a black one, his hand out to take the morning milk bottle. It was not the milkman he confronted, but two strangers, behind whom the concierge who let them in. One asked for Gabrielle Seymour. "I must ask you to come with us," he said to the astonished Gaby.

"Come with you? But... why?"

"What are you talking about?" Tony cried.

The stranger answered coldly, "Yvette Delange was murdered at the Theater Morel this afternoon.

"What's that to do with my wife?"

Tony demanded, his young face tense.

"I don't care to hear what she has to say," he turned to Gaby, his voice curt. "Please get your hat and coat at once."

Yvette Delange's body had been found in the dressing room of the star's dressing room at the Theater Morel. A knife had cut off the woman's life, a dagger hurled, or driven, with great force. That dagger would have been marked, the discovery made and it was readily identifiable as the dagger Gaby Seymour used in her dancing act with Tony. Gaby's quizzed with Yvette was the talk of the theater: Gaby's presence near the star's dressing room was easily established. Gabrielle Seymour was charged by her husband.

"But I didn't do it!" Gaby whispered through lips cold with horror. "Oh, I didn't... I didn't..."

"Don't tell us everything you remember," Tony urged. Her tired, thin voice took up the story.

"I was furious when you left me. I thought you would want to say good-bye. I thought of her for trying to steal my husband. I did go to her dressing room. I took the dagger. I don't know why. I left the theater. She was there when I left. I burst out at her angrily. I told her some things. And then... then... I left. I wandered the streets. I heard a clock strike four and it seemed to bring me to my senses. I came home, where I found you, Tony."

Tony was pale when he learned what the police knew, that the body of Yvette had been found at five minutes after four o'clock. He knew that Dubec, the doorman of the theater, had sworn that he had left the place at five minutes of four. Tony himself had left earlier than that.

"I don't understand the following detail by detail. "Wait!" he cried. "I remember. When I was leaving the theater a man came in. He asked me where Yvette's dressing room was. I showed him and saw him go to it. That man was the murderer! We must find him!"

Tony rushed to an American friend, a man named Capelle, the Party chief of his journal. Guy knew and loved them both. He was ready to do anything in his power to help, and it was he who suggested they confront Gaby and the dagger for the face Tony remembered so well.

Gay's idea brought sudden hope when out of the thousands of pictured criminals Tony at last found the face of Henri Capelle. That was the stranger he had spoken to. He could swear it.

A moment later the friends looked at each other in blank despair. The police officials had a new and false record of Henri Capelle's movements. Released from prison several months before the murder of Yvette, he had left France the second day of his freedom. He had never returned, for the police would surely have had that knowledge in their files.

"But he did return," Tony insisted. "I saw him! He's in France. We've got to find him!"

Guy thought it over. It looked hopeless, yet Tony was so sure and as long as there was the faintest chance he demanded a friend of more than shady reputation, a criminal for whom he had done several months of honest work. The problem was, and with his aid began combining the underworld of Paris.

IN THE next issue of this magazine you will find a speedy and true Gladsby Hall story about the gay lives of some of the stars.

..And according to Van Twist by Elizabeth Wilson tells the facts about this well loved actress.

...There are some players who stand up to false and malicious and fantastic stories and make good in spite of them. You'll enjoy reading their side of it. Then away the facts that Black & Decker and the quizzed for the day of the theater. The man who saw the woman's life, the dagger Gaby's used in her dancing act with Tony. Gaby's presence near the star's dressing room was easily established. Gabrielle Seymour was charged by her husband.

"But I didn't do it!" Gaby whispered through lips cold with horror. "Oh, I didn't... I didn't..."

"Don't tell us everything you remember," Tony urged.

The trial of Gabrielle Seymour was the current sensation of Paris. The little American had an imagination and a imagination. The circumstances of her dancing act with its horrifying, dagger throwing climax mingled in the public mind with the grim reality of the crime at the Theater Morel. When she was called to the bar to answer her accusers, the court room was jammed and crowds waited outside the palace of justice for the least word of the proceedings.

"Gabrielle Seymour," the President of the jury began, "before beginning your examination it is my duty to remind you that you are being tried under the penal code of France. In your country a prisoner is assumed to be innocent until found guilty. Here, the accused is considered guilty. It is incumbent upon him to prove his innocence. Guilty! Guilty, before she was tried! The President's words rang like a knell of doom. Gaby glanced forlornly at her own lawyer. Roget was known as the cleverest defense lawyer in all France, but what could even Roget do for her when nothing and could tell nothing except the simplest truth, that she was innocent?"

The President's voice went on: "Shortly after your quarrel with Yvette Delange she was found dead in her dressing room. Murdered with the dagger which belonged to you. And this weapon had been thrust into the victim with the same accuracy which you employed in your act and in exactly the same way..."

It was true, Gaby could not deny a word of it.

"Although she was mortally wounded," the President went on, "the victim tried to defend herself, as the murderer fired once at her assailant. The bullet has been found sunk in the paneling. That according to Gabrielle Seymour.

Gaby's cry rang through the tense room.

"No! It wasn't me, I tell you!"

The hours dragged into days, days of tension, pausing in court, of Paris, and of despair. The State brought its witnesses, piling proof upon proof that Gaby had struck the blow.

Then Dubec the doorman told how he had seen Gaby leave the star's dressing room at five minutes of four, ten minutes before the he had found the body.

Dubec said he had passed the messenger who gave Morel word that Yvette wished twenty thousand francs.

"At what time was that?" Roget questioned.

"It must have been nearly half past three," Morel interrupted. "I left the theater at ten after three."

"It might have been earlier, then," the doorman muttered softly.

Still the evidence piled up against her. The dagger was Gaby's. She had sufficient means for the crime. She was suspected of hatred for Yvette. According to Dubec she was in the theater at the time and all Gaby could oppose against was that her story was wan- dering from the start. He added that hearing a clock strike four when she stood on the Pont de la Concorde, two miles from the Theater Morel. She could see plenty enough that nobody credited that explanation.

Tony was called to the stand, but what could Tony do to aid her? Frankly he availed his own conviction. He knew her innocent, but he had no proof. While and grimly insistent, he told of the stranger who was Henri Capelle who had accused him, asking his right to be at her dressing room. But no other person had seen Henri Capelle—and Capelle could not be found.

At the end of that last afternoon Roget himself came to Gaby in her prison. "Plead self-defense, he counselled. "It is admitted Yvette fired a shot. You threw that knife to save your own life."

"No," Gaby moaned. "No, I did not kill Yvette. That is the truth!" Roget shrugged. He felt defeated.

Court assembled for a night session, the close of the trial. The State's prosecutor put his case to the jury, a bitter accusation built up by undeniable facts. Not a speck in the court-room was for the little American dancer now.

Before Roget could begin a defense Tony put a word to him. Tony knew the man he had been seeking. Amidst a storm of protest from the State the new witness was heard.

It was Henri Carros, he said, but admitted a minute later that he had served sentence for blackmail under the name of Henri Capelle. As Capelle he had led Paris, and his real name was [Continued on page 69]
Anne Rockefeller

...and her famous "Little Dinners"

Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, of the distinguished New York family, enjoys entertaining in a casual, unpretentious way—intimate little dinners with a few friends who share her interest in the arts. Good conversation, unhurried pleasure... the menu itself kept very simple. Just soup and entrée... a pause for a Camel... followed by a green salad, dessert, and coffee... with Camels between courses and after to accent subtle flavors. "Smoking Camels," Miss Rockefeller says, "makes the choicest delicacy taste that much better. They help digestion, too, and bring a delightful sense of well-being, an at-peace-with-the-world mood. When entertaining, I always see to it personally, as a compliment to my guests, that there are plenty of Camels within their reach."

Add to the joy of good digestion by Smoking Camels

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Smoke as many Camels as you wish, during meals and after. As Frank, head waiter of The Waldorf's Sert Room, says: "Excellent food calls for costlier tobaccos. In the Sert Room, where discriminating people gather, Camels are the favorite." Their delicate flavor gives each succeeding Camel a never-tiring taste. And, being mild, Camels never get on your nerves. Smoke them for digestion's sake!

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Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores
The Tennis Crowd

[Continued from page 25]

technique of the new hobby. If you want to be a budding pro in a cinema name the quickest system is to be a tennis ace. The foremost amateurs of the country have lingered on to be elaborately seeded. It's a mutual attraction—the athletes yearn to mix with the glamorous and now there's nothing a star likes more than a genuine chamj in tone. If you haven't the correct form the champion will obligingly give out with invaluable suggestions. Gene Raymond was a particularly gracious host—and you had to have the heart to return his serves!

When a woman considers a swankier apartment the first question isn't about the rent, but about the tennis accommodations. The nicest apartment houses and hotels have available courts tucked in along with their flowering patios. The ritzy resorts at Arrowhead, Santa Barbara, and Del Monte have their super tennis lay-outs. Beverly Hills itself has built a great many splendid public courts on La Cienega Boulevard. These have to be reserved well in advance, one reason being that John Boles—who resides near-by—is nearly always displaying his maddening lobs there.

A West Coast estate invariably has a specially designed court for its gentry and lucky ones. I'd say the finest private courts are those belonging to Mary Pickford, David Warfield, Baxter, and Victor McLean. Elegant little pavilions are an adjoining feature, so the butler may serve you a snack while you're pursuing slalom. Claudette Colbert's pavilion is large enough to run a movie in. The Warren Williains have a refreshment table on wheels; it's mean to serve ladies laden with platters of cold meats and rare cheeses. Arlene Judge is the most enthusiastic hostess—there's always a gang gathered on her court. Practically all the stars' own courts are electrically lighted for night play; when they have to act all day the sunrises still don't intend to be cheated out of their play. Which reminds me that last Thursday Sally Eilers begged to work until one in the morning so she'd be free to play in a tournament on Friday. Yes, and she won. Sally's tops in doubles.

The mecca of our tennis bugs is the new West Side Tennis Club, in the old Chevron Hills halfway between M-G-M and the 20th Century-Fox studios. It's been operating this year and the membership is limited to members of the people. A cleverer star can kill two birds with one stone. He can play tennis and simultaneously do some diplomatic apple-polishing. For the most prominent producers, directors, screenwriters, and actors agents are members. It's so convenient that you can stumble into illustrious company at any hour. The entire grounds are lined with a high hedge of evergreens and from the street all you can glimpse is a low, rambling building of California-Spanish architecture. Lush is the word that from the veranda you can watch all of them. (Yoo-hoo! Simone Simon, will you stop making those big French eyes away over that court and mind your business?) These are graduated levels that from the veranda you can watch all of them. Bright colored tables and chairs, shaded by giant umbrellas, dot the various areas. Incidentally, if you have a close-up view of the court for championship matches a snazzy white lawn chair on the sidelines will not suffice. The rooming space on the left, while the dining room is to the right. A tempting swimming pool is sunk in the lawns beyond the courts. (Aside to the editor: I hope you aren't putting two and two together and gathering where your palsy-walsy is when I should be slaying for you.) Keith Gledhill and Mac Sutton Bundy, former national champions, are the professionals.

Every studio has organized a team to represent it this fall in a grand tournament at the dear new West Side. We've heard about the Davis Cup affairs from Frank Shields, who gave up representing America to be an actor. (He's better than Errol Flynn, but he isn't a star yet.) We're told to have the same arrangement locally. Metro's Nelson Eddy and Bob Taylor have been wondering if Bob Montgomery will be back from his job on that Connecticut farm. They need him to do or die for Louis B. Mayer—he's Leo the Lion's best. Paramount can rely on Larry MacDermott and Fred MacMurray. Jack Warner is laughing, because he has Flynn and George Brent. Darryl Zanuck is frantic; I'll bet his next masculine prodigy are tennis tornadoes.

At the rest of the clubs about the city the stars are under continuous scrutiny. But at West Side it's a happy family. They can come in for lunch with their make-up on, when they've only an hour off, and order it on the veranda so they can observe how Shields is winning ten to one. Perhaps a star would like to join the other clubs white is the conventional, prevailing color for tennis outfits: at West Side you let yourself go and choose the gaudiest of shades. I'm going to admit with hardly modish in that old sweater which droops to his knees. But Anatia Louise dons green suede shorts-and-vest, facing the ladies over a plumoise. And Claire Trevor, in her companion prints ensemble—hand-monogrammed, box-pleated red and white striped skirt, backed with a blue and white pirate frock—is so lovely a contrast that no one objects. Anyway, that incongruity is typically Hollywood. Jeanette MacDermott plays tennis in her bathing suit when she's at home.

The entertainment during the Sunday dinner dances at the West Side is unique too. Last week it was Ann Sothern who had to rise and step up beside the orchestra. There was such applause after her song that she had to come back on. I make a report, in addition, that the children (they're still kiddies at heart) have a weakness for betting on their tennis games. The afternoon's tournament was so courageously bet that one of them will have to put up a bet on herself to win. Then she has to spin on by the dread of losing cash as well as caste. Candid cameras click whenever you're least ready for them, with a star doing the dirty work. You'd think they'd give their fellows warning! But no; they tote tiny black boxes and revel in action shots. You'd giggle at the one that day. Reed has a headliner assistant grooming her at her health salad.

Does tennis make a girl muscle-bound? Marian Miller, whose grace and marvelously co-ordinated figure bespeaks the born athlete, is proof that femininity isn't sacrificed by this game. Perhaps men hate to be beaten by Miss Del Rio (she has a complex for playing barefooted) maintains they do; she alone won't take lessons for fear her Celtic might be dismantled. It's okay for Carole Lombard to be an Amazon when playing with Cedric, but his wife won't risk it. It all depends on the man, though. Ann Sothern confessed she admires at swimming, handball, and bowling, and now she's embarrassing them at tennis. But they remain ardently nuths about her. The theory that a naked trays to teach a girl everything further thrilled by John Howard. He bounces out of the locker room and is agitated beyond measure when a pretty but poor partner tries to excuse herself by...

**When Doctors Swab**

SORE THROAT...

surface germs are destroyed, soreness relieved, healing quickened.

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**When you Gargle with PEPSODENT ANTI-SEPTIC...**

you continue your doctor's treatment by destroying surface germs, relieving the cold.

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**USE PEPSODENT ANTI-SEPTIC FOR Colds—To RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS**

- The reason doctors have you gargle is to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Peepsdent Anti-Septic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Peepsdent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Peepsdent goes 3 times as far—saves you 3½ of your money.

As active is Peepsdent that, in recent tests on 300 people it killed 25¢ as fast as others! Get the either the 25¢, 50¢, or $1.00 Peepsdent Anti-Septic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how a pleasantly effective it is.

---

**SAVES 2½% OF YOUR DOLLAR**

**Goes 3 times as far!**
pulling the ancient you-wonderful-man line on him. John drops those women.

You wouldn’t fancy that tennis could ever injure you; Rosalind Russell found out differently. She’s been enjoying a blue streak with never a decent vacation. At last she wangled a month off and excitedly sailed for Honolulu. She staved in bed the first two days on shipboard, to store up energy. (She planned to case into a satin bathing suit and give them something to gape at on that beach at Ball Balt!) The third day Roz ventured on deck; shortly she was inveigled into a game of tennis. As she wearily finished her fifth set she slipped and cracked her ankle. They rolled her onto Waikiki’s strand in a wheel-chair!

I want to award a medal to Walter Huston. He never was on a tennis court until he was fifty; at fifty-three he is a runner-up in tournaments. At his mountain home at Arrowhead his regular routine is tennis. If you’re reaching for another candy bar and grumbling that you’re too old to start in, remember Huston. Jumping to the other extreme, Shirley Temple is anxious to shine. She grabs every chance to hold a racket. Shirley’s very sincere about it and while she can grim when she makes a bad play, she doesn’t like to have anyone see her fumble. She feels, in her baby way, that folks count on her being tops in everything she does and she doesn’t wish to disappoint.

It’s of considerable help if you can learn your opponents’ weaknesses before you challenge. Kent Taylor is struggling with his backhand, but don’t you deliberately drive for it now. Tom Brown is cuckoo over doubles and it’s just because he’s better close to the net. If you’re out for his shot, send the balls away back. Hell swoon.

To stoop to more personal disclosures, Jeanette MacDonald doesn’t rely on Gene Raymond for pointers; she has engaged a professional to be her coach. Virginia Bruce, however, maneuvers all her beau—who have to be darbs—into playing with her. Jean Arthur was all striving and no relaxation until recently, when her husband persuaded her to let him show her the fascinating facts of tennis. I was at her home when she and Frank Ross came in from one of her first afternoons out on the courts. She was, I regret to add, quite still. Exercise, when you haven’t indulged, can pain even a brilliant star.

If Ralph Bellamy quotes any more data at me—and he reads nothing but tennis handbooks now—I shall forewarn his company and make for the Beverly Hills Tennis Club. Janet Gaynor’s the attraction there; she’s democratic and will play most anyone, and she isn’t out for blood. Or I shall drop up to Bill Powell’s. He issues standing invitations, good day or night, for what he dubs “open court.” He’s located his court far enough away so the noise of the ambitious won’t disturb him. “And then there’s always the element of surprise,” says Bill. “I’m never sure who I’ll find there!”

When it’s merely yours truly, won’t it be an awful blow?

“Being Handsome Is Not Enough!”

(Continued from page 55).

Lion! Anyway, when the picture was released, Nelson’s part was barely seen and everyone promptly forgot him.

After a concert tour, back he came to the studio. This time he seemed a little luckier. “Naughty Marietta” helped to get the fans interested. But it was that North West Mounted Police uniform in “Rose Marie” that made ’em forget his blonde hair and handsome features. Suddenly they realized that Nelson Eddy could act. Between the acting and the singing they almost went crazy. Today, when his pictures come to town, they line up with box lunches and just spend a day in the theatre. A recent revival of “Dancing Lady” features the name of Nelson Eddy in lights, along with that of Joan Crawford, the star.

Remember, back in 1930, when Jean Harlow became “The Red Headed Woman”? In that picture was a handsome black-eyed chauffeur, who had but a line or two to speak. There was something interesting in his presence, something exciting in his personality, something important in his attitude. Feminine hearts began to flutter, as they waited for the cast and credits to be listed on the screen. But the name of Charles Boyer was among the missing.

Today he is recognized as an artist of great ability. It has taken years for him to accomplish the reputation in pictures that he has enjoyed for fifteen years on the French stage. Charles wasn’t satisfied to be a handsome leading man. His limited knowledge of the English language gave him but one preference. He would have to content himself with creating a charming, attractive physical presence, until that day when he could adequately express a genuine talent. Even with today’s success, Charles Boyer hasn’t yet begun to show how much better he can be. While his English is perfect, he still has to translate it.

Mae West and Randolph Scott, and both looking well. Her new picture is “Go West Young Man.” Clever title.
Faults that start in your UNDER SKIN

A SINGLE blemish can dim the freshness of your skin ... make you look older than you are.
A few coarse pores say, "She's getting on in years"—just as loudly as lines and wrinkles say it. Stubborn things—that keep on getting worse till you learn their real cause and the real way to treat them.

Deep-skin rousing needed
The truth is, almost all skin faults get their start, not on the surface, but in your underskin.

In your underskin are little hidden glands and cells and blood vessels. These are the foundation of your outer skin's health. The minute they function poorly, pores begin to clog. And then blemishes come. Even lines are really nothing but creasings in your outer skin, caused by failing tissues underneath.

But—you can rouse that underskin to healthy vigor—by the regular use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Twice daily—for a fault-free skin
Pond's Cold Cream goes deep into the pores. Its specially processed oils loosen every particle of dirt. Easy to wipe it all off.

Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. How wonderful it feels. Blood tingling. Skin glowing ... and so much softer! You are waking up that underskin.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt. Make-up. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your underskin, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults can't age your skin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—looks younger. And it's all smooth for your powder.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept L-16, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose coupon to cover postage and packing.

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Street:

City:

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from his mother tongue. With the speed in which scenes are shot, there is not time for enough rehearsing, to get a natural, intelligent reading to his lines. Bover himself admits that many times he must say his lines in poll-parrot fashion, rather than let the words flow from his heart and mind.

At a recent dinner party, Joan Crawford entertained her guests with the showing of "Maverick," a French production starring Charles Boyer that has never been released in this country. In the audience were Constance Bennett, Barbara Stanwyck, Gilbert Roland, Robert Taylor (just a couple of "Armands" at heart) Billie Burke, James Stewart, Lyn Riggs, Jean Dixon, Gary Cooper and Sandra, his wife. Naturally, Bover spoke in his native tongue. Connie Bennett and Franchot Tone volunteered as interpreters. The difference in Bover's performance was amazing. All the brilliance and the color and fire of his personality was still full force. For the first time everyone realized what a fine artist he is, and how much credit was due him for creating the great box-office appeal he enjoys in America today.

If you can't remember how many dozens of pictures you've seen where Cary Grant looks hot and keeps cool while he makes love to a Lombard, a Colbert or a La West, just ask Cary. He can tell you in no uncertain terms. He can also tell you of his struggle to climb out of a tuxedo and get his teeth into a good acting part. He tried everything humanly possible with his studio. He even offered to do cowboy operas, which at least would have been a change. Once he begged to be released from his contract. But Cary had to go on exuding masculine charm and remaining satirically perfect.

There are those who are still wondering just what happened to "Sylvia Scarlett," but it didn't take great powers of deduction to prove that Cary Grant was right about himself. While Hepburn and Aherne struggled bravely, but alas bewilderedly, through their characterization, Cary Grant played a cockney Englishman that was a thing apart and a joy to all who saw him. Since this portrayal Cary is in demand by every producer when there is a role that requires anything but a big mass of muscle.

Cesare Romero hadn't been in Hollywood very long when he realized he was the victim of an unfair fate. With a faith in his own ability, Cesare discovered that he must live down the unwarranted impression that he was an empty-headed knave, or idolized, the public. While the Spencer Tracys and Paul Munis walked away with the acting plums of the year, Cesare reluctantly played Gigolos, sappy leading men and an occasional cold-mannered gangster. In vain he pleaded for a chance to act. When he was suggested for the role of the kidnapper in "Show Them No Mercy," Cesare's friends pleaded with him not to accept the role. They warned him that it was too unsympathetic and the "guy" was such a heavy, mothers would automatically drag their little kiddies from the theatre whenever his pictures were shown.

Cesare felt that they were right. He also felt that he must gamble with his future. It was now or never. Either he must take the chance or resign himself to the fate of all good-looking movie heroes. When the picture was previewed in Hollywood, Cesare was so wicked he was hired by his best friends. And no greater compliment can be paid to any nasty kidnapper.

Robert Taylor might be the exception to the rule, if Bob wasn't such an honest and down-to-earth person. Fresh out of college when "Society Doctor" launched him on a sensational career that even threatens to top the Gable record, Bob knew it was a streak of luck. To himself and to his friends, he admitted that his so-called good looks were the reason for his sudden success. And right then and there Robert Taylor might have sat back and done all right—as he is now doing.

Bob knew his looks would carry him a long way. But he began looking forward to that day when people might expect something else besides something good to look at. He went to Oliver Hindsay, dramatic coach on the MGM lot. Every spare moment of Bob's time was spent in reading aloud, working on diction, rehearsing in scenes. Technically, Bob was giving himself a foundation. His second break came when he met Barbara Stanwyck. With her experience on stage and screen and her great understanding of what goes on inside of people, Barbara was able to offer Bob the benefit of her emotional knowledge. Today she works with him on his lines. When Bob learned he was to play in "Camille," it was Barbara who read the Garbo lines so Bob could familiarize himself with their true meaning. When you see his work in that role, you'll realize that the handsome Bob Taylor has developed into a darn good actor.

The Paramount casting director will tell you (if you could ever get within a mile of the Paramount casting director) that in one week he had requests from Mae West, Irene Dunne, Katherine Hepburn and Margaret Sullivan for Rand Scott as a leading man. Two years ago, if Randy had ever found himself facing anything but a horse in a closeup, he probably would have collapsed from the shock. Being a big silent man from the great open spaces would have been all right, if Randy had been allowed to act. But it seems that Hollywood scenario writers think all Western stars
should suffer silently—which they usually do (when they go to their own previews). Randy's chance to act came when Fred Astaire requested him for "Roberta." It was in this picture that Randy met Irene Dunne, who has now asked to have him play opposite her in her next picture for Columbia. Randy and Fred became friends, so Randy was again borrowed to appear in "Follow The Fleet." In these two pictures he was allowed to try things out that never would have appealed to a horse. When his secret marriage was announced recently, Randy's fan mailed jumped two hundred letters in one week. In the good old days, movie marriages were something they kept hidden—like idol children. Today, and especially in Randy's case, his popularity has so increased that the horses he used to act with are now getting fan mail.

If you can allow your minds to wander down the long list of Hollywood juveniles (without shuddering) you'll recognize the futility of any of these boys ever getting a chance to do anything but look eager-eyed and act intense. That's why, when Louis Hayward, fresh from the New York stage, signed with MGM, Hollywood vaccine promptly and turned back to Herbert Marshall. But that was before "Flame Within" was released. In his first picture, Louis did something that has never happened before. Taking a role that might easily have been played like a love-sick personality boy, Louis injected it with a magnetism soul-stirring feeling.

What happened between Lewis and MGM is not generally known. There was a long lull, in which he fought against being wasted in those thankless juvenile parts in quickie productions. When they cast him to play the "Man with the Tarts" in "Trouble For Two," opposite Bob Montgomery, Louis felt his long wait was to be rewarded. Had his original acting part been left in the finished production, Louis would have astounding the critics. But, alas, as is the Hollywood fate, the best part of Louis' performance remained on the cutting room floor. Rather than collect a weekly salary for an acting career that did not allow him to act, Louis decided to quit Hollywood cold. Just as he was about to leave, Universal signed him. Within the next few months you will see his first starring picture, in which he lives up to what he originally proved that he could do.

There's a young Englishman, by the name of Raymond Milland, who has had a long hard fight to prove that he could eliminate his British accent and do something else besides pose. Jack Benny, the radio star, who is playing with Ray in the new "Big Broadcast," predicts that Ray will soon be one of the big bets of the screen. There's Bruce Cabot, whom the Gods of fate, Hollywood and its supervisors, tried to make into another Gable. When they finally let him alone (and only after his career was almost wrecked) Bruce made himself over into another—Cabot. When they gave him a chance to really act in "Fury," and "Last of the Mohicans," he proved that pretty is as pretty does, providing they give you a chance to turn in a pretty good performance.

Fanchot Tone, Gary Cooper, Jimmy Cagney, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., are all members of that vast army which has proven that you've got to make them like you after they've grown tired of looking at you. A pretty girl is like a melody. But a handsome Hector is just a false note, unless he can play a tune on the cash register—at the box-office.

Katharine Hepburn at work making "Portrait of a Rebel." With the star are Luella Watson, Elizabeth Allan and David Manners. On location by the Pacific Ocean.
What the movies have done is to illustrate the books of the masters, not with etchings, or oil paintings—but, rather, the movies have illustrated them with live models, 1930 human beings who are counterparts of the originals. And that is a very pertinent contribution to culture.

The important point at issue is that the moving picture industry has grown up. Moving from the burlesque of Mack Sennett to the subtlety of a Shakespeare required the stride of a Gulliver. More, it demanded vast education, vast mechanical perfection and vast sums of money, calling for imagination and daring. The filming of Pearl Buck's "Good Earth," for instance, with Paul Muni and Luise Rainer, is a tremendous undertaking. Those of you who are familiar with the book would be completely crushed if you were asked to reduce the giant canvas she painted to the dimensions of a screen in a neighborhood theatre. That the movies are not averted by such a task is heartening; for it means that the industry is truly adult.

If the directors, the writers and the mechanical geniuses of the Coast were to devote themselves exclusively to these giant portraits, it would result in over-saturation, if there is such a thing as "over" saturation. Comedy Relief all mixed up nicely. Now I am fully aware that the B-pictures are necessary as part of the financial setup, that they often recoup the money that is thrown into the super-specials. But the production of these B-pictures must keep pace with the movies, or the Coast moguls will find that foreign film companies will take the market away from them. The foreign film studios can compete with a "Cavalcade" or a "San Francisco" or a "Mutiny on the Bounty," because they have neither the money nor the mechanics to compete, but they can overwhelm the B-product of Hollywood, and they'll do it, unless the Coast studios improve the B-picture.

"It Happened One Night" is a case in point. This easily could have relapsed into the B-picture classification. That it didn't was due, not so much to casting, because B-pictures squander fine casts, but because Frank Capra touched it so lightly that it became a gay, gorgeous comedy. The hitchhiking scene, the running "business" of the trumpet that blew down the walls of Jericho—these were sufficient to lift it to the heights.

In calling on the Walter Wangers and the Jack Warners and the Harry Cohns and the Darryl Zanuck to improve the breed of Class B-product, I'm not asking too much, for they have demonstrated that they can do anything to which they set their minds.

They proved, in "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," "Good Earth" and "Anthony Adverse," that they could out-Guild the Theatre Guild; in "Cavalcade," the movies proved that they could do a greater job on a panorama of British history than the British stage could do; in "The Great Ziegfeld," the movies put Ziegfeld and White and Carroll to shame, and RKO has demonstrated, time and again, in the Fred Astaire musicals, that the New York musical stage can't hold a candle to Hollywood. So, having proved victorious on all fronts, the movies can improve their Grade B-product. Probably it never has been called to their attention before.

But, apart from this single pessimistic note, the occasion calls for loud hurrahs. At the present moment, the movies are sitting higher than ever before. Their adventures in Shakespeare and Dickens and Pearl Buck, each crowned with amazing success, is magnificent work. Hollywood now has its feet planted firmly on the high road. Art and William Shakespeare both have been put on the red.
Artists In Love

[Continued from page 60]

Carros, he returned.

"I went to the Theater Morel that night, but I had nothing to do with the crime," he insisted. "I went there to see Yvette Delange—"

"Why?"

"She was my wife. That night I went to ask her for money."

Carros told of that interview. Yvette asked Morel for twenty thousand francs, but she had given him only five thousand, then sent him away. The time he placed at three o'clock. "When I left," Carros said, "I did not see the doorman, Dubec, anywhere about."

Dubec was called back to the stand. Pressed by Roget he declared that he had seen Carros leave the theater at about three o'clock.

"Where were you?" Garros shouted at the witness.

"I saw you from my office."

"You're a liar! You couldn't have seen me leave. My wife didn't want me to meet anyone. She let me out through the private door."

Dubec looked flustered. "I must have been mistaken," he mumbled.

Across the courtroom Gaby glanced at Tony. His head was lowered. He could not meet her gaze. Tony's hopes had been dashed. Garros, found after this agony of search, plainly was not the murderer. His testimony proved nothing... nothing!

But the President persisted in his questioning. "If you were not in your room, BORN TO BE A Belle, BUT—"

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is... improperly cleaned teeth! Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth... your gums... your tongue... with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!
brother's career, I too adopted the name Morgan. The next thing I did was to look up an old friend, Edgar Allan Woolf. He started me on my stage career.

Woolf, who since then has become a well-known Hollywood writer, wrote a vaudeville sketch for Frank, and his career was well launched.

One Of The Great Screen Successes

(Continued from page 26)

His acting technique, which had, then, the same grand sense of the ridiculous as it has now, won him practically instant recognition. As a result he soon left the vaudeville stage for such Broadway hits as "Mr. Wu," "Topaze," "The Firebrand," "The Bandwagon" and many others.

Morgan is by no means a newcomer to
the screen, although it has been in comparatively recent years that he has skyrocketed to fame under the M-G-M banner. Those of you who remember Anita Stewart will probably remember him in an opus made in New York in the "Silent" days called "The Girl Phillips." "Laughter" with Nancy Carroll was another picture he made in the East.

Then back to the stage, his first, and only love, where he remained until the movies extended their beckoning hands, and as a result Frank Morgan has become practically the best scene stealer in the business. Not that he is deliberate in such theft. Far be it from him to indulge in any of the tricks of the trade such as putting another's back to the camera, and so forth. But when he becomes slightly confused, raises his eyebrow in dismay and studies his fingernails in utter, stammering bewilderment, then the scene is practically "in his bag," regardless of who is playing with him.

It isn't at all difficult to give you a word picture of Morgan because he is exactly the same off the screen as he is on, with the definite exception that in real life he loses that stammering indecision of his and becomes the epitome of correct speech. He uses no makeup for his pictures.

Six feet and a little over, he weighs 180 pounds, all the time. His hair is dark brown and he has hazel, humor-crinkled eyes.

He wears a beret because: "I am definitely not a pseudo-artiste, but I wear a beret because it keeps the hair out of my eyes when I am driving an open car. I wish that people would understand that nothing one can wear is quite as effective in an open roadster as a beret. I'm heartily in favor of starting an "In Defense of the Beret Movement" and will even contribute an old one or two to the cause."

Morgan is a good sailor; of athletic tendencies, although definitely not the Tenny type; reads modern novels and biographies and smokes a pipe. Like many another Hollywood celebrity he is an ardent racing fan, and also likes baseball.

He is probably as well-known for being the perfect host as anyone in Hollywood. Not only is he the very height of graciousness while entertaining, but his stories, told in that indescribable Morgan way, make invitations to his home practically fought over.

Someone has described Morgan's sense of humor as being the kind that excels on the backstroke and the follow-through.

He is so well-known for his witticisms as a matter of fact, that various sayings of his have become "Morganisms." If you have ever read anything about Morgan you are probably acquainted with some of them, because his speech is usually besprinkled with these jewels of a rapier-like ability to catch and describe the idiosyncrasies of others. Here are some of those you may have never seen:

THE FOUR MARX BROTHERS—What happens as you come out of the ether.
JEAN HARLOW—Silver slippers on a polished staircase.
JACK BENNY—The guy who sold you the Brooklyn bridge.
WALLACE BEERY—A fight club when the crowd is gone.
JOSEPH CALLEIA—The way a gangster would like to look.
TED HEALY—He put the banana peel there.

Those things are a part of the personality that makes Frank Morgan the excellent actor, scene stealer of scenes, and raconteur that he is. And a swell guy, withal.

If the writer might be permitted a thumbnail description of Frank Morgan, it would be this: The gentleman reading Thoreau and sipping a Scotch-and-soda by the Lambs Club window.

SOFT HANDS are sweet to his eager touch. Keep yours in the very-much-wanted class—by using Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It isn't watery. Every rich, creamy drop works better—softening, whitening dry, red skin.

QUICKER-ACTING LOTION
SOFTENS ROUGH SKIN

(SOONER! (GOOD-BYE, SANDPAPER HANDS!)

IN HOT WATER and out—all day long. Hands pucker up, chap and crack. Put softness back with Hinds! Its lubricants soak into dry skin, restoring natural smoothness—not just a surface slickness. Use Hinds regularly. Creamy, not watery—every drop works!

FREE The first One-Piece DISPENSER


HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM
IS QUICKER-ACTING... NOT WATERY!
JOIN the modern women who no longer give-in to periodic pain! It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period, including women who have always had the hardest time.

Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" on certain days of every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable—just with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

Midol's relief is so swift, you may think it is a narcotic. It's not. And its relief is prolonged; two tablets see you through your worst day.

You can get Midol in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store. Then you may enjoy a new freedom you hadn't thought possible!

**GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND**

*has brought quick relief to thousands for whom other remedies failed*

Asthmatic paroxysms are quickly soothed and relieved by the pleasant smoke vapor of Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthmatic Compound, Standard remedy at all Drugists. Powder, 25c and $1. Cigarettes, 50c for 25. Write for FREE package of cigarettes and powder.

The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. W-2, Boston, Vt.

**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 buy runs, a small box of Barco Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barco imparts a natural golden color to the hair and makes it soft and glossy. Write for FREE sample.

**REFERENCES**

Irene Dunne

**Projections—**

Irene Dunne

(Continued from page 31)

Southern custom?" "I beg your pardon," said Irene becoming rigid with dignity, "I'm not touched in the head. I was born in Louisville, Kentucky. I lived in Madison, Indiana. I was educated at St. Louis and Chicago. And I don't see that it is anyone's business anyway." At the end of the dance Dr. Griffin said, "May I have your number?" With hauteur Irene drew herself up for the usual squelch, discourteous, "I don't give my phone number to strange men." But when she heard her voice saying, and not so coldly either, "It's Plaza 5465."

It was three months before Dr. Griffin called her. Irene had just about given up hope. Then it came at last, "Hello, there," he said, "Do you remember me?" "Yes," said Irene, "I mean, no!"

Later, much later, after they had many dates together Dr. Griffin told Irene that he had decided that first evening at the Baltimore that she was the girl he was going to marry. And that he had gone to a jeweler's the next day and selected a diamond ring for her. But there was the career problem. Dr. Griffin was firmly established as one of New York's leading physicians—and he didn't like the stage. And there was Irene singing away beautifully in one successful musical comedy after another—and with one eye still sort of hopefully on the Metropolitan.

In several years Irene finally accepted the ring. They were married July 11, 1927, in a church on East 83rd Street, and it was the kind of wedding that every bride dreams to have—complete. Irene and Dr. Griffin had definitely abandoned her career. She was now Mrs. Francis Griffin. They honeymooned for many months in Europe and Irene went on a mad buying spree, for she bought linens, antiques, drapes, vases, all kinds of beautiful things for the home they were going to build in New York. (And which eventually was built in Kitty Wood eight years later.) Back in New York again Irene tried to keep busy with decorators, designers, and architects, but the career problem—and wouldn't even allow herself to look in the direction of Broadway, well, maybe, just a little peek occasionally.

Then one of those New York City foggy mornings when Irene was trying to decide whether she'd go over to Bergdorf-Goodman's and look at dresses, or just stay in bed, Anita announced that Mr. Ziegfeld was on the phone. It was the most exciting phone call Irene had had since Dr. Griffin had said, "Do you remember me?"—and before she had hung up the receiver she had promised to play "Magnolia" in one of his companies of "Show Boat!" Her heart beat fast, the blood rushed madly through her veins, she felt like a star on an opening night—and then she thought, "What will my husband say?" If it had been any other play Irene would have considered it for a moment—but "Show Boat" was her own flesh and blood, it was a part of her.

Irene's father, Captain Joseph J. Dunne, was a builder of Ohio River steamboats and as a child she had spent many happy days with him on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and she had never gotten over her nostalgia for the river country. Captain Dunne was a gay, romance-loving Irishman, with a quick wit and a short fuse, but, despite the temper, everyone who came in contact with him adored him, and little Irene fairly worshipped the ground he walked upon. He died when she was twelve—up until then her life had just
Another Love-match Shipwrecked...

...on the dangerous reef of half-truths about feminine hygiene. "Lysol" has prevented many such tragedies.

Millions of women today have discovered a vitally important fact about feminine hygiene. They have learned that "Lysol" has six special qualities which make it uniquely valuable, combined with such dependability and gentleness that doctors commonly use it in one of the most delicate of all operations...childbirth.

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that's what
women say
of new GLazo

In the eagerly awaited "Plainsman" Mr. DeMille is directing Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. It is a Western picture that will set the pace for all "epics" forever.

diana, when she had played "Mustard" in "Midsummer Night's Dream." It seemed very important to her then, but two years ago she went to the Hollywood Bowl to see the Max Reinhardt production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" and to save her life she couldn't even find "Mustard." Except for the usual plays at school Irene knew nothing about the stage when she arrived on Broadway to seek a career. In fact her only equipment was a feather fan with an amber handle which some one had given her when she left home.

But she soon discovered that there was more to being an actress than a feather fan with an amber handle. After plenty of pavement pounding she was given a part in the road company of "Irene"—and, after that, success was more or less hers. Despite publicity to the contrary she has never appeared in Opera. She would like to some day. She spent a season with the Civic Opera Company (which isn't opera) in Atlanta, Georgia, and fell desperately in love with that Southern city. Being from Atlanta myself I happen to know that practically every eligible male in town proposed to Irene while she was there.

Irene claims her worst fault is a quick temper and sometimes which she inherited from her Irish father, and that it is always getting her into trouble. "I'm much better now," she says, "and they tell me I'm just losing under control." I suppose that you, like myself, are one of those dumb people who can never think of the right answers when the fire grows too hot. But after its ugly head. Only after we go to bed at night do we think of something very crushing that we might have said. "Oh, oh," we groan in mortification, "Why didn't I think of it then?"

Well, dear reader, that's where Irene Dunne puts one over on us. Irene always thinks of that devastating, cutting, crushing, biting remark at the scene of action—and not hours later in bed. Irene is caustic, and can draw blood with a word. Personally, as one of our most devoted widows, I envy Irene her sarcasm. I've always wanted to come off best in a conflict of temper instead of just choking a "You—You—" and bursting into tears. But Irene assures me that it isn't any fun at all. Whereas we groan all night in bed because we couldn't think of anything clever to say at the moment, Irene groans all night in bed because she didn't, and she's awfully sorry she did.

So you see, you can't win. "You have no idea," said Irene, "how it feels to know that you've cut someone to the quick. I'll never do it again, never, never!"

Irene can sham a good door and throw a good hair-brush, too, where her temper flares, but she has such a grand sense of humor that hardly have the pictures fallen off the walls and the hair brush cracked in two parts before she is dying laughing at herself. She is awfully ashamed of these little temperamental outbursts and doesn't like to talk about them—but I always say an actress without a temper isn't worth her salt. I suppose I'm not the right kind of an influence, but personally I sincerely trust that Irene keeps both her temper and her sarcasm. They're safety valves for an emotional actress. And, after all, acting, particularly when singing enters into it, isn't the easiest thing in the world.

Irene is definitely one of the Great Wonders of Hollywood. Not as good as Fred Astaire and Bill Powell, but almost. She can, and does, worry about practically everything, though you'd never know it by looking at that beautiful, serene face. Ironically enough, when Irene was at the Loretta Academy in St. Louis she organized a club the sole purpose of which was to have fun. It was strictly against the rules to worry about anything. It was called the "Miscellaneous Maids" Club and all the members limited exclusively to ten, wore little gold pins with MMC monogrammed on them.

Irene was the president and one of the few members who never had to pay a forfeit fee. Well, all I can say is that she has certainly been making up for lost time.

But, of course, Hollywood is a far cry from Loretta Academy. "But honestly," I'm told me just thinking about it, "you're not going to worry any more. It isn't worth it. Look at Show Boat. I worried myself sick over it. I knew the public wouldn't like it. But it became one of the biggest hits in all kinds of records. Yes, I decided while I was in Europe this summer that I'd never worry again. I shall laugh blithely all through 'Theodora Goes Wild.' That's the picture I'm doing now for Columbia, you know. It's different from anything I've ever done before, and it's a comedy, and I'm going to laugh and be gay and never give a thought to worry." (Entire nous again. I was at the studio the second day of production and I fear that our little Irene is worrying again.)

"Miles" and boats-that-might-sink-in-the-night frighten Irene more than anything else. She loathes speaking over the "Mike" and this fear of it has kept her away from many a première. The lurking "mike" and the uncanny young man who says, "Folks, we have with us tonight Miss Irene Dunne. Irene say a few words—" can make her jitter for days afterwards. She's the type of person who knows exactly where the life-belts are buried on a boat, how to put one on, and just what life boat she's supposed to dash to when the danger siren rings. Her father taught her all these things when she was a little girl gallivanting around with him on the Ohio river boats, and though it's an excellent thing to know

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EVERYWHERE, women are hailing new Glazo as the perfect beauty "find" for fingertips. They're thrilled with Glazo's amazing new formula—so superior to old-type polishes in its richness of lustre, its longer wear and ease of application.

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(25 cents in Canada)
it’s made Irene extremely suspicious of ocean travel.

She crossed on the Queen Mary when she went to Europe this past summer with her husband and her mother and she thought it all very beautiful and grand—but the foghorns were just as frightening as ever. One groan out of a foghorn and Irene is prepared for the worse. She admits, with the proper degree of modesty, that she is an excellent cook. She once won ten dollars at a County Fair in Indianapolis, which was the prize for making the best doughnuts, and when you can make nice flaky doughnuts, says Irene, you’ve really arrived as a culinary artist. She likes to take long walks accompanied by her police dog, Major, and she is considered one of the best golfers in the cinema colony, with the rare distinction of being a member of the hole-in-one club. She also has the rare distinction of being the only movie star in Hollywood to give a party without any furniture in the house. It seems that when she returned from Europe recently she was so eager to be in her first real home that she “moved in” before the furniture arrived from New York, and being in the mood she proceeded to have a cocktail party. (Didn’t I tip you off that she was a Party Girl?)

It’s no pose with Irene that she hates to talk about herself. She really is shy. So, naturally, when she first arrived in Hollywood the fan writers had quite a time with her, and not being able to worm out any exciting facts about her they dismissed her with the word “colorless.” Now actually, on the contrary, Irene Dunne is the most colorful actress in Hollywood. And the most gracious. And color and graciousness, in the land of the Carbos and Hepburns, rarely go hand-in-hand. It’s a treat to know Irene Dunne. As a matter of fact it’s a lot of fun.

“Let’s Talk Turkey!”

[Continued from page 19]

JELLIED FRUIT PUDDING

1 cup soft bread crumbs
2 cups cold water
1/2 cup seedless raisins
1 package Royal Pineapple Gelatine
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 cup pecans, broken in pieces
2 lbs. maraschino cherries, sliced

Add raisins to one cup water and bring to a boil. Drain and measure water. Add enough more boiling water to make 1 cup and use to dissolve gelatine. Add salt and second cup cold water. Chill until very thick but not set. Add raisins and remaining ingredients. Pour into molds and chill until firm. Serve with whipped cream. 6 portions.

APPLE SNOW PUDDING

1 pkg. Royal lemon 1/2 cup sugar
3 pkgs boiling water
1/2 cup boiling water
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup cold water
1 lbs. lemon juice
1 large tart red apple

Dissolve gelatine, sugar and salt in boiling water. Add cold water; chill until mixture begins to thicken. Grate unpeeled apple; pour on lemon juice. Add to thick gelatine; whip until frothy; add stiffly-beaten egg whites. Continue to beat until mixture holds shape. Pile in sherbet glasses or molds. Chill. Serve with whipped cream.

If you would like an all hot supper for Thanksgiving night, here is one that, by preparing all ingredients either the day before or while your Thanksgiving dinner is cooking, can be on your supper table 20 minutes after it has been put in the oven. This menu is sufficient for four persons.

There is a saying that when at a first meeting the impression is made on the heart, that impression never changes … Evening in Paris Perfume speaks the language of the heart … For Evening in Paris is known the world over as the fragrance of romance … It is the perfume masterpiece of the man who has created most of the great perfumes … a perfume as rich in moods, as enchanting to the senses, as Paris, itself, at night.
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Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

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Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Savoile Asstringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and fine lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates blemishes. Dissolves Savoile in one-half pint witch hazel.

and, while not elaborate, is tempting, filling and delightfully different.

Cook 4 large sweet potatoes in boiling water until tender. Separate a cauliflower into flowerets, cook in boiling, salted water about 15 minutes. Heat a can asparagus in its own liquid, drain, lay four or five stalks on a large slice of boiled or baked ham, roll and fasten with toothpicks. Place in center of broiler rack and brush with butter. Peel potatoes, mash, add 1 tbl. butter, dash of salt and enough orange juice to make a soft fluffy mixture. Fill cups made from 2 oranges from which the membranes have been removed and the edges of which have been flutted with a vegetable cutter. Brush with melted butter, put a piece of marshmallow on each cup and place cups on extreme inside of rack. Dip cauliflower in melted butter and place at front of rack. Wash and peel 4 large mush- room caps. Put butter in each cup, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place on broiler between ham rolls and cauliflower. Adjust rack so that orange cups are about 3 inches below heat and broil 15 minutes. When serving sprinkle cauliflower with paprika. A cheese sauce may be poured over asparagus-ham rolls if desired.

It won’t be long now before you’ll be gathered around the festive board in the traditional Thanksgiving fashion and I hope and believe that the above menus and recipes will contribute to your holiday enjoyment.

Rumors from Pictureland

WITh all the Hollywood boys marrying into society these days the poor local girls just don’t have a chance. (Joan, you’d better not let Dirck Powell out of your sight. And Carole, look out for Gable.) Hollywood had it all set for handsome Randy Scott to marry Betty Furness or Mary Brian or one of the home town girls when he ups and announces that he has been married for months to Mrs. Marion du Pont Somerville, of the Wilmington, Delaware, diarists who simply took with millions. Randy, following in the footsteps of Fred Astaire, who also married into the Social Register, refuses to say much about his wife except that he has known her since 1914, and that she loves horses, goes in for breeding them and riding them in horse shows. The new Mrs. Scott is expected in Hollywood within the month, and no need to say that Hollywood is bursting with curiosity.

ELEANOR POWELL and Frances Langford have collaborated on a song which they call "Taptation" (cute!) with Frances writing the music and Eleanor the lyrics. Outside of writing songs, and acting, and singing on the radio Frances is now busy trying to raise her weight to a hundred pounds. She’s still a long way off.

AND, of course, Hollywood was all set for Henry Fonda to re-marry Margaret Sullivan, but imagine our surprise when he announces his approaching wedding to
Mrs. George T. Brokaw of New York and Paris society. That all comes of letting him go to Europe last summer.

WHEN the studio painters arrived to "do over" Marlene Dietrich's dressing room (Marlene's due back from Europe soon) they made the startling discovery that Marlene jots down telephone numbers on her walls. Why Marlene, a big girl like you.

WITH the first day of production of "Love on the Run," Joan Crawford and Clark Gable celebrated the fifth anniversary of their first co-starring picture, "Possessed." Neither Joan nor Clark could recall off-hand how many pictures they

Olivia de Havilland was charming in the great "Dream" picture and now she has made a hit in "Anthony Adverse."

have co-starred in during the last five years. Director Van Dyke staged the party as a surprise to his two stars and provided a cake appropriately decorated with two little figures in wedding costumes. During the party the victors played over and over again "You Are My Lucky Star."

"Go-nut" is the latest expression in Hollywood where the term "pixilated" (remember the darling old ladies in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town") began its career as a national phrase. "Go-nut" was coined by Nelson Eddy, who admits being a "Go-nut" himself. According to Nelson a "Go-nut" is any person who is fond of moving or of anything that moves. The town is full of them.

Robert Taylor has a new black and white checkerboard dressing gown which you can see miles away even on a cloudy day. Probably a little something he wanted to startle Garbo with.

Virginia Bruce is wearing a new diamond ring with a diamond that big, but refuses to tell who gave it to her. Ditto Betty Furness and her new diamond wrist watch. Secrets?

There's always something new under the sun—especially the Hollywood sun. Celebrities have been "done in oil" and "done in clay," but now Eleanor Powell has decided that they should be "done in dance." In her new musical extravaganza, "Born to Dance," she will do as tap steps her impressions of several celebrities. Those to be honored are Franklin D. Roosevelt, King Edward, Joan Crawford and Mahatma Gandhi.

So Important—that First Impression

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless—bald and unattractive. Many women deplore this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard "made-up" look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the natural appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes—instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smarting and tear-proof.

You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows—it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects—a touch gently blended on the eyelids intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women around the world. Either form is only 75c at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Silver Screen for November 1936
Reviews of Pictures

(Continued from page 57) ture. Melvyn Douglas has the best part of his screen career and is a truly magnificent John Randolph. Maybe we are just incurably romantic but we do sort of wish there had been more Joan Crawford and Robert Taylor and less wrangling over politics.

A SON COMES HOME
A Drama That's Right Down to Earth—Paramount

"YOU are about to see Miss Mary Boland in her first dramatic role" was flashed on the screen at the preview of 'A Son Comes Home' before the picture started. This was definitely a warning to the audience not to laugh when Mary came on the screen. Mary, who has a comedian, turned dramatic for the nonce, has had to sit through the torturous agonies of the damned at her preview because the audience whooped and howled thinking that she was just being funny again. So the tip-off was a pretty smart idea on Paramount's part.

In her first dramatic role for the screen (but not for the stage), Mary Boland plays an angel of the water-front sort of role and her sincere and emotional portrayal of another love is nothing short of magnificent. The plot is simple: it's the story of a good woman whose sense of fair play rises above her great mother-love, and who protects an innocent boy who is accused of a crime committed by her own son.

Donald Woods is excellent as the young boy who, accused of a murder he didn't do, comes to Mary to help him in his time of need. Julie Haydon, of "The Sourdrel" fame, returns to the screen, after a long absence as Mary's helper in a water-front chowder joint, and gives another noteworthy performance. Also outstanding in the cast are Anthony Nace as the real son, Wallace Ford as a reporter, and Roger Imhof as a detective.

WIVES NEVER KNOW
A Hilarious Marital Farce—Paramount

HERE is one of the funniest and best of the Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland farce comedies and just the picture you need to chase the blues away. Supporting Charlie and Mary this time is none other than Adeleke Menjou in another of his swell low-comedy roles.

Charlie plays a devout floriculturist (what ever he gets out of his new seven petal petunia) and a model husband, and Mary is the model wife. All is sweetness and light until Mary wishes to impress Topeka society by snaring Menjou, the distinguished author of "Marriage—The Living Death!" for a dinner party.

Charlie buys a thousand copies of the book, and the publishers force Menjou to be the guest of honor at Mary's dinner. Then Menjou decides to try to out his marriage theories by inducing Charlie to go on a bing; so that his wife will be happy in having something to forgive, And he persuades Mary that she and Charlie are just two vegetables, withering at the roots, because he has never given her the chance to forgive him for anything.

So Charlie steps out both against his will, and Menjou's, and unit until—she finds out about the French actress. That takes a lot of explaining. Vivienne Osborne is grand as the French actress who loves Charlie just to make Menjou jealous. It's a most amusing picture.
dancer. I can dance a little but I'm not music in motion as she was. My fascinating American Mick of a father was a gambler and a drinker. But gambling bores me and the other field is over-crowded. I can play the piano—but no audience is going to stand up and cheer the bricks off a building for me. I can paint and I can sculpt—but not well enough to be an old master and not badly enough to be a new genius. I have everything—and nothing."

"You have a body," Skippy suggests, leaning across the table. "Who is this—the King of Spades?" pointing to one.

"A man you may pray you will never meet," Skip tells her.

"In short—a man," says Kay brightly, hopefully.

As I've remarked often enough before today, this is a scorch. Over and over they take this scene. It's a long scene and neither Kay nor Skippy is muddling a line but everything goes wrong. Nerves begin to grow taut. So, although I had hoped to have a chat with Kay when the scene is finished, I decide the best thing to do is beat it before I'm thrown out and have my chat with Kay some other time.

We go to the next stage and find the lunch room of a large department store. The picture has been variously called "Let's Pretend," "Sing Me a Love Song" and "Come Up Smiling." It features James Melton, Patricia Ellis, ZaSu Pitts and Allen Jenkins.

ZaSu and Allen are sitting at a table together. The other two chairs are tilted against the table to show they're reserved. ZaSu is opening her lunch when she happens to glance up and see Pat and Jimmie coming in at the far end.

"Yoo-hoo!" Pitts yells jumping up, and waving. "Jean! Yoo-hoo!"

Pat sees her and she and Jimmie make

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their way over.

"I saved two seats for you," Zasu informs her when she pauses at the table.

"Thanks," says Pat briefly. She starts to pull out a chair but Melton is already there to push it under her. Then he sits down opposite her.

"Oh, Mr. Hanley," Zasu smiles absenty at Jim, "this," indicating Mr. Jenkins, "is Chris."

"Chris?" Jim smiles.


"Cross?" Jim repeats. "I thought it was Chris."

"That’s right," Allen encourages him.

"Christopher Cross—commonly called Criss Cross. I was christened Cross but was crossed up at the christening and I’ve been cross-crossed ever since!"

He laughs uproariously at his own wit... the dope.

"He always says when he’s introduced," Pitty puts in helpfully.

There is much more to the scene than this and it is both amusing and dramatic, but lack of space prevents my giving you all the dialogue. I’ll just add that there are also some swell musical numbers in this show and that Melton has never been in better voice.

And so we come to the next in the app-arenently never-ending series of "Gold Dig-
gers." This is the 1937 version. It would seem "The Good Life Insurance Company" has been holding a convention in Atlantic City. Prominent speakers are Dick Powell and Lee Dixon. As it draws to a close (the convention, I mean) the two boys are being called down by the owner of the agency for their lack of interest in selling life insurance. Presently we find them on a train going back to New York. Joan Blondell, Gloria Blondell and Roz

lind Marquis (and she’s a cutie) and a bunch of other girls are on the same train. They are show-girls and their show has folded up. You know how show-girls are, especially when they haven’t a job in prospect.

Each of them nags a man. All that, is expect our Joan, who is a virgin at heart. When a group of girls go round, a bunch of the men (the drunken bums) start chasing Joan through the train. She hides into what she believes is the ladies room and slams the door. But lo and behold! There’s young Massa Powell shaving. It’s his compulsion (although why he should have a compulsion when he isn’t even a good salesman isn’t made clear), He has soap on his face and al-
though he has rinsed it, it is still in his eyes. Fumbling around for a towel he grabs the jacket of Joan’s dress and dries on that. She gives a little scream, realizing her mis-
take and Dick fo’ce opens his big blue eyes.

"Whut ah youin’ in heal, my little gal?" he asks in a fatherly sort of way.

"Some drunks were chasing me." Joan all but sobes.

"They’ll go away or pass out—or some-
ting," he comforts her. "Are you one of the show girls?"

"I was," she admits. "Show closed. Now, I’m going to get a job." She glances towards the door. "Don’t you think they’ve gone by now?"

"They’ll wait for hours," he predicts.

"Where you going to get a job?"

"That’s just it," she lamens. "I don’t know.

"That’s tough," Dick sympathizes and then—like a flash—comes an idea. "Maybe I could use a secretary, I’ve got an office upstairs in the building. How’d you like to work in an insurance agencet?"

Joan glances at the card, "Lovely work—if you can get it."

In getting late so everything even re-
sulting a hat is out of the question. I wave to Dick and Joan and even before I get their return wave, I’m next door.

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Wayne Morris and Dick Purcell discuss etiquette for "King of Hockey"

looking at Dick Purcell emote in a little number formerly called "The Shrinking Violet. The studio must have realized what a laugh that brought, because who knows Dick so they quickly changed the name to "King of Hockey."

Mr. Purcell is a star hockey player at college and hockey leaves him too because he can't find any other work. He plays for the New York Violets and George E. Stone (a gangster again, for a change) tries to get Dick to play that game so the gambling interests will have a chance to clean up. Of course, our hero refuses.

Somewhere in this Dick meets Anne Nagel and makes a play for her, but she wants no part of him. We find him in his room reading "Emily Post" in an effort to get out what's wrong with him.

"This book," his roommate (Wayne Morris) interrupts, "ain't goin' to help you, either. Knowin' which fork to eat with your ice-cream with ain't goin' to overcome the fact that dough she's got. You're just a hockey player—and broke most of the time, too. Before Dick can answer there is a knock at the door. It's a telegram for Dick. After he's signed for it, he stands reading it.

"What's the matter?" Morris asks.

"Plenty," the telegram says, "Bring her the wire to read. It's from Merton, Pennsylvania and reads:"

STORE BADLY DAMAGED BY FLOOD. KEPT SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS URGENTLY STOP HATE TO ASK YOU BUT CAN YOU SEND IT!

THOMAS MCKENNA"}

"Mckenna?" Morris philosophizes, looking up from the wire. "Ain't that the old guy you was tellin' me about that put the money for you to go to school?"

"Yeah," Dick nods impetuously. "He gave me everything. And the one time he asks me for help I can't do a thing. That's what burns me up."

"You mean," Wayne suggests sarcastically, "you ain't got five hundred dollars?"

"Have you?" Dick counters eagerly.

"Now, you're getting to the quick, "you know I ain't. Mobbie, helpfully, "we can figure out somethin'."

"Yeah? What?" Gabbly asks impatiently, sitting down and picking up a newspaper.

"Oh, I don't know," Wayne answers vaguely, "I come from a family of fiddlers. My grandfather was a witcher. He used to set on a fence and whistle an air figure and whistle and figure—"

Gabbly impatiently flips the paper open and sees this crack and what do you suppose he sees:

"GEE-GEE GALLOP AT COLUMBIA PARK TODAY"

Well, Mr. McKenna, if I know my movies and horse-races, your five hundred snackers are practically on the way to you.

If you were asked to guess, wouldn't you guess that this was certainly enough for

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And now I'm thinner now. A friendly voice told me that I was beautiful."

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Even if you never seem to "gain weight", thousands have put on pounds with that attractive flesh with these new, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets—just after several weeks. Not only has this new discovery brought normally good-looking women thousands of pounds. A friend of mine, who is normally clear skin, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, has been a success. Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and ruddy-faced for the simple reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and Iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building, digestion-strengthening Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other important ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "ironized" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. They are made daily, and for the healthy, strong, and shining little figure round our natural atmosphere—constituents and inorganic substances. A beauty aid, too. It is vital for skin and health, and has been used for centuries. So you see, you're being helped in many ways.

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To start you building up your body right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at the drug store and be sure to ask for the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a "fanciful" new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with this very first package—may vary. At all drugstores, Ironized Yeast Company, Inc., Dept. 211, Atlanta, Ga.
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Mary Wilson gives the authoritative answers to these and other questions in an illustrated booklet.

"FROSTILLA"

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Here is the box front—we send me copy of Mary Wilson's book on hands.

this lot? Sure you would. I did, too. But, not Mr. Bernie Williams who is touring the lot with me, grabs me by the arm as I head for the gate and, very dramatically, says, "Wait! You ain't through yet. I haven't seen 'God's Country and the Women.'"

I start to give him an argument because I'm too tired to be interested in either one of them. So I just let him drag me where he lists. It turns out to be a rough shack in a north woods lumber camp. It isn't even the mess shack because there's no stove and not enough tables. It doesn't look like the bunkhouse either. There are no bunks. Maybe it's the club room.

At any rate, Beverly Roberts in a white wrapshirt and a brown suede skirt and boots that come up to her knees is addressing one of the toughest looking bunch of men I ever saw.

"That's all," she says, hard and resolute. "I've held nothing back. Nothing! Because I felt you had a right to know. I've been a blind, stupid fool to ever think I was in love with Mr. (It's Mr. George Brent of whom she's speaking). But that's all over now! We'll have a fight on our hands—but a good logger never turned down a fight when he had you with me!"

"Yay!" roar the men.

"That's fine!" Bev roars back, "This scrap isn't going to be pretty—and if there's any one of you who'd like to do out, it's coming at the right time." There is a roar of protest from the men. They are sparring for a fight. The script says so Beverly smiles. "Get going now and we'll show that chinked-up Russett (Mr. Brent, again) what a log drive really means.

"As the men turn away," the script continues, "excited and talking—WE FADE OUT."

And I fade to—

Paramount

GUESS I'm due to take another licking over here. There's just too much doing in the studios. The first film I visit on this lot is "The Plainsman"—the C. B. deMille yarn starring Gary Cooper. This has to do with Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok. Gary is Hickok.

The scene is Buffalo Bill Cody's cabin. Jimmie Ellison plays Cody. Mrs. Cody (Helen Burgess, or "the big bouncy leg") and Gary are standing at the table. The door opens and Jimmie and Jean Arthur (who plays Colomty) enter. Jimmie doesn't welcome her to the place. Gary's packed-deer-skin saddle bags beside the door and crosses quickly to Cooper.

"Bill, did you learn to shoot so much?" she asks.

"I'm all right," he says curtly.

"I couldn't come till it got dark," she explains. "cause I was scared they'd be watching me." She pauses a moment beside Helen, glancing defiantly at the three. "I know you don't want to see me. But," turning to Gary. "I got to tell you something. Bill, Custer's ordered you brought in dead or alive. The troopers have combed over every hidin' place by the river. They'll be out this spring.

"He's goin' back to find Lattimer," El-lison says bitterly.


"Nobody knows," says Jean.

"I'll have him," says Gary. "Yes, Bill, of course you will." Jean says, as she kneels beside him and gently forces him back into his chair. "Some day you're bound to but don't try to find his trail now. Just try to save yourself from Custer's men. No tellin' what they'll do to you."

"I'll call your attention once more to the heat of the day and they have a wood fire in the stove in the cabin. This wood's going to make an awful noise cracking. Jean warms them, and adds, "Sounds good, though."

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THINK about it! Don't you know what it means to have a hairdresser say, "I've never seen a hair so nice before, and I've seen thousands."
“Smells good, too,” Gary decides, taking a tentative sniff.

I notice, when the scene is finished, that Gary’s left hand is bandaged. “What’s the matter with your hand?” I ask in mock solicitude.

“Oh, I hurt it,” he says. “I’m always hurting it in pictures. And curiously enough,” he grins, “it’s always the left one I hurt.”

“Well,” I say as I rise, “I gotta be going.”

“What for?” Gary demands. “Why don’t you sit around and rest? We’re all resting.”

Anyone who knows Gary would never argue that point with him so I just smile—rather waggishly—and amble over to the next stage.

Here we have “Champagne Waltz” with Fred MacMurray and Gladys Swarthout, to say nothing of Jack Oakie and Herman Bing.

Miss Swarthout isn’t working today but MacMurray is, with the California Collegian orchestra. Fred used to work in this orchestra before he got a break in pictures. So when he found they were going to need a band in this picture he insisted that they hire this one. And, more, he invited a couple of the boys to share his dressing room with him. He plays the orchestra leader.

The script isn’t finished, of course, so I can’t tell you what it’s about but the set is the interior of “The Jazz Palace,” where Fred and his boys hold forth nightly. Next door is The Waltz Palace where Gladys sings. She sponsors Wagner.

There never was a more modernistic setting in New York than The Jazz Palace, even though this one is in Vienna, gay Vienna. Everything is chromium striped and fascinating modernistic squares.

Fred and the orchestra are doing one of those impromptu or, rather, informal numbers. The orchestra plays and suddenly they go very piano (soft). Fred points his baton at the bass viol, “When is a dog’s tail not a dog’s tail?” he asks.

“When it’s a waggin’,” says the bass viol and then there is a loud noise from the orchestra. Presently they piano again.

Fred points at the first violin. “When is a door not a door?”

“When it’s ajar,” answers the violinist and another blast from the orchestra.

Fred points to Benny Baker. “When is a straw hat not a straw hat?”

But dammit, I can’t read my notes and you’ll have to see the picture to find that one out.

“That’s very good,” says Mac, “you’ll go far. Now, all together, do your best. This is a good one, your final test. When is a seal not a seal?”

“When it’s broken,” yells the chorus and there are a series of “awks” like the noise seals make and three or four of the boys flop around on their bellies in such a perfect imitation of seals I think they should be in vaudeville—if there is any vaudeville.

Velor & Yolanda, those swell dancers, finally get a break in this picture.

On the way out I stop to say hello to Jack Oakie. “Aren’t you working in this?” I inquire politely.

“Naw,” he says with that formality for which he’s distinguished. “I’m Bing and me don’t do this comedy stuff. We do the ‘Knock knock’ routine.”

“What’s that?” I persist.

“Come on, Herman;” Oakie calls, “Show him.”

So Jack says “Knock, knock.”

---

**The EYES that had to have “IT”!**

**Screen Test.**

Just another Pretty face... No glamour... Cut!

Oh Wendy! I’m miserable. I’ve failed... Not yet dear, let me tell you a secret...

And now to blend the mascara with eye shadow... It’s WINX it won’t smart.

Wendy, I’m almost afraid to believe it... such an improvement!

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"Whooos dere?" inquires Herman.
"Anna," says Mr. Oakie.
"Anna who?" says Mr. Bing.
"Anna gonna rain no more," sings Jack.
Knock, knock.
"Whooos dere?"
"Irma," says Jack.
"Irma who?" Bing wants to know.
"Irma gonna have trouble with you?" asks Jack.
Well, ma' dear, I simply fly. I can't stand puns and when Billy Bakewell went to New York I thought I'd heard my last one.

The last picture on this lot is shooting right out in the open before God and everybody. Right there on the street. It's called "The Turning Point" and it must have something to do with prison because there are a thousand men in prison uniform laughing about. Presently the gate opens and a car drives in. "Boo! Boo! Boo!" yells the prisoners as Paul Kelly and a few other men get out. Paul addresses them but I can't hear what he says.

"Hey, youse guys," hollers the assistant when the scene is finished, "we'll do it again and don't make those 'boos' so long drawn out. Make them more staccato. Now!"

So they take the scene again and this time there are several short, sharp boos and to an unintended, such as I, it sounds like nothing in the world so much as a certain crooner's "Boo, boo, boo."

I mention something of this and my guide snaps me off.

"Enough," I scream. "I've been insulted today from one end of Hollywood to another. I'm going home and I'm not appreciating."

"Where?" demands my guide skeptically.

"I don't know yet," I answer with more truth than sense, "but I think it's--"

M-G-M

OUT here I find plenty of appreciation (flair) but only one company. It's "Li-belled Lady" with Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy, William Powell and Jean Harlow. Four finer actors you couldn't find. Take a bow, Jean. I've been telling you for years about Spencer and just wait until you see Myrna in "To Mary With Love." (Take a bow, Myrna. Take a bow, 20th Century-Fox.)

This picture is just starting. I suspect Jean and Spencer are in love but for some reason, aside from the practice of the peace, she has just married Willie Powell. She's standing by the door with Spencer close by.

"Well," says Jean to Spencer, "aren't you going to kiss me?"

"Oh, sure," says Spencer. "Sure." So he kisses her on the cheek and Jean gives out one of those rapturous sighs and sort of pushes her cheek up against his mouth. Finally he draws away a minute but you can imagine Jean's not hard to take so he puts his mouth back again and Jean must like it because she closes her eyes and puts her cheek back, too. It's all just a little embarrassing to Spencer Charters (the justice of the peace).

"An old friend of the family," Willie explains to Mr. Charters. But then Jean goes back for still more, so Mr. P finds it necessary to emphasize his explanation. "A very old friend, he qualifies agreeably. "Oh, er," holding on to her, Jean snatches the bag out of his hand, her eyes blazing.

"Well, Mr. Charters well's, "I hope you'll invite my sister to the wedding."
"I'll have to be within the next six weeks, Jean snaps.

They all force a laugh and there is a chorus of "goodbye" and Spencer is shaking hands with me.

You--" he begins and if my mother hears her on the check she'd never let me go out with him again.

PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA gives your eyes the natural-looking beauty that stirs men!

Here's the way to frame your eyes with long, heavy, lustrous eyelashes—to give them natural-looking beauty without a hint of an artificial "loupe look!" Use Pinaud's Six-Twelve Creamy mascara—the mascara in a convenient tube! Its creaminess does away with brittleness and matting, too. It won't run or smudge. Comes in Black, brown, blue and green.

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actual experience. Often too, someone makes a crack and has to be taken down.”

“Like a certain leading man?” teased Joan. “He started to tell Glenda a naughty story where he knew her eyes would be open and she looked at him as if he were a fool. For once she couldn’t think of words fast enough so she took a swing at him. She was right. He apologized profusely and meant it, too, but she never forgave him.”

“We can take care of ourselves,” said Glenda, “for we learn a little of everything in this business. We have a long list of ‘can do.’ We’ve learned some fancy wrestling holds, how to handle fire axes, to speak Russian in Boris’ lingo, how to drive a truck, to mix and spread cement, navigate a power boat, the elemental rules of flying, the chorus girls’ dance routines. Once, Joan had to learn the knack of falling down a long flight of stairs without hurting herself, and I was sent to prison and had to learn the convict’s frantic feet!”

“Don’t forget the arts and wiles of the secretarial job,” reminded Joan, “We both played many seductive secretaries. ‘Take it from us, a screen career is a liberal education.”

“You can’t go stale before the camera,” she continued, “You must always keep your mind open to the lighter touches for comedy can never be forced.”

Here’s a swift glimpse of those two loveable hosta cuts of the screen whose bubbling merriment never fails to delight a million film fans!

Stars or Stooges

[Continued from page 23]

has always had the good sense to employ the most expert advice which was available, and to follow it. Mary Pickford’s favorite cameraman was the chap who knew her worst camera angle and who would sing out, “Don’t give me the little monkey-face, Mary!” when he glimpsed it through his lens.

The successful ones are smart enough to be ‘dummies’! Clever enough to let the expert worry over them.

Sometimes this is difficult for people who have enjoyed success upon the stage, people who think they have learned how to do the job who have petted and fostered stage technique. The first week’s shooting with Luise Rainer was a series of temperamental blow-ups, protests and scenes. Luise thought that these people were trying to re-model her, to turn her into something artificial.

Days of patient persuasion convinced her that they were merely trying to emphasize, upon the screen, the peculiar and valuable qualities which only Rainer possessed. Once she was convinced of that fact, Luise became the most tractable star you could imagine.

“They are only trying to make me be the real me—on the screen,” she said, wonderingly.

Luise had learned to be a “dummy” to her own profit.

Sometimes the stars’ very defects are turned into assets by the experts. You have all admired Boris Karloff’s cultivated voice and diction. Did you know that Boris had an impediment in his speech and that constant coaching and scene training were probably responsible for that meticulous delivery? Critics have mentioned Norma Shearer’s carriage as being the most interesting of that of any woman in pictures. Did you know that Norma was inclined to be a little—er—low-logged, and that her study (with the advice of experts) to overcome that slight defect has resulted in her having one of the most interesting walks of all the feminine stars?

Kay Francis says: “I am too tall and thin. I have an inclination to frown and wrinkle my forehead. There are things about my mouth which are wrong, photographically. I don’t even know exactly what they are! I only know that make-up men, cameramen, directors, producers, and electricians are trying their best and experimenting to overcome these defects for me. With my half understanding how these things were accomplished. If you like the way I look, I am very grateful to the screen, these people must have the credit!”

Kay has learned how to be a clever “dummy.”

Sometimes the experts have to be shown. Bette Davis was merely a pretty ingenue for a long while. Lots of people really didn’t think that she was even very pretty! She wore such very heavy make-up on her eyes in the effort, one gathers, to be “exotic.”

When Leslie Howard insisted upon having her for his leading woman in “Of Human Bondage,” and when they made her up to suit the role she was to portray, something in Bette was released. Then she showed us what she could do.

When I first met Bill Powell, he told me that he thought he was nearly finished in pictures.

“They have given me a droopy mustache and correspondingly droopy eye-lids for years,” he protested. “You can’t go on being so droopy, so slimy, forever!”

Just about then, talking pictures made their debut and it was discovered that Bill Powell could talk. The experts removed all the droops and gave him lines to say—and you know the results. But Bill, showman that he is, was assigned to the opinions of the experts then. I’ll wager that he would be the first to tell you that experts are responsible for a great part of his success today.

Your successful star is your intelligent “dummy.”

Cute little Virginia Weidler with her sweater of bright wool for the first cool days.

Two Blonde Menaces

[Continued from page 28]
The Final Fling

Fred Astaire

Fred Astaire, after romping about in England with his sister, Adele (Lady Cavendish), returned to New York and found "Swing Time" playing at the monster Music Hall. Fred doesn't know how good he is on the screen nor how much people like him. He thought he would go and see the picture, so alone and unrecognized, he bought a ticket and saw himself as "as others see him."

He was pleased to hear the audience expressing their enjoyment. When one of his dance numbers ended the folks around him clapped and clucked and seemed to like it so much that Fred couldn't help liking them, too. He felt that if they wanted him in pictures they could darn well have him. So he left the theatre, dashed to his hotel and then to the flying field and the next day he was in Hollywood ready to make "Stepping Toes."

That's Fred all over, always ready to do his stuff ever since he was a boy in vineyard, and it shows on the screen, too.

* * *

We always feel unhappy when we come to the end of a book we like. It is welcome news if we learn that the story is to be put on the screen, "Once With the Wind," a best seller, has been purchased by David O. Selznick for the screen. Already he has refused offers of $50,000 more than the $65,000 that he paid. Margaret Mitchell, a young and very charming Southern woman, has written this fine book and Atlanta, Ga., may well be proud of her. George Cukor, master director, will make the picture. Can you guess who will play Scarlett O'Hara?
IT'S wonderful," says Loretta Young, "how you can use all the cosmetics you wish, yet keep your complexion exquisite with Lux Toilet Soap."

It's when stale rouge and powder choke the pores that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap guards against this risk. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, carries away every trace of dust, dirt and stale cosmetics.

When 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap to keep skin lovely, you can be sure it's the right complexion care for you. Why don't you try it?
A Tribute to Football
by Grantland Rice

Blocking backs and interference -
Fifty thousand wild adherents -
Tackle thrusts and headlong clashes,
Two yard bucks and dizzy dashes,
Head and shoulder, heart and soul,
Till you fall across the goal.

And another all-star eleven -
THEY SATISFY

© 1936, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
She always came with Brother

Poor thing . . . for years Ellen had been coming to parties with an irritated and unwilling brother . . . simply because no other man would take her! And yet, when she came out of college, everybody said that with such prettiness and charm she'd be married before she knew it. But the whispered story of her trouble went the rounds, as it always does, simply because no other man—without their even realizing its presence.

* * *

No Laughing Matter

People no longer laugh about halitosis. Research has established this offensive condition as being so real, such an everyday threat, that only the ignorant and careless fail to take precautions against it. The fastidious, realizing it is the fault unforgivable, are continually on guard.

A Notable Deodorant

There has always been one safe product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine, here is what happens:

Four Benefits

(1). Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
(2). Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.
(3). Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
(4). The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
162 brushings in the 40¢ tube
She's back (and will you ever forget her in "Broadway Melody of 1936") in the Biggest Musical Show of this Year...M-G-M's dazzling successor to "Great Ziegfeld"...brim-full of brilliant scenes, thrilling dances, gorgeous girls, and stars—stars—STARS! The Cole Porter songs are swell ("Easy to Love", "I've Got You Under My Skin", "Swingin' The Jinx Away", "Hey, Babe, Hey", and lots more).

BORN TO DANCE

Starring ELEANOR POWELL

with JAMES STEWART, VIRGINIA BRUCE, UNA MERKEL, SID SILVERS, FRANCES LANGFORD, RAYMOND WALBURN, ALAN DINEHART, BUDDY EBSEN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by Roy Del Ruth
The Opening Chorus

Dear Boss:

Now really I don't know why I, the most fabulous bidder of my time, should suddenly see the light and go dashing about Hollywood with white banners of truth swishing from the inverted flower-pot which someone with a sense of humor sold me for a hat. I who could tell whooper's bigger than a whale could swallow. Maybe I'm just "in a phase" as we are constantly saying about Joan Crawford, but if I am in a phase I must say that there are a lot of movie stars in the same phase with me. Poor dears, they are so tired of being glamorous and vaporized and made to appear in print as somebody they aren't at all. They consider their real selves far more interesting than their reel selves, and they're right. Yes, indeed, I'm all for more and more movie stars coming out in the open and saying "I chew my fingernails, so what?"

One of the little pupils who gets a nice fat A in my debunking class is Janet Gaynor. Janet is pretty darning sick of playing ingenue Cinderella roles, and being publicized as a sweet bit of fluff, a gaga child of whimsy, and a darling little demented nincompoop. As a matter of fact, Janet isn't that innocent, or, if you will, sentimental. She's a very determined young woman with a temper—and she's no birdbrain. It was no fault of hers she became the leading Whimsy-Princess of the screen, and now that she is through with her Fox contract and free lancing you'll be seeing the real Gavorn for a change. You probably never suspected it but Janet is really one of the best comedians of Hollywood—she caught a whiff of it in "Small Town Girl" and "Ladies in Love." But just wait, she'll out-compete Lombard and Patry Kelly any minute now.

Another gal who belies her publicity is Jean Harlow. According to her pictures and her stories Jean would think nothing of jumping on a table at the nearest party and doing a Gypsy Rose Lee (a strip dancer to those of you who have led a sheltered life)—though, of course, she was only doing it because her heart was breaking over Spencer Tracy or Clark Gable or what have you on the Metro lot. Jean, I suppose, is one of the least seen about town girls in Hollywood. You can't step out of your door without stumbling over Jeanette MacDouall, or Irene Dumke, or Barbara Stanwyck, but it's Jean, not they, who gets the tip for being a party girl. Jean lives in a small house, saves her money, fusses over her cat, and worries over her mother's health which has been bad lately.

And so farewell to Whimsy-Pooh-Gaynor and Hot Cha Harlow. And when it's truth you want come to—
"You're Telling Me?"

To Win A Signed, Framed And Inscribed Photograph, Write A Fan Letter.

Pat O'Brien and Ann Sheridan work together for "The Great O'Malley."

Dick Powell’s photo, won by Ann Aquina.

Ginger Rogers' photo, won by Mary Louise Meyer.

All the lady fans can have their Gables, Howard's, Powells, and yes, even their Taylors, but if I had my choice I would take Henry Fonda and be more than satisfied. He's a star who can act, but acts natural, and on top of that he's one of the handsomest men on the screen," writes Sylvia Lewis of Rockdale Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Tut, tut. He's married now!

Shipley W. Rickers of Monument St., West Medford, Mass., writes: "Here's to William Powell, from a constant admirer of his fine characteristics. In screen comedy I have watched with interest his stroke portrayal of emotions none the less deep in that they are so carefully held in check. I should be proud to name him my friend."

Among his friends he is known as the wittiest star.

"An actress that has everything—looks and the ability to act. That's Barbara Stanwyck. She is really one of the most talented actresses I've ever seen. Her acting is true and sincere," writes Elsie Ranta of 6th Avenue, Hibbon, Minn. "I just saw her in 'His Brother's Wife' and I would like to see her in it over and over again.

"An actress that has everything—looks and the ability to act. That's Barbara Stanwyck. She is really one of the most talented actresses I've ever seen. Her acting is true and sincere," writes Elsie Ranta of 6th Avenue, Hibbon, Minn. "I just saw her in 'His Brother's Wife' and I would like to see her in it over and over again.

I'm urging my friends to see it. I would cherish a picture of her."

A boost for Babs.

"What a man Mr. Eddy is and what a voice," writes Jane Bieth of Locust St., Buffalo, N. Y. "If this doesn't win me a picture, I don't know what will. From the bottom of my heart I say he is marvelous."

He is Philadelphia's gift to the movies.

"French accent, charming personality, excellent acting! Who else could it be but France's gift to Hollywood—Charles Boyer? He is really handsome, but I became his ardent admirer because of his first-rate acting," writes Jean Holan of Nicholas St., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"Live le Boyer."

"Charm and magnificence all is I can think of when looking at that swell, real actor—Henry Fonda," writes Ellenmann Estep of Wisconsin Ave, Peoria, Ill. "After trying for a long time to choose my favorite actor, I have at last discovered him to be none other than Henry Fonda."

You grow fonder and fonder.

"William Powell is my favorite movie actor," writes Priscilla Cox of Kensington Pl., Syracuse, N. Y. "The first picture I saw him in was 'This Thin Man—it was very good. I like him because he has such a pleasing personality. He always makes everybody like him."

"Be sure and see "Liede Lady."

"To Bing Crosby's 'Rhythm on the Range' I say, Congratulations, Bing, on a fine piece of work." writes Jane Cale of Monroe St., Paducah, Ky. "I have always been one of his fans and I know this picture brought him many more."

He puts the rhythm in romance.

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after Dec. 7, 1936

Editor,
"You're Telling Me!

Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is

Address

City State

Send for Ten Day Free Trial Offer!

Perfolastic, Inc.
Dept. 7312, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Braisiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name

Address

City State

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

Send for Ten Day Free Trial Offer!

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Name

Address

City State

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in August have been notified by mail.

Silver Screen
With Frank (Mutiny on the Bounty) Lloyd as producer-director, with your favorites, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, in the lead roles, Paramount's "Maid of Salem" sweeps before the cameras. Here are the first glimpses of this mighty picture of a love which braved the blazing fury of Colonial New England's witchcraft persecutions.

Claudette Colbert as Barbara Clarke, the little "Maid of Salem"

A group of Salem lads doing a little tippling, Colonial style

One of the Salem gentry who has talked back to the law gets a day in the stocks
THIS is the season for dates and dancing and doing the town in the Grand Man- ner! So we’re going to give you our very best advice as to how to prepare for a gala evening. Here’s what we consider the proper procedure.

Cleanse your face and neck with your favorite cleansing cream, and don’t be afraid to use soap and water if it is part of your regular beauty regime. If you use an all-purpose cream, like Primrose House “Delv,” make a second application and leave it on. If your cosmetic supply includes a special lubricating cream, smooth a little of this over your face and neck instead. Teeth brushed! All right, now you’re ready for your bath or shower.

A perfumed bath is grand to relax tired nerves and raise your spirits. Better still is a bubbling foam bath like Helena Rubinstein’s new Pasteurized Milk Bath. Dusting with bath powder or a rub-down with eau de Cologne is luxurious and refreshing, but be sure the fragrance doesn’t clash with the perfume you apply later.

If your coiffure runs to curls in the modern mode, they’ll probably need some repairs. Have you discovered Pro-Curler? It’s a dandy little gadget that will make soft, natural-looking curls easily and quickly. They can be held in place as long as you wish with bobby pins that are visible. Actually, you can start from scratch and make all your own curls with a Pro-Curler. And it’s fun to use!

Now for the all-important make-up. While you’ve been bathing, the cream you left on your face has eased out fatigue lines and softened your skin so it’s prepared for whatever make-up is best to give you a flattering, natural-looking and lasting complexion that will stay with you, whatever amusement the evening may hold.

Your evening make-up must be last- ing, so that you’ll be confident you look your best without resorting to your vanity every little while. No make-up will stand too much repairing. The first essential for lasting make-up is a good foundation. Cream rouge is the most dependable for the “long pull.” However, we realize it’s hard to apply unless you know the rules. Your face should be covered with a foundation, not a liquid powder. Pat the cream rouge gently in little dabs over the cheek-bone area, then smooth it carefully up and out. Here’s a trick to keep you from looking fatigued toward the end of the evening. Bring your cream rouge right up to the edge of the lower eyelid and smooth it well over the outer half toward your temple. This prevents dark circles or that too-white-around-the-eyes look from stamping you as a girl who ought to be home in bed when the party is still going strong. The effect is one of warmth and vitality.

Powdery is applied after cream rouge, and the same goes for liquid powder or any finishing lotion that leaves a powdery film on the skin. Do a thorough job of powdering, and then as little repairing as possible as the evening wears on. Pat your powder generously on your forehead, nose, chin and cheeks. Then blend it gently over every exposed surface—except your eyelids, using your fingertips in the crevices. Whisk off the excess with a powder brush. Now a touch of compact rouge if you want added brightness.

We’re against powdering arms and the rest of your decolletage as gross injustice to your arms. So if you wish to extend your evening make-up below the chin-line, use a liquid powder or finishing lotion that won’t rub off. Max Factor’s Make-Up Blender is excellent to bring the beauty of your neck, arms, back and even hands into harmony with your face, and it won’t rub off.

To make your lipstick doubly adherent and non-transferable, try this little trick. After your lips are thoroughly rouged, place a folded cleansing tissue between them. Hold it firmly with your lips and press it against each one. The excess comes off in the imprint and what remains will stay where you put it.

Personally, we’re addicted to the new Tattoo lipstick because it is wonderfully lasting yet moist enough to keep your lips soft and unchapped. And the shades are inscrutable.

Last, but far from least, are your eyes. Brush any stray powder off your brows and lashes with your eyelash brush. If you use eyeshadow, and it does have a way of adding to the depth and brightness of your eyes, apply it from the middle of the eyelid and edge of the lid up toward the brow and out toward the temple.

Cladette Colbert’s slim beauty is suited to gowns of distinction.

By Mary Lee
Winner of the Laugh Sweepstakes!

Thanks to the inspired "Oiwin" of that bewildered young man, Frank McHugh, "THREE MEN ON A HORSE" is both the picture of the month and the farce of the year! Take our tip and be in the grandstand when it romps into town!

"Oiwin" had two great passions—poems and ponies. But when his tearful bride faced him with a notebook filled with strange feminine names and numbers, "Oiwin" became an "also ran!"

"Oiwin, you're the first guy to really prove that man's best friend is the horse."

"It's the horse that deserves the credit—all I did was pick him—he had to go to the trouble of running."

When his wife found out that the names in the notebook weren't pretties but ponies—all was forgiven—and "Oiwin" forgot about races and went back to rhymes. It's the big cheek-to-cheek finish of the Laugh Sweepstakes of the year!

"Three Men On a Horse," the sensational stage success is in its second big year on Broadway and still going strong! The greatest comedy hit in 10 years played by 6 companies in 4 countries to capacity crowds!

"Three Men On a Horse," the sensational stage success is in its second big year on Broadway and still going strong! The greatest comedy hit in 10 years played by 6 companies in 4 countries to capacity crowds!
Mae West puts a punch in her picture, "Go West, Young Man." Warren William is on the receiving end.

ADVENTURE IN MANHATTAN—Good. Joel McCrea and Jean Arthur make a pleasant team in this story concerning a famous jewel that is missing, with Joel as a screwy reporter and Jean an actress, both of whom get mixed up in its recovery. It's light and amusing.

AS YOU LIKE IT—Interesting. From England comes a screen version of Shakespeare's famous comedy. With Joseph Wright is a musical number by Franz Waxman, which is a hit. A good yarn.

CAIN AND MABEL—Fine. All about a woman who is married to a Broadway usher and finds herself mixed up in a love affair, organized for purely publicistic reasons, by Clark Gable, a picaresque. How these two manage to get over their pretty obvious airs of one another furnishes the nucleus of a spightly story. (Allen Jenkins, Roscoe Karns, Ruth Donnelly.)

CRAG'S WIFE—Excellent. This may not be the best type of film fare, but it is recommended to all those who take life seriously and like it depicted sincerely and honestly on the screen. The story deals with a wife whose home becomes an obsession to her—of more importance than the husband who loves her. The cast includes Rosalind Russell, John Boles and Billie Burke.

DANIEL BOONE—Fair. A picture based on the life of the frontiersman. It has some effective scenes of cross-country treks but, for the adults, little else to recommend it. Children, however, will enjoy the fighting, the Indians, and the performance of the ever-popular George O'Brien.

DEVIL ON HORSEBACK, THE—Fair. A story of the South American jungle, produced in color, and with Lili Damita, Fredric March and Del Monte in the title. There is a pleasing blend of music, melodrama and romance and it will do nicely on a dull fall.

15 MAIDEN LANE—Good. This concerns those old maidens—the jewel thieves—once again, but it is cleverly produced and has a nice share of comedy, drama, thrills, etc., to make it seem quite new. The excellent cast includes Claire Trevor, Cesar Romero, Lloyd Nolan, Robert McWade.

GAY DESPERADO, THE—Fine. An hilariously funny comedy with music, featuring the celebrated concert and opera singer, Yma Sumac, and Leo Carrillo as a couple of gay Mexican bandits. There's plenty of action, color and romance, the latter supplied by pretty Jayne Lupino.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED—Fair. Zane Grey is responsible for the plot which we need not go into here, inasmuch as you probably know it all by heart. However, the settings in the Northwest mountains are beautiful, gigantic and awe-inspiring, and do their level best to make up for the familiar story structure. (Alan Dinehart, Robert Kent, Rosalind Keith.)

MAGNIFICENT BRUTE, THE—Good. A field day for Victor McLaglen who once again plays a big two-fisted guy whose rowdy rivalry with the boastful mill boss furnishes most of the plot. The film makes an impressive background and atmosphere of the milltown is very effective. (Ian) (Jean Dixon, Binnie Barnes, Henry Armetta.)

MAN WHO LIVED TWICE—Good. A study in criminal psychology, with special emphasis laid on the idea that criminalism is sometimes effective, to rid a criminal of all tendency toward crime. It is dramatic and exciting as worked out here. (Ralph Bellamy, Isabel Jewell, Marian Marsh.)

MY MAN GODFREY—Fine. One of those delicious farces which if taken in the right mood will amuse you to no end. But be sure you're in the proper devil-may-care mood. The plot concerns a group of screwy socialites, one of whom, during a treasure hunt, brings a bomb—played to the hilt by William Powell—into the house. The fine cast boasts, Carole Lombard, Alice Brady and Gail Patrick.

NINE DAYS A QUEEN—Fine. One of the better English films. The story, concerning the unhappy Lady Jane Grey who married the Duke of England for nine brief days, will capture your emotions completely. The period is the 16th Century and the production is technically and artis-}

TIPS ON PICTURES

Brief Reviews to Insure Happy Evenings.
New York's glorious prize play becomes the year's prize picture

(We nominate "Winterset" for the Best Picture of 1936)

Like a thunderbolt of naked light, "Winterset" struck Broadway! Youth's impassioned cry for love, rising out of a great city's sound and fury!...Crowded audiences sat enthralled by its swift, burning drama. For months, they warmed their hearts in its deep-glowing romance..."Winterset" won the Critics' Award as the best play produced in New York last season. Now, with the three exciting stars who made it a stage sensation, it tears at your heart on the screen.

"Winterset"

Maxwell Anderson's Famous Play with
BURGESS MEREDITH
MARGO
EDUARDO CIANNELEI
in the roles they created on the stage
John Carradine - Edward Ellis
Directed by Alfred Santell
AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE
A Pandro S. Berman Production

BURGESS MEREDITH...brilliant young actor who scored a triumph as "Mio," sworn to avenge his martyred father.

MARGO...who captured New York's heart as "Miriamne," the girl who fled to Mio's arms from a world of hate and danger.

EDUARDO CIANNELEI...unforgettable as the assassin whom Mio hunted down. Cold, savage killer, he could not kill love.

for December 1936
HOLIDAY MEALS
THAT BUSY WOMEN CAN PREPARE

IT’S Christmas again, probably the most important and busiest of all the holidays, a season doubly hard on the busy housewife and the career women with meals to prepare. For such women everywhere the following “Christmas Special” has been carefully worked out. Close adherence to these menus and recipes will enable you to feed your family and your guests well, and yet allow you time out for pleasure and happy hours around a glowing fire or a brightly lighted tree. Excepting the meat course, which once in the oven requires only an occasional “look-see” these meals can be made ready for your table in as little as 30 minutes.

First, there is breakfast, a meal that can be a “thing of beauty and a joy forever” with very little effort. Here are three menus that may be varied to suit individual tastes.

Menu 1
Half a grapefruit
Scrambled brains and eggs
Hot Bisquick Biscuits
Coffee
Milk
Marmalade

Menu 2
Kellogg Corn Flakes with sliced bananas
Spanish omelette
Buttered toast
Preserves
Coffee
Milk

Menu 3
Steamed prunes
Broiled sweetbreads on toast
Toasted English muffins
Ginger marmalade
Coffee
Milk

SCRAMBLED EGGS AND BRAINS
Prepare the brains the night before. Wash and skin them under cold water and place in refrigerator until ready to use. Scramble brains, adding beaten eggs (3 to 4 eggs per set of brains) when they are thoroughly done. Cook until eggs are also scrambled.

SPANISH OMELETTE
Make a plain omelette by beating egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add a tablespoon milk to each egg used and salt and pepper to taste. Beat whites until stiff and dry and fold into first mixture. Pour into hot, greased omelette or frying pan. Cook until underside is rich brown. Place in a moderate oven (350°F) until top is dry and firm. Loosen from pan with spatula and turn onto platter. The following sauce is poured over omelette.

Sauce
Fry chopped onions in a saucepan until tender. Add can of Del Monte Tomato Sauce, chopped celery and green peppers and cook slowly for about 15 minutes.

BROILED SWEETBREADS
Sweetbreads may also be prepared the night before. Soak them about 25 minutes, longer if you have time. In enough water to cover. Cook in boiling water to which salt and 1 tablespoon vinegar has been added, for 20 minutes. Drain, plunge into cold water. Dry and separate tubes and membranes from meat. Split lengthwise. Next morning sprinkle with salt and pepper and broil in butter slowly for 20 minutes. Serve on toast with strips of crisp bacon.

Next let us consider our gala Christmas spread. Keep your decorations simple and in the Christmas spirit. The emotions which recur with the coming of Christmas belong to the whole world and to all time: it is not a
National feast of the season like Thanksgiving.

CHRISTMAS DINNER MENU
Oyster cocktail
Crackers, Mock turtle soup
Roast turkey with dressing
Baked cranberry sauce
Canned French peas
Candied yams
Boiled cauliflower—Drawn butter
Celery, Olives
Mince pie with grated cheese
Black coffee

A nice substitute, and an unusual one, for the proverbial bird is a hangover or saddle of venison. Buy it a day or two before Christmas and wipe it off each day with vinegar. On Christmas morning wash it with warm, then with cold, water. Wipe perfectly dry, encase in a stiff paste of flour and water and wrap this in 2 layers of stiff white wrapping paper. Fill dripping pan ¼ full of hot water. Boil often with this, adding hot water if it evaporates too fast. Keep paper from scorching by baking and you need not fear for meat. Three quarters of an hour before dinner take from pan, remove paper, test with fork to make sure it is done; return to oven rubbed well with butter and as this is absorbed dress with flour. Repeat baste three or four times while meat is browning. This will form a fine glaze. For gravy, stir into dripping pan, after meat is removed, a little brown flour for thickening, a tsp. of walnut catsup, a great spoonful of currant jelly and juice of ½ a lemon. Garnish venison with alternate slices of lemon and pickled beet root laid on edge of dish. Currant or grape jelly belong to venison as cranberries do to turkey.

If your pocket book is too lean for venison or turkey, roast beef isn't a bad substitute. Remember happiness comes to those who can manufacture it from the on-hand materials. It is not a monopoly of the rich.

And, if it is to be roast beef, prepare it in this way and feel sure you need not take off your hat to any hostess anywhere.

Wipe roast with damp cloth. Rub with salt and pepper allowing ½ tsp. salt and ½ tsp. pepper to each pound of meat. dredge with flour, place in roasting pan and heat for 30 minutes in a very hot oven (475° F.). Reduce heat to slow (250° F.) and cook uncovered. For rare beef allow 18 minutes per pound; medium—20 minutes, and fairly well done—25 minutes.

BAKED CRANBERRY SAUCE
This is a real taste sensation.
1 pint cranberries
1 pint sugar
1 cup water (about)
Put berries in granite or porcelain pan large enough for each berry to touch bottom of pan. Dissolve sugar in water and pour over berries. Place berries in moderate oven and cook till plump and tender. Let cool in pan before placing in dish.

CANDIED YAMS
Parboil yams, then peel and slice lengthwise. Place in baking dish, sprinkle with sugar, dot with butter, little lemon juice, and about 2 tbsp. syrup. Put in oven and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) and baste until sugar is dissolved and a thick syrup is formed.

Make your Mince Pie with Crosse and Blackwell Mince Meat. I don't think there is anything finer on the market. If you prefer a lighter dessert try this original one, never before published.

AMBROSIA A LA GWYN
In a round deep dish place a layer of whipped cream; sprinkle with sugar, place over this a layer of grated coconut, dot thickly with pineapple and tiny chips of Maraschino Cherry, then another layer of whipped cream. Repeat layers until dish is full ending with coconut and halved cherries. Serve in sherbet glasses.

NOSE PORES
Largest Pores on Your Body—A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By Lady Esther

The pores on your nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it's a sign your methods are insufficient. By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—thoroughly clean, you can keep them normal in size, invisibly small.

A Penetrating Cream Required
To get at the dirt and waxy matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates one that actually works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

Penetrating the pores, Lady Esther Face Cream goes to work on the imbedded dirt and waste matter. It dissolves it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable. In a fraction of the usual time, your skin is thoroughly clean. Cleansed perfectly, your pores can again function freely—open and close as Nature intended. Automatically then, they reduce themselves to their normal small size and you no longer have anything like conspicuous pores.

Lubrication, Also
As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It re-supplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Make a test on your face of Lady Esther Face Cream. See for yourself how thoroughly it cleans out the pores. Mark how quickly your pores come down in size when relieved of their choking burden. Note the new life and smoothness your skin takes on. One test will tell you volumes.

See For Yourself!
All first-class drug and department stores sell Lady Esther Face Cream, but a 7-days' supply is free for the asking. Just mail the coupon below or a penny postcard and by return mail you'll receive the cream—PLUS all five shades of my exquisite Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

YOU CAN PASTE THIS ON A PENNY POSTCARD

Lady Esther, 2002 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your seven-day's supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City _____________________________
State _____________________________

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for December 1936
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A cleansing remedy takes the cream and make-up off the surface. But I’ve found the most marvelous way to remove every bit of clinging cream and dirt out of the pores themselves. I keep my skin fine from annoying blackheads, skin blisters, and wrinkles. It’s called

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In “Melody for Two,” Fred Keating and James Melton dramatize the difficulties of broadcasting.

A Tour Of The Busy Sets To See The Stars At Work.

By S. R. Mook

ET me start this month’s chronicle with a correction brought about by a letter from Santa Barbara signed “Just A Nurse.” “Nurse” advises that my statement in the July issue crediting Florence Nightingale with founding the Red Cross is all wet—that Clara Barton founded the organization and Miss Nightingale merely started the training school for nurses. Thanks for the information. I do not profess to be a walking encyclopedia and when a Publicity Department hands out dope about their pictures I naturally assume they know what they’re talking about. Now that that’s settled, we’ll proceed to—

United Artists

TWO pictures shooting here, both Samuel Goldwyn productions. One is “Come and Get It” which I have already told you about and which is nearly finished.

The other is the new Merle Oberon picture called “Love Under Fire.” Henry Stephenson is a high muck-a-muck in the British diplomatic service. He is sent to Ireland to investigate the rebellion of which Brian Aherne is one of the leaders. Brian and Stephenson’s daughter (Merle) meet and fall in love. There is a price on Brian’s head (aha, Brian, the public is catching up with you!) and Merle realizes not only that it increases his danger if she is seen with him but that it puts her father in a spot, too. So they agree not to see each other any more. Later Mr. Stephenson is returned to England and a truce is signed with the Irish while a delegation comes to England to see what can be done. Mr. Stephenson is giving a reception at his home in Belgrave Square in honor of the delegates.

What a home it is. There is a small hall, a few steps down and one enters the ballroom—or something. This room is about the size of the concourse in Grand Central Station (New York). The pillars are massive enough to support the roof of the Parthenon at Athens (Greece). There are real flowers wherever one looks (Mr. Halchester, take a bow). The arrangement of the flowers is unique. One bowl I particularly noticed contained golden rod with giant yellow chrysanthemums in a most effective manner.

Merle and Brian meeting for the first time since their big renunciation scene, are quite cool on the surface. They give no outward sign of their feelings as they start walking—several feet apart.

“We can’t see each other alone.” Brian mutters without looking at her. “I gave my oath.”

“I had to do something like that, too,” she admits.

They are interrupted by an elderly diplomatic couple saying goodnight to Oberon. As the couple move on they turn and look back at Merle and the fiery Brian.

“Perhaps I should go—” Brian begins tentatively as they resume their march. “No—please—” Merle begs.

“It’s torture seeing you like this,” he continues.

“It’s better than not seeing you at all,” she counters.

Still walking, they come to a door opening off the ballroom. They pause as he glances in. Then he resumes his walking and she moves with him.

“What things in your life happened in that room?” he wonders.

“That’s where I played the harp,” she smiles. “When I was fourteen—in a pink dress.”

They come to another room, pause and move on.

“And that one?” he questions avidly.

“My mother’s sitting room,” she says simply. “I used to say my prayers in there.
before she died. Then for ten years I never went into it once—looking at him 'til now.'

"And do you pray there now?" he queries softly.
She nods, not speaking.
"For peace?" he persists.
"And for you," she whispers, "I pray there for you." For the first time she comes close to him, all her love in her glance and his love in the look he returns.

"Cut!" yells the director harshly.

Merle's dress is especially worthy of attention. It is of a very pale blue starched tulle with a million sequins (more or less) all sewn on by hand. About the hem of the skirt are about six rows of them, one right next to the other. That's to weight it down. There is a wide butterfly bow in front, one wing spreading to each shoulder. In back there is nothing—above the waistline.

I haven't seen Merle since she finished "These Three."

"How you been?" I greet her.

"All right," she answers somberly, and adds, "I've been spending every spare minute with Norma." She means Norma Shearer.

Even I cannot kid in the face of a simple statement like that, especially when I realize the connotation. Mr. Thalberg's death is an irreparable loss to the industry and any reference to it soberes the most facetious. So I bid her good-bye and proceed to—

Warner Bros.

I GET a break here. "Once a Doctor" with Jean Muir and Donald Woods is rehearsing so there's no time to see. In a way I'm sorry, because Jean and I arc so chummy these days we're practically eating out of the same plate. In addition, since her hair has been back to its natural color (dark brown) she's too beautiful for words.

"No Hard Feelings" with Glenda Farrell, Barton MacLane and Craig Reynolds is supposed to be on Stage 9—but they have disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up. That would be a catastrophe because Glenda and Craig are two of my favorite people. Barton, I don't know.

"The Black Legion" with Humphrey Bogart, Joe Sawyer and Ann Sheridan is supposed to be on Stage 7—but they, too, have disappeared. Warner Brothers had better get out a searching party.

That leaves "Melody for Two," starring James Melton and Patricia Ellis. Well, I always say half a loaf is better than none. Or even, as in this case, a fourth of a fool. The picture is woven around the current popular craze for swing music and the voices of Herr Melton and Pat.

Melton opens with his orchestra at a night spot that had been especially built for him, but walks out on the boss when he feels his friends have turned against him and made him a laughing stock. (Of course, he only jumped at conclusions—the wrong conclusions. The moral is, get all your friends to make as many explanations as possible before you start leaping.) As a result of his independent attitude he is promptly barred by The Music Corporation. This puts him, his manager (Fred Keating) and his press agent (Charles Foy) in quite a spot.

Mr. Melton, in a red polka dotted fondant dressing gown, is sitting at the piano in his apartment, discomately accompanying himself on the piano as he sings a number called "Stars Over Broadway" and Mr. Foy is listening—appreciatively—or pretending to. He is absent-mindedly doing a few dance steps as he listens. "Nice number," Jiu comments when he's finished.

"Yeah," Foy agrees sourly, "but where're we going to use it?

"Nowhere, I guess," Melton shrugs.

"You know," Foy announces, "if some

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thin' don't break pretty soon I'm gonna have to go back to hoofin' to bus wolf poison for this household. I was just tryin' a few steps and the old arthritis ain't got me yet.' He lifts one foot and rests it on the piano, 'stop doin' whatever you're doin' and listen to little old Remorse. Prosperity's here. Yes, sir. I ran right around the corner and grabbed it and dropped it back—just as it was getting set to make another turn.' He stops short and eyes Melton. 'Well, are you sitting there for? Get dressed. Hurry up. They're waiting for you!'

'Who's waiting?' Melton asks wonderingly. "And for what?"

"Klepper's Korn Krinkles," Keating explains. 'I've got an audition for you—all set—in half an hour.'

"Will you stop talking about that breakfast fast and say something you can understand?" Foy demands impatiently.

"Okay," Keating acquiesces. "I'll say it slow—so that even you can understand. Klepper's Korn Krinkles are going on the air—next week. They want a singer. Tod's it." Once again he pauses and glares at Melton as he adds, "If he ever gets dressed."

"Oh, I'll get dressed, all right," Melton pouts, "but it won't do any good. We're still on the N. B. A. black list."

"Forget it," comes impatiently from Keating. 'I've got it all figured out. While you and I are knocking over this audition, Scoop (Foy) will be callin' on Julius Storm at the N. B. A. office and squaring the rap.'

"Who, me?" Foy ejaculates.

"Sure," Keating replies. 'I'll be easy for you. All you have to do is act natural. You're always feelin' about something. This time, you serve your beef with tears.'

"Kinda cosmic, huh?" Foy suggests.

In the early part of the scene, when Keating crosses to the piano to take his place there he can't help standing between Jim and the camera. During the ensuing dialogue, Jim (who has little to say in the scene) is practically standing on his head trying to figure out how to be in the scene so people can see him. Of course, since he isn't playing any more, he could stand up and look over Fred's head but the director seems to want him seated. And Fred has his troubles, too. "When I come in," he complains to the director, "I have to slam the door after me and it's going to bang so loud when it shuts, it'll drown out my voice."

Now, these may all sound like minor details to you but they are far from trifles in the life of an actor. For a time it looks as though the President is going to have to appoint a special ways and means committee to figure some way out of these dilemmas. For a time it looked as though they might have to shelve the picture entirely and start over with a new plot so Jim could be standing by the fireplace instead of sitting at the piano. And the new plot could utilize swinging doors that don't slam so none of Fred's dialogue would be lost.

The director is the soul of tact and patience and eventually everything is ironed out. They re-take the scene to the satisfaction of all concerned. But by that time I have been on this stage about an hour and I can't wait to see if they get off the N. B. A. blacklist or not. I just let Fate take its course and I go over to—

R-K-O

FIRST, there's my darling, Anne Shirley, in "Make Way for a Lady," formerly called "Daddy and I," Herbert Marshall being "Daddy."

This story concerns itself with a girl (Anne) whose mother died. One day she hears a couple of gossips talking about her and her father, saying that it's too bad but he'll never marry again on account of her. So the rest of her life is devoted to trying to get him married. Every time she meets a woman she looks on her as a possible wife for Herbie. She finally picks on a silly, glibbery novelist (Margot

Gloria Stuart and Lee Tracy in the midst of a heated argument which creates the embattled atmosphere of "General Delivery."
Grahame as the one, completely overlooking her father's secretary (Gertrude Michael) who gets him in the long run. They ought to write a story for her sometime called "Gertrude Gets Her Man."

At any rate, Anne is upstairs in her room when she hears the front door open. She rushes out onto a balcony overlooking the hall below and finds Marshall just entering the door.

"Daddy!" she cries and rushes down the stairs to greet him. "Daddy!" she repeats when she reaches the foot of the stairs kissing him effusively.

"Hello," Marshall returns, somewhat surprised at the warmth of her greeting as he had only left her that morning.

"Let me help you," she offers, taking his hat and brief case (he's a publisher). "How are you?"

"Fine," says Herb.

"You feel all right?" she persists.

"Yes," he smiles.

"Did you have dinner?" she rumbles along

"Yes, I ate in the city."

"Miss Broughton (Margot Grahame) dropped in today," Anne informs him, in what she hopes is an inconsequential tone. As a matter of fact, Miss Grahame is still there and Anne's unnatural tone of voice is designed to hide the fact she's up to mischief.

"Congratulations on your new contract," I offer Anne when the scene is finished.

"Thanks," says Anne as though that were of no consequence. A moment later she becomes what you might describe as rapturous. "You ought to see my new dressing room that they fixed up for me," she gushes. "It's too lovely."

The way they photograph this scene is most interesting. The camera is mounted at the end of a long steel crane, which, in turn is mounted on a little rubber tired truck. When the scene begins the camera is high up in the air—on a level with Anne's face as she stands at the railing on the second floor. As she starts to run down the stairs the truck is pulled rapidly backwards, the crane swings to the left and downward at the same time so it is always the same distance from her face as she descends the steps. Just as the truck moves back past the door, Marshall steps hurriedly in so that by the time Anne and the camera reach the door it seems as though he has been standing there all the time.

Next at this studio is "Winterset" adapted from the phenomenally successful stage play. It's a beautiful story, and one of the most impressive and realistic sets ever designed has been built for it. The story is fictionalized in this issue of Silver Screen, so I won't go into it here.

Next we have "General Delivery" featuring Lee Tracy, Gloria Stuart and Pat O'Malley. The story is concerned with their efforts to capture a crook who is using the mails for fraudulent purposes. They are all in Tracy's hotel room. They rehearse the scene a few minutes and then the director says, "Gloria, let's cut out that 'Yes, sir, Inspector.'"

But Gloria, who doesn't like having any of her lines cut out, says, "But why? After some argument they decide to leave the history-making words, "Yes, sir, Inspector" in.

Then they proceed with the take.

Lee is pacing furiously around the room, O'Malley exchanges glances with Gloria who is refurbishing herself with a lipstick at a wall mirror.

"I'll get out all right," Lee exclaims furiously. "Soon as I set this Crowley on the horse."

"He storms back to Gloria, "I'll get about your face and get down to that mail desk. You're not here for any beauty contest."

"I'll be there on time," she says sweetly.

"But first I've got a date."

[Continued on page 77]
"I adored the exquisite girl I married—And then—I saw her change after marriage...grow careless, neglect her daintiness, actually offend anyone who came near her. How could she?

"Perhaps other men can speak out, but I can't. I've retreated into a shell of reserve which she resents, thinks cruel.

"If someone could only speak for me—I know we'd recapture that first glorious happiness."

AVOID OFFENDING—Even those dear to us hesitate to speak of an offense that robs a woman of all her glamour...perspiration odor from underthings. We don't notice it ourselves so—never take chances. Lux underthings after each wearing. Lux removes odor and protects colors.

Don't risk ordinary soaps which may contain harmful alkali, or cake-soap rubbing. These may fade and injure fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali! Safe in water, safe in Lux!

DAINTY WOMEN LUX UNDERTHINGS AFTER EVERY WEARING
Topics for Gossip

According to Ros Ponselle, who really ought to know, we have a potential grand opera prima donna right in our midst—more years of serious study by Crawford ready for the big break. Ponselle recently told her: "Here's an 'intelligent' one." Paul Lukas tried to break up the "Maytime" cast when we asked what some of the players rated. He probably know, came years ago without knowledge of English. He has studied the language more than we do. Not one person in ten can say correctly the following:

Data, gratis, culinary, cognition, impious, chic, impudent.

Bob Burns, he who is the latest screen sensation with the screen name. His real name is Bob Burns, a change for that. A big star, wants to have people call him Bob. Sonja Henie and Robert Kent. And Robert Kent. And Louis Hayward, and Louis Hayward.

Do you know he biggest attraction in his name? It was Mayer's secretary, a. out of a list of names. She first presented him, but Bob objected so finally a compromise was. Neither Mr. Mayer, nor his studio idea how important the name Brugh, so you just why Mr. Mayer changed. Mr. Brugh, for December
By

I's Hall

e world if you recall, the acivities listed above may have the ability of the utmost.

\text{day's work and play in the city of movie queens and where uneasy rest the wear these crowns! and blood would be asking House if condensed.}

\text{Lombard tugging to stretch its too-

lined for Utah one the social life of the ter the pace he goes, laying plans for a to go into effect bes-

tise.
Errol Flynn, planning a trip to Borneo after the preview of "Charge of the Light Brigade," the completion of "The Green Light," the preparation of "White Fang," brought some wild animals into his home so that he and the lovely Lili Damita, his wife, may become initured to the habits of Big Game before they encounter the beasts in the wilds of Borneo...so limited is his time that he must needs move Borneo into the bedchamber. He takes Lili on hurried, between the scene, camping trips to Arrowhead and other handy wilds so that she may learn the signs of camp cooking and camp life before she begins to live them.

Take Dick Powell—he won't know the difference—he was working in "Stage Struck," preparing for "Gold Diggers," editing a fan magazine, building a new house for himself and bride, rehearsing his radio broadcasts, making

Clark Gable are seen at the races...Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond are seen at the Coconut Grove...Gloria Swanson and Bart Marshall at the Derby...all right, then, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, George Raft and Virginia Pine, Henry Fonda and his "heart"...these and how many others must be "seen," too, lest they be listed among the Forgotten (movie) men and women...less tongues wag and rumors raise dust and heads shake and the waters of oblivion close.

She works before the camera, afterwards takes some exercise on the courts, and when the day is over she dances the night away.

over their lightless heads...Walter Lang gave a party the other night...Clark and Carole and Fieldie and one or two other couples were there...then Carole must retaliate and give a small, intimate party in return...the Jimmy Gleasons entertain for a couple of hundred...the couple of hundred must return the compliment...They have plenty of money, large and lavish homes, opulent cars, polo ponies, yachts, friends, rivals, competitions...they must entertain and be seen and play polo and golf and tennis and entertain and dance, dance, dance...they must live as the other Romans live in a phantasmasiagoria of work and fun of flurly and fever of hilarity and high blood pressure...

They dare not let down. Ginger Rogers goes about town clad in slacks and overalls, her face as guiltless of make-up as on the day she was born...but she worries about it. She says "I know I am letting my Public down looking like this...I should keep dolled up, made up, dressed up..." Even when they do relax they worry about it.

Take an average day in the life of Carole Lombard—and let any self-pitying little housewife with one husband, two children, six dishes and one vacuum cleaner to manage, read it and

For December 1936
Garbo's whimper (left) Fredric Marsh as Garbo's leading man in "Anna Karenina." (Right) It was in "Grand Hotel" that John Barrymore played the lover's part.

Garbo Now Is Easy To Know. Anecdotes Of Her Friendliness On The Set.

By Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek

with hoops, stays, taffetas and erinolines, furs and velvets; they dabbed and smeared her with all kinds of greases and paints and they pulled and twisted her hair until her scalp was as sore as a peeled onion. But the wonder of it all was that the Great Garbo seemed to be enjoying it. One when a hairdresser arranged a certain coiffure of puff and curls the effect was so grotesque that the star could not restrain herself and she actually panicked those present with her hilarious mimicry.

Upon the suggestion of cameraman William Daniels, Greta was eager to act as an experimental model to test out a new screen make-up for women. It was finally agreed that instead of using the time honored and proven grease paint in "Camille" she would use the new and unproven make-up materials. That made her rate more than ace high with all concerned because thus far she is the only star who has been willing to take a chance on the new make-up.

During the time that Adrian was collaborating with her on gowns for the picture she spent countless hours with him helping him to perfect a taffeta silencer for screen use. Together they found that the desired effect could be attained by using a thin layer of silk beneath the material, thereby eliminating the swish so objectionable to the microphone. Some of the costumes worn by her in this film are the most lavish and breath-taking in Hollywood history. One, an evening gown fashioned entirely of jewels, was so heavy, and under the stage lights so heat-retaining, that in less than an hour from the time she donned it the star nearly fainted. Director George Cukor, greatly worried, insisted that she leave the set for a rest. But Miss Garbo was adamant in her resolve to do so and thus hold up production. She would be all right if only there were some way of keeping down the heat. Couldn't something be done? Wasn't there some way to fan her and thereby keep down the temperature? That thought started everyone to thinking. Then the mechanics hit upon the idea of erecting a large open ice box on the set. A powerful wind machine was set up behind it and the icy blasts were blown over the set and onto the star thus enabling her to carry on.

It is the custom that during the shooting of a scene no visitors are allowed on
the Garbo set. Yet one day on the “Camille” set a little ten year old lad appeared. He had climbed over a back fence on the lot and had somehow eluded studio guards. Finding the door of a portable dressing room open he walked in. There he asked a surprised Garbo if she wanted to buy a magazine. The star smilingly asked the boy if he weren’t afraid to be found on a set where he was not allowed. His answer plainly indicated that he was not. Then she asked if he knew who she was.

“Sure,” he said. “You’re Greta Garbo, but you can read, can’t you?”

The little fellow not only made a sale but Miss Garbo permitted him to remain with her on the set. She placed him upon the camera ramp beside her director, where he delightedly watched the filming of the picture for the rest of the day. Pretty lucky we’d say, in view of the fact that same day one of the studio “big wigs” had been refused admission to the set.

Another unprecedented thing occurred one day when the great star, instead of retiring to her dressing room after finishing a scene, climbed upon the camera boom and rode around over the stage, much to the consternation of the crew and players. Watching the others play act from this new vantage place seemed to fascinate Greta, anyway many a quizzical eyebrow was so arched that it failed to drop back to its normal resting place for some time. Maybe she just wanted to see what a pinnacle she had been occupying inasmuch as she has been upon an imaginary pedestal in the public eye for so long. Then again it might have been that her young leading man, Robert Taylor, had something to do with it.

Speaking of Bob Taylor, that young star who is already wearing a mantle of fame quite well, reminds us of the day when he first kissed the Great Garbo. At a most critical moment while he held her clasped in his arms and spoke the lines, “You are the most beautiful——something untoward happened. He had dropped his love and kerplunk down on the floor went Garbo. He was completely bewildered—what could he say or do? But before he could do or say anything the star had jumped up from the floor and laughingly passed the incident off without any fit of anger or temperance. During another love scene Miss Garbo was supposed to have become very angry with him and have become very angry with his action.

Bob. This time they were seated at a table outside a rustic inn in the Bois.

“Don’t talk like a fool,” she said. Then he kissed her, but instead of displaying anger as the script called for she burst into laughter.

Said Director Cukor: “That was not so bad but I believe your lines call for anger.”

Greta laughed some more and explained that she tried to be angry but that he (Taylor) would not give her a chance.

Upon another occasion, during the filming of a dance scene, she and Taylor became entangled in the folds of a voluminous skirt she was wearing. The feminine star fell to the floor with her partner right smack on top of her. This time everyone held their breath, all looking for a bit of verbal fireworks, but once again their anticipations were left unfulfilled. Where many a lesser figure would have fired off a temperamental tirade, Great Garbo again

(Above) Garbo on the set smiling down at the other members of the “Camille” company. Not a scene in the picture. (Left) Robert Taylor, Garbo, Laura Hope Crews and Rex O’Malley in a sequence from the play.

[Continued on page 61]
The Stars Rush To Their Charming Cabins In The Hills To Welcome Winter With Skis, Snowshoes And Sarsaparilla

Myrna Loy's mountain lodge, and Myrna herself dressed for the sport of the Sierras.

There is no thrill like a new thrill to these glamour girls and gals of Hollywood. The intrepid leaders of the colony are positively nutty over mountains and cabins up in lone canyons this month. That's in. That's what rates. That's where Myrna Loy and all those you get really enthused about head for at the first opportunity to let themselves go.

Up where the snow begins the fun schedules of the famous are swinging into high. Private lodges are joyously reopened and on each trip the illustrious personally tote more supplies. The swank hotels are cluttered with the celebrities who haven't yet decided where to locate their snow snuggeries. Just a whirl of pine and a star takes to a toboggan like romance to Robert Taylor. It's definitely time to ice-ski and throw another log on a roaring fire. You ski, baby, ski and then take off your mittens and cap and relax as you can nowhere else. The honey who can't make a snowman is the dud who's not asked along a second week-end.

Of course, if you're going to interrupt with the bright remark that the mountains have been around a long while to be classed as a fresh thrill, I shall realize that you aren't a sensitive enough soul to understand the Hollywood crowd. It habitually whizes into hobbies at so rapid a pace that today I guarantee this mountain madness is as completely novel to your particular passion as blondness is to Joan Crawford. She's announced her daring dyeing experiment, forgetting that she tried being a blonde through two whole pictures that millions of us saw. But who are we to be so rude as to remind her?

Everyone I run into in Hollywood is wild to become a genuine winter sport. It's so exhilarating! Give me a blanket of snow, a husky bridgegroom Dick Powell, quiz great lover Cable on Lombard and he regales you with an hilarious account of how he sat down and cracked the ice last Sunday when he was attempting a Sonja Henie, Carole caught it with her little camera, incidentally. Give Jeannette MacDonald half a chance and she'll bubble over with the plans she and Gene Raymond have for the cabin they'll build simultaneously with their own house. Irene Dunne—of course, I can't have a relapse in manners—he's going to heat them and put them in the bottom of the sleigh to keep feet warm.

Tom Brown is running over the list of eligible, affluring汛esses; but if he doesn't invite Toby Wing to be his companion he'll be sorry. Ida Lupino is diligently studying bean recipes! She's learned that a baked bean feast is to be at the end of this history-making ride. (Tyrene Power, Jr., mutters that he doesn't want to make history—he wants to make love when the moonlight streams over the snow.) Anita Louise has been murmuring that she has a hunch where you can buy the nicest hat that'll serve for seats. All that's left—when I do my bit—is to get the gang together.

This isn't a cinch. A player can't spend a lot of time in the mountains whenever he wills; he has to grab his brief pleasure interludes between studio calls. And mastering the arts of skiing and tobogganing and bob-sledding, as well as having a mountain cabin, requires more than a day. Yet there's recompense, for our actors have easy access to California's marvelous winter wonderlands, which rival Europe for scenery. There are splendid highways that are always kept clear. And when you're in the

When Snow

To Th

By Ben Madd

Ann Sothern enjoys tobogganing down the steep snow-covered mountainsides. (Right) Fay Wray loves the days in the open.

Silver Screen

24
The "Most Popular" Star!

Robert Taylor, As The Winner Of Our Recent Voting Contest, Was Presented With Silver Screen's Gold Medal By Joan Crawford.

During each of the last few years, Silver Screen has asked its readers to cast their votes for the most popular players in Hollywood. The result for 1936 was overwhelmingly for Robert Taylor—the 21-year-old star who only a short time ago was a $5-a-week "test horse" for Metro.

The winning of this evidence of esteem and regard is an honor which Bob appreciates. He proved this in typical fashion when he learned the news that he had won. He was on a three-day vacation and had driven up to San Francisco to see a University of Southern California football game. But he took, instead, a postman's holiday, as soon as he heard that the medal had arrived, and dashed to the studio to receive it.

We asked Joan Crawford to officiate in the presentation of the medal. We asked Joan because she won the medal twice herself—in 1932 and 1933. She was in the midst of a crying scene in her new picture, "Love on the Run," when Taylor, the medal and photographer arrived. She dried her tears, put on a smile, presented the medal and reminded Bob she had won the medal herself several times. Clark Gable was also present and joined in with "And I won it in 1931."

The only missing Silver Screen medalist was Shirley Temple, who was the winner in 1935.

Robert Taylor is in fine company—all the winners of the medal have been "tops" and they give every indication of staying up in front. Bob now has this medal as tangible proof of his popularity, and with it, he may be sure, go the sincere good wishes of thousands of our readers.

A brief biography of Robert Taylor shows how his recent success on the screen is the well earned reward and the logical result of the years he gave to drama study. Bob was a student at Pomona, California, where he joined the college dramatic club and played a part in their production of "Journey's End." An M.G.M. executive saw the play and gave Bob a contract.

Taylor was born in Filley, Nebraska, son of Dr. S. A. Brough, a physician. The family moved to Beatrice, Nebraska, where the boy was educated in the public schools. For two years he attended college at Doane, Nebraska, where, in addition to his dramatic work, he was a star tennis player. Taylor completed his college course at Pomona after he received the studio contract, and graduated with a Liberal Arts degree.

While at college he used to broadcast, accompanying his own songs with a cello. He is also an accomplished pianist. His favorite sports are tennis and horseback riding, although when he is given leisure from the studio he can usually be found at one of the ocean beaches.

Six feet in height, weighing 165 pounds, Robert Taylor has brown hair and blue eyes, and today is the most Popular Player On The Screen!
HOLLYWOOD
AGAINST
THE
WORLD

I HAVE just returned from Europe. In
Spain, there is a theatre where, to see Fred Astaire in
"Top Hat," you go to the box office and pluck down your pesetas. The
cashier, instead of giving you a
ticket, inks a rubber stamp and
presses it on the back of your hand. With your hand thus marked,
you go to the entrance of the theatre. The doorman, having in-
spected the ink stain on your hand, wets his finger and rubs clean
the back of your hand, so that you cannot return that night and
get in again.

In northern France, we went to a moving picture theatre. The
interpreter asked us if we wanted seats in front of the screen, or
in back of the screen. He explained that we could have the seats
behind the screen cheaper. Sure enough, there were people sitting
in BACK of the screen. When the picture started, each of them
pulled out a small pocket mirror. In the mirror, the images on
the back of the screen assumed their rightful positions.

In Paris, we heard Shirley Temple speaking perfect French. In
Cork, Ireland, we saw Jack Benny advertised in "It's in the Air." In
Dublin, the theatres were playing "Death on the Diamond." In
Nice, we saw Greets Garbo and John Gilbert advertised in "Queen
Christina," for pictures reach there six months to a year late.

Wherever you go in Europe, you see American moving pictures
advertised. From the time you step on the boat in New York,
Europe-bound, the importance of American film product is
brought home to you. On the Ile de France, on successive after-
noon's and nights, we saw "Anthony Adverse," "The Great Zieg-
feld," "Texas Rangers" and "Sing Baby Sing." Only one French-
made picture was shown on the luxury liner as it traveled to
Europe, although this was a French Line boat. The proportion
of four American pictures to one European picture holds good in
England. On London stages, we saw Joe E. Brown appearing in
person at the Palladium Theatre, and we saw Ben Lyon and Bebe
Daniels at a theatre just a few blocks away, in the flesh. They
not only play American pictures; they're anxious also to see U. S.
cinema stars in person.

Behind the scenes, however, you find the most fabulous and
fantastic battle that ever has been waged for the control of the
foreign market. Hollywood's suc-
cessful invasion of Europe, indicated by every billboard poster you see, has
been a bitter siege every inch of the
way.

In Europe, an American Picture
Collects $2,500,000 In Pounds,
Frances And Guilders. The English
Producers Are Vainly Trying To
Catch This For Themselves. But
They Don't Use The Right Kind
Of Bait.

By
Ed Sullivan

Sylvia Sidney went to England and made a
picture, "The Hidden Power." They know
that Sylvia's fans, everywhere, will storm
the box office and put over the picture.

Silver Screen
British schooling Marlene lived in England, saw Italy, his fabulous summer saw an ideal, no mightv matter fast-moving more

They were in London, saw more Coast actors at the Savoy Grill than you can see. Hutchinson, Warner's Sam Morris, United Artists' Arthur Kelly and Columbia's Joe Siegelman. These are the vice-presidents in charge of export for their respective companies, and across their desks stream correspondence from all over the world. They must be versed in the picture business, they must know international exchange, they must be diplomatic—and they must have plenty of courage. Twice a year, you'll meet them on their way to Europe to check up on their offices, and once a year you'll fly into them in China or Japan feeling the Far East cinema pulse.

Their target is a foreign market embracing principally England, France, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, Spain and Portugal, Australasia, South America, Japan and China, a market that offers a possible gross of $1,635,000 to any one American picture. These eight vice-presidents in charge of export are forever asking the Coast to give them pictures with international appeal that will hit the jackpot and release its golden shower of $1,635,000. For export purpose, highly sophisticated stories are taboo, and purely American pictures are taboo. The action picture, such as "Mutiny on the Bounty" is ideal, with action rather than dialogue as a base. Familiar with all of the temperamental quips and national prejudices in the foreign markets, these men can sit in a projection room and call attention to tactless blunders that would ban a flicker from a nation. "Top Hat" was banned from Italy because an Italian consul saw the picture in America and resented the comedy antics of the cop who talked Italian. When the picture arrived in Italy, the movie-makers were wise enough to make this cop French in speech and action, but it was too late. Mussolini banned "Top Hat" because Italy's honor had been offended by the caricature.

It is a fabulous and fantastic story, this behind-the-scenes story of Hollywood's invasion of Europe, a more dramatic and gripping story than the movies ever have filmed.

But when you travel abroad and measure the mighty inroads of Hollywood against every possible obstacle and hurdle that foreign ingenuity can devise—when you see, on every billboard and poster American pictures and American stars advertised—you feel proud of the Coast film colony, for Hollywood abroad has done a mighty job mighty well.

The pictures made by the American players will come over and tackle Hollywood films right on the home grounds.
SOME CAN TAKE IT!

It Requires A Stout Heart
To Carry On When
One's Good Name Is
Swept Away By Rumors
That Are Not True.

By Liza

Constance Bennett (Below)
was the victim of ugly public-
licity, but Connie carried on—a
real trouper. (Right) There
is a deep sincerity in Spencer
Tracy that no yappy reporter
can even understand.

I'M WARNING you, I'm in my Borgia Mood today and would
think nothing of ripping out your fondest illusions with my
little pen and destroying them like so many cockroaches. Gee
whiz, I'm telling you, when your Auntie Liza plays Borgia, nice
people run for cover.

Now what's the matter? What's the cause of this Big Mad of
the late fall of 1936? Well, I'll tell you—Pollyannas. And by Polly-
annas I don't mean the Anita Louise's of the industry, who are
all right in their way but awfully hard to take at times. No, I
mean the Sapphiras (what, you don't know Sapphira? Well where
were you when you should have been at Sunday School?)

Silver Screen
(Left) Among those who have met this test is Carole Lombard. (Below) Today Ruth Chatterton is back among the leaders and no thanks to the rumor mongers

cott broadcasts this past year—you probably know all about it anyway. Connie Bennett didn't. But when she returned from England recently she stopped over in New York for a few days and some friends urged her to drive with them over to Morris Town, New Jersey, and see the famous school where instructors teach those beautiful, faithful and intelligent animals, the police dogs, to guide the blind. Thanks to this school, for the first time the world becomes a place where the sightless can do something more than merely stand and wait. Connie was deeply impressed. Any movie star would have been, no doubt, for a day or so until the new picture went into production. But Connie didn't forget. A new picture came up, "Ladies in Love," but still she didn't forget.

From Mrs. Harrison Evans, president of the Seeing Eye, she learned that the school was badly in need of additional funds, so Connie, who has the reputation of never thinking of anyone but herself, proceeded to organize a Hollywood committee to raise funds for the Seeing Eye. On the committee are Mrs. Gary Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Merle Oberon, Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford, Ida Kovernan, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Joel McCrea, Kay Francis and Norma Shearer. And then with their help she proceeded to do what is the hardest thing in Hollywood to do, namely, to get "big name" movie stars to sign a paper saying that they would appear on a Seeing Eye radio program and give their check to the Seeing Eye school in Morris Town, New Jersey.

Of course, you know that for their appearances on the radio now the stars in Hollywood are getting tremendous sums of money, and if you think stars for the next pair are generous with these checks you are quaintly mistaken. The more they have the more they want, which is just one of the Unwritten Laws. But Connie Bennett took charge. Today the list of the stars who will gladly broadcast free for the Seeing Eye includes such big names as Constance Bennett, Merle Oberon, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Gary Cooper, Gilbert Roland, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor, Kay Francis, David Niven, Brian Ahrne, Karen Morley, Claudette Colbert, Dolores Del Rio, Frances Dee, Joel McCrea, Joan Bennett, Gene Raymond, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall, Paul Lukas, Fred MacMurray, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. As soon as a sponsor is decided upon the broadcasts will begin. Of course I [Continued on page 60]
THE DRAMATIC HOME-COMING
OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR’S
3000 GROWN-UP “BABIES”

A society woman nearly stole him from her.

An orphan boy ended the strange heartache in their lives.

In this reunion, they almost parted forever.

Inseparable comedy pals... the Father of the Quints and the would-be Father of Sextuplets!

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

Yvonne  Cecile  Marie  Annette  Emelie

in REUNION with

JEAN HERSHOLT

ROCHELLE HUDSON  HELEN VINSON  SLIM SUMMERVILLE  ROBERT KENT
DOROTHY PETERSON  JOHN QUALEN  ALAN DINEHART  J. EDWARD BROMBERG  SARA HADEN
TOM MOORE  GEORGE ERNEST  MONTAGU LOVE

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production  * Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson
"BART" FROM THE BRITISH ISLES

Herbert Marshall Has Played Many A Part In Hollywood Pictures, And Never Yet Played One Badly.

Sometimes we wonder about Herbert Marshall, whether he is happy or not. He has been here for a long time and has proven a "Goodwill Ambassador." Because of him we like Englishmen better. We know that during the war he fought and suffered.

We have seen him as a soldier, as a scamp and in many other parts, but whatever the role is we enjoy the culture in his voice, the character in his face and his ever present kindly humor.

You have to like a chap like that!
In Silent Days, the "Vamps" were languorous and seductive, but now the dancers take steps to be enchanting.

Lucille Ball tries out a rather athletic number with dance director Hermes Pan.

Lois Lindsay in a dance routine for "Gold Diggers of 1937."

(Left) Lili Damita and Dal Campo in a dance of the Latin countries for "The Devil On Horseback."

(Above) Eleanor Powell and James Stewart up in the air over the rhythm of "Born to Dance."

Martha Raye and Benny Goodman give a comedy twist to "The Big Broadcast" for Paramount. Martha still retains her night club mimicry and burlesque angularity.

One of the blessings of having the theatre wired for sound is the dancing picture. The catchy tunes and the talented dancers who have reached your theatre are welcome, but without sound there would be no gay musicals and frisky hoofers. Nowadays, every big star has to tread a measure, not excepting Garbo, Crawford, Lombard and Claudette Colbert. If a player can sing or even play an instrument, he has an open sesame to every studio in Hollywood. But if a player can dance, then the talent scouts hunt him down and get him to give his skill to the movies.

Sound gave us the many marvelous dancers on the screen.
The Music Sets Your Pulse To Dancing — And It Looks So Easy.

Veioz and Yolanda are one of the most famous dance teams on any screen. "The Big Broadcast" presents these talented performers. [Right] She danced her way into a long term contract. Lillian Porter proves that the prettier the legs, the prettier the dance.
"The Magnificent Brute," with Edward Norris and Victor McLaglen. (Right) The famous quintuplets. They are starring in "Reunion." That's Dorothy Peterson at the right. (Copyright by 20th Century Fox)

(Upper Left) Russell Hardie and Mary Brian in "Killer at Large." (Above) Eric Linden, Cecilia Parker and Roger Imhof in "In His Steps," screened from one of the most famous books ever written.
Excitement Ahead!
Life Is Never Dull For A Movie Fan, For Pictures Give Us Thrilling Moments From Other Lives.

In "The Plainsman" (top) are the Cheyennes and the Fifth Cavalry Troops. (Above, and at left) Gary Cooper as Wild Bill Hickok and Jean Arthur as Calamity Jane. Wild Bill was a famous western character and the De Mille picture is his biography.


John Howard, who plays an important role in James Hilton's story, "Lost Horizon."

They Count Their Fans By The Millions

(Above) Look for Nelson Eddy in "Maytime," with Jeanette MacDon-ald. (Right) Dick Powell has won out in person, in pictures, on the air, and now in love. His latest release is "Gold Diggers of 1937."
The Popular Heroes Of The Screen Have Stalwart Figures, Talent In Acting, And What Is More, Charming Personalities.

Fred MacMurray, who playing opposite Claudette Colbert in "Maid of Salem," is safely settled in the movies and in matrimony. (Left) Clark Gable, who is being shown in "Love on the Run," with Joan Crawford. Clark is always wonderful in important roles and fine with the fans at premieres and personal appearances.

RECENTLY in the Silver Screen Gold Medal balloting for the Most Popular Player, the winner was Robert Taylor, whose charm has swept the country like a Wall Street boom. However, these seven steady going, always busy, young men held high places in the contest. So here's a bow to John Howard, the newcomer to the ranks of the exalted, and to Henry Fonda, Fred MacMurray, Gary Cooper, Clark Gable and Dick Powell—they are always close to the lead and close to the hearts of the fans.

(Right) Gary Cooper is always busy, and recent months have seen him achieve his greatest success. He will soon be seen as a famous character of pioneer days.
The Parade

The very latest in "cocktail" turbans is adopted by Merle Oberon. It's really just a velvet skull cap with a flattering wired bow framing her lovely high forehead.

A black patent leather belt in cut-out design accentuates Olivia de Havilland's "swinging skirted" frock of bright green fabric.

Crush resistant sheer black velvet is Jean Arthur's choice. 1850 rickrack braid outlines the mandarin collar and wee cuffs, while dull white metal hooks and eyes close the blouse and belt.

Marie Wilson's black tunic dress of heavy ribbed novelty fabric is enhanced by a novel belt of stitched red leather. Her pancake felt tam has sun-burst tucks on the crown.

The very black—very beautiful, very exciting is the broadcloth coat with vel collar worn by blonde Betty Furness. The nip in waistline, full sleeves and full skirted are reminiscent of the coat worn by the Maré de Lafayette during his visit to America 1776. Betty's "opera hat" is of black vel and her white gloves and cluster of white flowers at the neckline provide a startling contrast.

THE Big Moguls of B's play's the thing. But studios say, and correctly--much-desired touch. The to technique. And, after all, a picture what is it that? The clothes the star worn. And if the star's dress, perhaps the tricky little gal an odd hat, a novel collar, the simple daytime frocks memorable by just such...
Leopard skin accessories are used with amazing results on Marie Wilson's simple brick-red wool frock. Her hat and shoes are brown suede.

June Travis makes a severe copper-colored wool dress interesting with one of the new, decorative wide belts fashioned of brown and copper antelope.

(At right) A powder blue and silver lame gown sponsored by Wendy Barrie favors the new idea for sleeves in formal evening gowns, and shows a fine balance in the use of tunic and train.

(A famous French couturier designed this feather-weight grey wool frock polka-dotted in silk chenille worn by Simone Simon. The wide grey belt is studded with silver stars which are also used for buttons on the cleverly cut bodice.

(Below) Patricia Ellis' high-crowned brown felt hat features a wide band of green ribbon topped by a jaunty pheasant quill.

with Shakespeare that "the accessories add the final touch to clothes, not the clothes to the audience remember best? Particularly to the ladies, and if it is to be made more fetching and appealing to the ladies, with it did. A belt, a scarf, a hat, all very important. See how
Anita Colby and the antique silver and sapphire jewelry that so perfectly matches the jewel of her beauty.

Merle Oberon is the happy owner of a promising future and also a necklace of real pearls. (Below) The pearls that encircle Claire Trevor’s pretty neck are genuine, bought out of her first savings.

This photograph of Binnie Barnes illustrates the marvel of a beautiful woman wearing rare gems.

Precious stones should belong to lovely women. The deep pits of South Africa have for years yielded gorgeous diamonds, and the gem experts have displayed them in beautiful settings and matched them with rubies and other valuable stones. Jewels make pretty girls look prettier and there is no thrill more delightful for a movie star than to own a genuine, unchanging, precious stone or a lustrous string of glowing pearls.
Movie Stars Are Not Only Envied For Their Beauty And Their Jobs. Every Fan Yearns For The Gorgeous Jewels Of The Ladies Of The Screen.

(Left) There is no gem better loved than a star sapphire. Arline Judge wears hers modestly. (Right) Carole Lombard loves star sapphires, too. She has one of the largest in the world.

(Left) Eleanor Powell wearing a complete set of gems in "Born to Dance." There were more than one hundred rubies and diamonds in her earrings, ring, bracelet and brooch. (Below) Alice Faye owns an unusually wide pinky ring made in a floral design of rubies, sapphires and diamonds with small cut rubies encircling it.
Oh The Joys

The Screen Not Only Takes Us To The Jungle For The Tarzan Pictures But Introduces Us To Jungle Girls And Injuns Too.

"The Girl of The Jungle" is Dorothy Lamour and many a lad will yearn to protect her in her home in the wilds. She has strange playmates, as the picture above reveals. Or perhaps that's a Tammany tiger.

Mala was an Eskimo, but now he is a wild man of the tropical jungle.
The stories that come to the screen entertain many a quiet stay-at-home with the hairbreadth escapes of the jungle. Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote many of these stories and they were always welcome. Perhaps such pictures stimulate the imagination—at any rate the millions who go to the movies give their ardent support to these stories of strange, powerful men and lovely girls.

The gangster films were ruthless, but there never was a thrill in all of them together to equal the kick we get out of Tarzan’s friends among the elephants and rhinos.

(Right) Jefferson Machamer, making his début on the screen, and the drawing which comes to life in his film. He is a clever artist and is welcome to pictures. The model who is dressed like a jungle cutie is Joan Christy.

Lawrence Tibbett in “Under Your Spell,” and almost under water. Perhaps this picture will be laid nearer home, but don’t forget your water-wings.

Daniel Boone, the famous pioneer (George O’Brien) had many adventures with the original Americans.

Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O’Sullivan who show us romance in darkest Africa and look so happy you will no doubt try living in a tree.
So Beautiful

The Girls In Pictures Are Blessed With Loveliness

WHEN a girl is given beauty, there is an obligation laid upon her to use her appearance to give charm to heroines and thus make stories seem more real. The fervor of writers assumes a more convincing manner when the girl in the part has the magic of perfect features and the sparkle of color and youth.

Loretta Young, a veteran in pictures, has played girls of many types, but through each part has shone the charm and gentle qualities of Loretta herself.

(Left) Olivia de Havilland has played classic parts and moderns and never has her witchery failed to bring reality to her brilliant characterizations. (Right) In her new coiffure Jean Muir has found an attractive frame for her own desirable beauty.
3 GREAT CONTRIBUTIONS TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

OR months Hollywood has been predicting that this would be the greatest movie season in history. Well, I've just been looking over some of the screen capital's coming product, and all I can say is—Hollywood wasn't fooling! I'm not a movie expert—but I know what I like. And I want its place among the ten finest pictures ever produced. The story was adapted by Robert Riskin from James Hilton's world-famous novel, with Ronald Colman in the star role—a combination that is nothing short of inspired. Obviously Columbia has expended a fortune on this film, but to my mind it's money well spent. The picture is spell-binding, with its strange story of five people kidnapped and whisked far beyond civilization, imprisoned in a paradise where people never age. Capra has definitely topped his "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds" in this one. "Lost Horizon
t

Bing swings into his biggest laugh show, with 5 new song hits, in "Pennies From Heaven".

tell you, in a few well-chosen words—pictures—about the three approaching attractions that I like best.
The first one you'll see will be the new Bing Crosby show—"Pennies From Heaven". Here's the finest picture Bing's ever made. It's his first for Columbia—an engagingly human romance with five
grand new songs. And how Bing sings them, with plenty of inspiration from Madge Evans, who grows lovelier with every film. Their love affair literally starts on a dime—and almost ends in jail, when Bing takes under his wing an irrepressible little gamin (Edith Fellows, the 10-year-old who scored so heavily in "She Married Her Boss").

And don't miss Irene Dunne in "Theodora Goes Wild"! This mad, merry Columbia film is one of the biggest comedy surprises the screen has sprung in years. This story of a girl who starts half-a-dozen near-divorces trying to get her man, will have you howling from the very first foot. Melvyn Douglas is splendid as a New York artist who brings out the worst in small-town Theodora—more, in fact, than he bargains for!

But the greatest treat that screenland has in store for you is Frank Capra's magnificent production of "Lost Horizon", a film that, without question, will take
The Studios Of Hollywood Hire Many An Educated Animal To Give Reality To Pictures.

(Lower left) In “Portrait of a Rebel,” Katharine Hepburn tries to lead the donkey. (Left) Katharine decides he is donkey all over.

SHOTS OF THE STARS WITH THE ANIMAL PERFORMERS

Tarzan (Johnny Weissmuller) is rescued by his friend, the elephant, from the trap in “Tarzan Escapes.”

In “Libeled Lady,” Walter Connolly, Myrna Loy and William Powell are fascinated by the size of the fish. It is his first picture. (Left) Martha Raye making faces at the chimpanzee, who has a Paramount contract.
Shirley Temple Gift Contest


We have ascertained from many of our readers that mothers sometimes can only make their daughters willingly eat their spinach, or drink their milk, because Shirley Temple does so. Older sisters have often been able to teach younger ones the good manners and neatness required of them by setting Shirley up as an example. Teachers have also been aided in obtaining obedience from their little pupils by the same method. That is why we are here presenting an opportunity for you to write a letter telling us how Shirley Temple's influence has helped in the up-bringing of some little girl you know, to whom you would like to give a beautiful gift.

Pictured to the right is the first prize. This, as well as the second prizes, is the famous Shirley Temple doll coach made by the F. A. Whitney Carriage Company. All of them possess a white chassis, no nails visible on sides and no sharp edges—all rounded. They have one-piece French handles and non-pinching safety hood joints. On each side of the doll carriages there is a reproduction of Shirley's head, and her name appears on the hood knobs and wheel hub caps.

To make these doll carriages outstanding gifts, we have included with each one of them a Shirley Temple doll and a wool blanket with long fringe, embroidered with Shirley's name. A matching pillow completes the ensemble.

First Prize

A Shirley Temple doll carriage, 25" x 12 1/2" with foot extension, and a 27 inch Shirley Temple baby doll. The carriage is fully upholstered with non-cracking leather cloth, with white embroidered gear with shackle springs, 9" wire wheels and 3/4" rubber tires. The baby doll is dressed in beautiful organdy clothes, with rubber panties. She has real blonde hair and real eyelashes, and cries when tipped forward or spanked. The doll represents Shirley Temple at the age of two. A wool blanket and matching pillow included.

Twelve (12) Second Prizes

Shirley Temple doll carriages, 19" x 9 1/2", with 18 inch Shirley Temple baby dolls. Carriages have hoods of non-cracking leather cloth, plated safety joints, white enamelled gears and handles, 7" wheels with 3/4" rubber tires. The dolls are the same as the first prize except in size. A wool blanket and matching pillow included.

Eighteen (18) Third Prizes

22 inch Shirley Temple dolls. These dolls are modeled after Shirley as she is today. They have long blonde curls and real eyelashes. The eyes not only open and close, but move from side to side—a feature no other doll has. The accordion pleated dresses that the dolls wear are attractive copies of Shirley Temple's own dress.

CONDITIONS
1. Your letter should not contain more than three hundred words.
2. Be sure your name and address appear on your letter.
3. Write your name and address plainly on the coupon below and attach it to your letter.
4. Neatness will be considered in awarding these prizes.
5. Contest closes midnight December 7, 1936.
6. Contest is opened to any reader with the exception of members of the staff of this magazine or their families.
7. In the event of ties the prize tied for will be sent to each tying contestant.
8. The prizes will be awarded for the most interesting letters in the opinion of the editor, whose decision will be final.

Editor,
Shirley Temple Gift Contest,
Silver Screen, 43 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.
In the event that my letter is selected in this contest, I should be pleased to have the prize sent to me at the following address:

Name
Address
City State
FRANCHOT TONE has contributed an outstanding performance in Hollywood, but, unfortunately for such histrionics, there are no Academy awards, no blazing banner lines to inform the world of his accomplishment.

It isn’t that I mean to hold Franchot up as an object of mortal perfection. Fortunately, he possesses all the human frailties, even as you and I. But he has shown his mettle in the face of the most trying circumstances—that is, trying to one of Franchot’s intrinsic decency. For keeping his individuality, for remaining adamant in his original repugnance toward fitting into the acknowledged Hollywood mould, Franchot Tone is singularly distinctive.

Marriage to a great star, wide world acclaim, wealth, have made no change in the ideals and guiding influences of the Tone career. Over a period of years, Hollywood has expected and witnessed the inevitable crack-up of every actor who has vouchsafed to retain his identity and individualism, in spite of the exigencies of fame. But Franchot Tone remains dauntless. In fact, if anything he is stronger than ever in his position. And Hollywood is a little grim at the shock of it all. On the other hand, there is a new side to Franchot, a new side that is less didactic, more emotionally churlish and in every way representative of the life he is living. In Hollywood, most actors are prone to become collectors, using their fame and fortune to this advantage. Franchot Tone from the start was a connoisseur. Today he still seeks out the best in music, in books, in friends, in living.

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Franchot Tone, As A Friend Of His Knows Him.

By Jerry Asher

Franchot never believes possible. As it has been printed so many times before, Franchot has always been a lone wolf. Long before he left college, he reconciled himself to the fact that he would never be a good mixer or become the life of any party. Instinctively he kept to himself. That “fell fellow well met” attitude wasn’t part of his nature. There was little he had in common with the work-a-day world in general.

At least once a week the Tones give a dinner party. During the summer months they entertained with several Sunday afternoon garden affairs that carried on into buffet suppers and a movie. Franchot suddenly discovered, to his amazement, that he enjoyed being with a crowd of people. He found things to say to them and they seemed to have things to say to him. Doubtlessly it was inspired by the warmth and genuine friendship that has been showered on him since his marriage. One night when his guests started (Continued on page 60)
Maybe it is because Merle Oberon was born on the little island of Tasmanna that she loves the sea so ardently, ever since she came to California to make pictures, she has lived in a picturesque house on the beach at Santa Monica, with the Pacific Ocean for her front yard. Her next-door neighbors are Norma Shearer, Thalberg and the Douglas Fairbanks, who are also her most intimate friends, and they form a nucleus of a congenial little colony of their own.

It was while sitting on her broad terrace, one sunny afternoon, watching the blue waves dancing against a bluer sky, that Merle said, "The word career should be spelled with two letters—I-F. I can look back and see how this small word has influenced every step of my way. If this had not happened, if I had not done this or that, at a psychological moment, where would I be today? What would my life be?"

"It seems to me," I began, suddenly realizing that this tiny girl curled up in the big swing was the piquant star who has completely captured the entire film world, "that your career was foreordained. I'm very sure a special destiny guides you for it follows such a perfect pattern."

Merle laughed. "Oh, no," she replied, "there are many times when I must make far-reaching decisions all by myself but my unwavering optimism always helps me out. I have a pet theory that if we have unlimited determination and will concentrate on what we want—will work for it, light down the obstacles, never admit discouragement, that nothing can keep us from succeeding!"

Of course, the most significant if in my life is that my father died three months before I was born. He was a British army officer and had he lived no thought of a career would have touched my life. As it was, my first ambition was to hurry and grow up, so I could earn money and take care of my mother. When I was nine, mother and I went to Calcutta, India, to live with my uncle and aunt, and fortunately for me, they encouraged my independence, which is unusual in English families.

"The second if that completely changed my life came one afternoon in 1927, when my aunt took me to see the Hollywood-made picture, 'The Dark Angel.' That silent film thrilled and moved me as nothing else had ever done and sitting in the dark theatre, with my streaming down my cheeks, I felt something happen to me: I knew I was to be a screen actress! Never for a minute did I waver or doubt this, though at the time there were obstacles towering to the very sky and it looked utterly impossible."

"Now," she asked, "if I had not seen 'The Dark Angel,' at that very time, would I have ever caught the same driving inspiration again?"

Indicative of her directness, the very next day, Merle joined the Calcutta Amateur Society, and appeared in several of their pantomimes, danced in the chorus of "Sinbad the Sailor," and "Aladdin," and sang in "The Geisha." She was now convinced that her next step must be England, where she could launch her career, but the realization of this dream seemed as remote as any stars.

Then, when she was seventeen, her uncle was called to London on business and Merle decided upon a desperate move: she would become a stowaway, and sail with him into her new world. Successfully hiding a small satchel in his stateroom when she went aboard the ship to see him off, she gaily bade him an affectionate goodbye, and slipping away from her mother and aunt, she hid on an upper deck until they were well out at sea, where she suddenly appeared at her uncle's door.

The whole daring idea amazed him immensely. Anyway, what could he do about it now? So, the two of them toured England and when he was ready to return home he agreed to give Merle twenty-five pounds, a return trip ticket to India, and let her try her luck at getting into pictures.

Seventeen, and alone in London, the first thing she did was to buy an expensive fur-trimmed coat she saw displayed in a window. Then, realizing she had spent most of her money, she went on a cracker diet for almost a week, waiting for her opportunity. One morning she read in the newspaper that girls were wanted to dance in a film, so, putting on her beautiful new coat, Merle swept grandly into the manager's office and made such an impression of charming elegance that she landed the job at once.

Now comes the question: if she had not foolishly bought the extravagant coat, how long might her first screen chance have been delayed?

One of the (Continued on page 71)
Volved in a self-defense shooting over a buried treasure little Miss Sybil "hoping to scare the law" invents lies about Uncle Asa that fairly take him to the cells. But, of course, in the end he becomes the local hero.

Mr. Kibbee is excellent in another of his famous "Captain January" roles and the casual way in which he wanders in and out of jail makes a big hit with the audience. May Robson plays a shrewish aunt who has the care of Sybil and her sister, Jane Bryan. Sybil puts over a song called "I'm the Captain's Kid."

LADIES IN LOVE
TENSION IN BUDAPEST—Twentieth Century-Fox

And here, at last, is that much-discussed picture in which four of Hollywood's most temperamental actresses played together (and fought together if you believe the chitchat of the town). But no matter what they did on the set it is quite evident that on the screen they are all perfect little ladies indulging in no up-staging or scene-stealing.

The three stars—Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, and Connie Bennett—play three young women in Budapest who decide to merge their meager incomes and rent a tiny apartment for appearances sake. All three fall in love and good old heartbeat ensues. Love is a flop in all three cases but broken heart.

Loretta loses her young man, Count Tyrone Power Jr., when he marries his royal fiancée after a flirtation with Loretta. And Connie loses her man, Paul Lukas, to a little girl from the country, Simone Simon. Twentieth Century could arrange to have Simone fall in love with a young man for a change.)

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937
MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA AT ITS BEST—Paramount

If it's first class entertainment you're looking for don't look now but here it is, right in the "Big Broadcast of 1937," by far the best of the big broadcast series. The entertainment goes all the way from Martha and Benny to Leopold Stokowski and his symphony orchestra and back to Martha Raye—and at the preview both Miss Raye and Mr. Stokowski shared equal honors for the greatest applause.

The plot's quite hilarious, revolving around Platt Airflow Golf Balls' commercial broadcast. Our own little nitwit, Gracie Allen, is the sponsor of the program, and, after hearing Frank Forest sing "La Bamba," she just must have him on Platt Golf Balls. With Ray Milland as the press agent and Jack Benny as head of the broad-

(Above) Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor and Constance Bennett in "Ladies in Love," (Left) "Along Came Love," with Irene Hervey and Charles Starrett. (Extreme left) Jack Benny, star of "The Big Broadcast of 1937," leaving away from work.
casting company, the conceited Mr. Forest agrees to sign only if they will have Shirley Ross brought to town and hushed up—Shirley it seems has been satirizing Mr. Forest on her radio station in the sticks.

But when Shirley is brought to town, immediately Mr. Milland, Mr. Benny, and Mr. Forest all fall in love with her—with the press agent winning out in the end after some very upsetting complications. In the meantime, while Shirley is getting her love affair straightened out every kind of entertainment you ever heard of is happening in the radio broadcasting station, with Gracie, of course, acting like a mad woman. She finally snares Bob Burns (who has been wandering around the station for days with his barzooka looking for Stokowski) in a hot embrace which reaches a new high in comedy for all times.

Martha Raye, Shirley Ross, Frank Chapman and Benny Fields sing like nobody's business, Louis De Pron and Eleanore Whitney do a stand-out dance number, and Benny Goodman's swing band is simply terrific. It's a swell picture for the entire family.

**ALONG CAME LOVE**

**NOT IN THE SOCIAL REGISTER—PROBABLE!**

H ere's a frothy bit of delicious nonsense. There are no star names, but who cared Irene Hervey plays a trash-cansalesgirl in Trudy's (could they mean Macy's perchance?) basement who is looking for a Prince. The Prince turns out to be a theatre doorman (Charles Starrett) who is really a young baby doctor working his way through medical school. Irene borrows a baby, takes a morning off from her trashcans, and goes in pursuit of the doctor. They are just about to be married when a raid on a Burlesque show, where her mother is singing, brings publicity and just about wrecks the romance. But it all works out beautifully with another getting her release from jail and marrying the manager of the store. Irene Franklin, as the mother who can put over a song a la Minzy, steals scenes right and left, and we find ourselves asking why not more of Irene Franklin in pictures. It's very gay entertainment.

**WEDDING PRESENT**

**THE FOURTH ESTATE GOES GOOFY—PAR- Maison**

JOAN BENNETT and Cary Grant play a couple of crazy devil-may-care newspaper reporters in this slightly mad and very rambling farce which is guaranteed to put you in good spirits. They have no respect for discipline, or anything else, and when they win the annual awards for good reporting they promptly lose their medals in a crap game with the elevator boy. Such loony people.

Finally Cary decides to reform and becomes a city editor, and Joan goes to New York and gets herself engaged to Conrad Nagel, the unexciting author of success books. When Cary hears about the approaching wedding of his girl friend he gets tight and scuds all the fire engines and police wagons in town to Conrad's house as a sort of wedding present. Now fire engines always do things to Jeanie, and in the stress of all the excitement she throws over the success author and decides to marry into the newspaper profession.

George Bancroft is good as a vengeful city editor, and so is Gene Lockhart as an Austrian archduke who goes on a date with Joan and Cary. Joan, pretty as a picture, establishes herself as a comedian.

**DIMPLES**

**KEEPING UP THE TEMPLE STANDARD—Twen- tieth Century**

The latest Shirley Temple picture, rich in comedy and fun, rates right along with her best vehicles. This time the locale is quaint old New York of 1890 and Shirley is a tiny street singer (and a bit of a rough neck) who with her gang entertains the crowds while her guardian, "Professor," Frank Morgan, does a neat and thriving business as a pickpocket.

When Shirley catches her adored "Professor" stealing a cuckoo clock in a rich lady's house she is heartbroken, and the poor "Professor" is so penitent that he straightaway agrees to reform. But the little matter of the theatre's funds and Napoleon's watch come up and the poor man finds it very difficult to live up to Shirley's trust in him.

The plot gets very complicated when a rich old lady (Helen Westley) falls in love with the little Temple and offers to buy her from the "Professor" for five thousand dollars, and Shirley becomes the first Little Eva in the original company of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which is produced by the old lady's nephew. There are all kinds of complications and all kinds of reconciliations in the end, and the picture is really all kinds of fun. Frank Morgan smirks and through one grand comedy scene after another, Shirley taps dances (as only a pupil of Bill Robinson's can) and sings two charming songs—"What Did the Bluejay Say?" and "Picture Me Without You."

[Continued on page 67]
THE THRILLING STORY
OF AN AVENGER
WHO FOUND LOVE

FROM the elevated approach to the great bridge one could see the vast panorama of rooftops and towers that crowd onto Manhattan island. It spread under the drizzling winter sky as far as the eye could follow, this seething, crawling human ant hill. Millions of men, millions of struggling lives, millions of dreams.

The man who stared down at it had his dream. He had led him there from all across dusty America, hurrying his way on the roads, sliding on the rails of the freight trains, living by the free soup kitchens and the suifrance of the hobo jungles.

He was young, just past his majority. A lean, browned man with the eyes of a dreamer, dark eyes that were lighted by fanatical devotion to one idea.

The chilly wind whipped his ragged clothing. It crept through the rotted fabrics and burned his flesh. The icy rain soaked him. He was not aware of it. Somewhere among those millions down there was one man had come far to find— one truth he must wring from that man's lips.

Mio Romagna, following the tragic purpose of his life had come to clear a dead man's name.

That man had died sixteen years ago in the electric chair. The crime for which Bartolomeo Romagna paid the penalty was the murder of a factory paymaster. All these sixteen years his son believed in his innocence.

Sixteen years later the dean of a famous university law school, reviewing the old case as an academic exercise, became convinced that Mio Romagna's father had died an innocent man. The court had refused to hear a witness whose testimony would have named the real murderer.

The newspapers of America gave wide publicity to this opinion by an expert and so it came to the ears of Romagna's son, bringing him thousands of miles to seek out Garth Esdras and compel that forgotten witness to speak the truth.

Standing on the great bridge, faced with the immensity of the city, Mio saw the hopelessness of his search, but the fanatical purpose in his heart was not cooled. Garth Esdras was there! He would be found!

Just beneath him was the river's edge and the huddled roofs of the lowest slums. In the shadow of one of the great stone abutments that supported the bridge, was an open space, a square formed by the tenements on three sides, the river on the fourth.

A stair opened from where Mio stood and winding around the masonry made an exit to the square below. Halfway down the shadowy steps he saw a figure that held his attention.

A girl huddled against the stair rail, her slight body abandoned to grief. The utter despair of her pose cried aloud to his sympathy and beckoned him to join her.

"What's the matter, kid?" she raised her head from her arms. Mio looked into a pale, tragic face and saw sweetness and beauty there. Her littleness somehow made him ache to help her.

She was shrinking from him. "Nothing, nothing!" she gasped, answering his questions. She would have run away from him. He put his hand on her arm, gently.

"I'm sorry," she asked amazed.

"That you're unhappy."

She looked at him bewildered, Wasn't unhappiness the common lot? "It's all right," she muttered. "You're unhappy, too."

"How do you know that?"

"I just looked at you. That's all. Can I help?"

In all his years of vagrant wandering nobody had offered help. She was just a kid, shabby and ill nourished, yet she had such riches of heart she would share with him!

"Who are you?" he gasped.

She shook her head. Her eyes had a frightened gleam. "No one. Just a girl you..."
saw among the tenements.” Turning she slipped from his restraining hand and darted away down the stair. She vanished in the shadows of the bridge like a figure he had dreamed.

He wandered into the square below, staring hopefully at the tiers of tenement windows that bounded it on three sides, at the black, greasy river that lapped and gurgled along the embankment on the fourth side. His thoughts returned again to his search for that one man—Garth Esdras. One among millions! A strange thing was happening in the square. Mio stared, listened, unable to believe his senses. There came the sound of music—gay, light, tuneful and quickened the pulses and brought a glint of light to the dullest eyes. Music, springing like some rare flower out of the foulest muck; the victim of the riddle. Old Lucia owned a grizzled organ. It was his means of livelihood. But Mr. Boss, that austerer, all sat on the parapets by the black, greasy river, huddled forlornly against the driving mist.

Her name was Miriamme. She would tell him no more than that. Without shame she said that she loved him; that she would go with him wherever he went. It was sweet to hear her say that. Mio had been for the last time. A party for everybody! Free music—free dreams of happiness! That was the music that startled Mio. Tenement windows opened, faces stared out, smiled doubtfully. Out of doors they came, old and young to dance to the last of the street music.

A pair of ragamuffin boys did a shuffle. A sailor drew a street girl into his arms and whirled her away. A pair of girls danced together, laughing shrilly. The old hood, who crept around the square smoking discarded cigarette butts he picked up, swayed his body to the rhythm of the songs. They were all dancing—dancing goodbye to the street music—goodbye forever!

Mio saw the girl of the bridge and went to her. He held out his arms, saying nothing. She moved into his embrace and they danced with the others and looking into each other’s eyes they saw no others. They were alone in a world of their own, a man and a girl in love.

A policeman came, red faced and full of bluster, running to them down the alley that led from the square to streets beyond. The music had to stop. The law said so. Most of the dancers were too cowed to protest. They shrugged and turned back to their holes. A few mocked at the law; a few defied it in hot speeches.

Among those who dared speak Mio saw an old man. He was lean and feeble. Paperlike skin stretched tight over a cadaverous frame. Nobody knew who he was. He had not lived in the square. The old man’s speech was gentle, with a queer dignify, even a hint of authority. But his mind was feebler. He rambled:

“Whatever they have said or done, let them disperse in peace,” he said to the policeman. “It is better that they go softly—lest when they are dead—you see their eyes peeling and their outstretched hands touch you, lingering cold on your heart.”

He put a pleading hand on the policeman’s arm. “I have been harsher than you,” he quavered in his strangely arresting voice.

Mio’s stare concentrated on this strange old man. Somewhere he had seen that face, sometime long ago! He had seen that face and heard that voice... but where? What did it mean to him? He could not solve the puzzle.

The policeman threw off the old man’s grip so roughly that he fell to the ground. While the crowd gawled shame at the law, a younger man helped the victim to his feet. He called another to aid him and between them they led the queer old wraith out of the crowd.

Mio turned to ask the girl if she knew the old man. The girl had slipped away. When he found her again, haunting the square in his determination to see her, she sat on the parapets by the black, greasy river, huddled forlornly against the driving mist.

“Tune in now, home, home, home, love of life, nor fear of death, nor care for what I eat. Love somewhere else, Miriamme, and get your children in some other image. This face of mine is stained for sewage!”

Standing before her, shaken by the old bitterness, he lifted his face to the falling rain. “Lie still and rest, my father, for I have not forgotten. When I do forget, may I lie blind as you!”

She drew back from him and her eyes showed amazement and growing terror. “Mio! What is his name... your father’s name?”

Her tragic whisper startled him. He said, “Bartolomeo Romagna. I’m not ashamed of it.”

She screamed then, “I know why you’re here! There’s someone lives here—and you mean to see him—do you mean to ask him—”

“Who told you that?”

She finished with dread certainty, “His name is Garth—Garth Esdras!”

His face was close to her, his eyes demanding the truth. “Who are you, then? Were you sent to say this?”

You said there was death about you,” she whispered. “Yes, but nearer than you think! Let it be as it is—never see this place again, nor think of it... Go, before you’re seen or spoken to.”

She started away from him as she said it. His hand clutched at her.

“But why? Tell me why!”

“You said there was death about you,” she whispered. “Yes, but nearer than you think! Let it be as it is—never see this place again, nor think of it... Go, before you’re seen or spoken to.”

She shook her head at him vehemently. “Never! For I should bring you death.” She tore herself from his hands and raced away into the shadows. [Continued on next page]
The blind fates that guide men's lives, moving with the inexorable sureness of the tide, dragging along right and justice as surely as great glaciers flow, grasped the strings that hurled the human puppets to their final reckoning. In the dingy basement room where Miriamne Esdras lived with her brother Garth and her old father, the fates had set their stage.

Garth had read a newspaper article that brought Mio questing for the truth had moved other hearts. One was that strange old man Mio had seen in the square. He was the same thin, gaunt gentleman whose bullet killed the paymaster sixteen years ago. The sudden revival of the old case filled him with guilty terror. He was one of the policemen on the great bridge, staring hopelessly over the city. Trock was posting trusted gunmen at the exits to the square. They had seen Mio, recognized him at Garth Esdras as he attempted to leave the place. At any cost his mouth must be stopped before he went to the police.

Miriamne, torn between loyalty to her brother and love for Mio, fled back to the basement. Old Esdras,Garth, and Judge Gaunt were already there. And across the great bridge, even then, Trock Estrella, the murderer, was returning, plotting fresh killing and murder. He was a telephone message from one of his gunmen was bringing Trock back. The gunman had recognized Judge Gaunt and had seen Garth shelter him.

Trock's mind was made up. The Judge had no chance. He was one of the witnesses, the last man you put away has friends—"

Trock was sick of Shadow's cautions, blustering with the lust to kill. He turned on him, reprovingly. "You all through?"

"Why sure."

"All right. We're through, too, you know."

"Yeah?" said Shadow, warily, warned of his peril. "Sure, 1'll go. Maybe you won't mind if I just find out what you've got on Garth back. I'd like to know." With mock courtesy he took Trock's gun away from him. "So long, Trock. I won't talk. You can be sure of that."

"I know why you talked," Shadow said softly. He turned toward the river and lifted his hand—a signal to his killers. The slap of a revolver with a silencer was not loud enough to drown the chatter of shooting in the great mass of buildings across the low parapet beside the river. Trock's foot rolled the body farther, it dawned on his brain and whisked away in the current.

"Well, you didn't lie," Trock grinned. "You won't talk." He went on into the square to visit Garth Esdras.

To find Garth Esdras! Mio had no other purpose in this world and love was forgotten in the excitement her warning had roused. Garth was near—in this very square! When he found the basement hotel finally, Garth and his old father were perched on the window ledge. Standing Judge Gaunt to leave the place. Mio told his errand to the man he had traveled so far to discover.

"My son knows nothing," old Esdras quavered.

"That's right," Garth echoed. "The police picked us up at the time because I looked like somebody they had seen in what they called the murder car. They held me a little while, but they couldn't identify me for this most excellent reason. I wasn't there when the thing occurred. That's all.

I know about it. I wish I could tell you more."

Mio recoiled from him, his hopes dashed. "So I came three thousand miles to this dead city, and you won't tell me the truth, and you won't accept this as truth. You lie! I won't believe it!"

The strange old man he had seen in the square spoke to him reprovingly. "If you mean to say that Bartolomio Romagna was innocent, you are wrong. He was guilty."

A furious young man turned on him, arguing with him reprovingly. And a hand came down on the table,

"I am the right judge," the old man cried. "I want the truth. I've scanned and verified and compared the transcripts of the trial. I watched all modern community and saw it centered finally on one fact—"

Garth Esdras was not called. This is Garth Esdras. And you have heard of him, of his deposition have justified a new trial?"

Mio stood silent before him, his dream castles crumbling. But the truth was in him and he would fight to the end to bring it to light."

"No," he said. "No, it would not."

He dropped into a chair, stunned by his disappointment. Garth Esdras and his father—Judge Gaunt—were all ready to lead the judge out of the tenement.

When Mio looked up, Miriamne stood before him. She had returned to the adjoining room of the basement flat. She would have given him all the consolation her loving heart prompted, but he shook his head. She knew that he could not stand. "You're white Inject. The son of a felon—"

"Never believe them, Mio! Never!"

"It was truth I wanted, Truth. Not the lies you'd tell yourself, or tell a woman, or a woman tells you. The judge with his cobra mouth may have spat the truth—and I may be mad!"

They leaped apart at the slam of the door thrown open. Three men backed inside the room. An old man and his son and Judge Gaunt. Following them, his hand threateningly clutching something in his coat pocket, came Trock Estrella. The gangster's eyes fixed on Mio. "Who is he?"

"Old Esdras answered, "His name's Romagna, the son."

"Then what's he doing here? You said you were on the level."

"We didn't!" Mio babbled. "He just walked in. On account of the stuff in the papers."

Trock considered them, He saw no movement in Mio Romagna. "Well, we are a gathering," he snorted. "Now, if we had Shadow, we'd all be here. But I only guess we won't see Shadow!"

"Don't see Shadow!" Mio echoed, remembering the body his foot sent slithering into the greasy river. "Don't see Shadow!"

"I'm harmless," Garth cried. "That's not necessary."

"I suppose you're starting," Trock said warily. "You wouldn't want to let the Judge walk, would you? The Judge is going to ride where he's going, with a couple of chauffeurs in their place in style. Don't you worry about the Judge. He'll be taken care of."

Laughing at their terrified faces Trock glanced out of the door, Rain was pouring. He drew back with a shiver.

"It takes ten days off me, every time I step into it! It's Shadow like the vet. Not me."

The words were the last of silence. They saw his face bulging and turned to look where Trock looked. Outside, drenched by the rain stood something in the form of a man, something unshaven face and eyes that stared in at them. It came on with a shuffling, dead step, swaying crazily and it saw they held a revolver in one hand. It came close and was backed away from it, backing until he was pinned against the wall behind him.

The thing clutched wearily at the door frame and suddenly loomed before the gangster. "Keep your hands where they belong. Trock," it moved nearer again, wip ing its head on dripping river water that closed its eyes.

Trock's voice was a squall. "I'm clean. Shadow. You've got my gun."

"Yeah," said the answering ones. [Continued on page 72]
LINES

SAY "over 30!"

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth... You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty... but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the under tissues at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres under your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once they fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More... You pat this perfectly balanced cream briskly into your skin... Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go... And those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm underneath—smooth, line-free outside, where it shows.

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off... Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. M145, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 50c to cover postage and packing.

Name
Street
City
State

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Some Can Take It
[Continued from page 35]

Well, I was always one to believe what I read in the papers, but that time I simply couldn't stomach it. You see I made the mistake of believing the Daily Mirror's report that Carole had met with her that morning (and talk about being high-hat, Carole is probably the only Hollywood star who did not arrive in New York on the chic French train, but was wriggling in bed, literally froze to my marrow while Carole posed for one picture after another, leg att. teeth att. everything) .

I started this avalanche of "who does she think she is" publicity, I might add, was no place around the Pennsylvania Station in the cold gray dawn of that morning, but was strictly at home in bed. But thus are rumors started. So then the picking on Carole began and was taken up by the fan magazines and the Hollywood gossips. When she happened to invite to one of her parties a boy she had known since she was twelve years old it was immediately announced over the air and in all the newspapers that Miss Lombard was feeling predatory and had taken So-and-So away from his fiancée. Oh there was just the little rumor after another. But somehow or other to-day, after her big success in "My Man Godfrey" Carole is being called the leading lady of the day by people who said she couldn't act worth a damn only two years ago. And no one remembers to call her high hat in quite some time.

Walter Huston was considered "through" in Hollywood several years ago after a series of Metro pictures and the studio couldn't see him for a cloud of dust. So Walter returned to his first love—the stage. But now after his sensational success in Mr. Goldwyn's "Dowdsworth" every town in district is danging a fat juicy contract— but Walter is being wary. The Tracy boys—Spencer and Lee—almost got themselves buried in a mess of bad publicity, and the wise-aces predicted with nice long faces that neither of them would ever be anybody on the screen again. But Sunday of this day is one of the most in demand leading men on the Metro lot, and since "Furry" and "San Francisco" it's a lucky star who gets him for her picture. And Universals is using every lure possible to get Lee off his yacht and into the studio. Those two boys certainly proved that they could take it.

It is not definite but as we go to press it is being whispered about that it will be Tallullah Bankhead who will play the much coveted role of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind," which David Selzick will produce this winter. No one ever got a worse break than Tallullah in Hollywood. No one has ever had more bad publicity. No one has ever been more disliked. And Tallullah knew all this. But she had the guts to come to Hollywood this past summer in the try-out of a New York play and show her critics (both press and the movie stars) that she really could act if given a chance. Her chances have been just as much a failure as were her pictures: it took a lot of nerving. Before she left town for the New York opening practically everyone (in studio to whom she was so much poison before) offered her a contract. If she gets Scarlett, the plums of the year, she will make a swell Scarlett.

DURING the making of "Born To Dance," Eleanor Powell and Jimmy Stewart reverted to the good old school days. They brought their lunches from home and ate together.
Evening in Paris Perfume in de luxe bottle with square chromium cap. . . . $10.00
Triple Vanity holding Rouge, Lipstick and Face Powder (loose or compact). $2.75

Evening in Paris Purse Flacon of Perfume, Face Powder, Rouge and Talcum Powder nestle in the satiny interior of a gleaming silver and blue box. . . . . . $2.95

Perfume in square silver and blue gift box. $1.10
Perfume and Face Powder in luxurious box. $2.25

Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Single Loose Vanity and Talcum Powder in gift box. . $4.55
Perfume in special bottle with atomizer. . . . $1.65

A gorgeous half-moon gift box with Evening in Paris Perfume, Toilet Water, Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Single Loose Vanity and Lipstick. . . . . . . $7.75

Evening in Paris Perfume, Toilet Water, Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Single Loose Vanity and Lipstick in a satin-lined, triple-sectioned gift box. . . . . . . . . . $10.00

It is le Père Noël, the Santa Claus of France, speaking... We men do not clutch the head and search for gifts in frenzy when it comes to the season of the joyous Noël. But no! Because we know that from the cradle it is natural for the ladies to be concerned with their beauty...and that the loveliest ladies of our belle patrie are devoted to Evening in Paris.

So do as we do if you would delight the ladies at Noël... give to them all sets of Evening in Paris... For yes, there are in all twenty different sets, costing from a little one dollar and ten cents all the way up to twenty dollars for the set de luxe, the gift glorious for the loveliest lady you know.

At your favorite drug or department store.

Evening in Paris BOURJOIS
When Snow Comes To The Mountains

(Continued from page 25)

evident in the lovely but cozy rooms, and her yen for flowers is proved by her encouragement of mountain blooms. An evening here is a thoroughly comfortable affair.

Allan Jones and Irene Hervey have invested in a cabin on the lake front. Now they've brought in their speedboat and stored it, and Allan has been sharpening their skates. He's too canny to let any tinkerer touch them. They skate in one of the rinks formed by the freezing over of the lake's miniature bayous, along with the stars who patronize the hotel. At Arrowhead Lodge, in the Norman-English village, I hailed Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Claudette Colbert and her doctor, Ginger Rogers, Arline Judge, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, and Cary Grant in the dining-room when I dropped in for supper last Saturday. Chester Morris's two children hurried in for a whopping meal; papa and mama had said they could start if they got hungry before papa and mama came in from skating. (You should observe Pat O'Brien maneuvering tiny snowshoes onto his two-year-old!)

Across the lake, at the rity North Shore Tavern, Garbo is a rumored guest. If you see her you aren't supposed to tell. And there you'll also have a swell opportunity of playing with Fay Wray, Marlan Marsh, the Junior Cagney, and Ann Sheridan and her flock. And where Ann trips, her newly acquired buddy, Roger Pryor, Ceser Romero and Betsy Furness likewise trip. Because they're all weak over "Annie Girl," Ann's old toboggan from Washington. No one but Ann's permitted to steer this temperamental snow-immer since Cesar tired of back-seat advising and all but shot the shrieking foursome over the edge of a precipice.

Marian and Fay learned to ski at St. Moritz, as did Gene Raymond. So these three are especially adept. They lean into the wind with perfect grace. I hope you recall that your skis ought to be a foot longer than the highest you can reach, and that you must leave them outside. It warps them to bring them in where there's a fire, declares sage Marian.

With Sonja Henie, the greatest woman skater who's ever lived, in our midst no one dares to hand out any suggestions. She's been so busy filming her reproduction of Pavlova's swan dance that she hasn't been to the mountains yet. But she's promised to give an out-door show to her stellar acquaintances. Then she'll leap and whirl and glide just as she does in her first picture, and I guess it'll be a relief not to have to think of camera angles. Simone Simon's begging her to wear one of her beguiling all-white costumes when she comes up.

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IT'S ALL SPOILED

Read how pimples almost turned Polly's dream into a nightmare.
Naturally the tales told around cabin fires and hotel hearths are principally about how the speaker is progressing on skis. Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck would rather press on to new conquests, so they're dipping into this bob-sledging racket. Gene Raymond's the old pro at it. The most torrid tumbler is getting tired of sitting in the middle; being sandwiched in and holding ankles is duck soup. They want to be at the front and steer or on the end. "God help 'em!" exclaims a bejeweled mountainer.

Diets are being horribly violated. When you've been out designing an igloo and patterning about on snowshoes (you'd fancy Bob Montgomery was in the Far North making the rounds of his traps!) you come in shouting for food. To the Dickens with whether it's fattening. Your resistance is shattered—everyone admits that you appetite triples in this mountain air. But, explains Anna Sten seriously, one exercises all the extra food oil! Which one does, at that. Especially Anna, from the chilly steppes of Russia. She's queen of our winter sports (so long as Sonja can't get away from town) to Gene Raymond's King. She really isn't home-like Dietrich. Her latest bit, again, I can add, is a "droshky" which she guides with an expert hand. In case you aren't sure on your Russian, this is simply a one-horse shay with runners attached. She stumbled upon it in a studio prop department.

All those handsome males who pursue Mars Brian in turn have nothing but kind phrases for her, but a paired expression does cross their faces at the mention of escorting her to the mountains. Mary seems fairly fragile, but let her start walking through snow drifts and she goes on and on—and on. A mere man's feet are frozen nearly beyond recall.

Irene Dunne's a whole lot better at ice-skating than she is at skiing. Last year she was in a Fresno nursing home as the result of a skiing accident to her knee. Her cabin is in Yosemite and she fixes it up with the right degree of modestness; yet it's small enough for her to take care of everything herself, too. Which she does most efficiently. Her husband lives out from New York when she phones she'll have a vacation and their jaunts to Yosemite are sentimental pilgrimages. They honeymooned there and it's good luck to return to renew their pledges of devotion. Dr. Griffin is partial to ice hockey and Irene democratically chats with neighboring wives while applauding his battle for points. If the neighbors had any doubts about her they were absolutely won over when she agreeably accepted their hint that she take her garbage can lid and slide with them!

Gene Ahwense is the ultra host in Yosemite and there you'll encounter Grace Moore and Gladys Swarthout and their husbands. And the Warren Williams. The fire-balls from Glacier Point are more beautiful than ever when the valley is carpeted with snow, according to Grace.

At Idlewild I was informed that there was a stranger who should tackle Major Bowes. He was always singing as he skimmed over the snow, and his voice was...
"right good." The natives led me to Laurence Tibbitt! He was incognito in that no one there recognized him. There is no fussing with chains on tires for Wallace Beery when he is in his cabin mood. He pops into his own airplane and flies two hundred and fifty miles North in an hour-and-a-half. Winter as well as summer. His wife and baby daughter fly with him, as a private paradise Wally has, at Silver Lake, in the middle of the hunting and fishing Acadia. He tongue-stifled, his little Carol Ann affirms. Let the gay sprigs go on their sleigh-rides, Wally states. He's content to cuddle on his davenport before his giant furnace and put the finish on marshmallows.

I've been chattering on enough, though. Prepare to wipe dishes and swap bed-time stories, please. Bridge and gape into the embers if you receive an invitation to Myrna Loy's or any of the other stars' cabins. I've got to be off on my mission. I have to do my bit to go on that sleigh-ride with the Younger Generation. All they've assigned me is the job of cornering a sleigh. As though I'd have one up on my sleeves! Great kids, aren't they? Anyway, the horse isn't on me. Ross Alexander knows a couple of horses who are just dying to join the fun!

The Sphinx Has Melted!

[Continued from page 23]

laughed it off. It was about this time that the studio crew at last acknowledged her to be a good sport. And you can believe me when I say that any player of renown, who is classified as a good sport by those calloused crews, has certainly earned the title.

One afternoon after a good lunch Director Cukor appeared on the set in a very gay mood. As usual he and Miss Garbo exchanged witty repartee, but that was customary. Pretty soon though, he commenced to jump and skip all over the stage. First he would give the impression of flying, then of sailing, then he would buzz and buzz viciously smack an imaginary foe in the air. What was the matter? Had the man gone crazy? No, he was simply entertaining the assemblage with his imitation of a mosquito. That his efforts were successful was apparent by the reaction on Miss Garbo, who was almost convulsed with laughter. The whole incident so amused everyone that little could be accomplished for the balance of the afternoon.

Another evening the lunch hour at the studio the players and stage crew organized a soft-ball team. They called their squad the "Camillas" in honor of the film with which they were working. The on which Miss Garbo was chosen Miss Garbo as their sponsor. A challenge to the studio office team was issued and just as promptly accepted. In no time at all the game was on. Among the spectators was Garbo herself. Yes, there was the Screen's Number One Mystery Woman right on the ball. She was seaing her players and telling them how to play their positions. And she stayed right on to the finish of the game. No rouster did more valiant work for their team than did Greta on that day.

But right here we might let you in on a little secret. Robert Taylor played second base on the Garbo side, and maybe that might have had something to do with it.

What do you think?

A typical instance of Garbo's new sporting attitude occurred when a fuse box blew out during the shooting of a scene. Bob Taylor was leaning over the back of her chair at a theatre box seat, when BANG—there was an explosion overhead that sent sparks showering all over the set and down onto their heads. The pair rushed oil-stage just as all the lights were extinguished and the set thrown into darkness. Fortunately no one was injured and as soon as repairs were made everyone was back on the job, including Miss Garbo. It looks as though nothing may come a frightened-doll-like accent out of this real trouper.

Good looking Robert Taylor figured in many humorous incidents during the filming of "Camille." Once he failed to put in an appearance in a scene calling for his presence with the feminine star. The company hunted all over the lot for him. Miss Garbo sat weeping under the weight of her heavy and uncomplimentary silks. But still no leading man. Minutes seemed like hours and everybody's patience was sorely tried. Suddenly Taylor's voice came crackling in on them all with a wild "Vippee!" and he tore onto the set astride a cow pony. He had been out trying to make a deal with the owner of the beast and finally bought the causer. The incident wound up so spectacularly that everyone forgot about their long wait and soon the cameras were grinding away with a smiling Greta before them.

Miss Garbo has completely dispelled the old idea that she is haughty and aloof. She has proven during the shooting of "Camille" that she is one actress in Hollywood who can subserve her own whims and fancies for the benefit of the cast. Instead of seizing upon opportune situations to go into tantrums of temperament such as high-sung actresses are commonly supposed to do, she has proven to be a real sport, a trouper of the first water. That old invisible cloak of reserve has been completely dispelled. Perhaps Garbo herself has grown weary of the halo of mystery and loneliness she was surrounded by. It may be that she has become the master of old whims and fancies. Again, it may be that a protracted diet of seclusion and aloofness has ceased to appeal to her. Most likely, however, is the fact that she is simply hungry for friends and congenial companions. But whatever it is that's causing her to be on that way it has our approval. We're always had the greatest of admiration and respect for the Great Garbo as an artist but now that we know that she can be "regular," that is sumthin'.
Reviews of Pictures

[Continued from page 55]

DODSWORTH
A DRAMATIC STORY OF MARRIAGE—United Artists

Here, decidedly, is one of the finest, if not the finest, “adult” picture ever screened, and never again do I want to catch anyone saying the movies are only for morons. Sinclair Lewis’ popular best seller of several seasons ago has been adapted for the stage, and then the screen, by the capable Sidney Howard, and, given a magnificent production by Samuel Goldwyn, it will easily be the most talked about, and the most raved about, picture of the winter.

Walter Huston, who also played the title role in the stage production, is truly excellent as the typically American Mr. Dodsworth, but the greatest praise must go to Ruth Chatterton, whose Mrs. Dodsworth is one of the most intelligent and brilliant performances ever seen on the screen.

Mary Astor, looking more beautiful than ever before, plays the understanding young widow to whom Dodsworth turns in his misery, and this is undoubtedly Mary’s finest work. David Niven as the neurotic Mr. Dodsworth’s English lover is excellent, and so is Paul Lukas, as the suave European. There is an inspired minor performance by Madame Ouspenskaya as the Baronesse who breaks up Mrs. Dodsworth’s engagement to her son, well played by Gregory Gaye. A fine picture.

LIBELED LADY
COMEDY HIT WITH THE BIG STARS CLICKING—MGM

Jean Harlow, William Powell, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy make this surprisingly clever comedy fairly sparkle with their hilarious handling of the witty and highly amusing dialogue. Spencer Tracy plays a managing editor who is too busy to get to his own marriage to the important grass widow, Jean Harlow.

Myrna Loy sues the paper for libel and that brings William Powell into the picture to add a very great deal to the fast and furious comedy. The plot is complicated by their falling in love that makes it funnier. The fishing scene has novelty and is entirely side-splitting in its humor.

Walter Connolly and Charley Grapewin support the cast with gusto and Jack Conway’s direction is marvellously skillful.

RAMONA
AN ESQUIITE LOVE STORY—Twentieth Century-Fox

If you are one of those die-hards who simply wouldn’t accept Technicolor you’ll have to change your mind now. “Ramona,” the famous romance of early California days, comes to the screen definitely as the most beautiful moving picture ever filmed. Ramona’s tragic love story has been filmed several times before, but never before has it been done so artistically, and with such a beautiful Ramona, Loretta Young, in a black wig, plays the half-breed Indian maiden and gives an exquisite and sensitive performance which will long be remembered. Don Ameche plays Alessandro, her valiant Indian lover and husband, and there could not have been a more perfect Alessandro. Pauline Frederick is excellent as the domineering Spanish senora whose handsome son, Kent Taylor, also loves the beautiful Ramona.

Jane Darwell is simply well as a mountain settler who harbors the young couple when they are driven from their home by the brutal Americans.

LEGS CHAP TOO—Smooth away roughness with quicker-acting Hinds. It doesn’t just slick the surface. Its special creamy lubricants soak chapped skin soft again. To prevent further chapping, apply Hinds before putting on stockings. It softens and soothes those hard, dry “skin cracks” that sting and burn...that cause silk stocking runs too!

GOOD-BYE SANDPAPER HANDS! Washing windows chaps hands so, they positively hurt...But Hinds quicker-acting softeners soak the skin with comfort. Its creamy texture shows that Hinds works better. It isn’t watery!

FREE The first One-Piece DISPENSER

At last! The new perfect one-piece lotion dispenser—free on the Hinds 50c-size bottle. Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds quicker-acting lotion! Every drop creamy—not watery. Keeps your hands feeling good, looking grand! Hinds comes in $1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

NEW RADI0 TREAT—“Between the Bookends” brought to you at 12:15 p.m. E.S.T. WABC-CBS.
Romance!  The Long And Short Of It  [Continued from page 28]
courtship and marriage has been a never

soured source of interest to romance-minded

Hollywood.  "I guess big men like little girls because

they make us feel like strength and power," Johnny told me one day.  That

probably is as good an explanation as any

for the age-old attraction of the muscular

male for the small and frail female.

The first time I saw Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, they were walking down a

studio street, hand in hand.  For a moment

I thought that Joel was showing someone's kid sister the sights of Hollywood.  Then I

recognized the tiny girl who could easily

have walked under Joel's outstretched arm.

Joel is another member of that school of hugely masculine players.  There is

something indescribably rugged about his

unwieldy features--a slightly angular

body.  When he picked his wife, did he

select a large girl who would have been

his feminine counterpart in size and vi-

tality?  He did not.  He chose one of Holl-

wood's smallest actresses, little Frances

Dee, who gave up her career to marry him and

to become the mother of his children.

Bob Montgomery is of a different

taste -- the smallness of his height is a

kind of bigness that doesn't need to be

canceled by that of his wife, nor is it one of

the present-day athletes.  He plays polo,

tennis and golf with an expert skill.  His

favorite recreation between pictures is

working--and I mean working--on his farm

in New York state.  And Bob, too, has

followed the Hollywood formula in romance.

Fifteen years ago he married and divorced

Elizabeth Allen Montgomery who is one of

Hollywood's tiniest women.

This is an age of big men in motion

pictures.  That makes the smallness of the

objects of their affections even more no-

ticeable.  The average masculine player of

today is taller and broader than the stars

of silent pictures.  Maurice Che-

tello, the first great matinee idol of the

screen, was smaller and more compactly

built than his present-day counterparts;

his place in popularity.  Rudolph Valentino,

probably the greatest romantic hero whom

the films have ever known, was six inches

shorter than the average man and their

shoulders were a little narrower.

But, even in the old days, the larger

men were attracted to the smaller women.

The tall and blonde Wallace Reid, the first

typically young American hero of the

screen, married tiny Dorothy Davenport.

Big Bill Hart, the two-gun man of the

western plains, took as his bride small

girl with golden hair.  Winifred Westmore,

P.G. Bushman, over whose masculine virility

another generation of feminine dreams was

drawn, elected as a wife he never de-

sighted, married a small brunette, Beverly

Bayne.

"Perhaps it is because there are so very

many small women in Hollywood," tiny

Johny Raitson Arlen, wife of the husky

Dick, tried to explain today's big-and-little

couple of the film colony's romancers.  

"It is the same story in the

majority in Hollywood.  They have a better

chance in pictures because the camera adds

pounds and inches to their already portentous

physical weight and height.  Most visitors to

Hollywood are open-mouthed in their

amazement because of the unexpected timi-

ness of the famous women we see them on the streets and in the studios.  But there

are plenty of good-sized girls, too.  Kay

Francis, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Ros-

sind Russell, Virginia Bruce and many

others are in town.  But, in spite of the

wide choice of diminutives which Hollywood offers, the bravey males very

often ignore the little women under their

noses and go far afield to find their dainty

brides.  So the mere superiority of their

numbers doesn't seem to be an important

factor in the desirability of the smaller

women.

Rambaldo Scott, who certainly deserves a

place among the tallest and ruggest of the

Hollywood men, recently traveled all

the long way to Virginia and New York
to see his bride, the little Mariona Dupont.

Like his good friend, Fred Astaire, he

chose a modest socialite for a wife.  Also,

like Fred, he selected a small girl.  Fred can't

be classed with the Randolphs and Gars and

Johnnys in point of size, but he can be in

point of solid American virility.

The happiest marriages in Hollywood

seem to be the ones with small size.  In
girls schools, husky and vital.  His short and

exciting Hollywood life has been dotted

with romances.  The girls have been husky

and brunettes, but they all have been daintily

small.  First there was little Jean Parker,

with whom he made one of his earlier pic-
tures which died a quick death after the

release of the picture.  Longer lasting and
darkest was his romance with Irene

Hervey, blonde and only slightly over fire

herself.  For a time it looked as if

this would end at the altar, but something

happened, probably a lover's quarrel, and

they separated.  Irene married Allan Jones

and he proceeded to bed them both, first
with tiny Janet Gaynor.  They were working

together in "Small Town Girl."  But

nothing came of that affair because Bob

married Barbara Stanwic.  This last romance

promises to be the real thing.  If they do

marry, the broad-shouldered Bob and the

finely-carved Barbara, the old formular

will have worked again.

Check over the Hollywood lists and you'll

see that the old formula is proving its

potency.  Bill Powell married the little

Mae Murray, and the ruggedest of the rugged

Grant and Mary Brian, David Niven and

Marie O'Hern, James Stewart and Ginger

Rogers among the romancers.  Errol Flynn

and Lily Damita, the Warner Baxters, Cedric

Gibbons and Dolores Del Rio and many others

among the happily married.  From the

divorce decisions it seems there are two

patterns of the muscular W. S. Van Dyke's

"Trader Horn," "Thin Man," "Naughty

Marietta" and "San Francisco" fame, mar-

ried to their dream girls.  In the same

circle Bob Leonard, who brought "The Great

Ziegfeld" to the screen, chose the ultra-

small Mae Murray for his first wife and

is married to the equally tiny Gertrude

Olmstead.

Hollywood isn't setting any new styles in

love. It is merely following a formula which is

as old as romance itself.
to leave, Franchot suddenly found himself following them to the door and begging them to remain for "just a nightcap." When they finally left Franchot quietly said aloud to himself: "Tone—you're a changed man."

The quiet way Franchot conducts his daily life, is completely foreign to the public's conception of a movie star's existence. With a sixteen-cylinder Cadillac coupe remaining for weeks in the garage, Franchot drives around in his Ford. Except on rare occasions, Franchot is never seen at the Vendome, the Brown Derby or any of the popular eating places. And then it's usually because he is working or attending to some business in that immediate vicinity. And he always eats alone. There are a few friends in Hollywood that Franchot is sincerely fond of. There's Gary Cooper, Lynn Riggs, the playwright, and Francis Lederer. Yet, it would never occur to Franchot to call one of them up, and ask him to go to a football game or meet him for lunch.

On rare occasions, when Franchot does want to do something different, he gets up at four in the morning and goes on a hunting trip. But he still doesn't call a Cooper or a Lederer. Instead, he is accompanied by Bennett, the Tone chauffeur, who is a loyal friend as well as a trusted employee. The two of them tramp back into the hills for hours. Bennett confides that Franchot sometimes remains completely silent during the entire trip. It's that strange sort of reserve in Franchot's nature, which at times must be coddled like a baby. This may account for his friendly feeling toward the gentleman he refers to as "Coop."

On days when he is not working, Franchot devotes his time to his singing. At eleven in the morning, he arrives at the home of Signor and Madame Morando. These gentle folk originally knew an operatic fame in Italy. The later years of their life are now devoted to their pupils. Franchot sings two hours before lunch and two hours after. When he's working, he dashes over on his lunch hour and gets in every spare moment. There's something about the peace and stability of the Morando home that appeals to the tranquil Tone. He never seems to tire of the companionship of these two elderly persons.

There is no grand-standing in Franchot's occasional display of affection. He carries this right straight through the daily course of his life. Even when he goes to the Hollywood Bowl, he goes because he loves the music. Most of the Hollywood stars occupy the high-priced front row boxes. Franchot struggles to the top of the hill—where he may sit undisturbed and inconspicuous, in the cheapest seats, next to people who really come there to listen.

It's amazing that Franchot has never ceased to be appalled at the show-window display of emotions in Hollywood. In five years' time, he has never reconciled himself to the fact that the intimacies of life are spoken of so casually. A sophisticate to his finger tips, Franchot cannot condone bad taste. He can't understand how people in Hollywood know so much about each other, down to the most intimate detail.

At a dinner party recently, the hostess told an amusing story of an escapee that concerned a popular male star and his leading lady. It was all told quite mu-

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**Silver Screen for December 1936**

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**Let the doctor's judgment guide you in your choice of a laxative**

The selection of a laxative is no problem for your doctor. He has a definite set of standards to guide him in his choice. And he knows that a good laxative is one that measures up to all of these standards. Here they are:

- **The doctor says that a laxative should be:** Dependable... Mild... Thorough... Time-tested.
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Be as wise as your doctor about the laxative you use. Don't punish your system with harsh cathartics. Give Ex-Lax a trial. Find out how mild, how effective, how comfortable Ex-Lax is. Discover for yourself the advantages that have made Ex-Lax the world's largest-selling laxative. Get the reasons why doctors use it themselves... why mothers have given it to their children with perfect confidence for over 30 years.

Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's an ideal laxative for children as well as for adults. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept S126, Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

**EX-LAX**

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
Which Word Describes Your Eyes?

COLORLESS—Pale, strangely beauty lost—eyes seem small, expressionless. A definite need for proper eye make-up.

CONSPICUOUS—Ordinary mascara overwhelming the lashes in heavy, gummy blobs. Hard-looking and unattractive.

CHARMING—Dark, intense lashes, yet perfectly natural in appearance—with Maybelline. Eye make-up in good taste.

So Simple—this Beauty Secret

Your eyes are your most important beauty feature—or they should be! Are you making the most of their possibilities by framing them properly with long, dark, lustrous lashes? You can do this best by applying just a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste. No longer need you worry about having pale, unattractive lashes, nor fear that hard “made-up” look if you darken them—with Maybelline!

★ Maybelline is non-smarting, tear proof, and absolutely harmless. Cream-smoothness of texture—utter simplicity of application—tendency to curl the lashes into lovely, sweeping fringe—are some of the wonderful qualities which make this the eyelash darkener supreme.

★ You will adore the other delightful Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! See with what ease you can form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Try blending a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with the pure, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow—it deepens and accentuates the color and sparkle of your eyes.

Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are preferred by more than 10,000,000 discriminating women as the finest that money can buy—yet they are nominally priced at leading toilet goods counters everywhere. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had at all 10c stores. Try them today—you'll be delighted!

cenly and certainly there was no reason why the two people concerned shouldn't conduct their private lives in any way they saw fit. It wasn't that Franchot Tone, who was one of the guests, was shocked. It wasn't that he was surprised or being naf. The thing that made him indignant, was the casual way everyone discussed the story and how perfectly plausible it was that they should know about it.

"We all know what goes on in the world today," says Franchot, "and we know that certain conditions do exist and certain things do happen. There are intimacies that we know about—but we never discuss them as a rule. They only concern the parties involved. What can it possibly matter what others do, as long as they don't hurt us? It's strange that Hollywood, pointed out as the artistic center of the world, should still have this Main Street attitude and intolerance."

The time and effort others give to things that don't concern them. Franchot devotes to improving himself. When he discovered that there actually was a possibility of an operatic career, he went to work with a vengeance. Back at Cornell, Franchot had a classmate by the name of Harold Smith. He was an excellent musician and after graduation he became an organist. When Franchot decided to get an accompanist to work with him at home, he located Harold Smith. Letters were exchanged and as a result, Smith is now in Hollywood and working for the Tones.

When he isn't practising, Franchot works out with Bob Howard, a capable instructor. He is putting himself in excellent condition, because he knows that as long as he remains in Hollywood, work will predominate his life. When the day comes that he can get away, he wants to be capable of handling all the things that are in store for him. On account of his singing, he only indulges in an occasional cocktail. His cigarettes are imported from England and are a special mild brand. For diversion Franchot plays chess.

He loves the game so much, he takes a miniature set to the studio with him. Recently he discovered a third assistant director, who has won several chess prizes. Franchot offers his personal influence to see that this particular assistant works on his pictures. Ofttimes, when Franchot hasn't any one to play with, he will sit down and play against himself.

Even since he deserted the stage and came to Hollywood he has felt the great urge to retake for a single play. The offers have been many, but the studio would never give its consent. Just recently it looked as if he would get away. Plans were made and his wife was to accompany him, during Christmas shopping, and see the shows, while he rehearsed. The final okay from Irving Thalberg was all that Franchot needed. The unexpected demise of the producer naturally upset all the plans.

Franchot still holds out hope that he may stage a temporary return to his first love. If he does, New York will see him in person during the holiday season. When the play is over, Franchot will rush back to resume his concert obligations in Hollywood. Perhaps, during his absence, Hollywood producers will discover that in Franchot Tone they have a rare individual, who has retained his rare individuality. It's to be hoped that in the case of Franchot Tone—absence will make the hearts of those who give Franchot to the world, grow fonder.

SUNK!

Richard Dix in "The Depths Below," a Columbia picture, becomes a deep sea diver. The regular equipment with a real air-pump is used. Dolores Del Rio is the featured beauty in the picture. but she wasn't there.
crowning its in Merle's whole career was that day, after being turned down for an extra's part, she dropped into the studio cafe at the very hour Alexander Korda and his wife were lunching. Mrs. Korda caught one swift glimpse of the girl, then pointed her out to her husband, saying, 'That is the most striking face I have ever seen!' Korda, too, saw her possibilities, and that afternoon he gave Merle a screen test which brought several small roles. Then came her Great Opportunity; the part of Anne Boleyn in the now famous picture, "The Private Life of Henry VIII," which definitely launched the lovely Oberon as a glamorous screen star.

The if's came fast now. If she had not played Anne Boleyn, Douglas Fairbanks would never have selected her for his exotic Spanish heroine in "The Private Life of Don Juan," nor would she have been the Chinese girl in "The Battle," nor the scintillating slant-eyed charmer in "The Scarlet Pimpernel." She was now typed as an alluring exotic, and Darryl Zanuck sent for her to come to Hollywood, to play opposite Maurice Chevalier in "Follies Bergere."

"Even since that eventful day in Calcutta, when I saw 'The Dark Angel,'" said Merle, "I had hoped to come to Hollywood. Then, when I arrived I was not happy because they thought I was too young for the part and I had to be extra exotic to make the woman as sophisticated as they wanted her to be.

"I didn't like myself in that picture and I was afraid these artificial roles would harm me with screen audiences, so I decided to return to London where I was still under contract to Alexander Korda. This brings me to another if, a most important one. If I had sailed immediately for England, as I first planned, my career would have developed much differently, but I lingered in New York for several weeks and frequently met Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn at social affairs. One night at a dinner, Mr. Goldwyn said to me, 'If you yourself why it is the choice of people with critical taste. Another point in Dentyne's favor is the smartly flat shape of the package — an exclusive feature — and handy as you please to slip into your pocket or purse.

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In "Can This Be Dixie?" Jane Withers reveals her remarkably comic talents.

WINSETTER [Continued from page 58]

sensibly. "You put three holes in me. But I'm back from the grave, Trock. Back to take you with me."

As Trock screamed, he came a step nearer and another. He wiped frantically at eyes which were already glazing with death.

"I got this far. And now I can't see!" he moaned. "The blood runs out too fast . . . too fast . . . when you've got three holes clean through you." The dying voice rose in a last, hysterical cry. "Show me where he is, you fools! Show me—"

Shadow crashed his length, falling on his face, dead at his feet. Trock, huddled against the wall, screamed, "Take him out of here! Take him out!"

While Garth and his father dragged the body to the next room, Mio stood where Shadow had stood, the revolver now in his own hands.

Enough had been said. Enough had been done to show Mio the truth. It came like a blinding flash from the skies and in the terrified face before him he saw the true answer to his charges.

“You killed the paramour! You!”

“You lied! It was Shadow killed him!”

Trock muttered.

The Judge roused at this. "It was not Romagna!"

“No, it was not Romagna killed him!” Mio pointed at Trock. "He says Shadow killed him. There were three men involved in the crime, for which my father died. Shadow and Trock Estrella as principals in the murder. Garth as witness. Why are they here together?"

He whipped on Judge Gaunt.

"And you, the judge, why are you here? Because you were all afraid and drew together out of that fear to arrange a frame-up that you could tell! And Trock killed Shadow and meant to kill you out of that same fear . . . to keep them quiet!"

Mio's head came up. His face blazed with triumph. "This is the thing I've hunted over the earth to find out. And now, wherever men still breathe and think and know
what’s done to them by the powers above, they’ll know my father’s innocent!"

Trock’s hand hurled him against the wall. Leaping on him Trock snatched the gun.

"Go right on talking," he snarled, "it won’t get far, I guess."

Mio grinned in the face of danger. "You’ll see to that?"

"Yeah. Me and some others," Trock backed to the door and spoke to Garth Esdras. "Keep the mug here ten minutes. Then let him go. I have plans to make."

He ran out through the rain to the gun men he had posted at both entrances to the square. His plans were simple. From the bridge above Trock would keep watch. When Mio came out he could see him move across the square. Then he would light a cigarette. That would be the signal for the shot that would drop him.

If Mio was to live, he must go at once. But Garth Esdras opposed his going for fear of what Trock would do to punish treachery. Only when he knew his sister loved Mio, did he relent.

Miriam, and old Esdras pled for Mio’s release. If he told the police now, it would mean that Garth would be punished. What would be gained?

"You ask too much!" Mio cried at her. "Your brother was ready enough to let an innocent man pay for the years he’s had." His smile turned wistful. "We’re parted anyway, Miriam. Parted by the same dark wind that blew us together. I shall say what I have to say." He ran into the night. Miriam screamed after him. "But now you’ve stayed too long. He’ll be waiting!"

She ran after her sweetheart, following him into the rainy blackness, ready to be with him when he died, to die with him if fate was kind.

Garth Esdras, who had lived a coward’s life, was moved out of himself by their peril. He too, went into the night, hoping to sneak past Trock’s gun men and bring police help.

Trock saw him from the bridge above where he waited. Trock snapped a match to the cigarette in his mouth. The soft slap of a silenced gun told of Garth’s death in the alley.

Trock grinned and waited. One more to account for, Mio Romagna!

Mio clasped the girl close in his arms. "Go into the house. There you may be safe. It’s clear that I’m to die. But I shall die as I have lived, alone."

"No, Mio, no! I do not want to live without you!"

"It’s better to live, Miriam. I wanted to live—because of you. I leave you that—and what my father said to me, dying, ‘I love you and will love you after I die!’ Tomorrow I shall still love you, as I’ve loved the stars I’ll never see and all the mornings that might have been yours and mine."

He lifted his head, glancing about the dark square, menacingly silent as death waited for him.

"Now all you silent powers that make the sleet and dark, and never yet have spoken, give us a sign. Let the throw be ours, this once. Let fall some mercy with your rain. We are two lovers here in your night and we wish to live!"

There was no light from the sullen skies, no sound or sign from the waiting shadows. Death lay whichever way they walked.

But suddenly Mio’s smile flashed.

"They have answered! But I was blind and I could not see!"

It was just beside them, the instrument of their deliverance. It was old Lucia’s grind organ. Stored in it was the music that so irritated the police. He had only to turn its crank . . .

In the black night, with murderers waiting their moment, Mio made the square echo with the music.

Off the streets outside the square an irate
What Do You Do with Your Little Finger?

—when you pick up a glass or cup? ... You know from watching others that charm and poise can be destroyed instantly by the misuse of hands. And by the same token, the correct use of your hands can induce a tremendous social and business asset. Great actresses accomplish much of their poise by proper hand action.

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Life At High Speed

[Continued from page 21]

with Travis Banton, looking at sketches, at materials, having fittings. She is back on the set until 6 p.m., with two interruptions for interviews. Then back to her dressing room to remove her make-up, to call or be called by Clark, to go to Victor Hugo’s for dinner, on to the Troc (with Clark, of course) to dance, to see, to be seen...

When Carole is not working—and what’s the difference, you tell me—she rises at 10:30 in the mornings if the telephone gives her that much respite... it doesn’t, of course. You know Mister Bell, “may his soul rest in pieces,” says Carole... she rises and dashes over to Claudette’s for two sets of tennis... she dashes back home, home, to the Vendome with friends she has not been able to see during production... at 2:30 on almost every “non-working” day she had an appointment at the studio for story conferences on her next picture... she then spends an hour in the gallery for portrait sittings for her Art which must “do” throughout the next production... she dashes home for dinner... she gives a few small, informal parties at home... for her director and the cast of her last picture... for friends... she takes in the fights, the circus when it is in town, the amusement parks, the dentist... she writes letters, signs autographs, repay luncheons, teas, cocktail parties and just doesn’t know what to do with her time!

I was talking with Jeanette MacDonald the other day—just after she had announced her engagement to Gene. You envision the joy-giving Jeanette, so doubt, reclining in bed, leisurely, an exquisitely appointed breakfast tray upon her knees, drapes drawn, house quiet. Ah, no! Jeanette never breakfasts in bed. But never, Jeanette never properly breakfasts at all. What happens is this: A tray with a pot of coffee, a glass of fruit juice is brought to Jeanette each morning at seven. She sips coffee with one hand, so to speak, and answers the telephone with the other. Just for fun she counted the number of phone calls that came in one morning last week between the hours of 7:30 and 8:30. There were forty-three of them. And this, despite the fact that the stars change their phone numbers on an average of once a week.

They now have a new and nifty little cop came running.

Trock Estrella spat the unlighted cigarette from his mouth and started to investigate. He saw the police, turned and raced up again toward the bridge.

And on the bridge above, the old hobo who haunted the place, retrieving the butt end of smokes that luckier people throw away, pounced on Trock’s discarded cigarette.
method of swapping telephone numbers. In other words, what is Jeanette’s telephone number this week may be Greta Garbo’s next week, and so on. Imagine dialing Clark Gable and getting Hugh Herbert, for instance! But then, anything can happen in Hollywood. Anyway, Jeanette had to answer the forty-three calls herself. They were from the studio, from her director, from her manager, from radio agents, from her singing teacher, from Gene, from her attorney, from friends. . . Immediately after breakfasting and telephoning and dressing she rushes to her singing lesson which lasts two hours. Two hours every day whether she is working or not.

Jeanette has the time for social luncheons, but on rare occasions and so as not to lose the personal touch entirely, she does also go to the Vendome, to the Assistance, to the Derby. And while she is lunching there, radio agents buzz about, friends pause for a chat, invitations are given, phones are plugged in at her table and Jeanette eats three mouthfuls of expensive Vendome food.

After luncheon there is her French lesson. After her French lesson there is, almost without fail, an interview. After the interview there is her tennis lesson. After her tennis lesson there is her massage. After her massage there is some practising to be done, sometimes with Nelson Eddy, sometimes alone. After the practising there is dinner, sometimes at home with her mother and Gene, sometimes Jimmy Stewart comes over from next door. And again they dine, Jeanette and Gene, at the “Troc,” at the Derby, go on to the Coconut Grove, perhaps, for dancing. And after that there is the shower, cold creaming, a few relaxing exercises, ten or fifteen telephone calls, lines to be learned for the next day and after that the lazy, indolent girl hasn’t a thing to do but turn over and go to sleep.

Fred MacMurray tried to get married for months. The spirit was willing but the schedule was weak, or something like that. It takes a couple of hours to get married. And Fred could barely take time off to convince his Lilian that he is flesh and bone instead of celluloid, a man instead of a shadow she saw upon the film. He finally had to go to Las Vegas while they were still shooting it out on “The Texas Rangers”-spaced between shots, as it were. Even after Ray Pyne took time out between steps to marry Betty Bryson . . . Fred didn’t even leave a trail of breadcumbs behind him when he elapsed the studio’s fratic call to the House and Gretel motif and track him down.

And even now, a billboard, Fred arises at 6:30 a. m. of each working day, Lilian cooks his breakfast for him and plans of it. He rushes to the studio. He is always late. Lilian stands by the phone at home to answer the studio’s frantic calls of “Where is Fred?” He takes half an hour for make-up. He arrives on the set. He works. He dashes off again between 9:30 and to 2 a. m. for another cup of coffee. He works. He reads the papers. He cracks jokes with Oakie. He rushes to the commissary for luncheon at 12:30. He goes back on the set. Between 3 and 5:30 p. m. he sends the property boy, employed for this purpose and no other, to get him his afternoon cup of coffee and ham of pie. He works some more. He rushes home. He dances at home or at the Club La Maz. He studies his lines. In between whiles he and Lilian swim, play tennis, fish, play Monopoly, go to the races, go to the fogs, go to the homes of friends, just fritter away their time . . .

They hardly have time to fall in love. They have almost no time at all to fall out of love. Ginger Rogers told me that she literally did NOT have time to be a wife, a home-maker, let alone a mother, of all things! She never knew, she said, what...
"Yes—it does overcome chapping more quickly than anything I ever used before," report 97/8/10% of hundreds of Italian Balm users, recently surveyed from coast-to-coast.

"But you must emphasize more in your advertising that it PREVENTS chapping, too!" many of them add. And, of course, it does. Furthermore, 92/9/10% of these same women state that Italian Balm costs less to use than anything they ever tried.

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For many curls or just a few!

There are many flattering ways to arrange your hair with Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers. Will you have tight little curls that fit close to your head... or soft loose ones to form a halo? Will you have many curls... or just a few? Whatever style of curl you select can be yours easily, quickly, right at home... with the "Curler used by the Stars."

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she was going to have for dinner or when or where or with whom. She couldn't entertain, not even her husband, because at any moment of the day or night, Christmas, Easter, Admission Day, birthdays, anniversaries, she might well hear Fred Astaire saying "Let's go through this routine again, Ginger"—and Fred wots not of clocks or time tables or date books or train schedules.

Or, again, if she tried to telephone her ex-husband that she would be home in fifteen minutes she would hear a voice from the set intone "Hold it for a still, please, Miss Rogers." And that was that. She never lunched alone but always with an interviewer, with her director, with a radio agent. She is building a new home for herself and her mother in Beverly Hills. She "reads" blue prints while she gives tours five to six hours to fittings for the elaborate wardrobe which is hers in every picture.

She goes to the Bowl when the summer concerts are on, to the Philharmonic in the winter. She has a beach house at Malibu and an apartment in town and the new house in process of construction. When she awakes in the morning after an evening spent, perhaps, dancing with Jimmy Stewart at the Troc', she doesn't remember whether she is in the Malibu house or in the apartment or out the sea. In her brief dreams she hears Fred Astaire calling "Let's go through this routine again, Ginger..." she has been known to rise in her sleep and do a few pas de seuls until put back to bed by her mother...

Nelson Eddy has three careers... the screen . . . radio . . . concert . . . in his leisure moments. I mean when he is not practising, recording, studying lines, concerning, being photographed, doing graphs, he runs his home, plays tennis, takes a gal out to dine and dance, swims in his pool, entertains and just moseys about... Jean Crawford and Franchot Tone work all day on the sets, take voice lessons, piano lessons, study French, psychology, read all the best books, entertain, write, produce, act, give plays in their little theatre, get sun-tanned in season, get un-sun-tanned out of season, fritter the languid hours away...

They don't have enough to do... go in for ranching and raising cabbages like Francis Lederer, raise dogs like Nik Erwin, do movie photography like Leslie Howard, give kids' parties for ten and twelve in-

famous like the Frederic Marches, run horses like Clark Gable, move out of a brand new house into a brand new one like Claudette Colbert, write songs like Ginger Rogers, have nervous breakdowns like Carole Lombard, give circuses like Harold Lloyd, write books like Errol Flynn... just invent ways and means to fill in their spare time, you know...

It's like eating too much. The more you eat, the more you can eat. Your tummy stretch to be literal if not lovely. And similarly, the more you live, the more you can live. Your capacity stretches, too.

It's speed, that's what it is. The race is to the swiftly. They spurt, dash, gallop, scamper, dart, flit, spring, bound, march in quickstep, shoot, fly, whirl, skim, scud... Is your hat still on? Mine's not. It's off... to them.

Lee is like to explode. "A date!" he echoes and turns to O'Malley. "You hear that, Joe? And the Old Man wonders why I kick on daines cluttering up a man's job!" "Yes, sir, Inspector," Gloria announces coolly, starting for the door, "I've got a date—with a tenderloin steak."

Lee calms down at the mention of food. "That's right," he speculates. "It's about time for dinner. How're you fixed for cash, Joe?"

Gloria pauses at the door and she and O'Malley look at each other again, as though all this were an old, old story.

"I got three bucks," he informs Lee warily, emphatically.

Lee turns expectantly to Gloria.

"No, you don't," she snaps before he can say anything. "You still owe twenty on that Chicago touch."


"Can I help it if I have a gentleman's tastes?" Lee whines.

"'Hi!' she sneers. 'What an imagination!'"

Well, that's all about there is to this scene so I move on to the next one. Oh yes! They get their man and find they were meant for each other.

The next, and last, set on this lot is "The Smarter Girl in Town" formerly called "Million Dollar Profile." This lone stars Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond and is being directed by Joseph Santley. We won't go into the story again of how wonderful they all are. They really are—but I've told you before. And Time is marching on—at a most alarming pace.

Gene is a millionaire good-for-nothing who is always having to write checks for dames because he can't manage to control his enthusiasm. Eric Blake (than whom—take a bow, Eric—there is no funnier comic in fillums) is Gene's valet. Thinking Gene will be away for a few days he rents his yacht to an advertising company to make a few pictures. Needless to say, Ann is the model they send to pose. Gene returns unexpectedly and they mistake him for the model. He is about to expostulate when he sees Ann and decides to go through with it.

The set is so realistic that if you only looked above the deck you couldn't tell it wasn't a real yacht.

I forgot to mention that the company has been held up for hours because the mare model hasn't appeared. That is why, when they see Raymond approaching in a boat they think he's it.

"Don't hurry, Ay, Ailey," Ann calls sarcastically as Gene approaches. "Why'd you bother to come at all? Why didn't you just wire regrets?"

"Cup your hands, Ann," Santley suggests. Then he turns to the camera man: "Do you think she should cup both hands or just the one farthest away from the camera?"

"Well," the camera man replies judiciously, "I think 3 pictures just the one away from the camera."

Ruminating on the difference between the way things are done in pictures and real life, I see Gene cuffing only one hand her voice would be deflected in my direction instead of carrying out to Gene, which would be all right with me, too, but not at all what Joe wants—I move on up the street to—
Think! Has more than one day gone by without keeping tabs?
If so, take Olive Tablets before you turn out the bathroom light tonight.
Prescribed for years by an Ohio physician, Olive Tablets are now one of America's best known proprieties—famous because they are so mild and gentle.
Keep a supply always on hand. Remind the whole family to think of them on the second day. Three sizes: 15¢, 30¢, 60¢—at all druggists.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—Without Calomel—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 bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just drains in the bowels. The blunts up your stomach. Your pet constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.
A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harassed, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. See at all drug stores.

Lovelier Thicker Hair Now Since GLOVER'S Drove Out DANDRUFF
Glover's keeps your scalp immaculately clean and gives your hair an alluring sheen. No Dandruff, no itching Irpects excessive Falling Hair and promotes normal hair growth. Use Glover's Mange Medicine regularly; shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. Start today!

Universal

There are three pictures in production here but two of them (a serial and a western) are on location. The other one, "Three Smart Girls" with Alice Brady, Louis Hayward and Binnie Barnes, is on the lot. Unfortunately, Alice isn't working and Louis is home sick. Miss Barnes isn't in the scene I see. The three girls are working. It isn't an important scene so I'll go back later and tell you about this one next month. Miss Barnes is playing bridge and explaining to the klitzers that she didn't have to get set on that last hand. She could have let her king of spades ride (instead of trumping it) and sloughed a losing diamond. But it's too late now. She didn't let it ride, she did trump it and she did get set.

Wondering why people in a bridge game persist in re-hashing hands that are deader than yesterday's newspaper, I leave Universal and proceed to—

Paramount

There's quite a little activity over here, or at least so it seemed as I came through the parking lot. But when I get inside the studio I find that "Rose Bowl," a football picture featuring Tom Brown, is on location and there is only one other one on the lot. I haven't already told you about, "Champagne Waltz" and "The Plainsman" having been duly reported. The unreported one is "Hideaway Girl" with Robert Cummings, James Agee, Willa Francis, Shirley Ross, and Monroe Owsley.
The set is Cummings' cabin on a ship. Even ship's cabins, apparently, are now modernistic—with a protrusion of red pins. Gathered in the cabin are the people mentioned above.
Miss Francis is a thief—a jewel thief, I believe—and it's time for the showdown.
"Muriel!" Bob exclaims to Miss Francis.
"Then it was you who put the glass in my cabin!"
"You're crazy," she retorts in a panic. "I don't know what you're talking about!"
Agee tries to take the glass by the wrist, "Take your hands off me, do you hear? Mike—make them stop!"
Better quiet down, Muriel," Cummings advises. "These men are from Police Headquarters.
At this Wilma throws back her head and gives out a screech of derisive laughter.
"There isn't a thing that thrusters a forefinger in the direction of Owsley. That's Jake Grinslow—the biggest crook on two sides of the Atlantic—and this mugg is in with him."
"Is that true?" Shirley asks Monroe quietly.
"No, it isn't," he answers curtly.
"It is!" Wilma insists.
"How do you know—unless you are Lady Jane?" Bob asks her quietly but Wilma only glares at him, unable to reply. There is a pause in the scene, "She's stuck," the director surmises, and turns to his assistant, "She doesn't know what to say."
So they have to stop production while they figure out something for Wilma to say.
"I take it you're up to no good again," I suggest to Monroe.
"Did you ever see me in a picture when I was up to any good?" he demands. A moment later he sighs reminiscently. "And when I was on the stage I used to play dressing young lovers—light, airy, carefree.
"Yes," I agree, "I remember your telling me about one time on the stage when you'd forgotten to fasten your troussers and the wind blew through them."
"Never mind," he interrupts hastily, "we won't go into that. At least, these villainous parts keep me in gasoline and breakfast food."
They still haven't figured out a comeback for Muriel, so I leave them—still in a quandary—and seek the sunny side of the street.
"Maid of Salem" starring Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray is just starting so I'll tell you about that one next month.
And now we'll see what's doing at—

Columbia

The first picture I run into over here is called "The Depths Below" and stars Richard Dix and Chester Morris. There is a story going around Hollywood about this opus to the effect that Harry Cohn (vice-president of Columbia) said: "I made this picture once for forty thousand dollars and it cleaned up. So I made it again for a hundred thousand and it still made money. I'm going to spend a quarter of a million on it this time and if it still makes money I'll know I have nothing to worry about. I can just go right on remaking this picture as long as pictures are made and it will always make money."
Personally, I don't believe he said it. From what I know of Mr. Cohn his humor isn't that dry, but that's none of my business.
It's a good story, anyhow. I think the
Brush Away GRAY HAIR

AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER TODAY

Looking gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely
natural. Cannot affect nature of hair. Economical and
lasting results are certain—whether set fine as the
new gray appears. BROWNATONE imparts rich, beautiful
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Shades: "Fades to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown at
Any Price"—every color used.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toiletries
outlets—also on a monthly delivery plan.

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Wipe away the grey

in minutes—safe

Relieve Pain—

and save...

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THE WAY TO THE CULTURE OF THE FUTURE

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 gentlemen's grooming, preparing you to teach stenography

and typing.

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SILVER SCREEN for December 1936

97

NEW CREAM MASCARA

ENDS THE ARTIFICIAL LOOK OF OLD-FASHIONED MASCARA!

Waterproof... far easier to use!

True charm now replaces the bold, theatrical look that has
disgressed so many women from using old-fashioned forms of mascara.

The effect you have always wished to achieve with mascara
is now actually in your hands. Your lashes seeming to
swim over your cheeks with their length... their luxuriance rich
with the enticing charm of sex appeal!

Obviously, such exciting loveliness requires an en-
tirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes
without 'shooting' mascara'; one that does not brand
its user as artificial, "theatrical" or "bold."

Tattoo Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on
so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes
is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a pile of
brutal secrets... for THIS mascara, not being mixed
with water when applied, is really waterproof! Much
easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly
harmless. Can't smart.

Complete with brush in smart lined satin

Worse to wear—tender, indiscreet. Sung Hit's Pay!

Strange New Way

TO BE POPULAR

Men are helpless in the hands of women who have learned the
thrilling secret of how to handle them, by means of an amazing new

method, any woman can make herself irresistible to men at

any time of night. She can keep her lover, irrevocably

point of view—her evenings filled with

WILLIAM C. WILFRED

I N T E R N A T I O N A L C H A R M I N S T I T U T E

Incorporated

33 Rockefeller Plaza

New York, N. Y.
with a sudden smile. "You haven't changed a bit."

"I'm glad you appreciate me," she smiles nervously.

He merely shows his hands in his pockets and stands regarding her with a look of bitter amusement. Realizing she is not getting anywhere, she takes a step towards him. "Clayt! I'm trying to let's an end to this stupid cat-and-mouse game."

"Don't tell me you're suggesting this time 'm the cat—and you're the poor little mouse," he exclaims mockingly.

For an instant she seems frustrated—unable to cope with his remonstrance, but then she goes on appealingly: "I know what you think of me—and I don't blame you. There's nothing you could say to me," she hesitates, "rushing along in a torrent of self-abasement, "that wouldn't be deserved. You know that but... with a burning intensity, "perhaps there's something you don't know—something I didn't even know myself—until these last few days—You're the only man I've ever loved!"

Baxter stands regarding her gravely and for the moment he seems to believe her.

"I must have been insane to do what I did," she continues impetuously, coming close to him. "But I'll make up for it, darling! Any way you say! I'll leave Vareck (Lawson) tonight! I'll go with you—anywhere!"

There is an instant's dramatic pause. His face is so colourless that it looks as if he were breathlessly to be taken in his arms. Then, suddenly, he laughs—a short, contemptuous laugh. "That was superb, Helen," he mocks. "A remarkable performance!"

She stares at him, realizing she has failed. Then—with an abrupt change of manner—she smiles bitterly and shrugs.

"It should be amusing to hear you talk about love," he says, his eyes smiling but his voice cutting, "but somehow it isn't."

Then, abruptly he puts both hands and turns towards the door. "And now, if you don't mind, Helen, I'm tired."

Gail looks at him angrily, turns quickly and goes out.

It's a fine scene—finely played.

I say "hello" to Warner and his wife who is visiting him on the set and wonder how in the name of heaven the cuntrives to look comfortable when she's smothered in silver foxtails and the thermometer is about 110 on the stage.

Then Gail and I chat for awhile and she tells me how happy she is over this big chance she's getting and how much she likes being looked around to other I'd like to have the seat was being worn by her during this past year. And I congratulate her on the fact that all of the five Panther Women whom Paramount brought out five years ago, as the result of a nation-wide contest they conducted, Gail, alone, has survived and done anything.

Gail is so beautiful, so intelligent and so witty, I hate to say "goodbye" but there is still "Lloyd's of London" to be covered.

This has to do with the founding of the famous Lloyd's Insurance Company.

The hero of the story is Jonathan Blake, played by Freddie Bartholomew as a child and by Tyrone Power, Jr., as an adult. Loretta Young was to have played the love interest but the part wasn't big enough to suit her so she walked out of the picture and set sail for Honolulu. Now Madeleine Carroll is the love interest and the part has been enlarged.

When Tyrone finds she is the wife of the man he hates, his despair knows no bounds. He swears in public esteem that everyone will respect and fear him—and cultivate him. And he makes good his threat. The set is the interior of Lloyd's and I wish you could see it in reality, rather than merely on the screen. Many of the pieces used as props were actually brought from England.

The place is a bedlam. News has just been received of Lord Nelson's defeat. The hundreds of men in the place are staring at a bell. The bell tolls once to denote a disaster and twice for good news. It has tolled once. All of them are staring at it, that is, save two. One of the two, Miles Mander (who plays Jukes), is sitting in a booth. Suddenly he whips out a pistol and points it at his head. Tyrone who has been watching him, leaps on a beach, reaches over the top of the booth and pushes the gun away just as it's fired. "You fool!" he yells. "That won't help things!"

Suddenly he hears the voice of Sir Guy Standing, whose protégé he is, calling, "Jonathan! Jonathan! Jonathan!"

At the third "Jonathan!" Tyrone looks around the room to locate Sir Guy, sees him, jumps off the bench and walks over to him.

"Cut!" calls the director.

"When they wanted to borrow me from Paramount for this part," Sir Guy explains to me afterwards, "the studio called me in and asked me to read the script and see what I thought of it. I took it up to my dressing room and started reading it. It was a big thick script. I became so engrossed in it I completely forgot it was a script and that I was supposed to be reading it to see what kind of part I'd have. I read it as though it were a novel in which I had no direct or personal interest.

Then I certainly speak well for the plot development.

And now we'll make a quick jaunt to M-G-M and then call it a day.

At M-G-M

The Marx Brothers are cutting capers in their new picture titled "A Day At The Races." They are cast in a picturesquely落幕的 but I don't see Groucho around. Instead, Esther Muir, one of our more opulent blondes, all done up in black satin that fits her like a sausage skin and shows her off like a diamond in a Tiffany setting, is sitting at a table with a huge compact, which she is holding in front of her as she powders her face. Harpo is standing at her shoulder, amusing her.

"Blow! Blow, will you?" Esther screams at him in a rage, meaning he should take the air.

But Harpo grins feniishly, smiles as though he understood perfectly what she means, leans over, takes a deep breath and blows so hard he almost lifts Esther off her seat. He doesn't quite, but he does lose all the powder from its nozzles. As the gust of breath hits the compact the powder flies all in her face, all over
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New Way...Sells On Sight
NEW DRY-CLEANING CLOTHES BREST. Hot water can't harm Oakley's unique
finishing formula forever. Never anything like it.
World's cleanest, longest lasting, and most
durable. Honored by Coin Laundry Men
everywhere. Arkansas, Indiana, Chicago, Kansas City, New York, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit,
Drain, window sash, upholstered furniture
etc. BLEACH AND DRY CLEANING AGENTS WANTED. Hustling
producers wanted for your area.
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sent for free. C. O. D. H. S. O. B. C. O. R. F. D. B. CO.,
Dj. 68. RING. Stirling, Dover, Newbury &
Lancaster, PA. 8000 feet. Over 300 stores.
Send today for your samples.
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CLEAN OUT ACIDS
Your body wastes your Acids and poisonous
wastes in your blood thru 6 million tiny cellu-
lar filters in the kidneys, today. An over-
load of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs, if functional
Kidney Cysts must be treated to prevent from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Lost
Pageant, Dental Decay, Anemia, Rheumatic Pain, Acidity, Burning, Swelling or Itching
or being any discomfort. Ask your doctor or the Doctor's guaranteed prescription called Cystex. $10.00.
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people. Today's larger kidneys must be in the state's eight
in hours and may be kept even younger in one
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"DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Backstop Method: Helps to turn Stammering into talking.
Method successfully used at many schools for 25 years since 1916. Written by physicians. Full information concerning correc-
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START. Nov., 1936. non-criminal, non-secret. Write
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Excelsior's new hair root. No more greasy
hair. For more details please call 529-
200, D. J. Warner Co., Dept. 329, Providence, R. I.

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GIVEN AWAY!
Would you like to own this latest model re-
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ment, engraved case, and a band to match? !
It's so easy to get this gorgeous Wr. Watch and it
won't cost you a penny. Choose of other VALUABLE GIFTS OR CASH. Just send your name and address for
our latest Free Gift Plan. Be sure to write for it TODAY.
EMPIRE MFG. CORP., 414 Broadway, Dept. 38, N. Y. C.
A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS

1. Not many
2. Charles Laughton's next characterization
3. Barbara Stanwyck's boy friend
4. The confection in "Rhythm on the Range"
5. "He's a star!"
6. Female horse
7. Verbs denoting against
8. The most joyous of winter seasons
9. A circulatory way
10. By birth
11. "He's a star!"
12. "Ladies and Gentlemen"
13. A small biter gum
14. Within
15. "The House of Flowers"
16. Feminine personal pronoun
17. A favorite comedian
18. "Bachelor"
19. A course of business
20. "Robinson Crusoe"
21. With Clark Gable in "Cain and Mahel"
22. Small girl
23. "In the King of Kings"
24. Son of Mohammed
25. A strong alkaline solution
26. "The Big Broadcast of 1938"
27. The hobo in "My Man Godfrey"
28. Ringing
29. Of short duration
30. The nurse in "The Road to Glory"
31. A player on the Fox lot
32. Ruth Chatterton and Walter Huston appeared in this
33. Feminine first name

DOWN

1. His next picture will be "Lloyds of London"
2. Every (abk.)
3. In love with Ronald Colman in "The Lost Horizon"
4. Mohammedan princes
5. Parry
6. With Kay Francis in "Give Me Your Heart"
7. "A Flight" (abk.)
8. A famous woman evangelist
9. Former movie vamp (initials)
10. Miss Gay's friend in "To Mary, With Love"
11. "My Fair Lady"
12. "A Man to Remember"
13. "The Hound of the Baskervilles"
14. "The Youngest Graduate"
15. "Two in a Crowd"
16. Son of Sev (abk.)
17. Roman god of war
18. Work-day (abk.)
19. "Where's Philip?"
20. "The Little Hours"
21. "The Countess of Monte Cristo"
22. "The Wife of a Wandering Heart"
23. "The Cabaret"
24. "The Lady of the Barge"
25. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
26. "The Big Broadcast of 1938"
27. "The Last of the Mohicans"
28. "Rainbow on the River"
29. "Mother Goose"
30. "Teacher"
31. "My Man Godfrey"
32. "The Good Earth"
33. "Lady of the Barge"
34. "The Love of Moths"
35. "The Lost Generation"
36. "The Miracle of the Bells"
37. "The Great Gatsby"
38. "The Song of Bernadette"
39. "The Bluebird"
40. "The Women"
41. "The Great Gatsby"
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100. "The Great Gatsby"

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle
YOU picture the Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too.

On your next adventure apply a touch of Irresistible Perfume to your hair, on your lips, your throat and behind your ears. A drop, too, on your lingerie is so feminine and so exciting.

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Mrs. Alexander Black of Los Angeles recalls with pleasure:

Lazy days at Del Monte...casual house parties at her husband's Shasta County ranch...the amusing new evening jackets...charity work...upcountry hunting and fishing, dashing East on holidays...attending the film premières...gathering a gay crowd for a midnight snack from the chafing dish: perhaps sweetbreads in cream with chopped almonds...Melba Toast...cheese...coffee.

And always within reach...Camels. Camels are important in the success of this clever hostess. "For me and for most of my friends, Camels are a natural, necessary part of social life. Camels add a special zest to smoking," says Mrs. Black, "and they have a beneficial effect upon digestion. They give one a comforting 'lift' that is easy to enjoy but hard to describe."

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MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. NICHOLAS C. PENNIMAN, III, Baltimore
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MISS ANNE C. BOCKEFELLER, New York
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN BENSSELER, New York

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One of the happiest experiences of daily living is smoking Camels. Their grateful "lift" eases you out of a tired mood...their delicate flavor always intrigues the taste. Meals become more delightful with Camels between courses and after. They accent elusive flavors...and lend their subtle aid to good digestion. For Camels stimulate the flow of digestive fluids, bringing about a favorable alkalizing effect.

Camel's costlier tobaccos do not get on your nerves or tire your taste. They set you right. Make it Camels from now on—for pleasure...and for digestion's sake!

Costlier tobaccos: Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos...Turkish and domestic...than any other popular brand.

—to digestions sake...smoke Camels!
ROADWAY REMEMBERS

By Ed Sullivan

Silver Screen

January

HARD KNOCKS MAKE GOOD ACTORS
For girls who go places—CigareMe Vanity
Prove your good taste with this Double Vanity Powder, rouge, lipstick.
$5.50

Tip to a Man-in-a-Quandary—Gemey
Perfume, Face Powder, Compact. $3.00

AT GAY Christmas Parties

THE WORLD AROUND

THE FRAGRANCE Gemey

Paris or Penang, Capetown or Cairo... in 75 lands where women count the days to Christmas... they're jotting down on their wishing lists... "fragrance Gemey." For fragrance Gemey is so gay and young and joyous it has won its way wherever there is music and moonlight, wherever hearts and dreams are young. And what could be a lovelier gift than this exquisite essence, expressed in perfume and powders, in compacts and cologne, presented by Richard Hudnut at the perfume counter round your corner (priced from $1 to $15). You pay a lovely compliment to the name that tops your Christmas list when you ensemble her gift in this single thread of perfume... an international favorite, fragrance Gemey.

In crystal clear flacons... $2.50, $4.00 and $15. Special stocking-gift size... $1

RICHARD HUDNUT

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Glamor for glamorous girls: Double Compact, $2. Triple Vanity with lipstick, $2.75

For girls who go places—Cigarette Vanity with face powder, rouge, lipstick. $5.50

Prove your good taste with this Double Vanity and Lipstick in leather-topped box. $5

A gala gift box—five "can't-do-withouts" in the world-favored fragrance Gemey. $5
She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"

If only this lovely girl could stand forever as you see her here—serene, beautiful, goddess-like! But when she smiles—when lovely lips part and reveal dull teeth and dingy gums—how quickly and tragically the spell of beauty is broken.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

It may not seem dangerous—that first warning "tinge of pink" on your toothbrush. It may seem trivial, unimportant. But your dentist will tell you it can be and has been the prologue to many a dental tragedy. Remember—"pink tooth brush" is a distress signal, and only a distress signal. But when you see it, play safe—see your dentist. The chances are that it does not mean a serious gum disorder—but your dentist should make the decision. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft food menus—gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—and as so many dentists will often advise—gums that need the help of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Lazy gums awaken. Circulation stimulates gum tissues. You'll soon sense a new, healthy firmness in the gum walls themselves.

Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is approved by many modern dentists, taught by many modern teachers in classrooms all over the country. Don't take chances. Even before you see that "tinge of pink" on your own toothbrush, even before you have this first warning of danger—schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine with Ipana and massage. Don't risk being a "dental cripple." Change to Ipana and massage, and help keep your smile lovely, bright, sparkling—and safer.

IPANA plus massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
REUNION - IN LOVE -
BY REQUEST!

You asked for it and you'll be delighted you did! They're together again! Joan and Clark taking their "Love On The Run" - kissing and kidding their way from Mayfair to the Mediterranean in a transcontinental caravan of jollity!

Joan Crawford
CLARK
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LOVE on the RUN

A W. S. VAN DYKE Production
with
FRANCHOT TONE
REGINALD OWEN

Produced by
Joseph L. Mankiewicz
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COVER PORTRAIT OF CAROLE LOMBARD BY MARYLAND STONE

Silver Screen

Eliot Keen

Editor

Elizabeth Wilson

Western Editor

Lenore Samuels

Assistant Editor

Frank J. Carroll

Art Director

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January 1937

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Number Three

Silver Screen

A Letter From Liza

DEAR BOSS:

Now that the frost is on the pumpkin in New England and the goose hangs high, I suppose we might just as well bring up the subject of Christmas, though out here among the palms it's still eighty-five and I must say I just can't get excited over Santa Claus and Shirley Temple hanging up their stockings in such an uncivilized climate. But, unfortunately, we share the same calendar, if not the same climate, with youse guys in the East, so I might just as well pull myself together, put on my snood (the Maid of Salem influence) and see what the little boys and girls of cinemaland want for Christmas—not that they'll get it, but that's not my worry.

The glamorous Marlene Dietrich, who looked too beautiful to be of this world in that blue cape in "Gardens of Allah," confided in me that for Christmas she would like a Lubitsch-directed picture because Herr Ernst Lubitsch always has one of those super-colossal staircases in his pictures and Marlene thinks that she could be just awfully glamorous drifting down a super-colossal staircase.

Remember Maurice Chevalier dashing up and down the staircase in "The Smiling Lieutenant," and Jeanette MacDonald in "The Love Parade" and Kay Francis in "Trouble in Paradise"—well, Marlene would like a crack at a staircase, too . . . Betty Davis would like another "Of Human Bondage" if Claude Rains would be awfully pleased to get a buyer for her new home . . . Toby Wing would like King Edward (who wouldn't) . . . Simone Simon (not always pronounced Sea-uman Seaman by the more catty of the movie gals) would like less Connie Bennett and a young lover for a change in her next picture . . . Louise Beavers would be much obliged if Santa Claus brought her another "Imitation of Life." . . . And Miriam Hopkins, Tallulah Bankhead, Bette Davis, Claudette Colbert, Margaret Sullivan, Irene Dunne, Katharine Hepburn, Constance Bennett and a whole slew of others would just love to find in their stockings a contract to play Scarlett O'Hara in the coming production of "Gone With the Wind." Me, now, I'd rather find Gable.

Eva

for January 1937

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FAITHFUL—Amusing. A good head cold from which you will have you will bear with laughter. A small town is the locale and most of the action is centered around a home for veterans. Other than some adults who are more popular, there is some priceless dialogue and the romantic interest is in the hands of Leopold and Isolde Linder, the Pope's sons. (Joyce Compton, Oliva Howland, Wale Buelter.)

DEVIL IS A SISY, THE—Excellent. This film will please audiences of all ages. It will appeal to children because its principal characters are good, wholesome, funny members of the Royal Family—Charles, David, Robert, who are the most likely candidates for the role of popular child today. It is somewhat of a sort of a small town tragedy, where the town is in despair and the New York tragedy—will be the All that is in all, you shouldn't miss it. (Ian Hunter, Peggy Peggins.)

EMPTY SADDLES—Fair. A Buck Jones western concerning the expected wars between sheep and cattle men, with a Duke Ranch thrown in for added color. Naturally there's plenty of fast riding, good exciting deviltry, and a tender romance thrown in to keep the plot true-to-form. (Louise Blanchard.)

GENERAL SPANKY—Amusing. The Old Gang kids are featured in this full length comedy, which is set in a rather romantic back-ground. The kids are really something to write home about and the adults in the cast are such favorites as Scott Morgan, Eddy Holmes, Irving Pichel and Rosina Lawrence.

HOPALONG CASSIDY'S RETURN—Good. Will Rogers is in his element in the title role of this series of westerns, this look is a little less popular because he is the one who uses the tactics of the great open spaces. In the cast are Evelyn Brent, Bill Sheldon, George Hayes.

IN HIS STEPS—Good. All those who enjoy sentimental, heart-tendering tales will enjoy this immensely. It tells the problem of two young men, Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker, whose respective families are dead against their marrying. This sounds like another Romeo and Juliet theme, but the way the principal characters work it out is something quite different. (Chas. Richman, Henry Kolker, Oliver Tell, Robert Warwick.)

LADIES IN LOVE—Good. Now that all the tulip and the sherry have died down along these four temperamental stars playing together in our romantic film, we can view the result with unbiased judgment, and that is—the story is trite, episode and disappointing—Louise Young, Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Simon Simon—are lovely and will give you your money's worth of entertainment. In the cast—Paul Linn, Alphonse Mourey, Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, are still better. Laugh that off!

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE—Fair. Don't let the title mislead you. This is no laughing matter. Instead it's a grim murder mystery that starts with a trial and conviction of the man considered guilty. It is, however, a good first starring picture (the role of a newspaper editor who takes upon himself to solve the crime. (Sara Haden, Margaret Hamilton, Alan Lane.)

LEGION OF TERROR—Fair. The second Black Legion, which operated out Detroit—was a short while ago, is the subject for discussion and action on the part of government inspectors in this move, which is a classic of a Tom's inside scene with the political and rambunctious whirl of, Bruce Cabot and Marguerite Churchill as the girl and boy in love.

LIEBLED LADY—Fine. This can't help but amuse you. Bill Powell, a newspaperman, in order to appeal Myrna Loy to stop a huge fight and against his paper, frames her—and then falls in love with her. Spencer Tracy, who is a newspaper man, and Jean Harlow, his fiancée, help about the riotous comedy in their usual telling fashion. Also in the cast, a Myrna's father, is Walter Connolly, who goes over big.

LOVE LETTERS OF A STAR—Fair. If you enjoy a smoothly told murder mystery with a cast that makes the most of every tense situation, here is your evening's choice. There's a very promising new ingenu in this by the name of Polly Rowles, who will bear watching. Supporting her are Henry Hailer, Haliwell Holmes, Ralph Forbes.

MAKE WAY FOR A LADY—Fine. A briskly paced comedy about a publisher (Herbert Marshall) whose motherless daughter (Anna Sheilds) is making a deliberate play at getting him remarried. Her choice is a jolly lorry novelty (Margot Graham) but her father retaliates by falling in love with his secretary (Gertrude Michael).

MAN I MARRY, THE—Fair. Doris Nolan, late of the New York stage, is the heroine of this romantic comedy which is all about an heiress who tries to evade marriage with a snuff society sort only to find herself exapluted in the arms of another. However, this last suit turns out to be none other than handsome Michael Whalen, who is a grown-up playboy and his suit ends as it should end, with hero and heroine in each other's arms.

NORTHER OF HOME—Good. Jack Holt in another one of those rugged adventure yarns—this time in Alaska—which he does justice to. The seal industry provides the material and another "mack," managed by Holt in typical Holman manner, is trying to make money. Evelyn Venable is the romantic heroine and Douglas Tugby occasionally comes hearty laughs. (Queen Williams-John Murch.)

PIGSKIN PARADE—Fine. A football picture that is kids hilariously and will not bore you even if you don't know a touchdown from a forward pass. It's all about a small Jerk-water university with the same error, gets into one of the Big Games with Yale. There's a fine cast of characters in this, headed by Jack Haley, Patsy Kelley, Stu Erwin and Asher Judge.

REBELLION—Interesting. The second in a series of pictures depicting colorful episodes in history. This one has to do with Californis (period 1850) when the Spanish settlers were better treated rather shabbily by unamout American interlopers.

TOM KEENE plays the lead and Rita Cansino the heroine. The scenes in Spain are those home and life are endangered by the situation.

ROSE BOWL—Good. Do we have to tell you that this is a football story? Yes! That's just what it is and carved out an extraordinary cast as opposed to the more important team it is to play in the big game. Tom Brown is effective as the hero of the small-town team and Larry Grable is properly unimportant as his rival. (Nydil Womanman-Eleanor Whitney.)

SING ME A LOVE SONG—Amusing. A comedy with music featuring that well-known radio icon, James Manton, in the role of a department store owner whose business suddenly goes kerplunk and who becomes a clerk in a music store in order to feed the junior man. Patricia Ellis is cast as the love interest. Anna Sheridan as the villainess, and such high-bracketed comedians as Siu Pitts, Hugh Herbert, Nat Pendleton and Allen Jenkins lend more than adequate support.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—Most amusing. One of the tickets stories about a man (Frank McHugh) who writes gift card verses for a living but on the side indulges his remarkable psychic gift for picking winning horses. A group of gamblers take his "guesses" quite seriously and that's where the fun really begins. Cast includes Joan Blondell, Allen Jenkins, Guy Kibbee.

UNDER YOUR SPELL—Entertaining. The golden-haired Lawrence Tibbett is cast in a light comedy about a much harassed singer who is "too tired of it all" that he escapes to a lonely ranch, only to be beleaguered there by Wendy Barrie, a society girl, who has made a bet that she can get him to sing at her party. Tibbett sings brilliantly an aria from Faust, as well as several minor airs of a popular nature.

WANTED! JANE TURNER—Exciting. One of those swift, absorbing melodramas centering around a racket that is put on by Uncle San's persistent G-Men. This one happens to concern postal inspectors, and Lee Tracy and Gloria Stewart, his co-worker, round up the culprits in pretty grand style.

WILD BRIAN KENT—Fair. This is adapted from one of Harold Bell Wright's typical novels— with Ralph Bellamy cast as the good-for-nothing pole player who unexpectedly finds himself penniless in the midst of the tremendous wintry and cattle country of our great West. How his riorigation takes place forms the nucleus of this pulpy entertaining film. (Alic Eger and Helen Lovell.)

WOMAN REBELS, A—Fine. Here we are treated to the enlightened picture of a 19th century modernist who defies the social conventions of her day and sets out to be a good girl for herself with excellent results until the scandal of her youth catches up with her. Theuppings of Miss presents Herbert Marshall, Doris Dudley and Elizabeth Allen.
Another GARY COOPER, JEAN ARTHUR Triumph

CECIL B. DEMILLE'S

"The PLAINSMAN"

Cecil B. DeMille brings you Gary and Jean in their grandest picture... the story of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, the hardest boiled pair of lovers who ever rode the plains... a glorious romance set against the whole flaming pageant of the Old West...

"You've got courage enough to kill a dozen Indians...why haven't you courage enough to admit you love me?"

"Save your fire, boys, 'til they come close and then blast the varmints. There's got to be room for white men on these plains."

"Gentlemen, my name is Wild Bill Hickok and I think we can settle everything very...very peacefully...unless somebody wants to deal out of turn."

"Go ahead. Do your worst. We'll still be laughing at you. Laughing at a great chief so small he'd kill two helpless persons for spite."

for January 1937
"You're Telling Me?"

Write A Letter Giving Your Opinions And Suggestions For The Movies And Stars And Win A Framed, Inscribed Photo.

"WHY is it that Fred MacMurray was only placed in seventh position in your contest?" asks Anne Tarpaye of Fourth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. "If I had anything to do about it, I would have placed first and Robert Taylor would have been put seventh or not in the race at all. Robert Taylor may be No. 1 man with many people, but he'll fade away and Fred MacMurray will live on with many admirers."

"No, Robert is just color—doesn't fade."

"IT IS always a treat to watch Dick Powell sing. I can't say that it makes me relax into a restful mood, because it does just the opposite. He has such a pleasant, friendly, carefree manner that you forget the time and day and that you are just sitting in a theater watching him on the screen. I hope that he gets more pictures like 'Happiness Ahead,' 'Room With a View,' and 'Broadway Con dolier,'" writes Minnie Daniel of Georgia Street, San Diego, Calif. "He has only one thing I don't like very well and this is his mustache. Of course, it is his personal business and if he likes it, that is the main point, but I think it makes him look older."

"Maybe Joan decides those questions now."

"I HAVE never written for any photographs of any stars before, but from all the movies I have seen I think Ginger Rogers is the best actress. She is so graceful when she dances," writes Dolly Peterson of Bri gantine Ave., Brigantine, N. J. "When she played in 'Swing Time' she was very beautiful. I would like to see her in more dancing pictures."

"She has everything that it takes, Dolly."

"ALL THE girls can have their Gables, Taylors and Eddys, but you can give me Fred MacMurray twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week and fifty-two weeks of a year. He's got personality, ability to act, plus what it takes to make men and children, besides women, jam the theatres Hollywood, namely Barbara Stanwyck," writes Alice Manning.

"I have seen many of her pictures and every time I see her I like her better. She may not be the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, but she certainly is one of the most real persons that town can boast of."

"We are glad she makes pictures, so we can all know her."

"IT WAS a lucky day for the movie public, especially the falter sex, when that grand personality, Randolph Scott, was introduced to the screen," writes Catherine Trapilagen of Locust Street, Buffalo, N. Y. "He's got what it takes, this tall, handsome gentleman from the South. I could write pages telling how much I sincerely admire his acting, but mere words would prove futile, so I'll just say, 'To the greatest of actors, Randolph Scott, the best of luck for many years.'"

"He thanks you and will send a picture to you—the greatest of fans. We met him the other day. He is quiet and pleasant and success is written all over him."

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after Jan. 7, 1937

Editor,

"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

In the event your letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is ____________________________________________

Address _____________________________________________

City ______ State ______

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in November have been notified by mail.
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Come On, Everyone
THE PARTY'S ON AGAIN!

Glenda coos the new Gold Digger's lullaby—“With Plenty of Money and You”—to these dashing heartbreakers and champion fun-makers—Victor Moore and Osmond Perkins!

Take a bow, Lee Dixon, for stealing the show from Hollywood’s fondest stepping with the dazzling dance stuff that made you the overnight sensation of Broadway’s hot spots!

Busby Berkeley achieves a new niche in rhythm as he introduces his 170 newest beauty discoveries in that stunning dome and ditty number—“All’s Fair in Love and War”

RING out the old... SWING in the new! 1937 comes to town in a blaze of syncopated merriment as Warner Bros. go to town with a superlative new edition of “Gold Diggers”. Mirth and maids and melody... lyrics and laughs and lovely ladies... packed with lavish profusion into a glorious show set to the split-second tempo of Warner Bros. musicals!

DICK POWELL
JOAN BLONDELL
in
“GOLD Diggers OF 1937”

VICTOR MOORE • GLENDA FARRELL • LEE DIXON • OSGOOD PERKINS • ROSALIND MARQUIS • Directed by LLOYD BACON... A First National Picture with songs by Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Harold Arlen and E. Y. Yarburg

 Warner Bros.

And “Speaking of the Weather”, it’s fair and warmer for everyone concerned when Dick lets himself go with that grand new love song the tuners made to order for his lady love!

for January 1937
NATURE HELPS OUT!

BEAUTY

SECRETS

OF THE

New Year

Unusual Lotions That Bring Allure Up To
The 1937 Level

WHEN you're listing your New Year's resolutions for 1937, be sure to include one to make the most of your beauty! Not every girl can have as lovely a complexion naturally as Ann Sothern who's playing in R-K-O's "Smartest Girl in Town." But there's much you can do to improve your own, and we're going to tell you some of the ways Mother Nature will help out.

For instance, sun-ripened fruits hold secrets of beauty that are just beginning to be realized. Lucky you, if you can spend the Winter basking in Hollywood's sun or hop on board the Florida Special for Miami. If you can't go South in person, let your imagination carry you to where oranges, lemons and limes are ripening in the sun. Then, when you're shivering under your fur coat and wondering if your nose looks as red as it feels, hold the cheering thought that down there Nature is working for your beauty!

Things that grow in the sunshine have been found to make a very definite contribution to complexion beauty. And this discovery was considered so important that a whole new beauty treatment has been built up from citrus fruits, the aristocratic avocado (alligator pear to you) and the southern grown papaya melon.

We won't attempt to initiate you into the mysteries of Vitamin F which is the chief beautifying element they're said to contain. But we can say, from our own personal experience, that these new products are delightful to use and the complexion improvement they induce in a short time is so great that we're all for Vitamin F, whatever it is.

Limes and lemons have remarkable powers of cleansing and clarifying the skin. So they have been used to furnish the main ingredients in a cleansing emollient that's worked into the skin with the fingers, then washed off with clear, cold water.

The tropical papaya melon provides juices that stimulate, tone and refine the texture of the skin. So extract of papaya melon is contained in a skin tone that can be applied on even the most sensitive skin without drawing or burning. You see, it hasn't one bit of alcohol in it except what exists in the melon itself.

You know how firm and smooth an alligator pear feels when you dig your spoon into it. Well, the avocado has been found to contain a rich, penetrating oil that corresponds very closely to the natural secretions in the skin itself.

You have a real treat in store for you if you try the new Avocado Night Emollient that's made from alligator pears. It feels wonderfully cool and smooth as soon as you put it on. A little light massage or patting will send it right into your skin, so there's no residue of oil to soil your pillow or give you that "greased pig" feeling—and look. Personally, we like to apply it after a good soap and water cleansing and then wash our face with cold water half an hour later, instead of leaving the emollient on all night.

These tropical fruit beauty aids are made in sunny Miami and their name is "Sunclene." They are all liquids and soluble in water. They smell luscious although they contain practically no perfume except what's in the fruits themselves.

So much for what Nature has provided in the way of sun-ripened tropical fruits for beauty! One of her greatest gifts to skin attractiveness is everyday milk. We don't need to tell you about the famous beauties who have bathed in milk. There are women in this day and age who do it! Drink plenty of milk. You'll find it a wonderful aid to the skin of your entire body as well as your complexion.

Well, we've been waiting eagerly for a face cream that would provide the beauty-giving qualities of milk in a jar. And we've found it in Pompeian's new Milk Massage Cream. It's 80 per cent milk! The difficulty of including real milk in beauty preparations has always been that it's so hard to preserve. But Pompeian has solved that problem.

The Pompeian Milk Facial is recommended only once a week, regardless of what other beauty preparations you use. It's a treatment to thoroughly cleanse, soften, smooth out fine lines and whiten without bleaching. It'll bring up a healthy glow in your skin and make it look better right after the treatment. If your skin is very dry, smooth on some of your favorite cleansing or lubricating cream after the milk facial.

One of the biggest surprises in new beauty discoveries is that gold is beneficial to the skin! The alchemists were not very successful in making gold out of cheaper metals. But Daggett and Ramsdell have turned gold into an aid to beauty. Their Golden Cleansing Cream contains colloidal gold which is said to have remarkable powers for ridding the pores of dinging dirt, make up, dead tissue and other impurities that destroy complexion beauty.

You can't see or feel colloidal gold because it isn't a solid metal any more than the iron in spinach is a metal. But it's gold all the same, even if it doesn't glitter. The theory is that gold has a negative reaction to the positive quality of skin impurities, so it draws them out the same way a magnet attracts steel.

We don't know for an actual fact how much the gold has to do with the effectiveness of this cream, but we can say it's exceedingly pleasant to use. And we were so pleased with its action on our own skin that we started in on a second jar as soon as we had used up the first.

There's nothing new or startling in the reputation cucumbers enjoy for softening and whitening the skin. It's been known for a long time that what cucumbers can give you for beauty, you'll like Ceney Cucumber Lotion. It's a fragrant, easily used liquid that's excellent for a quick cleansing before you remove your makeup or to renew your make-up or to follow a soap and water lathering. We especially like the way it seems to take the dull tones out of one's [Continued on page 12]

By Mary Lee

Ann Sothern delights in playing sophisticated comedy, but marriage has a Pryor claim.
Brilliant with Beauty! Dazzling with Dances! Gorgeous with Girls! Looney with Laughter! Sparkling with Splendor! Tingling with Tunes!

GIANT CAST OF 350! LOOK WHO'S IN IT!

DORIS NOLAN
The new fan topic of the notion!

GEORGE MURPHY
Broadway's greatest dancing star!

HUGH HERBERT
GREGORY RATOFF
HENRY ARMETTA
Filmdom's top comics together for the first time in one picture!

GERTRUDE NIESEN
Radio's greatest songstress!

ELLA LOGAN
Internationally famous radio & night club star!

THE THREE SAILORS
They're nuts to everybody!

PEGGY RYAN
Eleanor Powell's protege and dancer supreme!

GERALD O. SMITH
Where fun is—there he is!

JACK SMART
Famous stage comedian & March of Time star!

MISCHA AUER
Remember the gorilla man of "My Man Godfrey"?

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S GREATEST MUSICAL TRIUMPH!

THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE WHISTLING THESE SONGS

"I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On"
"There Are No Two Ways About It"
"Blame It On The Rhumba"
"Fireman Save My Child"
"I've Got To be Kissed"
"Top Of The Town"
"Where are you?"

SONGS AND LYRICS
By Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, the greatest song hit team in pictures!

STORY AND SCREENPLAY
By three writing Aces: Charles Grayson, Bob (Academy Prize Winner) Benchley and Brown Holmes!

DIRECTOR
Walter Lang who gave you "Love Before Breakfast!"

GOWNS AND SETS
By John Harkrider, illustrious Ziegfeld set and wardrobe creator!

DANCES
By Gene Snyder, famous director of the New York Music Hall Rockettes!

CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

LOU BROCK, Associate Producer

TOP OF the TOWN
THE HIGHEST PEAK IN GLORIOUS ENTERTAINMENT
for January 1937
What Do People Say About Your Eyes?

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless—bald and unattractive. Many women deplore this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard "made-up" look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the natural appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes—instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smariting and tear-proof.

You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows—it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects—a touch gently blended on the eyelids intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women in the world over. Either form is only 75c at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!

So Important—that First Impression

complexion.

Of course you know about milk of magnesia as an anti-acid. Well, now it's contained in two brand new creams for complexion beauty! Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream does a special cleansing job because, besides loosening and absorbing surface dirt and make-up, it neutralizes acid deposits that collect daily on everybody's skin. Texture Cream, it's sister, preserves fine texture and smoothness. It's a dandy make-up base. And that reminds us, once our dentist told us that if we rinsed our mouth with milk of magnesia every night, leaving the coating stay on our teeth, we'd never need to come to him for fillings!

Even if you don't like oatmeal for breakfast, you'll enjoy using it to beautify your skin. Powdered oatmeal, pleasantly and only slightly perfumed, makes up the Lavena Two-Minute Oatmeal Facial. You simply make a paste of a little Lavena and water, smooth it over your face and let it dry, which it does almost instantly. Then wash it off with clear, cold water. This is especially good for skin that is oily and inclined to break out, but it may be used on any type of skin. If your skin is very dry, follow the oatmeal facial with your regular cleansing or lubricating cream.

You won't have to go far to find what we consider the best beauty aid Nature has to offer. And that's plain cold water. Use plenty of it. It's stimulating, which means it brings up healthy circulation. It's astringent, so it refines and improves skin texture. And it's so instantly refreshing, it's a joy to use! Whether you wash your face with soap and warm water, cleanse it with a cream or do both, always finish off with a good dousing in cold water. If you end your bath or shower with cold water, you'll find it helps keep the skin on your body smooth and clear, too.

Ice intensifies the same benefits cold water conveys on complexions. However, it's too much of a shock to sensitive skin if you apply it in the raw. The safe way to use ice is to wrap it in a towel or soft cloth and keep on rubbing it over your face and neck until they tingle, not leaving it in any one spot too long.

Now well finish by telling you one place not to use cold water. That's on your hair. Rinsing your hair in cold water after a shampoo tends to take away from its life and luster. For the very same reason, you should dip your comb in warm water when you want to use it damaged to repair waves or set your hair.

Title Changes—The Names For COMING PICTURES

"Glory" (Jane Darwell) has been changed to "Laughing at Trouble"

"General Delivery" (Lee Tracy) has been changed to "Wanted: Jane Turner"

"Love Under Fire" (Merle Oberon) has been changed to "Beloved Enemy"

"One Man's Bonus" (Edward Everett Horton) has been changed to "Let's Make a Million"

"Safari in Paradise" (Jean Arthur) has been changed to "Help Wanted: Female"

"All Scarlet" (Ann Dvorak) has been changed to "Racing Lady"
Dear Reader of Silver Screen:

It is a source of inspiration to know intimately about the good people who buy this magazine and I always enjoy reading the letters that come to me. You have read of the house of Warner Baxter, the car of Gary Cooper and the social life of Robert Taylor, now, what about you?

If you will fill out the questionnaire below, I will be happy to send you a present to repay you for your trouble. I KNOW you'll like it! A handsome calendar which bears a full-color, lifelike portrait of a famous screen star! These are gorgeous reproductions and fine for framing. You'll be crazy about yours and will find it a handsome addition to any room in the house.

As the supply is limited, I can only send 5000 calendars to the answers received. So, will you please fill out the questionnaire below and mail it to me at once? Your calendar will reach you promptly and I know we'll both be happy!

Sincerely,

ELIOT KEEN

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THIS OFFER ENDS JANUARY 3RD, 1937. Only 5,000 calendars are available and these will be sent to those submitting complete answers as long as the supply lasts. Address: ELIOT KEEN, Editor, SILVER SCREEN, Dept. "A," 45 West 45th Street, New York City

IT'S EASY! JUST CHECK THE ANSWERS

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1. How old are you? Please write age.
2. Check which you live in. City [] Suburb []
3. Where did you buy this magazine? Drug Store [] Stationery []
4. Are you single or married? Single [] Married []
5. If single, are you expecting to be married? Yes [] No [] When ________
6. In the first two columns at the right, please list the age and relationship of all persons living with you in your home, including children. LIST YOURSELF FIRST. PLACE A CHECK MARK (✓) OPPOSITE THE ONE WHO PURCHASED THIS MAGAZINE. In the third column check the names of those who receive this magazine regularly. Do not check occasional readers. In the fourth column list the occupations of the members of your family (such as clerk, stenographer, student, keeps house, etc.) In the fifth column check those now working. In the last column give the annual income of each, that is, weekly wages multiplied by 52, plus whatever income there may be from other sources.

7. If you rent your home or apartment, what monthly rental do you pay? Or if you own it, what is its value? $ ________
8. Check which of the following you have in your home. Electric [ ] Gas for Cooking [ ] Both [ ] Neither [ ]
9. Do you have a pet in your home? Yes [] No []
10. Check which of the following you own or use. New [ ] Used [ ]
11. What is the make and year of your car? Make ________ Year ________
12. Do you personally drive a car? Yes [] No []
13. Is your family planning to purchase any of the following in the near future? New Car [ ] Mechanical Refrigerator [ ] Washing Machine [ ] New Rugs [ ] New Furniture [ ] Other Household Equipment ________
14. Do you have a Camera? Yes [] No []
15. How many rolls (or packs) of film have you used during the past year? ________
16. If not, do you have a voice in its selection? Yes [] No []
17. If you had to choose between the two, which would you cut? The foods you like best [ ] The foods which are best for you [ ]
18. Is your bodily weight a factor in your selection of foods? Yes [] No []
19. Does the kind of food you eat seem to have any effect on your skin or complexion? Yes [] No []
20. Check where you buy your cosmetics. Drug Store [ ] Department Store [ ] Chain Store [ ]
21. Please put down what you pay, per package, for the following items. Powder [ ] Lipstick [ ] Cream [ ] Nail Polish [ ]
22. Do you make any of your own clothes? Yes [] No []
23. Please put down what you pay, on an average, for each of the following items of apparel. Dresses [ ] Shoes [ ] Stockings [ ] Hats [ ] Braieres [ ] Slips [ ] Girdles [ ] Gloves [ ]
24. Do you watch what screen stars wear to determine what to buy for yourself? Yes [] No []
25. What type of hair do you have? Dry [ ] Oily [ ] Normal [ ]
26. Do you shampoo it yourself or have it done in a beauty shop? Myself [ ] Beauty Shop [ ]
27. Check which of the following you have on hand in the family medicine chest. Headache Remedy [ ] Digestive Remedy [ ] Laxative [ ] Cold Remedy [ ] Burn Remedy [ ] Antiseptic [ ]
28. How long have you been a reader of this magazine? Less than 1 year [ ] 1 year [ ] 2 years [ ] 3 years [ ] 4 years [ ] 5 years [ ] More than 5 years [ ]

CHECK WHICH STAR'S PORTRET YOU WANT ON YOUR CALENDAR. Robert Taylor [ ] Ginger Rogers [ ] Kay Francis [ ]
"Out till 3:00 P. X...but the boss never tumbled..."

It's simply wonderful how promptly Listerine, the quick deodorant, masks a tell-tale breath the morning after. This little secret is treasured by millions of men and women who every day must hit the business deck alert, wide awake, and fastidious.

* * *

Freshens and Sweetens

Listerine helps to remove odor-producing debris from the mouth, teeth, and gums. It instantly halts the decay of tiny food particles—the major cause of halitosis (bad breath). At the same time it cleanses, invigorates, freshens and sweetens the entire mouth. Immediately, the breath becomes more agreeable, purer.

Start using Listerine, and Listerine only, every night and every morning. Nothing is more refreshing or invigorating in the mouth. And if you wish to be doubly sure that your breath does not offend, rinse the mouth before social or business engagements.

Unlike many of its imitations, Listerine is safe instead of dangerous; adequately powerful instead of excessively strong; pleasant to taste instead of bitter; refreshing rather than revolting.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine Tooth Paste
more than ¼ POUND in the big double-size tube—40¢
IS IT true what they say about Harlow? Evidently it is. According to one of Hollywood's brighter columnists Metro sends a film to the training quarters of the University of Southern California's football team every Friday night. The team is permitted to see any picture but one with Jean Harlow in it.

IT WAS just one of those moments in the Williams Powell drawing room the other night. Bill, who had been bragging about his prowess as a cook to Myrna Loy on the "After the Thin Man" set, invited Myrna and her husband, Arthur Hornblow Jr., over to his house for crepes suzette which he himself was to make. While Myrna and Arthur looked on, admiringly he hoped, Bill assembled everything, that is, everything but the chafing dish for which he looked high and low. "I have a chafing dish," he said, "I know I have a chafing dish. Now where could it be?" After he looked from cellar to roof he suddenly remembered. "I did have a chafing dish," he said with a smile, "but when Carole and I separated she took it. Wouldn't you just as soon have griddle cakes?"

THE first time Henry Fonda's bride, the former Frances Seymour Brokaw, New York's leading society hostess, had a handsome brass band in action in front of the cameras he was showering kisses on Sylvia Sidney in a scene from "You Only Live Once." "No wonder I had to forego a honeymoon trip," said Mrs. Fonda to Sylvia with a wink.

WHEN Director George Cukor wishes to tell Garbo something on the "Camille" set, he calls her Miss Garbo. Robert Taylor calls her Miss Garbo, too. Such respect. Miss Garbo, however, calls Taylor "Bob," which helps matters a little.

SYLVIA SIDNEY and Barbara Stanwyck are two actresses who can seep at will by concentrating for a few minutes before the start of a scene, but stopping the flow of tears is not so easy. It often takes them fifteen minutes or more to get control of themselves after the director yells "Cut."

WELL, you got the shock of your lives when the lovely and dignified Irene Dunne blacked her face and went into a cakewalk in "Show Boat." But wait until you see Grace Moore do "Minnie the Moocher" in swing time with "humps." In her new picture "Interlude." Even prima donnas will do anything for a laugh.

VIRGINIA BRUCE has the greatest variety of eligible escorts of any girl in Hollywood. When asked why she didn't concentrate on one she replied, "No one man combines all the qualities I like." The perfect escort according to Virginia, who really ought to know, should be a composite of the following:

- Robert Taylor to make all the other girls jealous.
- Jack Dempsey for protection.
- Clark Gable for his manly character.
- Noel Coward for his wit.
- Fred Astaire as a dancing partner.
- George Bernard Shaw for his intelligent conversation.

William Powell for his spontaneous good humor.

James Stewart for his lack of affection.

Cesar Romero for his polished manners.

Francis Lederer for his charm.

WHENEVER Director Clarence Brown wants Joan Crawford to leave her dressing room and come on the set he squeals a French auto horn. And, by the way, our Joan has taken to singing in night clubs again. The other night, persuaded by her friend Phil Ohman, orchestra leader there, Joan sat at her table and sang "Minnie the Moocher." So pleased was she with the applause that she took courage and sang it again several nights later at the Coconut Grove.

IT'S going to be just too sad for Francis Lederer when Margo leaves Hollywood to do a play in New York—which she expects to do soon after the preview of "Winterset." This has become one of Hollywood's best romances.

AND, by the way, if you're lucky enough to get yourself shown through a studio when you're visiting Hollywood be sure and insist upon seeing the set of a Merle Oberon or Claudette Colbert picture. Those two girls are the most cordial of the movie stars to visitors, and no matter how difficult the scene is that they are trying to do they are always friendly to the visiting tourist.

THEY'RE teasing that Kay Francis' trip to Europe may be a honeymoon with Delmar Daves. Kay says it isn't, but then you can't always believe what a movie star says, or are we being cynical?

THINGS We Never Expected To See: Katharine Hepburn entertaining the fifteen children who play with her in "Quality Street" by telling them fairy tales on the set.

LITTLE Miss Quigley is all ready to change the plates on her baby buggy.

WHEN a movie star gives presents to the crew of her picture at the end of the production it is not news, it's sort of a pleasant custom, but when the crew gives a present to the movie star that's always news. It's no great secret in Hollywood that the working crew of a picture usually doesn't care to give the star anything but a bird. But when Merle Oberon finished "Beloved Enemy" the crew of the picture gave her a tiny gold figure of herself for her token bracelet, and an elaborate scroll with the following quotation from the picture on it: "To Merle Oberon, Our Beloved Enemy, We'll be counting every minute of every hour on every clock in the world until you return to us." (Signed) The Crew." Ah, what sentimentals.

MIRIAM HOPKINS is now romancing with Anton Luiyak, famous foreign director, whom she met on the boat coming over from England. Miriam arrived in Hollywood by plane, after almost a year abroad. "Hollywood," said Miriam, "is just as I left it." At least the Hollywood romance situation is—girding around the room one could spot Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland, Kay Francis and Delmar Daves, Merle Oberon and David Niven, Gloria Swanson and Burt Marshall.

JANET GAYNOR and Fredric March are the next two Hollywood stars to take to color, "A Star Is Born," in which the two are co-starring, is being made in Technicolor. Here's hoping that they'll be as easy on the eyes as Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer in "The Garden of Allah."

WHEN she turns 26 Olivia de Havilland will win $1,000 from her mother if she hasn't yet smoked—except when picture roles demand it.
Memories Of The Broadway Days
Of The Picture Players.

THE editor of this magazine sez: "Sully, do you remember when most of the screen stars were on the Broadway stage?" And I sez, "Yes," and that's how this article came to be written.

See he: "Do you remember Humphrey Bogart as a stage?" Now that is an easy one. The first time I met Humphrey was at the Mayfair Saturday night dance at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. The Mayfair dances, to Broadway, were the same as a strawberry festival to a small town, or the weekly dance and bridge of the Ladies' Aid Society in my home town, Port Chester, N. Y. Not that they played bridge at the Mayfair, you understand. You danced and ate, and in between the Broadway girls showed off their latest models from Hattie Carnegie and Milgrim and Willma's. It was during a break in the music that Humphrey Bogart and myself met for the first time.

"Say, I'm glad to meet you, Ed," he said, "A lot of people say that the two of us look alike." Alice Brady, overheard the remark: "You both have grounds for libel," she said. I never have been able to figure out that remark but if she means what I think she meant, Bogart and myself were insulted, good.

Like a lot of actors, Bogart, up to the time he clicked in the stage version of "Petrified Forest," was wasted because he was miscast. I remember one play in which he enoted. They made him a bit of a gigolo and his discomfort in the role was obvious. It wasn't until they let him grow a stubble of beard, and become the killer in "Petrified Forest" that the fellow's talent expressed itself.

"That is the type of stuff I mean," sez the editor, "Now can you think up an actual story about Frank Morgan when he was on the stage?" And I scratched my head and thought back to the days when Frank Morgan was occupying the dressing room one floor above Fred Astaire at the New Amsterdam Theatre. The musical between was "Band Wagon," and, so far as I can recall, this was the last show in which Astaire hoofed with sister Adele. Morgan was the comedian of the show, and his caricatured laugh had not yet been attached to the sound tracts of Hollywood. There was a gorgeous red-headed show girl who dressed on Morgan's floor, so night after night I used to go up to his floor, figuring that perhaps this beautiful creature would cross my path. But I had no luck; in fact, I can safely state that I have never had any luck with red-heads. The only one I ever met on the third floor of the New Amsterdam was Frank Morgan.

We were having a drink one night when he started laughing fit to bust. At first I thought that the strain of the show had gotten him down, and that he was going nuts. But it seemed that he was thinking of a night in a town called Waycross, Georgia. The troupe was playing Hamlet, and, because of a short bankroll, the company had left the preceding town hastily, without paying the hotel bills or the stabling charges for the horses which tracked the scenery. Right in the midst of the gravelling, the sheriff stopped on stage, arrested Morgan and the other grave-digger and hauled them off to jail. That was the recollection that had sent Morgan off into a fit of giggles, and it seemed he had thought of it because in the second row, that night, he had spotted a guy who was the spitting image of this Georgia sheriff. Perhaps this story sounded humorous to me that night, because Morgan and myself had a few drinks. If it does not sound funny to you take some Scotch and soda and I guarantee that you will laugh hearty for several hours. If you do not, then you must be using a very inferior grade of Scotch.

The editor sez: "This is a family magazine and it ill behooves us to give the readers the idea that everybody who writes for this paper is a perp. Haven't you got a story where the actors don't drink?"

So I will tell you about Fred Astaire, if you will descend one floor in New Amsterdam, with me. And perhaps as we go downstairs, we will get a look at that beautiful red-head who had the dressing room next to Frank Morgan. Astaire was a milk-drinker. I never saw a fellow who could drink so much milk and apparently enjoy it. The minute he'd come off stage, his colored man had a bottle of cold milk and Astaire would gulp this down. Bob Benchley, who was a frequent visitor to Fred's dressing room, would grinnce violently whenever Fred swallowed the milk, because Benchley is a pretty good two-fisted drinker himself, and it pained him to see a great dancer go to the cows this way. "You will come to no good end, Fred," Benchley would tell him. "Milk should be put in cans and bottles but it should not be put in the human stomach. When you dance up and down violently, the milk will curdle and become cheese and you will be in a hellva fix because you will not have a cracker."

Astaire, however, like Gene Tunney, continued to drink milk. Tunney used to scandalize the trainers at his Speculator, N. Y., camp by drinking cold milk after a workout. The trainers said that this was all wrong, and that the stomach couldn't hold chilled liquid after exercise. But I guess Tunney knew more than they did, because I never heard of one of his trainers beating Jack Dempsey. The same with Astaire. He drank milk and is the cream of the dancers.

However, there is more than one way of skinning a cat, as the expression goes. Astaire got into the movies on milk, but Benchley
got in on Scotch. However, Astaire got Ginger Rogers too, which is an extra vote for a milk diet. Ginger always reminded me a little of that beautiful red-head who dressed next to Frank Morgan on the third floor, but I won't go into that again as the editor said this is a family magazine. That is a silly objection. Red-heads have families, too.

"What," sez the editor, "what about Alice Brady on the stage?"

I remember, sez I, the night she and Conrad Nagel were opening in "Forever After." It was a big opening, and the theatre had just installed the new fire sprinklers. Nagel had just laid out all of his costumes on the couch in his room, when some dope in the engineering department decided to test out the sprinkler system. Nagel made his first entrance that night, dripping wet.

"Or, maybe you'd like to hear about Alice Brady in "Mounting Becomes Electra," the Eugene O'Neill heavy drama, and possibly one of the finest tragedies the modern stage ever has presented. As you know, the Brady voice was one of the most facile instruments of the theatre. She had vibrant low tones that thrilled an audience as much as her facial expressions and physical gestures. The show played about a month when one of the cast members became ill, and the understudy was rushed in. Then ensued the most amazing silent duel ever witnessed. The understudy tried to copy Brady's throat tones, Miss Brady accordingly dropped her voice a pitch lower. The understudy went down a pitch too. Everyone in the company was engrossed in this unusual battle, but Alice Brady finally dropped her voice so low that the understudy cracked up. I have heard of a lot of peculiar rows and grudges on Broadway, but this is the only time I ever heard of a faulty one.

Franchot Tone first came to my notice in "House of Connolly," a Group Theatre production. Now to understand this fully, you must realize first that the Group Theatre was a group of youngsters and oldsters so on fire with their enthusiasm for the stage—the legitimate stage—that they'd go through hell and high water for it. But this didn't matter to them. They were a group of youthful and enthusiastic martyrs, willing and eager to accept any martyrdom so long as they could act. The critics all rapped "House of Connolly, so somewhat gloomy and bore-boring study of a southern family that goes to rot morally just as the mansion goes to rot physically. Impressed by the youngsters' spirit, influenced by their genuineness, I gave the play a fine write up.

Picture the backstage scene. The youngsters get progressively bluer as the reviews come in. Then suddenly silver breaks through the clouds, a friendly and encouraging notice from the Sun was mine. I never knew this until Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone arrived in New York to get married. Tone was turning away all interviews but, to my astonishment, he asked me to come right up: "I'll never forget what you did for all of us in the Group Theatre, Ed," he said, "You can ask any question you want. I owe it to you for your review of "House of Connolly." And that's when I heard the story. He told it to me. "House of Connolly" won me the Silver Screen interview on "House of Crawford.""

My only recollection of Edward G. Robinson on the stage is that he was forever playing old man roles. New York audiences never got a good look at Robinson until he arrived in the movies. Because on Broadway stages he was always hammed in whimsical.

I remember Cary Grant as Archie Leach in "Nikki." He played the part of Cary Lockwood, an aviator, in that show, so I imagine he took his screen name from his stage character. In the same show was a pretty good young actor by the name of Douglass Montgomery, and the star of the piece was Fay Wray. It lasted only forty performances at the Longacre, but it was sufficient to put Cary Grant and Douglass Montgomery into the flicke.

I remember Alice Faye as a chorus girl in George White's "Scandals" when she was at the Atlantic City, and Grace Bradley as a chorus girl at the Paradise Restaurant in New York. Brian Donley played in a lot of Broadway shows before he finally got his moving picture chance. I used to sit him at the New York A. C., and he'd tell me of the hopes he had when he played in "What Price Glory?" Donley believed that the parade had passed him by before he got the Hollywood offer that gave him a new lease on life.

My clearest recollection of Francis Lederer was that dreary opening night of "Autumn Crocus." The Shuberts had heralded his arrival in America by hailing him as a "great lover." As a result, the Opening Night audience was wary. Missie had in their chairs and coldly observed the great lover's technique. There was no doubt about it, he had charm. However, late in the second act, there was a mountain scene. The stage carpenter, to get the proper effect, had made a small hill in the foreground of the stage, of tin. The first time Lederer vaulted up the hill to make love to his lady fair, his shoes slipped and he came sprawling to the footlights. Conspicuously he tried it again, and again he came gliding down, his hob-nailed boots making a most infernal scraping racket. He tried again, and this time he had better luck but for sheer embarrassing moments on the stage, this one will never fade from mind.

Not so embarrassing as the opening night of Vincent Youman's "Rainbow," was the opening of "Charley's Aunt." "Redhead" and the all the other Hồng and the "Rainbow," at least he thought so, until a donkey in one of the scenes committed the unpardonable sin. The audience [Continued on page 63].
HARD KNOCKS MAKE
GOOD ACTORS

By
Leon Surmelian

Back in the days when Jack Holt drove a dog team across the frozen tundra of Alaska, he learned the maladies of a man. (Below) Henry Fonda has known days when his belt was pretty tight and hunger was his close companion, but he learned about Life.

I understood what the term, "mangling pot," as applied to America, means. The workers in that plant represented every nationality in the world. Meanwhile I enrolled in the night school of the University of Akron, taking a premedical course. I wanted to be a doctor.

One day, back on the farm where I grew up, I was run over by a wagon, and was treated by a gruff country doctor who inspired me in great respect for the medical profession. However, a chance acquaintance with two actors opened up a new world to me, the thrilling, crazy, Bohemian world of the theatre. I gave up my premedical studies and became a call boy in a local theatre, serving without salary. During the day, I associated with the motley crew of the rubber factory, and, at nights, moved in an altogether different environment. Intoxicated by the smell of grease paint, from call boy I graduated to linemen parts, and on a memorable night spoke my first line from the stage. I played a butler, and said, "Good evening, madam."

After my stepmother died, my father sold his farm and went into the oil business in Oklahoma. I went with him, although I hated to leave Akron. The rubber factory crowd was a tame and civilized group compared to the workers in the Oklahoma oil

GABLE... McLaglen

Fonda... These men have dealt with the raw realities of life and knocked about over large portions of the globe, their art gaining immeasurably thereby.

It's more than five years now since Clark Gable has been the great lover of the films. His booming voice and vibrant, at times fierce, masculinity have worked havoc with ladies everywhere. Everything he does or says is news, and more people are familiar with his dimples than with Hitler's or Mussolini's or Kemal Pasina's mug. Here, in our own country, Clark would steal the show from the President of the United States if both made a public appearance together. Such is the power of the visual and audible art of the screen! The social philosopher and reformist might well put this fact in his pipe and smoke it.

But it takes more than looks and sex appeal—and unlike many other stars, Clark is an even more attractive and compelling personality off the screen than on—to be the romantic rage of fickle millions month after month, year after year. The tremendous popularity of this male idol rests on the enduring foundation of his capable acting. This veteran romantic hussar would have toppled from his white horse long ago if he had failed to turn in convincing performances, no matter what the particular role assigned to him. Clark Gable is a good actor because he is under the aegis of M-G-M, surrounded with all the aura and technical perfections of the world's largest and richest studio, and playing opposite the most glamorous stars of the screen under famous directors, but because he has grappled with the raw realities of life with those big, powerful hands of his, and to this day has not lost the common touch.

"In this business of acting it's only after a guy attains a certain perspective that he realizes what the struggles and associations of his past mean to him." Clark said to me with a reminiscent look in his blue eyes, while waiting for the retake of an intimate love scene with Joan Crawford, a gal who has lived life, too. We were on the glittering set of "Love on the Run." In his superbly tailored tweeds he looked like a character from the pages of a society novel. "Believe me, I wouldn't trade my experiences in a rubber factory at Akron, in the oil fields of Oklahoma and the lumber camps of Oregon for anything in the world. Besides giving me muscles, they taught me things about life I couldn't have learned otherwise.

"I was 17, just out of high school, when I went to Akron, and landed a job as time-keeper in a rubber factory. I was rather big for my age, and told them I was 20, it was in that factory that
Clark Gable has not always sailed on placid seas, and when today he plays a screen character he lives over again other days that he can never forget.

Fields—Chinese coolies, Mexicans, Negroes, two-fisted desperados of every sort, including a few young men belonging to wealthy families desirous of making their own way through the world. I made $12 a day, but I'd have rather worked as an actor for nothing. After a year, I gave it up, and went to Kansas City, where I joined a traveling theatrical company. We barnstormed through the West, playing in tents, schools, churches, and now and then in a real theatre. We were broke most of the time, but happy.

"Two years of this life knocked out of my head a lot of silly ideas I had about the glamour of the theatrical profession, and made me a seasoned, even though a little cynical, trooper. Then, one day, I found myself stranded in Butte, Montana, with 26

cents in my pocket. No prospect of a job anywhere. I wrote nine telegrams to my father asking for some money, and tore up everyone of them. I'll never forget my journey from Butte to Portland, Oregon, in a box car. It was on a terribly cold night in March, and I nearly froze to death."

"In Portland, after another crack at stock, things got so bad that I turned to a general employment agency, and got a job with a party of engineers surveying some timber tracts in southern Oregon. For two months I carried their instruments as we plodded through the heavy brush of the timber country. We kept our heads bandaged all the time, as a protection against insects and a peculiar thorny bush that grows in that region. It rained every day and every night, and my clothes were never completely dry."

"Then I drifted into a lumber camp at Silverton, Oregon, where I worked until I saved enough money to get back to Portland. But still there was nothing doing in the show business. I worked in the ad department of the Portland Oregonian, which enabled me to read the 'help wanted' ads before they appeared in the paper, and eventually landed a job with the telephone company, as an office clerk. Gradually, I worked my way down to Los Angeles, and broke into pictures as an extra. But no studio would have me until I gained some reputation on Broadway."

"It's funny how I caught on in Hollywood. I started as a heavy. Well, I guess I looked a pretty tough hombre, all right." He chuckled to himself, lighted a cigarette. Clark is at his most attractive, and in his best form, when he laughs. Then, the eternal boy in him comes out. "I was in the gunman class when my part as the killer in Secret Six was changed to that of a romantic hero, because of the public reaction against gangster pictures. That was a big break for me. If they had left me in the part as originally planned, in all probability it would have been the end of me on the screen.

"All these experiences, of course, [Continued on page 71]"
Radio Rehearsal

"Jitters"

By Phyllis Marie Arthur

I came down with fan-itis, but definitely, the day I won my first movie letter contest in Silver Screen, That was the year I had a "When Did You Leave Heaven" complex about the movie great, having never seen any of them in the all-too-human flesh.

Then I grew up and came to Hollywood to see the stars. And what did I do? I saw the stars, I saw Miss Lombard, Mr. Gable, Mr. Taylor and Miss Stanwyck and found out that they are all that they're cracked up to be. In fact, I saw Arna near every shining light in town, and I had no more so-called drag than a celluloid anchor.

And all because I had discovered that if, mouselike, I inhabited a seat in the semi-darkened Figueras Playhouse or Hollywood Music Box Theatre, where the Hollywood Hotel, Lux and Camel Caravan shows rehearse their all for the ether, I would see almost every player in Hollywood. (There aren't any closed sets in radio, so I barged into different rehearsals.)

Now a radio fan sees the stars without the clutter paraphernalia of the movie studios, minus the horrendous grease paint and without benefit of Adrian. She sees them at work and at horseplay, and not as others see them. Half the time the stars are unaware that the master fan-mind is quietly ticking away in the third row from the rear. But all is fair in love and Hollywood so here goes for some mike-impressions of the filmites.

Robert Taylor kids Barbara Stanwyck that she eats too much, and when she took off her shoe at "His Brother's Wife" rehearsals, old tease Taylor stooped to tickle her foot. Some call it love.

Dick Powell reacts in an equally lighthearted manner. The day before he married Jean Blondell he could hardly keep his feet on the Hollywood Hotel floor or his face in front of the mike.

These foolish things remind us that stars are really people. You know, whenever I think of Kay Francis, I think of the ivory cigarette holder she keeps in one hand when she rehearses and when she broadcasts. The first time I saw it was at "The White Angel" show. And I guess I noticed it particularly because I was so amused at the thought of Florence Nightingale butting her cigarette on the sole of her shoe. (A little habit of Kay's.) Then, in "Give Me Your Heart" (page Mr. Brent) Kay chung to that holder as though it had a magic charm. And I'm wondering, has it? I doubt if she'd take off those horn-rimmed glasses she wears for the coronation of King Edward.

I was up in the control room the night of the perfectly riotous rehearsal of "Sing Baby Sing," having to bring "Hamlet" over from the village library to check on a line of soliloquy. Gregory Ratoff's voice sounded as if the war games had started, and Patsy Kelly, with her black hair out of line, mumbled to herself into the stage mike, which, of course, was perfectly audible in the control room. (I am a technician, so I can only explain this control room business by my experience with it. You sit in this glassed-in cage that overlooks the stage where the broadcast is going on and hear every word that is spoken into the mikes on the stage. The program leaves the control room to reach the air.) Alice Faye was Sing Baby Singing to Michael Whalen. And the satirically superb Adolphe Menjou appeared in, of all things, a slicker after sneaking down the alley to avoid autograph hounds.
Nobody will ever be able to tell me that Gladys Swarthout worships clothes. Because I saw her throw her very stylish tweed jacket on the stage floor and kick it out of the way while she was skimming the cream of "Carmen" for the Caravan. Robert Taylor, guest co-star, nudged Hymie Fink (a canid cinematographer) in the ribs when Gladys went tempestamental.

Norma Shearer had memorized her portion scene for "Romeo and Juliet. And she didn’t want a human being in her line of vision when she gave it. Edna Mae Oliver likes the spotlight. It took more than a suggestive poke for Ralph Forbes to get her off the stage after her part in the show.

Another rehearsal that was particularly mad was "Valiant Is The Word For Carrie," with Arline Judge, Gladys George, Isabel Jewell and John Howard, not to forget Wesley Ruggles directing from the control room. Arline is inclined to take direction literally. When it was suggested that she put a little more life into the line "Surprise, surprise" she backed away from the mike and came hippity-skippery yelling "Surprise." At which John Howard burst out laughing as did everyone else except Mr. Ruggles. Even though he and Miss Judge have come to the end of their wedding bliss he was most consoling, cooling down from the control room: "That’s all right, dear. Never mind." The line did not make the air, however.

Gladys George had had rehearsals called at six o'clock (they are usually held around nine) because she had a dinner engagement. But Valiant is the word, and so forth, went on and on, until Gladys called to her husband, who shared the control room with Mr. Ruggles: "You’ll have to phone those people we can’t come.

He wrinkled right back: "I did, dear. They understand." Imagine a husband actually seeing to all that without being reminded! Oh well, he and Gladys have only been married a year. He’ll get back to normal forgetfulness after a while.

There is plenty of talk about "This won’t last" and "That isn’t to be," but I’ll stake my white fur bunny slippers on the Joel McCrea-Frances Dee marriage. Cause when a wife spends her entire evening at a radio rehearsal just to be with her husband, that’s marriage with the Hollywood taken out of it.

How would you like to walk into a theatre and find Lionel Barrymore rehearsing? I was properly enthralled with "The Devil Doll" but after half an hour in which THE Barrymore said nothing but "Call off the dogs" some seventeen times, I settled down. He smoked so many cigarettes the stage soon looked like a Fog over Frisco set. Then he drank coffee and with his mouth full of sandwich said into the mike "This is the same thing as murder." Maureen O’Sullivan looked about two years old in a grey sailor hat with streamers. (I tore right home and put streamers on my hat, but alas, I only succeeded in looking two years older.) Maureen of the Irish-lake-blue eyes has the distressing habit of eating her corsages. Honestly, I watched her nibbling her gardenias all through the show.

There’s nothing remotely Cisco-kiddish about Warner Baxter. When he was rehearsing "To Mary, With Love," he said to Myrna Loy, "If I don’t get that last darling in, you go right on anyway." Romantic, huh? Myrna was late, so one of the extra girls had to read her Mary-lines with Baxter. She didn’t see Miss Loy come in. Myrna made no attempt to interrupt. Finally the girl caught on, but Myrna saved her from embarrassment by murmuring "That’s quite all right." Nice gal, Mrs. Hornblow. Thoughtful.

I’ve seen so many air shows that I’m always forgetting who is guest star on which show, and I get all disappointed because Eric Linden isn’t with Jack Oakie only to discover Eric a week later on some other program. One afternoon I wandered into the Camel Caravan rehearsals without the faintest idea who the guest stars were to be. On the stage a tired looking little man in an old blue sweater was leaning against a harp. He smiled at me so sadly that I came right back with what I fondly imagined was a hopeful grin. Nearby, another sad young man sat on a piano bench with his trouser leg pulled up, nursing a bared knee. A third gentleman was lying on his stomach on the stage floor scribbling notes on the margin of his script. Finally a flash of Neon streamed through the place where I park my brain, if any. Could the sad harp-leader be Harpo Marx? The Knee-nurser, Chico? (I discovered later he’d been playing leap-frog in the theatre and fallen afoul of one of the seats.) The floor-bopper was Groucho.

And in further ramblings through radio channels, I gleaned that: Grace Moore hafted out a gold vanity and powdered her nose between scenes of her "Filibuster" broadcast. Incidentally, it was only by the grace of God and an extra girl that she got her script sorted out and was sent in for her first speech on the air. . . . Peter Lorre, he of the superb Svengali, combs his black hair so flat it looks painted on. . . . Ruth Chatterton was in tears at the Lux "Quality Street" show because that was the day Irving Thalberg died. (She and Brian Aherne have one of those telling-volumes-with-a-lock sort of friendships). . . . About the best acting I’ve seen at the mike was when Elissa Landi (the Countess Zanardi’s Elisa), she of the red-gold hair and the green-gold eyes, together with Otto Kruger, gave "By Gendleight!" on the Caravan. . . . Frank Morgan, he of the humorous hesitations, was priceless in "Laborman Grove."

You know, it’s funny to what lengths the stars will go to bolster up their sense of importance so they can put on a good show. June Lang needed an orchid corsage and George Raft had to have Virginia Pine in the second row. . . . Irving Cobb solemnly thumped his nose at his fellow actors on a Caravan show. . . . Loretta Young tried her skyblue eyes out for "Ramona." . . . Yes, when the star spot goes into rehearsal or on the air out in Hollywood, there is plenty going on to interest the fans.
RETURNING from the Martin Beck Theatre in New York one bleak January afternoon of that depressed year 1935, Carole Lombard had impressed upon her mind, and she has a mind, two of the important facts of life, viz., that you can never count on your friends in an emergency, and that no matter how innocent you may be you can always count on people thinking the worst of you.

Carole and three friends had just been to a matinee of "Romeo and Juliet," starring Katharine Cornell, and Carole was in a "mood," a romantic mood (plays always put her in a mood), and with her thoughts on balconies, frustrated love and Mr. Basil Rathbone she didn't want to be bothered by reporters just then, and there, coming out of the Waldorf-Astoria, just as her taxi drew up, was a whole batch of them. With a tally ho, and her friends in merry chase, Carole sprang from the cab, dashed through the revolving doors, up the steps and into the spacious and muchly populated lobby of the Waldorf—up the steps, yes, but in her haste she missed the top step and fell flat on her face.

The Glamour Girls of Hollywood have been given to sprawling here and there from time to time, so I have heard, but Carole holds the record for being the only one who has sprawled in the grand and majestic lobby of the Waldorf, while all those present gasped. It was most embarrassing. No movie star is at her best when flat on her face. It sort of de-glamorizes her. Now you would think, wouldn't you, that her three friends would have hastily picked her up, shown a little solicitude, and assured her that no one saw her, but no, just when she needed friends most the three of them speedily beat it for the nearest elevator pretending (the snakes) that they didn't know Miss Lombard from a cloud of dust (no reflection on the Waldorf rugs). And you would have thought, wouldn't you, out of all these people who clutter up a hotel, that one of them would have helped restore a poor girl's dignity—but no, all Carole heard as she picked herself up and gingerly felt for a crack in her head was a dear old lady's remark to another dear old lady, "Drunk as a hoot owl. Hollywood movie star. Wouldn't you just know?"

Now I don't wish to give the impression that Miss Lombard is a clumsy girl, heavens no, you can see for yourself that she has one of the most beautiful figures on the screen, and is as graceful as a young Pavlowa any day, but there was one other thing that I saw Carole take a spill, and it's well worth passing on. It was during the Santa Anita racing season last February and Hollywood was up to its eyeballs in horses, Old Families, and Eastern millionaires.

Movie stars had entered into the gala spirit of the thing and forgetful of their ten o'clock bedtime were throwing parties with utter abandon. Carole is a great favorite with the New York Social Register, so when she gave a party they ganged up on her and came along in droves.

Miss Lombard, looking too divinely beautiful for this world in a Travis Banton creation that shrieked of chic, had been a charming hostess for hours and was in need of a bit of relaxation—so she joined the girls and boys in the back room who weren't blue bloods, and who were playing bridge, and who included in their midst the three friends who could not be counted upon in an emergency, which all goes to show that Carole has a forgiving nature.

She had just slipped out of her slippers, and was telling Walter Lang how to play his hand (Carole adores bridge next to hamburgers) when someone stuck his head in the door and whispered, "Pst, Carole, more tiaras are arriving." "All right, all right," sighed Carole. "See, Walter, if you had led hearts like I told you to, you could have made a little slam." "Oh, go be a hostess," snapped Walter. Back into her slippers and her hostess carole lombard has that certain something that packs the theatres, and thrills the hearts of men.
Lombard

By Elizabeth Wilson

Carole (center) is one of the best tennis players in the Hollywood crowd, and no wonder, for she practices with Eleanor Tennant (left), former champion, and her friend, Alice Marble, National Champion.

manner once more, Carole stopped to pose for a moment in the frame of the door, a la movie star, and murmur theatrically, "Oh, must I always be a housewife?"

But hardly was the last word out of her mouth when she slipped on the wet floor (someone had spilled a cocktail) and slid on her patootie, as we mortals of the Left Bank say, right into two Whitneys, a Vanderbilt, and a son of an earl. From her informal position Carole extended her hand and greeted them effusively with queenly dignity. It's little wonder that the Social Register, who must run into a lot of trumpets and stuffed shirts in their ramblings around the world, simply go crazy over Carole.

Carole Lombard, as you surely know by now, was born Jane Peters, October 6, 1909, in Fort Wayne, Indiana, the only girl in a family that included two boys, Frederic and Stuart. Born under the sign of Libra (you know the lady without her clothes who balances a pair of scales) and ruled by Venus it was quite natural that the child should grow up to be a well balanced adult with a yen for love and romance. When she was six her mother decided that a temporary separation from her husband was necessary (the Peters of Fort Wayne did not believe in divorce) so with her little girl and her two boys, Mrs. Peters went on a visit to Los Angeles. The kids were crazy about California; with little Jane the best tomboy of them all, and so the days slipped into years, and Mrs. Peters and her brood never returned to Fort Wayne.

Like all children, Carole loved nothing better than to dress up in her mother's clothes and go parading around the neighborhood. Rita Kustin, famous designer, caught her neighborhood "act" one day and when Mrs. Peters wasn't looking sneaked Carole over to the California Studios and got her a small part in "The Perfect Crime." Carole played Monte Blue's daughter. She was very bad. But she received fifty dollars for five days work and success went straight to her head.

Her brothers found her unbearable, there was just no living with her. She decided then and there that the glamorous life of the screen star was definitely for the likes of her. and no matter how hard "Bessie" (that's what Carole calls her mother) lectured and stormed and raged about arithmetic and spelling Carole would not falter from her one great purpose in life—to be a movie star. But to her surprise, when "The Perfect Crime" was released, no one even noticed Monte Blue's daughter, and so Carole, very disconsolate, went back to school.

Two summers later she bumped into Charlie Chaplin at Catalina and talked him into testing her for the leading lady in the "Gold Rush." and Chaplin, impressed by her beauty and pose gave her two studio tests—but she didn't get the part. The "break" finally came very unexpectedly one day when Al Hkemper, a Fox executive, noticed her resemblance to Constance Bennett and signed her on a contract for seventy-five dollars a week.

She was sixteen the day the contract was signed. On the Fox contract list there was already Jane Peters so Miss Jane Peters was asked to change her name at once. She chose Carol because she had always liked that name. She [Continued on page 74]
The Detective Stories And
Mystery Tales Keep Many
An Actor On Easy Street

Now that William Powell and Myrna Loy, guarded once more by the faithful Asta, are romping through the hazards that beset them in "After the Thin Man," and Universal is searching frantically for some grimace-and-groan expert to play "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," it will be announced that another cycle of mystery thrillers is upon us.

But the thriller is more than a cycle. It's an institution, as permanent a fixture in the Hollywood set-up as love-story, adventure yarn, or musical comedy.

Our ancestors loved to sit around a dying fire and scare themselves blue with whispered tales of blood and mystery, grotesque monsters and gibbering phantoms. So we sit in the darkened theater and shiver as Fay Wray looks in the mirror and discovers the grisly countenance of Boris Karloff peering through the window, or William Powell and Myrna Loy exchange flirtatious and murder-wracked whispers while murder lurks in the shadows around them.

The biggest Names have been sleuth or suspect. In "Star of Midnight," Ginger Rogers managed to stop dancing long enough to get into a series of scrapes that sorely tried the detective's wits. Robert Taylor served his apprenticeship in the whodunits as juvenile of "Murder in the Fleet" before receiving the just reward for his ability—the role of leading man to Garbo, and Carole Lombard and Fred MacMuray got themselves thoroughly tangled in the plot of "The Princess Comes Across." When the movies' newly found power of speech first gave them the ability to handle the complicated clues and explanations of the whodunit proper, Powell was right there, with his urbane voice, to play the supercilious Philo Vance.

And when the whodunit suddenly refused to go on considering murder as a serious matter, Powell became the more humorous, but no less dangerous Nick Charles. He is identified with "The Thin Man," the comedy-mystery that still monopolizes the nation's screens. He coped with a masked killer in "Star of Midnight" and a war-at-spies in "Rendezvous" and now he appears in the sequel to the grand-pappy of all the comic whodunits, Warner Oland, too, would laugh at the idea that the detective story is a sad, an occasionally recurring cycle, since he has for some years been deriving a good, steady income from his portrayals of the cheerful and philosophical Charlie Chan.

These two are undoubtedly Hollywood's foremost sleuths. But a score of minor clue-hunters have helped to prove that crime pays pleasant dividends. We may be sure that we have not seen the last of Edward Arnold as the lazy, beer-imbibing Nero Wolfe. Curiously enough, Franchot Tone, who spends most of his time stilling yawns in drawing-room and penthouse, gave an exuberant and vastly amusing performance in an obscure little film called "One New York Night," as a thoroughly scared young amateur detective.

In such satirical melodramas as Ronald Colman's Bulldog Drummond films and Robert Donat's "The Thirty-nine Steps," mystery blurs into hilarious confusion, and our hero, appropriately even more moronic, blithely surmounts gigantic odds with the ease of a Fairbanks.

The hard-boiled variety of detective story, so popular in books, has so far seen very little service on the screen. Dashiell Hammett, author of "The Thin Man," is master in this field. His "The Glass Key" gave George Raft one of his strongest roles. The incomparable "Maltese Falcon," recently filmed in disguised and mangled form with Warren William and Bette Davis, received a more faithful interpretation several years ago, when Ricardo Cortez and Bebe Daniels played the leads.

The great detective, suave or swaggering, would not seem half so clever if he had no stooge to make him shine by contrast, no Dr. Watson to whom he must explain all the quirks of the plot. This stooge may be a loyal, though slow-brained henchman, or a bungling officer of the law. Eugene Pal-

[Continued on page 67]
VENUS UNDER CONTRACT

The Famous Inches Of June Lang—She Has Just Enough And Not One Too Many!

By Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek

HOLLYWOOD, that gigantic quick-change artist, whose portals are filled with the most beautiful women in the world, has accepted a new reigning Queen of Beauty. This time it is a diminutive blonde, a nineteen-year-old ingenue who recently played her first dramatic role in "Road to Glory."

This "Modern Venus," otherwise known as June Lang, came to the attention of the artistic world after the noted New York sculptor, Albert C. Blodgett, had proclaimed her a "perfect yardstick for feminine beauty."

Though the young actress is smaller than the famous Ziegfeld standard of perfection, she embodies a rare combination of the perfect physical qualities of a number of Hollywood luminaries. She carries herself as a Crawford, she has the slenderness of a Parker, the hips of a Sullivan, the legs of a Dietrich and the ankles of a Blondell. Her feet are as perfect as those of Gloria Swanson, although not so small. Here are her measurements:

Height, 5 feet 3½ inches; weight, 101 pounds; waist, 25 inches; bust, 31½ inches; hips, 30½ inches; neck, 13½ inches; chest, 31 inches; wrist, 6 inches; sleeve length, 18½ inches, and ankle, 7½ inches. She wears number 5½A shoes and number 6 gloves.

All of June's features are in correct proportion to the rest of her body and for that reason artists have praised her. She is the essence of health: everything about her speaks that—her fresh young beauty, her vibrant personality, the clearness of her complexion, the silken texture of her hair and the sparkle of her big brown eyes. She has a beauty that is fresh, dewy, enchanting and different.

Achieving and holding that perfection has not been easy for June. Like any other girl she has had to work for it. "Never do I let a day pass," she says, "without taking exercises. I climb a lot. I climb over these Hollywood hills and I find that much sunshine, deep breathing, and correct eating are essential for keeping up the general tone of my body. When I walk or climb I wear low heeled shoes, I swing my arms around and around and I breathe deeply. When I stand I am careful not to stand on one hip, nor do I spread my legs, for both these bad habits distort the figure."

June's waistline rivals that of Jean Parker, who is said to have the most beautiful in Hollywood. Both incline on the long side with length between the bust and waist, and both are flat in the back. Both are nicely covered with firm flesh, but without any jelly roll above the middle of the back. And, like Margaret Sullivan, June is a perfect hip model, with both hips even—no one higher than the other. She has no sharp bones and no extra bulges.

She is like Joan Crawford inasmuch as her abdominal sculpture is flat in front, and like Joan her muscles are strong and firm. Joan learned to hold in her "tummy" by practicing with a ruler down the front but June does it by daily exercise. Here is the exercise she takes: Stand straight, with hands on hips, toes parted a little, and with the heels in. Swing the torso far around to the left and then to the right. Be careful not to swing the hips. Do this vigorously at least twenty times. If this is done faithfully June guarantees that no inflated tine will have a chance to hang itself around the waist. June does not believe in dieting; she just eats simply. Seldom does she dine at the Tropadero, or other fashionable places, and when she does she merely plays at eating, she always has a simple meal of the things that are good for her, and that she likes, before she leaves home. She eats very little sweets and almost no meat; however, she likes steaks and chicken. Green vegetables, especially green salads, are favorite foods as are also the fresh fruits. She has trained herself to like the right things and she can't understand why other girls don't do the same. But that's where June differs from many. She has a generous portion of brains and she realizes her millions of fans expect her to stay better perfect. There's no doubt but that she will too.

"It's swell to have a nice figure," says June, "but it takes work to keep it that way. And having a reputation for a nice physique makes it all the harder. When people see me they expect something perfect and I just can't disappoint them."

She's crazy about ice cream and if she allowed herself what she really wanted she'd have it at every meal, and sometimes in between. "But there's a limit to all things," she says, and with that forgets about the ice cream. She drinks three glasses of milk daily, a glass of orange juice, a glass of tomato juice, but very little coffee or tea. Intoxicating liquors are banned, although on very rare occasions she takes a small quantity of champagne. She loathes smoking; and never smokes a cigarette except when the scripts calls for it.

Whenever June spends a long day on the set her mother always prepares her favorite dinner. It consists of clear soup, medium rare steak, stewed tomatoes with bits of bread, spinach, green vegetable salad, rolls, milk to drink, and of course ice cream.

June appears to have an inexhaustible source of energy. "But that's because I know how to conserve my strength when not needed," she says. "When I am tired, I relax. When I do not need my energy, I relax. That is the secret. When one relaxes new energy just comes. If I am very exhausted I lie down on a bare floor and let go every muscle in my body. In half an hour I am completely rested."

Every night finds June sleeping without a pillow. She believes pillows make round shoulders and for that reason avoids them like so much poison. She would rather die than cultivate the round shoulders that some girls have. "If only they would keep their shoulders up," she says. "Every day I see lovely, young school girls allowing their [Continued on page 70]
A NEW battle rages in Hollywood! The amazing fight the stars are waging now for health. Suddenly the film world is health conscious to an extreme degree. No one wants to do anything unless it’s obviously beneficial. Ordinary appointments are postponed until the daily sport is attended to. It’s become the major social sin to be languid. Eyes must be clearer, skins positively flawless. You have to be a vision of vigor, and how you get that way is all important.

It may be the dead of winter, but then that’s Hollywood for you. Instead of stuffing until spring and waiting for those ads that query how do you look in a bathing suit, the actors and actresses have jumped the gun. The demand of the local sirens is every man a Weismuller, and they, in turn, are taking great pains to express the Velez in themselves. Camille may be breaking your heart as she coughs herself to death, but she’d be the forgotten date if she actually materialized in the movie colony. A lady now has to be hardy, has to hold her own. And I’ll bet you’ll be surprised at what!

At competitive sports, no less. Do you bowl, fence, and ping-pong? Have you, too, a badminton net in your back yard? Of course, this trend is a genuine shock to those of us who’ve been around Hollywood any length of time. Because instinctively stars are rabid individualists and generally they’ve not mixed well in competitive sports. They’ve been satisfied with horseback riding and swimming, with a private trainer to put them through paces. But no more. Since super-health has become the reigning hobby, they’re choosing partners for their exercise and diligently evolving into determined challengers.

You probably don’t realize how difficult it is for a star to hang onto the tip-top condition his job necessitates. “It’s a wonder to me there hasn’t been a lot of tuberculosis in Hollywood,” George Brent said to me a few days ago when I was visiting him on the stuffy stage. “We have to be cooped up like this for weeks on end, shut away from sunshine and fresh air.” The work is nerve-wracking because of the constant emotionalism. The glaring lights drain one’s vitality. The life a successful star leads is hard on all the things he must have to click. Daubing grease paint on, bandolining the hair, dieting to retain a slim figure—this has to be counteracted somehow. Often the grind is so steady that a star loses all resistance without even guessing what’s happening.

Loretta Young and Dick Powell gave the current craze the initial impetus. They became so run down with all work and no health-building sports that they had to drop everything for months to recuperate. The other stars were alarmed at these experiences and checked up on themselves. They saw that fat contracts and thrilling love affairs and widespread applause meant nothing without a splendid vitality to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

Studio contracts forbid actors from engaging in rough sports that might hurt them or mar their valuable faces. So they had to snore around and discover competitive sports with no drawbacks. The foresighted people had only to start the ball rolling. Overnight the town’s gone mad over health as the A-minus hobby and everyone’s conceding that the exercise that should be taken is easier and far more fun when disguised as a merry sport. Garbo’s taken up horseshoe pitching—which shows you how the wind’s blowing!

Those personal programs followed solo style pace since the spread of the let’s-get-together spirit. Robert Taylor, for instance, had bought weights and was faithfully going through a lifting routine three evenings a week. He converted the extra bedroom in his house into a modern gymnasium. The results were good enough—he added inches to his chest and pounds of muscle. But good grief, he exclaims, when he remembers. All that precious spare time could have been spent with Barbara Stanwyck if he’d known about badminton! When I was at his house the other day I noted the weights stacked for...

**Bowling keeps Alice Faye in good health. What is better than that?**

Olivia de Havilland fencing with Errol Flynn. It is one of the best exercises, and safe, too, for they really wear masks, except for the photographer.

**Bicycles are quite the fad and Rochelle Hudson rides at least three miles a day.**

**In the Pink Condition**

**Silver Screen**
Loretta Young, Loy and Tai Lachman—table tennis champions.

Luisa Rainer is an expert at archery and often practices on the beach.

The Players Go In For Games
But They Are Really Thinking Of The Body Beautiful.

and after you serve it you have to keep pepping to keep it in the air.

The elegant Mayfair is but a memory to Hollywood's Inner Circle. In history, they'll have to write in bowling alleys as the successor! Now if you fancy that going down to the neighborhood bowling alley would be a trifle declassé, stop being so wrong.

Not only is bowling the most bowlers. They all started with the regulation size ball, incidentally, and they've mastered the art of giving a hook that knocks down all the pins perched at the end of the alley. The girls don't make strikes like this regularly, but they're improving all the time.

Judith Barrett is the sponsor of a team of five men who use her name in tournaments. She's furnished their sweaters and is present whenever they play. Carole Lombard, according to rumor, is going to have her team, too. James Dunn, Fredric March, John Howard, and Cesar Romero are topping the men's ladder.

[Cont. on page 63]

bornly in a corner. And a badminton net is in full glory on his lawn.

Barbara herself had been regularly walking for miles every day. As she swung briskly through Beverly streets she kept muttering that this was a heck of a system for remaining svelte. If Bob had been trotting along at her side her feet wouldn't have touched the pavement. But he wasn't. He had his darned old weights.

Came the dawn to our ace lovers. They climbed on the bandwagon. And although both are working most of the time, they're getting in their badminton every single day. They have to skidle their free time around to do it, but they won't omit it.

Badminton, as you know, is similar to tennis. Only you use a high net instead of a low one, and you can play on any sort of level space. The big difference is that you can't let the ball bounce at all. The shuttlecock, as it's called, is feather-weight popular sport in the whole country, with more adherents even than baseball, but in Hollywood you meet the best screen stars at the bowling courts. Picking up a sixteen-pound ball, and heaving it with a mighty but accurate swing, is keen for the abdominal muscles. But don't forget to withdraw your fingers from the holes in the ball or you'll skid down the polished hardwood alley on your chin.

The place most of the famous frequent is the Beverly Hills Bowling Court, on Wilshire Boulevard. They go there afternoons as well as evenings and favor the downstairs room. Although this is a public alley the stars aren't bothered by rude staring. Everyone's on hand for honest health exercising and there's no need for parading. The stars democratically ask whoever's bowling next to them for help with the intricate scoring, and drink Coca Colas with good-natured abandon. Patricia Ellis (who is also an expert archer), Ginger Rogers, Alice Faye, and June Travis, in the order named, are the best feminine
"The Waif from the Yangtze"

By Jack Bechdolt

The Cast
Johnny
Tommy Randall
Suzy Parker
The Colonel
Mrs. Hope
Richard Hope
Kay Swift
Judge Booth
Atkins
Shirley Temple
Robert Young
Alice Faye
Eugene Paulette
Helen Westley
Allan Lane
Astrid Allwyn
J. Edward Bromberg
Arthur Treacher

Friendship is a tree of shelter from the rains of trouble ... Ancient Proverb.

Alongside the muddy bank of the Yangtze river, a junk lay moored in the shadows. The night was thick with a drizzle of rain. Dead silence hung over the little village of mud huts that clustered beside the current—the silence of houses hastily emptied, of frightened people hastily departed. The solitary Chinese coolie who was making the boat ready for departure moved furtively. The elderly, dignified Chinese magistrate and the little American girl clinging to his hand spoke in cautious undertones.

Terror was abroad along the Yangtze. Hi Chung, the bandit general, and his murdering crew were pillaging the countryside.

Sun Lo, the magistrate, clasped his hands and bowed ceremoniously to the little girl who peered trustingly up at him.

"You will remain in Shanghai, Johnny. Chang will take good care of you." Furtively he handed her a purse. "Take this money. Give it to my brother for your expenses."

She nodded understandingly, smiling anxiously into the grave face above her. She was a sturdily built girl in a little half jacket, the daughter of American missionaries long dead. In all this vast land of fear, the girl was that was all the great world beyond her had but two trusted friends, Sun Lo, the magistrate, and Mr. Wu, the mentor of the young girl who clasped her in arms.

"Goodbye, my little friend. I shall see you very soon and until then the memory of you will bloom like a flower in the garden of my heart."

"Goodbye, Honorable Sun Lo," Johnny answered gravely. "They taught me in school what an honest person is—..." Her brow wrinkled in thought.

"Is as precious as the jewels of the rich." Sun Lo completed for her.

She beamed up at him, her dimples showing. "Yes. I couldn't remember."

Chang, the magistrate's servant, cast loose the junk. It slid without a sound into the broad, greasy mouth of the ancient river.

The junk dipped down the Yangtze, sailing when the gods sent a favorable wind, dritting with the currents when there was none. Eventually it tied to a dock in Shanghai.

That night Chang, the miserable servant of an honorable master, heard the clamor of gamblers on an adjoining junk. Chang had no money but he had seen the little house Sun Lo gave Johnny. When another morning dawned Johnny and Mr. Wu were alone and without a penny. And Mr. Wu was hungry.

Without the price of a wretched soup bone, a little girl and her dog roamed the streets of the city, feasting their eyes on strange sights while their stomachs went empty.

Beside a shop a gleaming Rolls-Royce parked. Johnny saw a...
The little girl and her new friend, Tommy Randall (Robert Young), found themselves locked up in a jail as tight as a mouse trap.

She turned to the shopkeeper and loosed a flood of liquid vowels. He bowed and produced a highly decorated paper dragon mask such as delight little Chinese boys.

"The tongue of the angels," cried the young man. "Now that I think of it, you look something like an angel too."

His name was Tommy Randall and a great many people said he was no good. Some, more charitable, admitted that he was no particular harm, either. He was just Tommy Randall, heir to all the Randall fortune, idling his way around the world because he couldn't think of anything better to do.

Tommy's gratitude led him to invite the strange little waif to lunch. After Mr. Wu had disposed of two soup bones and Johnny had done justice to an equally extravagant meal the three were pretty well acquainted. Tommy Randall seldom did any very serious thinking, but he became a bit thoughtful when he learned Johnny's story. A little girl and a little dog, both orphans and friendless, couldn't exactly be left to wander through Shanghai. He loaded Johnny and the dog into his car with a vague notion of turning them over to whomever it was that took care of cases like this.

On their way to seek professional advice Tommy stopped at the Foreign Club. He had promised to pick up three American friends, three pleasant wasters like himself. He had Johnny and the dog wait in the car.

"Patience," says the ancient proverb, "is like wealth. Many talk about it, but few possess it." Johnny, who had been reared in China and steeped in the ancient wisdom as interpreted by Honorable Sun Yat So had more than most. As the hours passed and Tommy Randall still lingered with his friends in the Foreign Club she and Mr. Wu made themselves at home in the rumble.

For January 1937

Along, Johnny (Shirley Temple) wandered about the strange Chinese city, asking help from every man she met.
The seat of the Rolls. With the lid closed overhead they curled up together and slept. When Tommy and three friends emerged at last, mellow, many drinks, the stowaways had been forgotten. There was just time to get the Rolls to the dock where it was to go aboard ship. Seed tactics were slipped under the car, a steam winch rattled and the Rolls with its sleeping passengers in the locker descended slowly and gently deep down into the violet color of the ocean liner.

Tommy Randall awoke in his stateroom on the afternoon of the next day and then on the morning of the perfect valet, nudged him respectfully but with determination.

"Go away," said Tommy, "Far away."

"I'm sorry sir, but there's a young lady to see you."

"Fuh!" said Tommy, sitting up with a guilty start.

"A young lady, sir. I think it's rather urgent."

Tommy, remembering other times, looked worried.

"Oh, oh-- bad--"

"She has a child with her--"

"Oh! That's bad."

"The Captain is with her. He insists on seeing you."

"That's very bad," said Tommy. He rose with a groan, belted his bathrobe and accepted the checkbook which the helpful Atkins handed him. He remembered other awakenings like this when the checkbook came in handy. He came into the adjoining room briskly, determined not to be imposed upon.

"I don't know what your game is, young lady." Tommy began sternly. "But it isn't bad. I never saw you before in my life. And I have witnesses to account for my whereabouts for the past twenty-seven years."

He stopped. His jaw dropped open. That was exactly what Susan Parker had upon young gentlemen. Susan was more than beautiful. She carried around with her a charm which money couldn't buy nor brains duplicate. She was a lovely girl.

Tommy Randall gaped into her indignant face and felt in it the many bosom something akin to a swooning. He was too overcome for several moments to discern what Susan held by the hand. Then, with a cry of "Johnny, Johnny, come here!"

He stopped. His jaw dropped open.

"Tommy," said gravely.

"I didn't mean to be, I just waited in your automobile--like you said."

It was one of the first truly serious moments in his life. He saw in a swift vision how frightful the consequences of his carelessness might have been. Bad as it was, his idocy might easily turn into an affair for Miss Susan Parker who had sheltered the child when ship's officers were pursuing her.

The Captain who was a perfectly competent guard for the little girl while she remained on board ship.

Tommy Randall, who exhibited such concern for the orphan, was allowed to play the role of an unofficial but very indulgent uncle. Because of this arrangement Tommy was brought into contact with Susan a great deal. Only one person had any fault to find with the arrangement. She was a Mrs. Hope, with whom Susan Parker was going out to Bangkok. She didn't like orphans and one considered Tommy Randall about as useless as the cellophane off yesterday's park of cigarettes.

The air was like a tepid bath and scented with all the perfumes of the romantic East. The moon that swam in the sky had that certain golden something that it takes to make a perfect evening on the China Sea. The ship's orchestra was playing dreamy waltzes. That was the kind of night it was when Susan Parker stood by the rail and sent the little dream ships of her maiden meditation sailing over the golden moon-path.

Tommy Randall's finding her there was so little of coincidence that Susan felt like an honorable girl, she ought to tell Richard:

Richard:

FOR VERY IMPORTANT REASONS I SUGGEST YOU MEET BOAT AT HONGKONG INSTEAD OF BANGKOK.

MOTHER.

Mrs. Hope was no fool. She had seen the gone look in Tommy's eyes. She had seen, too, that Susan was completely adverse to him. And she knew that these two were drawn closer every day by their mutual love for that absurd little orphan, Johnny.

Mrs. Hope didn't want to go ashore at Hong Kong. She was waiting Richard's arrival. And she definitely discouraged Susan's eagerness to see the beautiful girl. Susan had no intention of deceiving her mother-in-law to-be. She was quite resigned to staying on the ship. She charmed Atkins that Tommy had taken the orphan ashore. Atkins added truthfully that Hong Kong had been fortunate for Mr. Randall, but probably no harm would come to them this time, if only Tommy didn't order champagne.

That was why Susan went ashore at Hong Kong. Somebody who was trustworthy had to look after Johnny. Susan headed straight for Sloppy Slim's cafe and there found Tommy, cold, sober, righteous as a beacon and bent only on seeing the little girl a wonderful day among the bazaars. Nobody could blame Susan for going along with it.

When Richard Hope joined his mother aboard the ship he was just a little puzzled and not entirely approving of her. Richard had arranged to meet his fiancée at Bangkok and once this thing was arranged, Richard's mind respected any rearrangement. Mrs. Hope hinted dark fears of Tommy's influence on Susan, but Richard was not impressed. The sort of girl Richard Hope chose to marry was not the sort of girl who would get into spectacular difficulties with Tommy Randall. No.

After this sudden form and breeding it was somewhat of a jar to Richard to learn that Susan was ashore with Tommy. It was more of a jar when Richard and his mother discovered them together.

There was a mud puddle in the street and Tommy, the gallant, was carrying Susan across it. Naturally he had to hold Susan in his arms to carry her. But it looked peculiar and Johnny's hilarious presence only emphasized the unnaturalness of it.

For Susan that was the end of a happy afternoon. She went back aboard ship with Richard and Mrs. Hope and tried her best to see a bit of film. But the thought of worrying a little about Johnny, Tommy Randall had promised to take the best of care of the child, but was Tommy to be trusted?

While Susan worried, Tommy, Johnny and Mr. Wu were locked up in a Hong Kong jail. It wasn't Tommy's fault or Mrs. Hope's. And Mr. Wu had nothing to do with it.

Pushing their way through a street crowd Tommy lost hold of the little girl's hand. The boy he caught in his groping, he:

[Continued on page 64]
Riding keeps Madge in good health and she has no fear of the cameraman.

"JUST as one Evans to another, I can write the 'lead' of your open for you," Madge told me as we sat in her blue-and-silver dressing-room at Metro and I waited until she finished dabbing lotions and things on her face preparatory to having a sitting of 'sills' made that afternoon.

"Swell," I said—and meant it—"What's it going to be about?"

"Promise not to write anything about my being the child on the Fairy Soap ad; or about my once being a 'baby star' and everything will be elegant."

"Done!" I repeated. "But you've got to promise to tell all! To give!"

The sneeze that she made then was meant for me, but she didn't say anything until the waiter from the commissary had finished serving our salads and had departed— with Madge's cheerful reply that she "didn't want any ice today!"

"It's a bargain," she repeated, then. "Here goes. Did you hear that waiter ask me if I wanted any ice? Well, he's one of the innumerable people who have helped me—and his question had nothing to do with highballs. By people who have aided me, I don't mean, necessarily, just those who are 'boggles' in the industry. Ordinary folks who, through friendship, kindness, or a genuine desire to be of assistance, have given me a boost."

"That waiter's name, for instance, is Charlie Hutchins. He is the one who always serves me here in my dressing-room—I have lunch here instead of in the commissary so that I can change my clothes and relax a few moments between scenes. Begging my pardon for 'butting in' as he called it, he told me that he had discovered something from another he had waited on, that would help my makeup to stay on longer, and would make it possible for me to go longer without powdering. He said that he had learned that if I would first apply my greasepaint, and then, before powdering, first rub a robe of ice gently over my face and neck that my powder, when applied, would stay on indefinitely. I tried it. It worked, splendidly. I can now go almost an entire afternoon without running to the makeup box for more powder. That is a big help, believe me. Whenever Charlie brings my tray these days, he always brings me a bowl of ice. He never forgets. How is that?" she concluded. "Is that 'Giving'?" "Leave us," as we say on the wrong side of the tracks, "continue," I begged.

"Well, I promise that all the people I mention won't be named Charlie, or all the incidents won't have to do with ice, but there is another Charlie who did me a big favor and in so doing helped me in my work. His name is Charlie Ryan, property man here at M-G-M. Once when I was working at night, and, incidentally, making a love-scene, I had a lot of trouble with my breath vaporizing in the cold night air. You know, like it does back East in the winter time. The scene was laid in a garden, flowers were blooming, and there was a full moon. Of course the camera would pick up this breathy vapor and make it look as if I were smoking."

"I was at a loss. I didn't want to hold up production, and I didn't want to bother the director or cameraman. Then Charlie Ryan noticed it and told me what to do. He said that if I would take a sip of ice-cold water just before the scene; hold it in my mouth until the cameras started turning over and then swallow it, that I would have no more trouble. I tried it, and, of course, it worked perfectly. There have been times when it nearly froze me to death, since then, though. It gets cold on night locations sometimes, and when one has on a very decolleté evening dress, pints of cold water don't exactly make one too warm."

She was silent for a moment, thinking, and then, in a burst of sudden recollection: "Here's an incident that has nothing to do with ice or men named Charlie. Quite awhile ago I made a picture with Bob Montgomery called 'Lovers Courageous.' Robert Z. Leonard directed it. I had a lot of fun on that picture. Partly because I liked both Roberts—Leonard and Montgomery; and partly because the atmosphere on the set was so gay and light-hearted! I like to work hard, but I like to have a good time while I'm doing it, so I enjoyed that one very much. It turned out nicely, I think, and after it was finished, I gradually forgot about it. I made several pictures after that one, and then went on loan to England to make "Transatlantic Tunnel." When I returned I did a couple more and, then, much to my dismay, I found myself getting stale—sort of fed up with everything. Perhaps I don't give that impression, but I'm a very moody individual and sometimes I get so depressed that it's awful."

"To make a long story short, just when I began to think that I was headed for the jitters, I received an assignment to work in another picture with both Bob Montgomery and Mr. Leonard. It was called "Pucicallly Jim," and it turned out to be just the tonic that I needed. I had more fun making it than the other and I don't believe that there could have been anything at the time, that would have been better medicine."

"I told you that," she explained, "to show that all sorts of things are likely to be a big help in the picture business. Often one receives advice, or a tip, from an unsought-for source, that is marvelous. This will surprise you, probably; but among those people who have helped me most are two girls I have never seen, look right behind you on the wall, there. See that framed letter? That's my first fan letter. From a girl who has been writing me ever since."

"I read all my fan mail, if I can possibly [Continued on page 68],"
WHERE do motion picture stars come from? How did they get here? How did they obtain the opportunities which allowed them to open the doors which led to fame and fortune? I've been doing a bit of delving into these questions of late and... goodness!... I have been appalled at the courage, the initiative, as well as the sheer geography which is involved.

The stories of the present crop of younger stars sound like sagas of youthful and modern Marco Polos. Almost none of them came from theatrical families. Almost none seem to have sprung from circles in which dramatic careers might have been deliberately fostered. Most of them seem to have set forth on adventurous and perilous careers upon their own initiatives.

What made them take these respective bits in their teeth and set forth in pursuit of some chimerical career? And what strange face brought them at last to Hollywood and to light-and-sound-and-shadow importance?

Let's start with Luise Rainer. Luise was born in the quiet town of Dunmont, in Austria, not far from Vienna. Her father was a comfortably prosperous merchant there. Luise was carefully reared and educated and it was taken for granted that she would marry, at the proper time, the logical, industrious young man. Her good father and mother were mildly worried when their pretty young daughter, while still very young, murmured about becoming a writer. (She wrote notes for future masterpieces on small pieces of paper which she secreted about her bedroom.) Later they found her modeling figures in clay and talking about becoming a sculptress. But they didn't worry seriously because they imagined that these were passing youthful phases.

But... when Luise was fifteen she went to visit her grandmother in Berlin... and Grannie took her to a real theater! Gorgeous people declaimed and pontificated and Luise realized, then and there, what her life work was to be. She would act. What was more, there was to be an audition for aspirants to dramatic fame, the very next day.

Luise slipped away from Grandmamma and rushed to the
Success Seekers Go Out Into The World, Break Home Ties And Fight Their Own Battles.

theatre. (Grandmamma was merely pretending that she wasn’t looking.) But Luise was so appalled at the numbers of smart people who were waiting to register for the audition that she fled in dismay.

"There must," she told herself, "be a smaller theater somewhere where they let young people like me show what they can do!"

There was—and Gran-mie helped her find it. It was in Vienna and the kind people looked at Luise spoke to her politely and took her name and address. "Nothing will come of it," said Grandmamma.

"You never can tell," said Luise. And when she returned to her home, she kept her small overnight bag packed, just in case.

After six weeks she received a message to report to the Theater Group in Vienna. And just here I’m afraid that she deceived those trusting parents. She told them that she was going, again, to visit Grandmamma.

Arrived, she was asked to show what she could do . . . and she did what any fifteen-year-old aspirant would do. You’ve already guessed it. "Out, damned spot . . ." and so on, from Macbeth. They smiled. But they signed her at a small salary. They trained and coached and groomed her. And when their brief season opened in Vienna, she was their most important leading woman. And what a thrill that was!

Now, this is what is important about this story, Luise loved her parents, of course. She loved her home and her small brothers and sisters. Her family disapproved, bitterly, of the course she was taking. That disapproval, the unbelief in her, hurt her cruelly. But she stayed in Vienna. She rented a tiny room at the top of a tall building and she painted the walls white and planted flowers in pots. She will tell you now, "I was not quite so homesick, so miserably lonely, when I looked at the lovely view from my windows. I was not quite such an outcast when the flowers finally bloomed."

It wasn’t, of course, merely the flowers which began to grow. It was Luise’s self-confidence, her self-belief. She had broken those home ties and it had hurt. The success which came afterward, first in the theater and then in pictures, were the results of that painful and almost heroic transplanting. But she (and I suspect, Gran-mie) were right.

It is difficult to break away from home and family ties. But . . .

Consider Frances Farmer. Frances was born in Seattle, Washington, and she went clear around the world before she arrived in Hollywood. (I told you that the geography concerned in these careers was pretty terrifying.) Frances worked her way through high school by serving as a part-time usher in a motion picture theater. She worked her way through the University of Washington by waiting on table.

Just as she was preparing to graduate from college, the Seattle Times conducted a contest for amateurs . . . to write essays on a political subject. Miss Farmer haunted the public libraries for weeks and then produced an essay which won the first prize in the contest. The prize was a round trip ticket to Moscow!

Now, Frances had, until then, scarcely been farther away from her native city than you could throw a pebble. Her parents were pretty upset. But Frances was twenty-one . . . and she accepted the ticket, hopped aboard the ship and there she was in Moscow. The wanderlust had caught up with her. Far from being homesick, this young woman cabled her family for additional funds, arranged to write some pieces for papers to help pay expenses . . . and continued on her way around the world, to the dismay, one imagines, of the Seattle Times which must have been wisely awaiting her youthful revelations [Continued on page 62]
THE HITS TO WATCH FOR
FROM NOW TO NEW YEAR'S DAY

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLIES
in REUNION
with the year's most important cast: JEAN HERSHOLT, ROCHELLE HUDSON, HELEN VINSON, SLIM SUMMERRVILLE, ROBERT KENT, Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen. Directed by Norman Taurog.

BARBARA STANWYCK and JOEL McCREA
in BANJO ON MY KNEE

WARNER BAXTER and JUNE LANG
in WHITE HUNTER
with Gail Patrick, Alison Skipworth, Wilfrid Lawson, George Hassell. Directed by Irving Cummings.

CRACK UP

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE
with JANE DARWELL, Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden, Lois Wilson, Margaret Hamilton, Pert Kelton, John Carradine. Directed by Frank R. Strayer

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
in STOWAWAY
with ROBERT YOUNG • ALICE FAYE

ONE IN A MILLION
with SONJA HENIE, ADOLPHE MENJOU, JEAN HERSHOLT, NED SPARKS, DON AMEACHE, RITZ BROTHERS, Arline Judge, Borrah Minevitch and his Gang, Dixie Dunbar, Leah Ray, Montagu Love. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.
Back In Tacoma, Washington, there are some who remember May 2, 1904, for that's where and when Bing Crosby was born—the boy who was destined for fame and the big money!

His name was Harry Lillis Crosby, but now he is "Pop" to three sons—Gary, Philip and Denis.

So he bought himself some horses and a new muffler, and still he can't spend as fast as he earns. (Left) In "Rhythm on the Range."

165 pounds, light blue eyes, and a voice—that's Bing.
The lovely Ginger Rogers leans gracefully upon her established reputation as a dancer. (Right) Irene Dunne has a miraculous way of imbuing life into characters in the shadow of tragedy. Neither "Back Street" nor "Magnificent Obsession" will ever be forgotten, because of her.

THE DARLINGS OF THE SCREEN

One of the important elections of 1936 was the landslide for the Gold Medal Winner—Robert Taylor. However, some of the runner-uppers were very beautiful and richly talented, and here are photographs of the ten girls who stood highest in the voting.

There was no one type that was selected by the movie fans to receive the high honors, nor was one particular age given the palm. Many of these actresses have been before the public in a number of different roles, some in comedies and some in dramatic plays. But it was the star with a special talent—the singer, Jeanette MacDonald, who led every lady in ballots.
The World That Goes To The Movies Has Selected Its Favorites. The Lucky Girls Have Luxury For Breakfast, Luncheon and Dinner—With Plenty Of Fame On The Side.

(Right) The star who stands highest among the popular girls is Jeanette MacDonald. Her singing has given her a very special appeal, and "Maytime," her next picture, is eagerly awaited. (Left) Joan Crawford, another Gold Medalist, and a girl with many successes to her credit. (Upper left) Claudette Colbert was born in France, but her professional career began in America. She is soon to be the "Maid of Salem."

(Left) Greta Garbo is looked up to by all as the great screen actress, and Sweden can take a bow. Her picture, "Camille," will soon be released. (Right) Jean Harlow is the front page girl of the picture colony.

Myrna Loy plays one of the leads in "After the Thin Man." She was the first to score nation-wide success in the role of a wife, so she tried the real thing and now is Mrs. Arthur Hornblow.
If, J. Farrell McDonald and Roy Emerson in Canada to make "The Great Barrier" for Gaumont-British. (Right) Richard Arlen went to England and then to Canada to play in this picture.

NATURE'S BACKGROUNDS MAKE BETTER ACTORS

Good Acting Creates A Feeling Of Reality. Natural Surroundings Help The Actors To Bring Drama To The Screen.

At the left is a scene taken in the Canadian Rockies. The company was sent all the way from England to make the outdoor shots, as it seemed easier than bringing the mountains back to Dick Arlen in London.

We have seen players, from Sarah Bernhardt to Mae West, and there have been times when the great talents of these actresses have made painted canvas seem positively real. But when a mime looks across miles of actual valley and moves like “one of the helpless pieces of the game he plays upon the checker-board of nights and days,” then the stark and merciless battle for existence, that perhaps we have all known, clutches our imagination.

The companies “on location” make pictures that are invariably welcome.

(Right) One of the recent pictures made in Nature’s own studio is “God’s Country and the Woman.” Beverly Roberts rests against the rugged strength of a giant pine tree. (Below) A wonderful scene from “Conflict,” with Harry Wood leading his lumberjacks.
Cora Sue Collins looking very poised and proper. She never did forget that time when she was Garbo as a young queen, in "Queen Christina."

Very soon you will see Shirley Temple in "Stowaway," and in the meantime she is yelling to Santa Claus to hurry up.

They pretend that they are somebody else's little boy or girl—pretending is such a nice way to play. The State of California is protecting their money for them and, some day, if they do their parts well, they will have a lot of money and all the lollipops and ice cream that they want. But nowadays it is very kind and thoughtful of Santa Claus to give them presents, and so here's wishing them a very merry Christmas.

(Above) Jane Withers is one of the most spirited of the young players, and now she is a star. (Right) Freddie Bartholomew, a remarkable player. He is making "Lloyds of London."
Hollywood Celebrates A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

The Kids In Pictures Should Believe In Santa Claus—And They Do.

Jane Quigley just can't wait for her Christmas present. We wish many happy holidays as a reward for Jane's delightful pictures.

Sybil Jason has been in America long enough to make many friends and Santa Claus knows where she is, you may be very sure. [Below] Spanky McFarland's great day has arrived. He has played in Our Gang Comedies for a long time, but now he is starred in "General Spanky."

Virginia Weidler and our old friend, the Raggedy Ann doll—so she has gone into the movies, too! Goodness Gracious!

Little Dickie Moore always looks so pensive, but perhaps Santa Claus will give him a gift that will make him happier.
NOW that the holidays have rolled around again, gay parties are in the offing. And what fun it is to shed our staid daytime clothes in favor of something soft and shimmering and flattering for the glorious evening ahead. This year it is even more fun than usual since the styles are so varied. One can be sleek and dignified if one chooses—or one can indulge a passion for the baroque. If we choose the latter, watch out for a deluge of feminine fripperies in lovely pastel shades. And how divinely lovely they make a woman look!

For formal occasions Madge Evans wears silver and white and steps into your vision like a princess straight from the pages of a fairy story. The fitted basque, with its voluminous puffed sleeves and quaint peplum, is of silver lamé with a flower design, and the full white chiffon skirt has a wide border of this luscious material to give it added form and grace.

Now (at left) When a chignon is desired—and some sophisticated gowns make this imperative—Joan Bennett shows you what miracles can be worked with a long bob. And Olivia de Havilland shows you an interesting study in arrangement by pinning the corsage of roses and lilies of the valley which the best boy friend sent her, right on top of her tiny pleated pink taffeta muff. Her wrap is of gray kidskin—unpretentious but very attractive.
(At left) Marcel Rochas, the distinguished French couturier, designed this jeune fille evening gown for Simone Simon, who is frankly not quite twenty yet! Fashioned of pale blue peau d'ange, the uniquely pleated sleeves form a cape at back, while wine colored asters are used adroitly on the square-cut bodice and low back.

A moss green velvet wrap, with an exciting Medieval sleeve arrangement, is worn with the gown at right.

Some girls refuse to change their hairdress no matter how gala the evening. But they will compromise by adding a flirtatious doo-dad to their conventional coiffure and—presto! the effect is not only novel but lovely, and so-o simple to achieve. (Above—left) Paulette Goddard is partial to a floral decoration that reverts to the Eurasian influence. But Merle Oberon just fastens a ruby and rhinestone clip carelessly to one side and looks discreetly glittering. Whereas Gladys Swarthout sheaths her dark hair with a modest cluster of daisies and proceeds to enjoy herself immensely—for daisies never fail.

Margo goes dramatic on us in a big way! But without this deep cream and gold lace dinner gown she wouldn't meet with half so much applause. In front the dress is slit to the waist and held together with three little gold kid bows, and the belt is banded in gold kid.
FEW indeed are the screen stories where lovers lead lives placid and peaceful. According to our most dramatic pictures, love lifts the fires of ecstasy and misery alike. Men are roused to primitive ruthlessness or to commendable nobility, and then for the purposes of the drama the callous hand of Fate tears them asunder! B-r-r-r-

Before two people can really feel the surge of the emotions that bind them one to the other they must be together, and never can a more cruel test be made of love than when lovers are separated—each a prey to loneliness. No wonder the screen teaches us to make the most of moments when one's happiness is held within the circle of one's arms.

Many A Picture Grows Hectic, Brave Men Grow Braver And The Girls Grow Fairer And Warmer When Love Comes Along.
(Above, left) Bruce Cabot and pretty Barbara Pepper in "The Big Game," a football classic. (Above, right) Gloria Stuart and Lee Tracy in "Wanted: Jane Turner," the love story of a postal inspector.

(Right) It's "Ready, Willing and Able," showing Lee Dixon and Carol Hughes depicting bliss. (Left) Hugh Sinclair and Constance Cummings in "Strangers on a Honeymoon." Intriguing—eh, what?

Warner Baxter and June Lang showing how complicated life is in "The White Hunter."
IN THE NEW FILMS

HISTORY GETS A BREAK!

The Famous Men And Women Of Other Days Are Once More In The Limelight.

"Maid of Salem," starring Claudette Colbert, is the story of the dark days in the Massachusetts colony when witchcraft was believed in and witches punished.

ON THE wide prairies of the west, the stalwart men who dedicated their lives to extending the boundaries of civilization, and to making the ranches of the pioneers secure from savages, lived many dramatic stories. "The Plainsman" is a page of the development of our country. Another company is making a picture of the New England Colonists' struggle toward liberty and freedom. In England two pictures are being made to tell again the stories of the great figures of olden times. Story tellers have immortalized these figures, but now the screen makes them live again.
Charles Laughton has given the motion picture audiences a number of great characters. He lends his talents now to the role of Rembrandt. Above is a scene outside the Town Hall in 17th Century Amsterdam, near the house where Rembrandt lived.

An unforgettable characterization was Lionel Barrymore's Andrew Jackson.

(Above) Gary Cooper as Wild Bill Hickok, a famous killer of pioneer days—in "The Plainsman." (Below) George O'Brien with coonskin cap and rifle in "Daniel Boone."
Evenings of Happiness

Pictures Brimming With Beauty, Music, Humor And Drama Await You.

Now that the season for all varieties of screen plays is here the finest dancers and singers are ready to perform. Actresses old and young, buxom and swelte, are on the screen once more and everybody should go to the movies. The new songs are catchy, and, now and then, a new star makes her bid for fame. The critics may rave or condemn, but the millions of moviegoers will decide which pictures furnish the best entertainment.


(Above) Jane Withers in the musical piece, "Can This Be Dixie?" sings "Does Yo' Wanna Go To Heaven?" (Right) Jack LaRue and Mae West put over "Go West Young Man."
"Banjo On My Knee" presents Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea.

Barton MacLane and Sylvia Sidney in "You Only Live Once."

Eleanor Whitney in the arms of Johnny Downs in "College Holiday."

Harry Carey and Anne Dvorak, with thoroughbred support in "All Scarlet."

Jane Darwell, a star at last, and Margaret Hamilton in "Laughing at Trouble."
DANCE MADNESS

The Screen Encourages Talent—Now The Dancers Are Stepping Out.

Marjorie Raymond in "Hats Off." (Right) Florence Chumbecos, the rumba dancer in "Everybody Dance."
WANTED, AN IDEA! $500.00 IN PRIZES


The readers of Silver Screen are invited to enter this interesting contest. Use your brain and collect one of the 24 prizes offered.

It is not necessary to be able to draw in order to win a prize. Simply describe your idea and the best ideas will be selected. Suppose, for example, this was a contest for an RKO-RADIO Trade-Mark. The idea for a design could be submitted as follows:

On the screen would appear the antenna of a broadcasting station and from the wires the picture would show wireless waves shooting out. Then the sound of wireless would be heard throughout the audience and thus the name Radio would be impressed upon them.

This describes the familiar RKO-Radio trade-mark and no design would be needed, in addition to this brief description, in order to present the idea to the mind of the searcher for a trade-mark. It is well to embody in your idea the characteristics of the pictures, the star and other fundamental qualities. Read the description of one of the pictures that is printed on this page; it gives you points that should help to guide your thoughts.

Dr. David Loew will produce a series of Joe E. Brown comedies and for these a trade-mark is needed. These pictures will be distributed by RKO-Radio Pictures and the winning design will become famous.

Wouldn’t you like to see a trade-mark that you had suggested thrown on the screen when you were in the theatre audience? No one would know that the prize winner was seated amongst them, and how they would envy you if they did!

The title of the first Joe E. Brown comedy is—

"Easy Going"

The story tells the hectic adventures of an astrologer and his beautiful assistant. Telling fortunes turns out to be no easy task at Coney Island, but finally he gets in the money when he forecasts that a fog to pin up will win. In the face of prosperity a romance develops and the first thing you know the assistant, clever girl, marries him.

A trade-mark is often made up of symbols. For example, one producer uses a lion on his trade-mark. Why? Because the lion, the king of beasts, suggests that the product having such a trade-mark must also be of the highest, finest, most kindly character. Another producer uses the rising sun to tell that his product marks the coming of a new day in pictures. That is the way trade-marks are fashioned. Therefore, these comedies might be stamped with a trade-mark to suggest laughter. Suppose, for example, the trade-mark showed a parrot and a good-natured dog; they open their mouths and shake their sides while the theatre echoes with the sound of their laughter.

Now you think of one.

Silver Screen assures each contestant absolute impartiality. The prizes will be awarded, but no agreement is made that the prize winning designs will be used on the screen. If the ideas do not properly suggest these comedies the prizes will be sent to the contributors of the best ideas in any case, but producing moving picture costs too much to have the comedies stamped with an inappropriate trade-mark. Such is the decision of the hard-headed business man. You may win some money, anyhow!

CONDITIONS

1. The contest will close on January 6, 1937.
2. The winners will be sent their prizes during January, 1937, and the March, 1937 issue of Silver Screen will announce the names of the successful candidates.
3. In the event of ties, prizes of equal value will be sent to each of the tying contestants.
4. The decision of the judges will be final.
5. No correspondence will be entered into regarding this contest.
6. The prizes will be awarded to the trade-mark ideas which are best, and neatness will count.
7. Sketches will not count. The prizes will go to the best ideas, best described.
8. No employee of this company or of Mr. David Loew may compete.
9. All ideas submitted in this contest will become the property of Mr. David Loew, the sponsor of this contest.

TWENTY-FOUR PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED

FIRST PRIZE ........................................... $200.00
SECOND PRIZE ........................................ 100.00
THIRD PRIZE ......................................... 50.00
FOURTH PRIZE ........................................ 25.00

and
5 FIFTH PRIZES of $10.00 each
15 SIXTH PRIZES of 5.00 each

Total $500.00 in PRIZES

ATTACH THIS COUPON TO YOUR ANSWER

To Contest Editor, Silver Screen
45 W. 15th St., New York, N. Y.

In accordance with the conditions on this page, I am submitting my idea in competition for one of the Trade-Mark prizes.

Name ..........................................................

Address .......................................................
AN

IRRESISTIBLE

CHARLES BOYER is the Hollywood version of hero with a dash of Noel Coward, a bar (stick to your music, my sweet!) of Cole Porter and the veriest inkling of a Mdivani. That is to say, he is a sophisticate and a charmer!

Being early for my appointment I recalled the first time I had seen him—in the midst of a large and admiring crowd. Perversely I was prepared to dislike him. Just a little. As one might dislike a child becoming the centre of admiration—and very probably spoiled by it.

Half an hour later I was sitting beside him, wondering at the simplicity of a boulevardier who has the wit to appear naïve.

"I'm here to take the census," I laughed, as he made certain I was comfortably seated. "Question 18 is: 'Are you happy now—content to stay with us, always?'"

"I love it here, you know that," he answered, smiling that slow devastating Boyer (pronounced Bway-yay) smile, "but I'm still anxious to get back—though I don't see a chance for some time..."

Get back—at whom, to what, you ask? France, of course! He has the true Frenchman's love of home and hearth.

"Did you know Pat and I have identical contracts? The only ones in existence, as far as I know, and they arrange that my wife and I work at the same time and have the same time off!"

We experienced so much displeasure at our first separation that we don't believe in them. Now we can get away together—three-week location trips apart are enough!"

One is never quite prepared for Charles Boyer. He is at once both older and much, much younger than the speaking shadow which has caused mademoiselles and masses from Rheims to Roanoke to toss adjectives about recklessly. Having the ageless grace of the Montagues, it is only surprising that his easy informality should hold so much in it that is spontaneous, youthful, and yes, refreshing! Boyer, as you may have heard, has been something of a Parisian sensation for many years. He is now thirty-seven. At thirty-four he was half-failure—so he says. At thirty-five he became an international focal point of admiration—feminine admiration. And a husband.

"I still think that spending six months here and six months in Paris lends much that is important to the other. In Hollywood—a delightful place" (his smile conferred splendor on an already beglamoured city), "one works hard all day and often far into the night and then one plays by talking about one's work. That is not good—for me. I need to get away from it all, to stop thinking, planning, reviewing..."

"That's because you take work so seriously," I prompted.

In a voice as deep as it records and beautifully modulated—reminding one of champagne sparkling in a fragile, finely etched glass—he agreed:

"Work is work. It is not to be trifled with..."

Do you question this attitude of his? Then recall that when he was sixteen he became so enthusiastic over the great Parisian actor, Lucien Guity, as "Samson" that he went back ten nights in succession to see him—and then and there decided that acting was to be his life's work! Remember, too, that although he didn't know a word of English on his arrival in the United States he set about learning the language and in six months he spoke it so well that he was loaned to Paramount for a featured role.

Nor has he changed.

When filming the "Garden of Allah," in which Marlene Dietrich played opposite him,
it was so intensely hot that, as the day progressed, they were working in a temperature of 107°.

"It was exciting," is his comment. "We got up at 4:30 each morning, had breakfast at 5, and started work before the cameras at 6. We rested from eleven to two, because it was impossible to continue under the vertical rays of the sun. We'd start working again at three and shoot as long as the light permitted. And we had to eat Arabic food, because, while it was filmed in the Arizona desert, the story, itself, is laid in the Sahara. Have you ever tasted 'con- scones,' a sort of Irish stew? he laughed delightedly. 'It was delicious. Another was meat grilled on iron stakes called Lahr mumchui. Too bad I couldn't have saved some for you.

"I'm not awfully," I said, forcing a smile, and blessing Buddha, Confucius and Mohammed. 'I'll settle the box-office matter later.'

"'Ping' Brodie, who in 1910, was the home run king of the New York Giants, was on the electrical staff of the 'Garden of Allah' crew. 'Ping' and Boyer became fast friends who found a common interest in sports. When the rest of the company were inside the tents catching up on their siestas 'Ping' would be giving Charles a play-by-play description of a game he won from the White Sox back in '12. Charles was the best audience 'Ping' ever had—in one of the bleachers! Hardships, when in line of duty, don't mean a thing except to keep him in touch with his fellow humans. He likes people, likes to talk to them, get their viewpoints. For instance:

"Snow," one of his two chauffeurs, insists they're going through bits of business until they're perfected to his personal satisfaction. He's a dynamo of action, and his utter sincerity has forestalled comment that would seriously affect the prestige of another. No one has ever accused Boyer of being a poseur. No one, I believe, would daret.

You have heard, of course, of the immense courage of the man. He toppled failure with failure, printed in the "Magnificent Lie," which was also a magnificent liability, appeared in foreign versions of Fox pictures and was even shut into bits in American films which had to be deleted when shown in foreign countries over the objections of his fanatical following in Espenre, designing reckless femininity—and then tossed his jealously-guarded freedom hastily aside when he fell head-over-heels in love with the winsome and ingenious Pat Paterson. Such are the inconsistencies of the Boyer charm.

Of the pictures he has done, "Private Worlds," with Claudette Colbert, remains his favorite, because, he says, "it was such an intelligent theme." And he is intensely interested in doing other pictures which are stimulating and thought-provoking. Among his fan letters is one which he recently received consisting of seventy-nine pages—about 10,000 words—something in the manner, one might suppose, of a true life story.

"Movie audiences," he says, "are largely alert, intelligent, understanding people. They enjoy all types of pictures, but they appreciate those which, either directly or indirectly, bring hope, thoughtfulness and a message." He says it in no crusading spirit—there is too much of Montmartre in his make-up!

It remains to be seen what color will do for him—and to him—"for 'Garden of Allah' falls into the Technicolor class. He processes keen interest in it as a new medium with all sorts of interesting possibilities. His next Wanger production scheduled is "History Is Made at Night."

It will be interesting to watch his career—which we are sure will be long and, can it be doubted, exciting! His rise to the very vanguard of screen prominence has been mercurial, yet he has proven "beyond reasonable doubt," that for him it has been the well won heights of success, richly deserved.
in her wedding gown of figured white dainty or gingham and her bridal veil made of a lace curtain.

"Well, blow me down," Barbara beams as I come on to the set. "Where you been?" "Oh, up at Lake Louise and then down at Ensenada, Mexico with Dick Arlen and Joby," I answer.

"You dog!" she exclaims. "Here I've been trying for ages to get away for a vacation and Bob (Taylor) is foaming at the mouth with desire to get up to Lake Louise. All you do is travel and have fun."

"That's right," I come back at her in an aggrieved tone. "Here you've got the guy every gal in the country is pining for, you make more money than you know what to do with, everyone loves you and you begrudge me the little fun I get out of life."

"I don't begrudge it to you," she says. "I only envy you. Hey, doc," she calls to Joel, "how's about a treatment?"

So Joel comes over and gives her a chiropractic adjustment, snapping her back into place where one of the vertebrae has slipped out.

"What's the matter with your back?" I ask sympathetically when the treatment is over.

"Oh, I wrinkled it a few years ago when a horse threw me and then I throw it out every once in a while playing tennis," Barbara says.

"How come you let him," jerking my head towards Joel, "loot with it?"

"I like that!" Joel exsputs indignantly. "I'm one of the best adjusters in the country. You see," he goes on warming to the subject of his talents, "what I lack in box-office draw I make up in doing little things on the sets for the different studios, like keeping their stars fit, etc."

Before we can continue this interesting conversation, the director calls them.

The wedding is just over. Old Neat (Walter Brennan) Joel's father, has just proposed a toast to the St. Louis Blues. The guests lift their tumblers, coffee cups and dippers in an understanding silence and drink. It is Old Neat's favorite piece.

"Uncle Neat," Buddy Ebsen says when they've finished drinking, "it looks to me like Judge Tope is just about to fall in the river."

Everyone turns and looks. Barbara and Joel lean forward from their place on the railing of the boat. The Judge, loaded with corn likker, is dawing on the edge of the boat.

"It does look that way, don't it?" Brennan agrees mildly.

It's just my rotten luck that Buddy is not doing his dance today because the way that boy dances is nobody's business.

I stand around and jaw a while longer with Barbara and Joel and then I saunter over to the next stage.

Claire Trevor and Michael Whalen are making a picture here called "Career
Woman.” (Tentative title)

Claire is a law student and an ardent admirer of the legal technique of Michael Whalen—a brilliant and theatrical criminal lawyer. She goes to a murder trial to watch him work. Near the completion of the trial he stages a fake faint and Claire, who had approached him to congratulate him on his victory, believes he is really ill. She helps Doc (Edward Brophy), who is Whalen’s companion, take the lawyer home. As Whalen sits on the divan, Brophy is giving him a chiropractic adjustment. He wrenches his head this way and that and as Whalen attempts to carry on a conversation with Claire.

“Wh—what are you doing next week?” Whalen queries between wrenches.

“Td going to a little town you never even heard of,” Claire smiles indulgently.

“Td visit my uncle. Why?”

“I just had an idea. Perhaps I dreamt it.” Whalen admits. “Td going to Hot Springs for a rest cure. Why don’t you come along and visit your cousin?”

“My cousin?” Claire重复, puzzled. “Td Hot Springs?”

“Well, we’re all cousins, aren’t we?” Whalen counters, “I mean common ancestors—Adam and Eve?”

“That’s funny,” Claire laughs and turns to Brophy. “Of course, he thinks I’m just—a—hesitating for a word. ‘A dame!’ Brophy supplies the word without any hesitation.

Thank you,” Claire smiles. “Just a dame.”

“Not at all,” Mike lies as all men lie in such moments of hope. “Beautiful girl like you!”

“I’m a lawyer, Mr. Conant,” Claire comments, in the mystery in “Criminal Lawyer.”

Paramount

I’M THANKFUL to say there’s not too much doing over here. Larry Buster Crabbe is working in another Western—but it’s on location. I hear up as best I can under this staggering blow and toter over to the first stage where there is a picture working. It is called “College Holiday” and features the one and only Mary Boland and Martha Raye, and those inimitables of the radio, Burns & Allen, and Jack Benny. Also Eleanor Whitney, Marsha Hunt, Johnny Downs and Leif Erickson.

It’s really a very impressive cast.

Unfortunately I can’t work up a lather of enthusiasm over the story. It doesn’t make sense—but then none of Burns & Allen’s stories ever do. They’re like olives and caviar. You like them or you don’t. If you do they’re funny in anything.

Mary and Jack Benny, although they apparently do not know each other, are co-partners in a failing hotel. They can’t get business. Mary is on her way to the place with Etienne Girardot who wants to make a health resort of it. Benny thinks he could get representative boys and girls from the country’s leading universities to come to the place and put on a gigantic show it would pay. Girardot’s ideas are different. He wants to mate couples eugenically by first subjecting them to a “treatment” and then turning them loose in a perfumed garden to see if they re-ac. Benny sees a chance to get the college kids there and Girardot sees a chance to get some human guinea pigs because everyone knows no one is more anxious to mate than college kids . . . eugenically or otherwise.

I don’t know how all this is going to be put on the screen when Carrie who, in “Valiant is the Word for Carrie,” was nothing but a good, old-fashioned, honest courtesan had to be white washed no end before she could be put into pictures. However, praise be, all this is none of my headache.

“Let’s Make a Million” with Edward Everett Horton is shooting here. It’s just starting and the script isn’t finished yet. But the set is apparently the office in a small country store. There is an office chair overturned and J. H. Kerrigan is lying on the floor beside it. The door bursts open and Eddie Horton rushes in, wide-eyed.

“Did you fall, Sam?” he queries.

“I didn’t sit down here on purpose,” Kerrigan retorts with a sickly grin.

“There’s something the matter with that chair. Horton exclaims as he walks over and helps Joe to his feet. “It acts this way every time you take a drink. How do you feel?”


“Yellow and green pigeons,” Horton exclaims enthusiastically. “They’re very rare.” He looks at Kerrigan in a worried manner. Kerrigan is moaning slightly and holding his head. Horton picks up a bottle from the table and reads the label: “Hango Fizz.” You know, whimsy for “Fizzle Hangover.”

[Continued on page 76]
BOUNDING merrily along in the Valley one morning, not so long ago, after leaving the airport where I had helped Merle Oberon see David Niven off to North Carolina (not that Merle needed any help, but she has promised me David if she ever throws him over and I have to stand by and watch my chances no matter how slim) my mind suddenly turned for no reason at all to the great loves of the screen. I have a mind (question mark) that’s constantly playing tricks on me like that. There I was breathing in the crisp morning air (neither it nor I would be quite so crisp a few hours later), and admiring the glorious beauty of the mist rising above the mountains which rise above Warner Brothers studio, and sort of drooling pleasantly over the Life More Abundant that we Southern Californians enjoy, when all of a sudden my mind does a nip-up and for no apparent reason I have to start worrying about great loves. (Some day I’m going to trade my mind in for a vacuum because I think it will be more useful, but there are those who will say it was an even exchange.)

Well, I said to myself, every studio just has to have great loves, those beautiful creatures with beautiful arched eyebrows, beautiful dreamy eyes, and magnificent body beautiful, or else dames like me couldn’t be lured into the loge seats even on bank night. Robert Taylor, Nelson Eddy, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Henry Fonda, Gilbert Roland, Charles Boyer—I began to count them off on my fingers just the way I do in “Blackjack”—when I suddenly thought of something else to worry about. Not a single one of the great loves of the screen is on the Warner Brothers’ contract list!

Now how can the Warner Brothers keep on making pictures year after year if they have no sex appeal, I mean the pictures not the Brothers. Why they’d have to go bankrupt and rent their sound stages out as farmers’ markets and plant an avocado grove in the back lot. Poor old Warner Brothers, with no allure man, no sizzling romance. I mean, I suppose, would be but a shell of its former self, a sort of old ruin for the tourists to prance around.

But something was wrong somewhere, because when I drew up in front of the studio there was such a hammering as I’ve never heard and right within my scope of vision there were four new buildings going up, two sound stages, and one of them modestly tagged as the largest sound stage in the world. The place fairly screamed prosperity right in your face. Uh huh, I said to myself again, they’ve got a great lover tacked away some place there, I’ve just overlooked him, and far be it from me to overlook a great lover. When a dame like me gets in a dilemma she just barges right in to investigate—and that’s exactly what I did.

Little asterisks now denote a period of time while I am questing for the romantic sex appeal boy of Warner Brothers, and incidentally eating an early lunch in the Green Room because I’m a fan writer and a free meal is expected of me.

My Big Discovery. No actor is the great lover for Warner Brothers. Instead of having one stereotyped manner the players there are versatile actors, they are not leading men, Phoeoey, they said, what’s a great lover when you can have a great actor? (They had me there, me being one to appreciate the arts) What’s Robert Taylor when you can have a Paul Muni? Who wants to be just a good looking dope and pose in uniforms and tails when he can really come down to earth and put his teeth into something meaty? Our actors, they said, don’t just act as a supporting cast to Glamour Queens, our actors act.

And, believe me, they’ve got something there. Take the case of Robert Taylor, we find him playing the same person over and over again, and that person is Robert Taylor. Since the public likes Bob (and I’m right there with you, public) there is no obvious harm in his repeating his mannerism. We’d be awfully mad if Bob contorted that handsome face to play a shrivelled Chinaman, or enveloped that physique in rolls of flapping rags. That’s right, no matter how we go for Bob Taylor, and personally I go for him like mad, we just have to admit that Bob is really just a leading man, a great lover, and not a great actor. He cannot carry a picture alone—that’s really the test of the thing—but must always have a Garbo, a Joan Crawford, an Irene Dunne, a Janet Gaynor, a Barbara Stanwyck, any one of
A Famous Studio Has Found the Formula for Producing Pictures That Make Money.

Another studio borrowed Paul Muni to play the humble Chinaman in "The Good Earth," and he created a character of masterly simplicity. (Above) Muni again, but as the ignorant, uncultured miner in "Black Fury."

The never-to-be-forgotten "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," Paul Muni's great acting actually moved the hearts of the law-makers to save the author of this story from merciless vengeance. (At top) Ian Hunter, an actor with several successes to his credit.

Claude Rains, an actor of distinction, as he appeared in "Anthony Adverse."

Errol Flynn's reputation will live forever for his performance in "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Managers turned him down, but he was determined he had talent and he finally made the grade. The directors call Pat a "sincere" actor, which means that he invests a part with a naturalness and makes the audience believe it. His straightforward directness shows in his work. He's no great lover, heavens no, but you never see people walking out of the theatre when Pat's Irish pan is flashed upon the screen. He's another guy who never supports a Movie Queen; he's generally the big shot of his own picture. In "Oil for the Lamps of China" he was excellent, and so he was in "Ceiling Zero," "I Married a Doctor," and "China Clipper."

Of course, he gets tossed in silly little program pictures like "Page Miss Glory" and "In Caliente" occasionally, and Pat froths at the mouth and goes into the "Irwin office" to tell them what he thinks of them, but no matter how telling he considers the part he has yet to give a bad performance. Yes, Gilbert Roland may have more allure, but I'll take Pat any evening at the cinema.

Then there is Claude Rains, one of the best actors in the business, but definitely no great lover. Claude would feel kind of silly cavorting with Crawford, Harlow, or Colbert, but give him a part with some guts to it, a part in which he can really act, and Mr. Rains will give you a performance that will thrill you to the core. Will you ever forget his "Crime Without Passion" or his Don Luis in "Anthony Adverse?" As Napoleon in "Glorious Betsy" he gave the one stand-out performance of the picture. When people told him he was hammy as Napoleon he reminded them that Napoleon was hammy.

His first appearance in a picture in Hollywood was quite unusual. He was brought out from New York to star in "The Invisible Man" and as you may recall the Invisible Man was more or less invisible throughout the entire picture, and even when his torso was visible his face never was. Even in my wildest flights of imagining I just can't imagine [Continued on page 65]
Cultivate a Taste for Foreign Dishes

It May Prove Almost As Exciting As A Trip Around The World.

By Ruth Corbin

Maxine Jennings likes to experiment with unusual recipes.

THIS month I've been browsing around New York's famous foreign eating houses; digging into sacks of yellowed clippings; poking my nose generally into other people's business in my search for unusual, easy to make recipes of dishes all over the world. I have been successful, or rather felt the urge to prepare. And what an exciting time it has been!

Here are the recipes for 3 Syrian dishes the average American never gets which were instantaneous successes with me. And they are easy enough for a child to make.

HOMMOS

Soak hommos (a vegetable very like our chick peas) overnight, then boil about 2 hours, salting to taste and adding water when necessary. Run through nut grinder attachment of meat grinder till it is fine and without grain. Add a cup of tahin dressing (this can be bought in cans), half a cup of water, and a cup of lemon juice (strained) for each half pound, dry weight of hommos. Chill. Serve with 2 tbsp. olive oil over top of each portion. Hommos keeps indefinitely.

BABA GANNOUJ

Peel and slice a medium egg plant, and steam in top of a double boiler till it can be mashed with a fork. Beat well. Add a cup of tahin dressing, half cup of lemon juice, half cup of water. Salt to taste. Mix thoroughly. Serve with parsley and olive oil.

RICE PELAFA

Soak unwashed rice (1 cup) in hot water for 2 hours. Then wash thoroughly in cold water. Melt quarter pound butter and cook rice in it for 1 minute. Add lamb broth until it covers rice by more than half an inch. Cook over slow fire 30 minutes, or until rice has taken up all the broth and is thoroughly dry.

At a certain inn in New York's Chinatown I had one of the most delightful of Cantonese dishes. It is one of the simplest ways of preparing chicken but it has a never-to-be-forgotten flavor.

WAT GAI

Take a broiler—about 1/4 or 3 pounds—clean and place in a pot greased with vegetable oil over slow fire, turning to prevent burning, for about 10 minutes. Next, and seed 1 ounce ting joy, the red, dry, sweet Chinese prune. Slice 1 ounce Chinese mushrooms. 3 ounces bamboo shoots, 2 ounces green boyo (a long, yellow very dry vegetable) to size of water chestnuts, of which you use 3 ounces. Mix together and fry a golden brown with a little broth to which has been added salt, pepper and soy sauce to taste. Stuff browned chicken with vegetables, replace in pot and brush with butter brush dipped in soy sauce. When bird begins to look dry pour in some kind of broth. It should not take more than 40 minutes to cook chicken but your fork is a good indicator. Medium oven 350° F.

Mexican contributed this next recipe, which I picked up a few years ago in Hollywood. You can buy Enchaladas readymade, in cans, but not so good as those you can make with this very easy recipe.

ENCHALADAS

Take 2 cups flour, 2 tbsp. cornmeal, 1 tsp. salt and enough water to make a thin batter. Have your grocer grind three pounds of either beef and veal or beef and chicken. Boil this meat until well done. Make a sauce of 2 cans hot tomato sauce, and an equal amount of water in which you boil 1 tbsp. cumin seed. Add sauce, a dash of red pepper, mustard and salt. Thicken if necessary. Keep meat filling and sauce hot and bake cakes size of a large pan, as needed. Lay on plate, put 2 tbsp. meat on one side of cake and flip other side to cover meat. Cover with sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese and garnish with parsley or lettuce and olives.

If you like Chili Con Carne you can buy it in compact brick form, add a little water and cook to desired consistency. You'll find it not only economical but quickly prepared and quite as tasty as if you had spent an hour or more in its preparation. Along the Texas border and in Oklahoma I have eaten what is called "Chili 3 Ways." It is nothing more than Chili poured over well cooked spaghetti but it is delightful.

Russia—in particular a cozy restaurant over near the East River in New York City—is responsible for these two perfectly grand dishes.

BLINTCHIKI

2 eggs 2 tbsp. sugar
1/2 cup flour Half cup of milk
1/2 tsp. salt Cottage cheese

Sour cream

Beat eggs until light and add milk. Mix sugar, salt, and flour together and stir quickly into liquid, being sure to get out all lumps. Have ready a hot, well buttered frying pan. Pour in enough batter to cover bottom (about 3 tbsp.). Shake well over fire until it spreads out into a thin layer. When brown on bottom and firm to touch on top, turn out on a towel and put a generous tablespoonful of cottage cheese in center. Roll up at once turning ends under. Serve with sour cream.

BORSCHT

1 small onion 2 qts. meat stock
1 carrot 2 cups of shredded cabbage
1 cup of tomatoes 2 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. sour salt and pepper
Half cup of celery 2 cups minced beets
1 tsp. sugar 2 potatoes minced

Sour cream

Mince onion and fry until brown in butter. Add to meat stock with other vegetables. Simmer 2 hours. Season with vinegar, salt and pepper. Serve and add to each plate 2 tbsp. sour cream. And from one of England's far-flung frontiers comes

INDIAN CURRY

1 small apple
2 tbsp. butter, more if necessary
2 tsp. curry powder
1 tsp. lemon juice
2 tbsp. chopped onion
5 cloves or pinch of powdered cloves

Peel and cut up apple and onion. Put into frying pan with butter. Brown. Splash into a paste. Add curry powder, cloves and lemon juice. Simmer slowly 10 minutes. Your curry mixture is now ready and can be used with rice, baked sausage, fish or eggs. Cold lamb or any left over meat makes an excellent curry simply by mixing with a little rice water and meat gravy and cooking for 10 minutes. Serve with Major Grey's Chutney.

A grand climax to this 5-star assortment of foreign dishes is this cake from France.

GATEAU AUX NOIX

5 ounces finely chopped walnuts
2 ounces finely dry bread crumbs
Grated rind 1 small lemon
Pinch of salt
Pinch powdered mace
5 ounces sugar
1/2 tsp. finely ground cloves
5 egg yolks
5 egg whites, stiffly beaten
Cream beaten yolks with sugar, add chopped nuts and other ingredients one by one, and lastly fold in beaten whites. Mix thoroughly. Bake in loaf cake pan in slow oven—about 275° F—for 2 1/2 hours. Make cake day before wanted. Just before serving, cut into thin slices, spread each with whipped cream, and place them one on top the other until cake is built up again.
Hidden Treasures

Dear To The Hearts Of The Players.

cancelled check for fifty dollars—payment for ten days' work as an eleven-year-old child in Monte Blue's silent picture, "The Perfect Crime."

The thing Ann Harding prizes most is a blackthorn stick, a foot long! Not so odd that she should rate it so highly, when you learn that it was made by her father (the late General George Grant Galley) when he was stationed in Cuba.

It has a heavy silver head and tip, and would be very handy as a weapon of defense, but since her dad's passing, Ann has kept it hidden at the bank. She used to carry it as a swagger stick. Basil Rathbone has in his box the torn and muddy coat of his brother John. It was taken from the body of Lieutenant Rathbone after he had been shot down in Flanders.

A blonde wig is to be found nestling beneath Myrna Loy's will, and the deed to the house in which she lives. It is a memento of that part in "What Price Beauty," directed by Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, which marked her film debut. Also, in the same box, is a pair of sandals Myrna wore in the "The Desert Song."

Irene Dunne cherishes an old-fashioned locket, the gift of her mother, in which repose the tiny fragment of a note. This note, in the handwriting of the late Florenz Ziegfeld, was sent to her dressing room at the end of the first act during her tryout performance for the role of Magnolia in the initial "Showboat" road company to be organized by the producer. The note reads:

"My troubles are over. It was Ziegfeld's method of telling her that she would have the rôle.

Another keepsake is a gift to her from Laura Hope Crews—an exquisite lace fan. It is not only a token of friendship and love. Miss Dunne says, but the fan has a history that also makes it sink into one's heart as a precious treasure. It was in Miss Crews' family for far more than a century, in fact, it was carried in Colonial days by an ancestor of hers, a lady who was a beauty of the day, and whose fan, Irene rather thinks, must have set the new fashion in those early years of our country.

Yet another item dear to her inner self, is a tiny doll. This is her one souvenir of herself. It wears what Irene calls an Alice blue gown, and it is the doll to which she sang in the stage musical, "Irene."

Clark Gable still has the lucky penny he flipped to decide between stage stardom and a career in motion pictures and it's there in his bank box.

Virginia Bruce's hidden treasures bring her both sad and glad memories of her late husband, John Gilbert. Besides rings, pins, watch chains and such that he owned, she has what she terms her most precious possession and she says she wouldn't part with it even for a day for a million dollars!

It is a short story that Jack wrote shortly before he passed away and is entitled "Thou Shalt Not Tell." It relates the story of a cynical, bitter man whose beloved only child dies. Then his wife leaves him and he loses all of his money in a big business gamble. At last, discouraged and weary of everything on earth, he dies and goes to heaven and finds there such wonderful, such magnificent peace that he begs to be allowed to return to earth in his original form and personality and tell all creation of the beauty and happiness he has found in the other world. But, in place of bringing peace to men and women of the earth, it brings such discord with life on the earthly planet that he is warned to return to the spirit world above, and to keep to himself the glories he has found lest all civilization be ruined.

An altogether different sort of prized possession belongs to Fred Stone, who made such a fine screen debut with Katharine Hepburn in "Ahn Adams." Resting in his bank deposit box are a

(Con't, on page 61)
REVIEWS
OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH
TRAGIC ROMANCE IN THE DESERT—SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL

The Technicolor version of the Robert Hichens novel, a best seller of several generations ago, is by far the most beautiful of the color pictures. Never on stage or screen have you seen anything so breathtakingly lovely as the silhouettes of desert caravans against the rising sun. Marlene Dietrich is certainly one of the Glamour Girls who takes to color like a duck to water. The glamorous Marlene is simply ravishing in her close-ups, and her red tassels, blue eyes, and perfect profile make her the most beautiful of the stars yet to be seen in technicolor. Co-starring with Marlene is Charles Boyer, the handsome French actor who has a devastating appeal to women.

The story, alas, is not nearly so exciting as the color and the stars. As you probably remember, it’s about a Trappist monk who breaks his solemn vows to the Church and runs away from his monastery in Northern Africa to see the world. In a nearby desert town he meets and marries a young woman who has also just escaped from a life of repression. The monk is continually haunted by his broken vows, and this secret gradually becomes a definite barrier between them. Finally he confesses to her what he has done, renounces his love and worldly delights, and returns to his monastery to seek again a peace of soul. No matter how beautiful the color and Marlene, it is still the story of the renegade monk. A pictorial highlight of the picture is the dance sequence of Trappist monks. Also in the cast, and excellent, are Joseph Schildkraut as a poetic desert courier, Basil Rathbone as Count Antoine, and Lucille Watson as a mother superior.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN
A NEW MAE WEST LAUGH-TEST—PARAMOUNT

The new West picture isn’t up to the glorious old standard of “She Done Him Wrong” but it manages to be very amusing and gay (the censors don’t have to freeze too much) and Mae’s fans will all be quite pleased about it. Mae plays a spoiled and temperamental Hollywood movie star who is doing a personal appearance tour in the East. And, as is the Hollywood custom, she is accompanied by a press agent whose business it is to see that she says and does the right things. Mae has an eye for sinewy males and Warren William, her press agent, has quite a time of it keeping her out of entangling relations.

Mae’s car breaks down (Connie’s Rolls rented out for the occasion) in a lick town and she has to spend the night at Mrs. Brodacker’s boarding house, and here she meets Randy Scott, a country boy with an invention and a lot of sinew. Isabel Jewell and Maynard Holness, as a couple of movie-mad fans, are excellent. And so is Elizabeth Patterson as Aunt Kate. Alice Brady, unfortunately, is entirely wasted. As you know, the picture is adapted from Lawrence Riley’s successful stage play “Personal Appearance,” in which Gladys George starred for over a year. None of the best lines are deleted (censors’ doubt) but they still have to swell one where the movie star calls her fans a “bunch of maroons.”

THEODORA GOES WILD
A GRAND, HILARIOUS COMEDY—COLUMBIA

COLUMBIA may be one of the smaller Hollywood studios but when it puts its mind on turning out an uproarious romantic comedy it chalks up a hit every time. Theodora is a worthy follow-upper of Mr. Decod.

Irene Dunne, than whom there is none lovelier on the screen, plays Theodora, a young girl brought up in a strict New England town by two spinster aunts and as full of repressions as a fruit cake is of raisins. In secret, and under the nom de plume of Caroline Adams, she writes a daring best seller on a subject she knows nothing about, viz., Sex. The book is immediately banned by the Ladies Literary Society of the town—with which Irene is a member. A swell situation! You bet, and the picture’s full of them.

On a visit to her New York publisher, she meets Melvyn Douglas, a dashing
himself another girl with a much wealthier father and the course of true love runs smoothly.

Eugene Pallette and Catherine Doucet play Jane's mother and father. The best comedy is contributed by Nat Pendleton as the rich girl's bodyguard.

FUGITIVE IN THE SKY

Another of Those Aviation Thrillers—Warner Brothers

We find high up in the skies on a transcontinental plane, the Kansas City Limited, to be exact, a newspaper man, a pretty stewardess, a G-man, a public enemy No. 1 disguised in a woman's clothes, an old lady busy making astrological charts, and a murdered man.

There is much ado, to be sure, when the killer rips out a gun from under his feminine skirts and takes charge of the frightened passengers. He forces the plane to land in a dust storm but is captured, before he can make his escape, by the good old G-man—and then, to everyone's surprise, it is discovered that he didn't murder the passenger after all.

In "Theodora Goes Wild," Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas develop romance among the fish.

THE LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

A Routine Plot—But One That's Always Good—Universal

This is the story of the rich girl and the poor boy and if you think it sounds familiar you are definitely right. "It Happened One Night" is its Alma Mater. Jane Wyatt plays the rich society girl who becomes infatuated with a scheming insurance salesman. To prove to her father that she can live on the salesman's salary she takes $90 and leaves home for thirty days.

In a cheap boarding house she meets Louis Hayward, and by the time they have had a series of whimsical misadventures in connection with the community use of the bathroom—they have fallen in love with each other. The cunning salesman finds you just know there'll be plenty of bright humor, and there is. Ann models smart clothes for photographic purposes and Helen manages the advertising studio where she works. They hire Eric Blore, valet of the extremely wealthy and social register Gene Raymond, to let them use his master's yacht as a background for a series of yachting costumes.

The male model is late showing up at the yacht so when Gene comes aboard, quite surprised by it all, Ann mistakes him for the model and puts him to work helping her with the pictures. Of course they fall in love and Gene continues to disguise himself as a male model until the hilarious finale. There's nary a dull moment.

TARZAN ESCAPES

Excitement in the Jungle—M.G.M.

The kids will simply go crazy when they get a look at the latest Tarzan picture; there'll just be no keeping them from falling out of the balcony in their ecstasy. And, judging from the preview audience, there'll be many an adult who gets a thrill out of it too.

Jane and Tarzan (Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weissmuller) are very happy in their jungle home, with Cheetah the chimpanzee acting as housemaid, and an elephant performing the duties of an elevator boy. Yes, all is peace and happiness in the jungle until one day Jane's relatives appear and start pleading with Jane to return with them to London and help them save the family fortune. It's all

young illustrator, who twists her about her primness and even follows her back to Connecticut to egg her on to kick over the traces.

Having fallen in love with him, Irene takes his advice finally and goes wild successfully, too successfully, with headlines in all the newspapers. She turns the tables on Douglas, whom she discovers has a whole slate of repressions of his own. There's one insane comedy sequence after another until the gal finally gets her man.

The scene where the shocking Theodora, alias Caroline Adams, returns to the primp little town with a baby in her arms, is the brightest, most hilarious comedy spot of the year.

Walter Hull plays the newspaper lad, and Jean Muir his fiancée and the plane's stewardess. John Litel is the G-man and Howard Phillips the killer.

SMARTEST GIRL IN TOWN

Mistaken Identity Is the Theme—R.C.O.

Another of those gay, romantic comedies starring pretty Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond. And, of course, with Eric Blore and Helen Broderick in the cast

(Continued on page 66)
They Broke the Apron Strings

[Continued from page 22]

about Russia under the Soviet regime. When someone on the ship between London and New York thought that he or she had made a test for pictures, Frances was amused. She was a journalist . . . not an actress. When Talcot Scott Serlin (of the Screen Journal) offered to test her for the test, she was still amused. It would be an amusing lark . . . and something to write about when she returns to New York. So she let him have it, and the make-up men went to work on her or when she eventually fixed the lights and cameras. Why should she? She had nothing to lose.

Ah, but she had something to gain! The test was viewed and before she could say, "Jack Robinson" or even, "Dear me" here she was in Hollywood, facing more make-up men and more cameras and with the dotted line of a contract under her pretty and in- credulous nose.

But, what if she hadn't written the essay? What if she had listened to sage advice and declined to go to Moscow? What if her initiative had not led her on to those further travels which brought her, at last, to New York and the screen test? What if she remained at home, living like a good little girl?

Errol Flynn's path to Hollywood was even more erratic, more unplanned and more astonishing. It led him from green Ireland, where he was born, as a small boy among jungles, along turgid rivers, through steam- swamping swamps and it included pauses in some of the most colorful South Sea ports. It furthered in some vivid adventures . . . and also with some grim and drab days and weeks in London, looking for a job.

This was an interesting part of the general make-up of the Flynn family—and Errol's father took him to far parts of the world while Errol was a mere boy. Small wonder then, and no surprise to the family, that he ran away to sea at an early age, earning his way on tramp steamers and freighters to still farther, un-explored seas. Before he was twenty he owned his own schooner and was plying here and there about the South Seas.

Flynn's picture company hired the schooner (Mr. Flynn's services as skipper were included in the deal) to cruise about those far parts for the purpose of obtaining "library." The picture company had almost no cast and very little money, Errol consented to act as something or other against the background of palm trees and bluffs.

He does not know where, if ever, the picture was released.

Later on, under a similar arrangement, he played (of all things!) the rôle of Fletcher Christian in "Mutiny on the Bounty," which story a small, fly-by-night company was filming near Tahiti. He doesn't know what became of that picture, either. But it was those experiences before the cameras which impressed him to return to Europe where he planned to devote the rest of his life to writing for the stage and to find work on stage or screen.

He didn't, you see, return to Ireland. This was actually unsevered.

The lack o' the Irish eventually won him an almost invisible part in "Murder at Monte Carlo." Irving Ascher noticed him and offered him a part in "The Fugitive," where he waited nine months without doing anything at all before he was cast, to everyone's surprise except his own, for the part of the "Hatter." Though he did not, as in his other rouse, did the trick and made him famous.

It adventure is in their blood, no amount of movie fame and adulation can remove it. As this is written, Errol is off for Borneo and other remote parts to spend his vacation in the pursuit of fish, new experiences and several thousand feet of film. Fate and a devious path may have brought Errol to Hollywood to keep him there . . . so long as that thing is in him which made him leave the comfortable home, the fireside, and set forth after . . . the unknown. If he didn't know what he was after! I don't think that he knows what he is after, now, as he sets forth for Borneo. But I'll wager that it will be the beginning of something or other!

Simone Simon was born in Marseilles, France. When she was ten she took her first family vacation to the East coast of Africa. From that time on her life was filled with drama and change. She lived and fought for Hollywood, in Turin, Berlin and Paris. She was studying designing in Paris when the Russian director, Tourjanski, saw her sipping coffee at a sidewalk cafe, introduced himself and asked her to make a test. She slapped his face. But she must not have slapped it very hard, for the next day she went to his studio and made the test.

Now, this was exciting, but rather frightening, success came to her swiftly in European pictures . . . but Simone was accustomed to such experiences, with a European background. The success did not astonish her much as it might have a less experienced young woman.

Her first role in Hollywood came, I think, when she left the familiar European haunts to come to Hollywood and when she left behind her the Turin, her family, her gay high- deadly Continental capitals, to come to a land which was strange to her, indeed! She could have said, "I can't be a friend, I knew not one soul in this bewildering Hollywood. She did not understand the language and she was prepared . . . to be in, to be another practically everything. She must, she thought desper- ately, make her presence known, convince people that she was a Personage. And she tried to accomplish in the only way she could think of.

She stormed, she shouted, sheulked. She demanded of her producer that he help her find a partner for a pet. She was appalled when the people around her merely smiled and allowed her to have her way. Nothing was hurting her now. Nothing! It was only . . . even to the panther. That amused tolerance made her think that she had failed to register as a Personality.

Actually she was a very homesick, forlorn little object. Each week she told her friends, "Next week I shall go home to Europe where they know me and understand me and where I can understand them and what they are doing. They understand, they know what I mean when I get into a tempest!"

But she did not go home. Not even when she was obliged to retire from the favored rôle of "Cigarette Woman" in "Red Flags." That hurt. But she didn't go home. She waited long months before another part came her way. And she became more and more temperamental, during that trying wait.

There was in her, you see, that streak of stubbornness that had led her to take all of these young things—that something which gives them the courage to break those home ties, to make them face the matter how lonely they may be, no matter how discouraged, how stranger-in-a-strange-land they may feel.

After the preview of "Girls' Dormitory," Simone commented, "For months no one called to ask me to go somewhere. Since that picture is previewed, everyone calls to ask me to go everywhere! Success? Yes, Simone, we are afraid it is.

But . . . Simone has bought a house in Beverly Hills. She is making friends, she is discovering the secrets of home life. It feels that people are unfriendly or critical of her. The loneliness and homesickness are forgotten now in the flush of that success!

Randolph Scott did not travel quite so far as those others to get here. But it took him nearly as long to arrive as it did these others.

When Randle, born and bred in a small, southern town, inherited a bit of money, of course the old family friends advised, "Now, son, you just invest it here where you know everyone and can trust everyone . . . where everyone knew your grandmother and your Uncle . . ."

And when Randle placed that money, firmly, in his pants' pocket and announced his intention of setting forth for Holly- wood, people, naturally, raised their hands and gave him up as a bad job. "We'll look after you," they averred. 

"I don't want to be looked after," quoted Scott.

First thing you know, here he was. The Paramount publicity department sent him to call upon any screen idol he liked it or not, I enjoyed it very much.

He didn't tell me . . . and I probably never should have known it if a coming director hadn't grown confidential one afternoon. That Randel had a long, deter- mined struggle to go through before any- one gave him a chance in pictures. There wasn't anyone in Hollywood to "look after him" when he was discouraged and unhappy. He had cut those protecting, family ties.

He had courage and belief in himself to add to the breeding and the background which were his heritage.

You don't think of Scott, somehow, as a fighting man. He is too gentle, too courteous, too low of speech. But he looked through a sweep of inferior roles and landed one which he was finally recognized as a potential star.

The courage, I repeat, of these young people! The vision, he ever informed it may be, of their own potentialities is something to consider.

They . . . each and every one of them . . . was alone to conquer the world. More of them had to travel a long, long way. They are still young, still a bit breathless. But here they are!
The Quest For A Lover

Robert Taylor or Henry Fonda or Charles Boyer or any of the great love's playing an entire picture without a face. Can you?

Also at Warner Brothers I found Ian Hunter who was brought to Hollywood by Warners to play the Duke of Athero in "The Desert's Nightdream" and was so excellent that he was handed a contract, and has since given a fine account of himself in "I Found Stella Parrish" and "The White Angel."

Then there are Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins, Kay Kibbee, and, last but not least, Errol Flynn. And now we're really getting somewhere. I have my secret suspicions that no matter how much they deny it Warner Brothers are about to find in their midst a great lover. That Errol, he certainly has what it takes. I can go nuts over him at the mere drop of an eyelash. But, so far, Warners has rather kept him under wraps as it were. In "Captain Blood" he was romantic and swashbuckling, but it was a spectacular picture which isn't a good test for a great lover. And in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" he is kept so busy dashing around on horseback working out a revenge on the Sarat Khan that he has little time for romance, in fact his own brother walks off with his girl. A great lover would never allow that to happen.

But rumors from the stage where Kay Francis and Errol are co-starring in "Another Dawn" rather lead me to believe that once this picture is released Errol will automatically become a great lover. Well, we can always use another one I always say, but here's hoping that Warners will give Flynn the same break they give their other actors and not stereotype him. I'd hate to see him go through life being Kay Francis' leading man

Now I am reminded of a story. It's quite apropos of what we've been talking about.

Between pictures, the sea-going blood of Lewis Stone comes to the front, and with Mrs. Stone he sets sail.

Two actors, real actors but unappreciated were standing in front of the Brown Derby when a super elegant roadster dripping chromium drew up and a Personality boy with his locks glistening and his shirt open at the throat jumped out. "They say he's getting four thousand a week," said the first actor gloomily. "Oh, stop grouchin'," said the second actor, "What do you care? He can't act!"

Broadway Remembers

[Continued from page 17]

roared for thirty minutes. Every attempt on the part of the performers to play a scene was broken up in the rears of laughter that saluted the effort. Every mention of the donkey in the dialogue left the audience off into a fresh fit of merriment. Ruggles summed it up in one sentence. when the cast sorrowfully gathered back-stage, the donkey made a joker out of all of us. The torch singer in that show later became a Page 1 headliner, Libby Holman.

I remember, best of all Eddie Cantor's appearances, that in "Whoopee," when they're talking about operations, and he says: "Did you see my scar?"--and starts pulling his shirt out of his belt-line. Cantor always said that this was the funniest bit of material he ever had on the stage, and that it proved that humor, to be at its funniest, must be down to earth and must concern itself with an everyday event. The majority of people have had operations, and the majority of people want to tell you about 'em. Cantor exploited that common weakness and, night after night, in "Whoopee," was rewarded with belly laughs.

See the editor: do you remember one thing else? Yes, I see, I remember Claudette Colbert--no, no, see the editor, do you remember that I told you only to write five pages?

Yes, I see, I do remember that. Then see the editor, quit. You have written five pages. This is not the Congressional Record, this is a discriminating family magazine, and brevity, yes, see I--brevity is still the soul of wit, see he.

In The Pink of Condition

[Continued from page 27]

John Boles brings his two daughters in to vie with him and you ought to hear them boast every time he rolls a "poodle." (i.e., doesn't topple a single pin, but accentually dizzles the ball down a side gutter.) Lee Tracy has a take-off like an airplane and according to starting to having Hops. Gary Cooper displays the most unsuspected sense of humor when he and Sandra are there. He is goofy, but--as the man says--"he's a swell fellow."

Ping-pong (midget tennis) is another sport the stars have gone for with a vengeance. If you don't mind attaching a miniature backstop to your Queen Anne dining-room table--or is your Renaissance?--you can play it without a special table. However, I think it's advisable to save the furniture. You must keep the ball from bouncing on the floor, naturally, and that's the excellent attribute of the sport. If you're a wife you're on a continuous jump, and if you're rotten you're forever bending down to retrieve. Either way you're giving yourself a workout. Fay Wray and Dick Powell are the village champions. Dick's new ping-pong table is so heavy that three men are required to move it. He has installed it in the patio adjoining his and Joan's playroom, and before you can sit down and gossip you have to take on your host and hostess. Dick's taking no more chances with his health.

Those who are anxious to acquire more grace are flocking to fencing instructors. Here, according to Basil Rathbone who wouldn't dream of missing his daily lesson, is the ideal sport. You have to be precise, fast, and thoughtful. In five minutes you're in a most decided perspiration. The foils are blunt and you always don a mask and chest protector, so there really is no danger involved. Errol Flynn, Fredric March, and Gene Raymond are almost as adept as Basil. Women are fencing now, too. Anita Louise, Olivia de Havilland, and Josephine Hutchinson are the most efficient lady fencers--and that alone indicates that it isn't a tough hobby. Josephine just returned from New York, where she went to select a fencing outfit that would be more striking than anyone else's.

Polo is attracting the riders who are tired of doing the bridle paths. It's a rousing sport that's unequalled for thrills, and consequently the various polo fields near Hollywood are very much the vogue. Stars rarely have time to play baseball, but Fred MacMurray and George Raft have started to play with the studio teams whenever they possibly can. At the swank Hollywood Athletic Club, and the other private conditioning clubs, handball, squash, wrestling, and boxing are intriguing the stalwart. Joel McCrea and Gene Raymond and Tom Beck drop in to the Hollywood A. C. practically every day and so does Johnny Weissmuller when he's not in London with Lupe. Harold Lloyd and Pat O'Brien have built superb handgun courts at their homes and invite their pals to join them there.

I'm going out to the bowling alley and practice. If it's what Ginger Rogers goes for, it's good enough for me. Maybe I'll soon be better than that Jimmy Stewart.
longed to a small, moon-facedurchin who looked, in his Chinese clothes, like an owl. An innocent Chinese mother pursued the foreign devil, proclaiming that he was stealing her child and would be punished. An innocent Chinese officer gave the officer an impatiant push and he sat down in the mud puddle. After that jall followed as the night dawned.

Susan was cold with fright and fury when the adventurers got back aboard. Tommy tried to explain, "Now look, Susan, the whole thing was an accident! You know Iae. You know I wouldn't—"

"Yes," she answered bitterly, "I do know you. I know you can't be trusted. I know I should have known it before." She took Johnny's hand.

"Please, Susan!" Tommy begged.

"Don't be mad at Uncle Tommy, Susan," Johnny said. "He didn't mean to knock the policeman down."

Richard stepped between them, taking Susan's arm. "Tell him, Susan. Tell him he's my brother and Susan about life in Bangkok. Of course there were natives, he admitted in the same tone as a Long Islander admits mosquitoes. There was some sort of quail in native civilization, too, no doubt. But their little colony didn't mind things like that. They just had nothing to do with it. Why the houses were as modern as you'd find in any good American suburb! Lots of closet space, fully equipped laundries, all that sort of thing. You played bridge every day and you got to know your opponent so well you could guess every card he'd play. And tennis was the same. Then Richard drew a floor plan of the house he had taken for them and showed Susan where her room would be and where Mother's room would be, and Susan, who hadn't counted before on a mother-in-law under her own roof, definitely saw romance flying out the port hole.

Richard and his mother had a great idea. They married and went to take place on shipboard—and at once.

"But why?" Susan gasped, somewhat surprised.

Mr. Hope told her severely that her marriage to Richard would stop the shipboard gossip about her and Mr. Randall. Susan had been making herself unfortunately conspicuous with Mr. Randall and something must be done about it.

In Susan's gentle heart the first stirrings of rebellion might be noted. First she had waited fourteen years for Richard and when he did appear he was even more of his old, correct self than she remembered. To avoid all her mother-in-law-meant to live with them.

While Susan was pondering this, Tommy Randall had a shock. The strange little waif who had won his heart was to be taken away from him.


And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous...

**Horrid** skin faults are usually **underskin** faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands *underneath* are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin *crinkling*, because your *underskin* is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—

Twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt... Floats it out... and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin feels fresher—looks brighter.

**Now waken glands... cells**

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened. Your underskin is toned, quickened.

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing lovelier—end all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

**Remember this treatment**

*Every night,* cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—*briskly.* Rouse that failing underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

*Every morning,* and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's putting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

**SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE**

*and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids*

POND'S, Dept.7SS-CA, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name:

Street:

City:

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convincing trapper and the savages, he lets out his terrifying jungle yell and immediately, as before, his elephant friends come in droves to his rescue, and with them he wreaks vengeance on the trapper and the murderous natives.

The relatives, thoroughly frightened by now, admit their deception, and scurry back to London, leaving Jane and Tarzan more in love than ever before. There are plenty of exciting moments, especially when Tarzan does battle with a crocodile, and if you aren't too, too sophisticated your hair will stand on end.

COME AND GET IT

A Powerful Story of a Rough Individual--United Artists

Samuel Goldwyn continues to turn out those intelligent, adult pictures that are such a treat to the poor movie-going public which has to swallow so much tripe in the name of entertainment. They say of Goldwyn that even his failures are noteworthy. But speak not of failures here, for "Come and Get It" is definitely one of the hit pictures of the year, even more so than "Doddsworth."

The writers who adapted Edna Ferber's best seller to the screen took great liberties with Miss Ferber's book (with the author's permission) and improved the story considerably. Even Miss Ferber admits that she should not have killed off Barney Glasgow and his wife and daughter in that awful boat explosion, so for the screen Barney and his family are allowed to live, and it's much better that way.

Edward Arnold, to be sure, is the only man in Hollywood who could have played the burly lumber baron, and, as Barney Glasgow, Mr. Arnold is well high perfect. Frances Farmer plays both the Lotta whom Barney loved as a young man, and twenty years later Lotta's daughter, who becomes the passionate obsession of his middle age.

It is significant that since the preview of this picture Frances Farmer's stock has reached a new high and she is now announced as Hollywood's next star. A new discovery also is Andrea Leeds, a U.C.L.A. local girl, who clicked as Evvie Glasgow, the great tennis player, Frank Shields, also makes his movie debut in a small part of this picture, and, called "another Gary Cooper," is definitely headed for the big time. Walter Brennan as Van Bosten is simply elegant, and so is Mady Christians as Carrie. Joel McCrea as Barney's son gives his best performance to date.

The plot, of course, tells the story of an American lumber baron of the 1880's who amasses a fortune by robbing the land (Wisconsin) of its forests for his paper mills. He gets his start by throwing over the woman he loves not only the entertainer, and marrying the daughter of his rich boss. Twenty years later, now many times a millionaire, he meets the beautiful daughter of this woman now dead and falls insanely in love with her—but she is the only thing in his life he can not "get," for she has fallen in love with his son.

There may be crusaders for honor and honesty who will regret showing so elaborately the detestable lumber baron who cheated his state to become a rich playboy.
The step from the whodunit to the horror picture takes you even farther from realism—perhaps into the realm of fantasy. But the fantastic thriller has a great deal to learn from the prosaic detective yarn—chiefly, the value of comedy. The relief from tension that laughter gives makes the grimmest moments more effective by contrast. The best of these pictures—"The Invisible Man"—was also the most comic.

The actor who does the scaring in the thrillers is much less important than the actor who is being scared. Audiences watching "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" shivered more at Miriam Hopkins' portrayal of naked fear than at Fredric March's trick make-up. Much of the kick beneath the light-hearted foolishness of "The Thin Man" was supplied by Harold Huber, as the terri
ted stool-pigeon.

Logically, the next step in Hollywood's dogged attempts at the mass production of mild hysteries should be the more subtly chilling psychological horror story. We've had a taste of this sort already in Peter Lorre's "M" and in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," that bright little essay on schizophrenia, which might have been written in collaboration by Sigmund Freud and the Grimm Brothers.

There is room in the moviegoer's affections for every type of thriller. We can listen with an equally pleasant shudder to Boris Karloff's hollow tones echoing in the cobwebby laboratory and the ruined castle, to William Powell flipantly defying some belligerent guazzo, or to the hushed, eerie sound of Leslie Howard's voice as he takes us on another of his excursions into the hereafter or the fourth dimension.

**I APPEARED TO THE BOY FRIEND LATELY**

**OK—THERE'S DICK NOW!**

**MYE HE'S COMING IN!**

**BUT—DIDN'T EVEN**

**THINK I WOULD OUGHT TO DO**

**SOMETHING ABOUT**

**THIS—**

**BUT, TRUDY— HOW**

**CAN I? YOU KNOW**

**HOW PRETTY LOUISE**

**IS—AND JUST LOOK**

**AT ME WITH ALL**

**THESE AWFUL PIMPLES**

**MARY— I BET THAT'S THE WHOLE TROUBLE.**

**IF YOU GET RID OF THOSE PIMPLES**

**EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT—**

**LISTEN, FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WHAT YOU NEED— COME ON, LET'S GET SOME NOW!**

**DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES**

**KEEP YOUR BOY FRIENDS FROM MAKING DATES**

PIMPLES often call a halt to good times for many girls and boys after the start of adolescence.

At this time, between 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out.

If you are bothered by adolescent pimples, do as thousands of others—eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood.

And then—pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one before each meal—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear again. Start today!
The Girl Who Has Many Friends

[Continued from page 31]

Westmore, makeup man, gave me a swell lift. I always apply my own makeup, and generally do a pretty good job. But Monty, who had been watching me, took time out from more pressing work, to show me how I might improve. I was sure he really wanted to be a help. As a result my makeup-up photographed much better than usual.

"There are a lot of others who have helped in much the same way. Directors who miss their lunch to give a little extra coaching; 'still' men who work just so that one's pictures will be better: people in the wardrobe department who, on their own, will freshen up a costume between scenes. It all in all is said, I suppose, to studio workers are a very kind group—and they most certainly have been grand to me. Wheee! . . ." she concluded. "I haven't talked so much in ages. You talk awhile." "Oke," I replied. "Just answer one more question—although it has nothing to do with our premise—and then I'll amnacy. Where did you acquire your accent? It is different from anything I've heard in pictures. How come?"

"Lots of people have asked me that," she replied. "I don't really know, unless it comes from environment. My parents were born in England, you know, and I suppose that was the way I talked. And then I grew up, through inherited English, and stage diction—although I've had but very few lessons in enunciation. Living with people does have an effect upon one. I can't say I know an amusing story that has to do with accent, by the way."

"When I first came to Metro, five years ago, I was asked my nationality. I told them that I was born in New York. 'Then get rid of that accent,' they said. 'It won't get you anywhere out here.' That, of course, was years ago. Not so long ago when they were preparing to make 'David Copperfield,' I asked for the part of Agnes in that picture. I adore Dickens—I always have, since I was a child—and since it was a sort of ambition of mine to play that part I asked for a test. Do you know what they told me. They thought that I wasn't English enough—that I didn't have enough of a British accent. They gave me a test anyway. I can't call it a 'test'; they that will give one merely for the asking—and as a result I got the part. With this proviso. They sent a young man to me—a graduate of Oxford. He was to talk to me an hour every day—in order to perfect my diction." She laughed aloud, and then suddenly sobered. "Do you know?" she asked thoughtfully, "I'd better add that the young man I mentioned is really another who has helped me. I pretended that I didn't need a tutor because I am English, but—I'll have to confess that he helped me a great deal in creating the role of Agnes."

What Madge Evans said to me about others inadvertently pressing a swell kick at me, and clear picture of herself—as an individual. If this writer might be permitted to insert a personal opinion, I'd say that she left out a good deal of material. She was helped, for instance; those to whom she has given a boost over a particularly rough stretch. A very human sympathy and understanding is an essential part of her makeup. What she has done has been done without any fanfare and publicity. The dice stand for themselves. I won't mention any of them because she wouldn't like that. But she's that kind of a person.
Anna Lee, English beauty, will soon be seen in “King Solomon’s Mines.”

Safe Deposit Secrets

[Continued from page 59]

few little whips of straw from his original stage costume of the straw man in “The Wizard of Oz,” which long ago won him everlasting fame and glory.

Tucked away in Anne Shirley’s box is a tiny diamond ring which has care-fully preserved and which was given to her by a little boy just 14 and a half years ago. And thereby hangs an interesting tale, her by a little boy just 14 and a half years ago. And thereby hangs an interesting tale.

To tell it, first it is necessary for you to rangements ever worked out by a parent for the protection of her child.

One is her natural mother, Mrs. Mimi Shirley, and the other is Mrs. Lena Sage, named as Miss Shirley’s “alternate mother” by the California courts. The appointment of the alternate mother was made at the request of Mrs. Shirley to safeguard the welfare of her daughter in the event of Mrs. Shirley’s death. Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Sage met about fifteen years ago during the shooting of “Spanish Dancer,” the first picture in which little Anne appeared after her arrival in Hollywood. Mrs. Sage’s son, Byron, three years Anne’s senior, was also working in the film, the kiddies and the parents became fast friends, and Mrs. Sage made many of Anne’s little clothes when she was a child, and aided the mother and child in more ways than one when their luck was on the down grade.

And here’s where the romance comes in, revealing the fact that Anne holds the rec-ord of having been betrothed at an earlier age than any child outside of royalty.

When Anne was just four years old and Byron Sage was a mostly little lad of seven, their respective mothers dreamed that perhaps some day they would fall in love and marry each other. Mrs. Sage thought so much of the idea that she had a small diamond ring made especially for Anne, and at a tea party for four, Byron laugh-ingly slipped the ring on the engagement finger of the blushing little girl—and the two mothers beamed with real pleasure.

“But it was not to be,” laughs Anne today. “Because when Byron grew up he went in for blondes. (Anne has dark brown hair and dark eyes) Byron and I are still the very best of friends and always will be, but these is no romance.”

But the tiny ring has been most carefully preserved by Anne and today it is one of her hidden treasures, resting in its secret hiding place in a Hollywood bank.

Evelyn Venable cherishes a bunch of let-ters, notes yellow and good with age, that was written by the immortal Mark Twain to her father, a noted professor.

Laid away in the back of Buck Jones’ box is a long hair from the tail of his famous horse, Silver. He has had it there many years for good luck.

Binnie Barnes has kept the ropes she twirled in her cowgirl act in her first stage appearance. She was billed as “Texas Bin-
Dixie Dunbar keeps her health by a few simple exercises. You try it, Aunt Emma.

Venus Under Contract

(Continued from page 25)

beautifu bodies to become distorted, simply because they do not stand and walk correctly. So many of them slouch their hips and let their chests droop. It really is sad.

Here is an exercise she advises that they try:

Sit or stand straight and clasp your hands on the opposite arms just above the waist, left hand on right arm and vice versa. Then hold your clasped arms in front of you, extended on a level with the shoulders. Pull on your arm muscles with both hands simultaneously and then push, alternating the movements. Do this vigorously and rather fast. You will see that it has a definite pull on the chest and muscles.

To June taking exercises is as important as a daily bath, and she’d rather miss a dinner than that bath of hers. She likes showers but finds a tub more convenient. Her motto seems to be one of cleanliness, and she uses plenty of warm water and a good mild soap. Once a week she washes her own beautiful hair with a pure Castile soap and then gives it a vinegar rinse. She uses little make-up, but always removes it first before washing her face with warm

SMOOTH, satiny shoulders—lovely skin "all over"—radiantly clear, youthful complexion—men admire them and modern style demands them.

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water and soap. Then she rinses with ice water. She does not use any night creams. Out at the Twentieth-Century Fox Studio, where June is under contract to Darryl Zanuck, they have big plans ahead for her, for she has looks, curves, and best of all, ability. Everything about her is natural as a mountain spring. Everybody who knows her says that. She is generous, good hearted and sincere, with an unaffected manner and youth that will serve as a keynote for successful players of the future. There's no question but that, if she continues to keep her chin up and her waist down, she'll go far!

NOT THE SOAP POWDER

For the first time Greta Garbo is wearing gold dust in her hair for highlights in close-ups in "Camille." Gold dust is often used by the Glamour Girls to bring out those entrancing shades on the screen. Marlene Dietrich never faces a camera without her gold dust.

Hard Knocks Make Great Actors

[Continued from page 19]

have helped shape my character. And my job, as an actor, as I see it, is to interpret one set of human beings to another. Impressions and memories of the past, especially of one's early years, are bound to crop out in one's characterizations. Not that I make a conscious effort to copy from people I've known in real life. You can't really do much copying because you have to play the part the way it has been written, and screen roles are usually highly colored. I've done a lot of things on the screen I wouldn't do in real life. And yet, if I act in a certain way, it is because I've lived a certain kind of life. No actor can get way from his past.

It has been said of Clark that he lives in Hollywood, but is not of it. Few top-ranking stars care to dine in the studio commissary, but he does, sitting next to office workers and extras. Among his close friends are five men whom he calls his "barometers" of public opinion. One is a cook in an all-night restaurant in Hollywood. Another, a young college graduate, who is a filling station attendant in Santa Monica. A third is a professional game hunter. The fourth is a studio electrician. And the fifth is a Mexican gardener, a veteran of Pancho Villa's armies. They are his cronies. "When I'm bothered with a knotty problem," he said, "I try to make the rounds of these fellows, and sit down and gab with them. They help me straighten out my mental kinks."

Clark was born with a yen for vagabondage. In school, his favorite subject was geography, and he won a globe, awarded to him for his excellence in this subject. That globe is battered, but still legible, despite the criss-crossing pencil lines indicating a million miles of imaginative travel. Mention to him the word "Samar" or the "Khyber Pass," and his eyes will gleam like those of a globetrotter in a reminiscent mood. Unlike other stars, he hasn't gone in for a home and property. He prefers to live in a hotel, because, as in his South American trip, when he did more for international unity between the two Amer-

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Bob Burns helps out the roller skaters in "Daisy Maze." Martha Raye takes to it like a duck to music.

ics than ten ambassadors, he is apt to pack up at any moment, and be gone, here, there and everywhere. He is a wanderer and outdoor man by nature, and a good car and hunting and fishing equipment mean more to him than a mansion with those fantastic electric gadgets in the palmy luxuriasite of Beverly Hills. His greatest ambition is to take a few years off and travel all over the world.

Another two-fisted actor and Academy winner is Victor McLaglen, Vic has worked and scrapped his way around the world. This burly son of an English bishop was the toughest kid in school and the despair of his gentle parents. He ran away from home and school at the age of 14 to join the Life Guards, passing for 18. The hirculean mould of his physique determined his long career as a boxer and world adventurer.

You know Vic’s story. He has roamed over the face of the globe. He has toured the rough towns of Canada, where he went from London to seek his fortune at 19, as a wrestler taking on all comers in one-night stands. He has toiled on farms and prospected for gold in the Canadian wilds. Has been a vaudeville actor in Australia. Hunted Lions in Africa. Fished for pearls in the South Seas. Taught calisthenics and boxing to a maharaja in India. Fought the Turks in the torrid wastes of "Mesopotamia" as a captain in the crack Cheshires, and when the Union Jack replaced the Ottoman crescent and star over the sacred domes of Bagdad, he ruled as assistant provost marshal in that legendary city.

"The last thing I ever expected was to be a movie star," he told me, with that toothy grin of his as he took me around his magnificent estate, "Fanhaven," and had me pose with him for a picture. He is a little ashamed of being an actor. His he-manish stuff on the screen is no studied art. There is nothing affected or theatrical about his acting. He is simply himself before the cameras. His absence of acting over experiences from his own life is in the films that feature him. He has been cavoring before the cameras for 16 years, and his star, which rose to such brilliance in the memorable What Price Glory, shows no signs of dimming, and indeed, shines brighter than ever. He won the Academy award in 1936, and no doubt will win more acting laurels.

Or consider the case of Jack Holt. Here is another stalwart gay romantic who kept his hands full in the great, truly an unparalleled achievement. He is not and has never been a sensational player. "I make bread and butter pictures," he told me, modestly. Jack Holt’s characterizations always have force and punch in them because he makes us feel that he is made of such stern stuff that he can duplicate in real life what he is performing on the screen.

Jack Holt’s adventurous spirit took him to Alaska in his youth. He spent five years there as surveyor, prospector, freight-packer, contractor, government agent, and what not. As you talk to him, you realize how great is the influence of nature over the character of man. The fierce years he spent in the sad and lonely North have left their marks. The fixed gaze and distant look of his eyes, his inflexible mouth, his reticence, his dislike of sleek crowds—these are heritage of his Alaskan life. Our last frontier moulded both his character and acting. It gave him that peculiar virile appeal which has been his fortune.

Jack Holt has one of the finest physiques I’ve ever seen. His quiet strength and dignity inspire respect. I can best describe him by saying that he looks like an army colonel in civilian clothes. He is courteous, and surprisingly urbane. And he has the sauciness of those who have suffered want and privation and have toiled with their hands.

Among the new leading men of the screen, Jack Holt must be given a high place as a grand actor. His acting has a tremendous vitality and a certain stern dynamic quality about it, combined with a rare poetic sensitivity. And he is so, in real life too. I found him on the set of Walter Wanger’s "You Only Live Once." He staged a hold-up in his prison cell which had all the smooth, calculated, ferocious terror of a real hold-up. The scene was shot about twenty times, each take requiring the same outpouring of nervous energy from Fonda. He was exhausted and still shaky as I followed him to his dressing-room.

"It didn’t occur to me to enter the theatre until I was out of college," he said. "I studied journalism in the University of Minnesota, wanted to be a writer. In Omaha, I had a swell home, and my father was able to finance my schooling without my having to work, but I preferred to earn my own expenses. I’ve done stock acting. My first job was at a filling station in Omaha. I wanted to buy a Liberty bond, and finally saved up $200 dollars to get my bond. I have worked as trouble-shooter for the telephone company, driven a truck, dressed windows in the Brandeis department store, worked as a mechanic in a garage and as a printer’s devil, etc.

"It was in New York, while I made the rounds of theatrical agencies, having been bitten by the acting bug, that I had a tough time. One, for three months, I
hardly had a meal. I know what hunger means. I know what it means to go without any food for three or four days in succession—have absolutely nothing to eat, not even a 5¢ bag of peanuts. One day, during this period of starvation, I went into the Grand Central Art Galleries, to see a new exhibition. I hadn't been there for about a month, and wanted to see the new paintings on display. I wandered to some back rooms, and heard sounds of large gatherings. I saw a tremendous table loaded with food—the kind you see in the movies. Apparently a reception or a party was being given in honor of somebody. I could have very well helped myself to some of that wonderful food—say, a ham or caviar sandwich, but didn't dare touch anything. I was afraid a waiter might come up and ask me, 'I beg your pardon, suh, but what is your name?' I had to walk out with a drooling mouth and a sickening sensation in my stomach.

"Experiences like that help an actor, although very seldom I recall incidents from my past life to help me enact a rôle. At least, not consciously. Of course, in our subconscious mind, where hardly anything is ever forgotten, experiences and impressions of our past remain very active, and color our actions whether we are aware of it or not.

"I've knocked about the country quite a bit, too, and I just came from a trip to Europe. The only way to see Europe is to drive from town to town in your own car, and that's what I did. I got a terrific kick out of everything. It was my first visit abroad. In June, I'm going to Italy to make a picture. Mr. Wanger is taking his whole company there.

"Tough breaks, hunger and privations deepen our inner world. Travel broadens our mental horizon and sympathies. The two combined together help us strike a balance in our lives. A lot of people go overboard when success finally comes to them because they lack this balance."

REDACT THE HIP HIP HOORAH

The blonde Terry Walker, Kent Taylor and the skinny machine.

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RALEIGH CIGARETTES... NOW AT POPULAR PRICES... ALSO CARRY B&W COUPONS
chose Lombard because it was the name of a friend of her mother's, a lovely gracious woman whom she had adored when a child. It was several years later that a numerologist suggested that she put an "e" on Carol to bring her good luck. She did, and it did.

The beautiful and glamorous Miss Lombard, who causes you to catch your breath now when she slithers across the screen dripping with white silver fox and diamond bracelets, was nothing more than a "bit" player in those days, and in Westerns too. When she reminisces, and try and stop her if she hears sacred music, she will tell you about those early days, and especially of a little number she did with Buck Jones called "Hears and Spurs."

But even galloping across the California desert, choking with dust in a temperature of 110, Miss Bernhardt Barrymore Lombard had not reached the depths of her chosen profession. That came a few years later when she became one of the famous Mack Sennett bathing beauties, during which period she threw pies, was chased by cops, squirred hose, took falls, and splashed about in swimming pools. It was while she was at Sennett's that she met Madalynne Field, another pie-thrower, and there began a friendship that has lasted to this day.

When Sennett's closed, Carole had been there a year and a half. Pathe immediately signed her, and with her went Fieldsy as her secretary, manager, best friend, and severest critic. You may bluff Carole sometimes, if you catch her in a sentimental moment, but you can never bluff Fieldsy. Every time Carole meets a charming young salesman and says, "I think I'll buy"—Fieldsy says, "No, you can't afford it," and except in the case of star sapphires, Carole's one extravagance, Fieldsy always has her way. Thanks to her excellent management we will not be giving benefits for Carole Lombard in her old age.

In the fall of 1929 Paramount signed Carole on a long term contract (she's still there) and she was elevated to second leading lady, her first picture under the new contract being "Ladies Man," in which she was to support Ray Francis, who in turn was to support William Powell, the big romantic star of the Paramount lot. The director thought it might be a good idea to have Carole meet her leading man, so he took her over to the dressing room one day and introduced her. Carole said hello and Bill said hello and the great Powell-Lombard romance was off to a good start. When Bill left the studio in favor of more money at Warner Brothers, Carole, the sentimentalist, moved in his dressing room, and there you'll find her today having her hair waved by Loretta while she waits for a call from the "Morning, Noon and Night" set. "It's come-back picture," Carole will tell you. Every picture Carole makes is her "come-back" picture. She discuses her "return to the screen" as if she had been off it for years.

The suave Mr. Powell was enchanted by Carole's humor, her frankness, her gay laughter, and bubbling enthusiasm. The first date he had with her they sat talking seven hours straight. It took him eight months to persuade Carole to marry him. The mere sight of him made all the Hollywood ladies wish to throw their domestic security to the wind, but Carole had "decided" about marriage and was insensible. However, they were married at the Peters' Beverly Hills home, June 27, 1931, and amid a shower of rice and champagne left for Honolulu on their honey-moon.

The first year was hardly over before Carole realized that she had been right about marriage and Bill wrong, so early in the summer of 1932 she took a plane for Reno, and on August 18, 1935, she became the ex-Mrs. William Powell, Carole and Bill, two such swell people, fortunately ceased being married just in time to become good friends. And today you can't find two better friends in Hollywood. When they worked together recently on the sensationaly popular "My Man Godfrey" the entire set was kept in a sort of laughter from the moment they arrived in the morning until they left that night, so there's little wonder that their own infectious humor was reflected on the screen.

But, alas for the fan writers, there was no shortage of the kind of fringe stories that La Cava said, "Last take, go home." Carole found Clark Gable waiting to take her to dinner, and Bill found a series of phone calls from the fans telling him that he was two hours late already. Hollywood has many conjectures, but Hol-lywood doesn't really know why Carole and Bill split up. To the world, they were ideally suited, they never fought except when Bill would trump Carole's trick or step on her foot in her mod, trying to get crazy about bridge and dancing as Carole is), and whatever the reason was, Carole, like the wise, well bred person she is, has kept her mouth shut.

Carole, as her best friends will gladly tell you, has many faults. It seems that she simply will not close drawers. Dresser drawers, dressing table drawers, bathroom cabinet drawers, they are all hanging out at a rakish angle when Carole leaves for the studio. As far as she is concerned, it's just an old trick, and she figures out which was Carole's signature and which was a forger. They finally hit upon the simple plan of forcing her to put a distinguishing mark on all of her checks.

If you ever want to torture Miss Lombard, though I don't see why you should, just stand near her when she is under a hair dryer and carry on a conversation with some one. As a matter of fact you don't have to talk, just move your lips, and laugh occasionally, Carole will stand and stare, as she can and then, dying with curiosity, she will pop her head out from under the roaring dryer and demand, "What did you say?" She has just a touch of the normal share of curiosity. Don't try to keep any secrets from her—she'll get them out of you by hit or by bit.

The story Carole likes to tell most on herself concerns her last trip East which was in 1935. After leaving New York she took a train for Atlanta, where she was to board a plane for New Orleans. The Paramount publicity department wired her that the train would stop at a little town called Hapeville, which is now a city, and that there would be a large delegation of fans to meet her. So Carole took extreme care with her toilette and with Fieldsy hopped off the train at Hapeville all set for cheers and autograph books.

It was early in the morning and there were only one person kept in a sort of laughter from the moment they arrived at the "controlled" airport—a little five-year-old girl. "My public," beamed Miss Lombard. "Little girl," she said to the child, "can you tell me where I can get a taxi, or a car, or a wagon or something to take us over to the airport?" The child took one look at Carole and started crying for her Mamma at the top of her lungs. "Well, Miss Lombard," said Fieldsy, "you've just got to tear yourself away from your adoring public and walk across the cotton patch to the airport."
Carole hates surprise parties, clubs of any sort, and people who say, "Have you heard the story about—" Before they can even say what it's about Carole has said, "Yes, I've heard that one." She can't bear jokes, dirty or clean, so if you want to make a hit with Lombard never try to tell her a joke. She practically murdered Walter Lang one day at a very smart party because the hostess said, "Carole, have you heard the funny joke about the man with the glass eye?" "Yes, yes," said Carole hastily, "It is funny, isn't it. Ha. Ha." "Oh, Carole," shouted Walter from across the room, "what was the point of that story. I've forgotten." If looks could have killed Mr. Lang, that eminent director would now be pushing up the daisies.

It is often a big surprise to a lot of people, who evidently think that movie stars sit around swathed in sables and paradise and never do anything more strenuous than eat caviar, to learn that Carole is one of the best, if not the best, tennis players in the Hollywood crowd. She moved last June from a very un-chic home on Hollywood Boulevard (Carole doesn't believe in paying big rents, or maybe it's Fieldsy who doesn't) to a small house in Bel Air—which hasn't a dining room, but has a tennis court. Almost every day, studio permitting, she nonchalantly slams away at the chalk line—and hits it too.

Carole was taught tennis by Eleanor Tennant, former champion who turned professional. Carole used to be the impulsive type who would run up on a ball, but Eleanor soon broke her of that habit by saying "Easy does it," and so it does, Carole discovered after a few lessons. "Easy does it" has now become her pet expression, and she will give it to you as an answer for practically anything you might ask her. Well, anyway, Easy-does-it Lombard can beat nearly all the male players in Hollywood, including Clark Gable.

Another of "Teacher" Tennant's famous pupils is Alice Marble, who, last September, beat Helen Jacobs at Forest Hills and became national champion. Alice, a quiet, reserved sort of girl, but, mercy, what a dynamo on the court, is one of Carole's best friends, and has been ever since Carole wrote her a fan letter when she was sick several years ago.

Like all sentimental people she is susceptible to music. If Benny Goodman's swing band comes over the radio, Carole immediately begins to swing. If it's a symphony, she sits in the bay window with a far away look and has loopy thoughts. If it happens to be sacred or sad music she will start reminiscing, and, like it or not, you are in for the story of her life. Gounod's "Ave Maria" calls forth her philosophy of life, "Home, Sweet Home" and "Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgot brings on a good cry.

Carole is famous in Hollywood for her gaps and her parties neither of which she has gone in for much this year.

One director who, Carole considered, was getting too slapstick in his comedy, received a van load of merengue pies from her. And of course everybody has heard about the Ford she salvaged from a junk yard and had painted white with little red hearts for Clark Gable's Valentine last February. Her famous Fun House party where she had Dietrich, Colbert, Baxter, Oheon and dozens of other dignified stars sliding down chutes and twirling madly around mixers, with no regards for bruises and scratches, was her party to end parties she announced. Since then she has entertained on a very moderate scale, her most recent parties being tennis parties. She has lights on the court and is likely to start playing at four in the morning.

At present Clark Gable is playing Romeo to her Juliet. Lucky girl. To be won by William Powell and wooed by Clark Gable all within one lifetime—it simply isn't fair.

---

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When Nature forgets—remember

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"This cured you the last time you had pigeons," Eddie remembers as he pours out a dose.

Kerrigan downs it and then it comes out: he'd had a few drinks with a man who had some inside dope on an oil company that was going to start drilling shortly. But after a twenty minute dialogue it turns out the man was only the night watchman.

Instead of having fun with the actors on this set, the fun is with Ray McCarey, the director. All the gals on the lot are gasping over him; he tells us how easy Hortons is to get along with.

"Why can't you be agreeable like that?" Lois Wiss, who is with me, asks him.

"I'll try, dear," Ray smiles mockingly as he edges toward her.

"When will you start trying?" Lois, who has had promises before, demands.

"Would now be too soon?" Ray asks trying to slip his arm around her.

But Lois is a fraily cat. She grabs me by the hand and gives me a yank that lands us both outside the stage.

"The nerve of him!" she pants indignantly as we hear Ray laughing.

"He was only trying to be agreeable—like you asked him," I remind her.

"Like I—" she explodes. Suddenly she hauls off and bops me right on my sore wisdom tooth.

Hurt to the quick, I leave her standing right in her tracks and betake myself to—

R.-K.-O.

FIRST pop out of the box over here I run into Mr. Oakie—Mr. Jack Oakie—on the Lily Pons set. The picture has been titled "That Girl From Paris."

"Are you and Herman Bing a comedy team now?" I ask.

"Yeah," says Jack. "We pull opera singers out of the lot. We just got through tuning up Swarthout's 'Champagne Waltz' and now we're putting Pons across."

About this time the assistant director comes up. "Jack," he says, "they're getting ready to take close-ups of Miss Pons and she'd like you there to get your re-actions."

"Sure," Jack agrees. "I'll feed the little woman."

So he gets up on the orchestra platform where Gene Raymond, Frank Jenks (at the trumpet) and Mischa Auer (at the piano) are already assembled.

Lily is an opera singer who has left her manager and uncle at the altar when she discovers they're only interested in her career and not in herself. She meets Gene Raymond, leader of a jazz orchestra, falls in love with him only to discover he's leaving next day for America. She stows away on the ship, only to find on arriving in this country that he is already engaged to Lucille Ball. She hides in their apartment and then Herman Bing arrives and hires the orchestra to play at his road house. Lily sings the Blue Danube Waltz but the audience doesn't care much for semi-classical music. As she sings the orchestra gradually works the number into jazz—pardon me, swing-time—rhythm. She's surprised, all right, but she follows them and makes a tremendous hit.

That's the number they're doing now and it's really a circus watching the boys faces as they listen to her singing in the tempo in which the waltz was written. Oakie is particularly comic in his facial efforts to teach her jazz without speaking. And Mischa Auer (who made such a hit as the gigolo in "My Man Godfrey") is making another hit as the bored piano player in this opus.

It's fun on this set but I can't spend the day here so I get on to the next one. Guess what it is? Nothing but "Quality Street" starring Franchot Tone and Katharine Hepburn.

I saw Franchot yesterday at a cocktail party Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell had given. "Come on over on the set and see me," he invited me.

"No," I grinned. "You're working with Hepburn and she doesn't like me. Lord knows I don't like her. So I'd better keep my distance."

"Come on," he insisted. "I'll hide you in my dressing room." So here I am.

It's a swell set, too, and, luckily for me Hepburn isn't working this morning so I can just walk about in broad daylight—or rather, broad arc light. I don't believe..."
there is any other studio that builds as impressive outdoor sets (made of stages) as does "For the Informer."

"The Plough and the Stars," "Wintercress" and now this are all something to gap over.

"Quality Street" is the principal residen
tial section of a little English village. Here, in the early years of the nineteenth century, lived Threweladies—Phoebe (Hepburn) and her old maid sister, Susan (Fay Bainter), their tiny income barely sufficient for their needs. Across the street, Mrs. Windoughy (Estelle Winwood, Helena Grant and Florence Lake). You'll remember Florence as the wife of "The American" and here in the "Average Wife" Main series of comedies.

On the advice of the dashing Valentine Brown (Franchot) who flutters all the hearts of the village ladies, the Threholds have invested half their funds in a London company that fails.

Franchot seems very interested in Phoebe, who has an old, lady's pet to tell him the investment was a failure. When he calls she thinks he has come to propose but, alas, it's only come to say "Farewell" and to tell her he has enlisted in the army to fight Napoleon.

All at once my plans go amiss. They've failed me. The young and me. Phoebe is called before I had expected her. My luck holds, though, and she doesn't see me so I just stay and watch the "take."

"You'll pray that you may be preserved in battle, Mr. Brown," she whispers through her disappointment.

"And you and Miss Susan will writ me when occasion offers it?" Franchot inquires.

"If you wish it," she murmurs.

"With all the stirring news of dear Quality Street," she adds succinctly.

"It seems stirring to us," she defends it.

"It must have been laughable to you."

"But I made friends in it, Miss Phoebe—"

"Oh, did—did you amuse you also?" it is her turn to persist.

"Enormously, Miss Phoebe," he rejoins.

"Those old, ladies, they were always soliciting you. Your youthfulness shocked them. I believe they thought you dashing."

"I have something of it."

"Too dashing?

"She is sickingly gallantly through the pain of her disappointment when Fay Bainter entered.

"You have me—" Fay begins expectantly.

"Is—it—very seem so calm, Phoebe," she ends lamely.

Phoebe presses her sister's hand warn
ingly and imploringly. "Susan, what Mr. Brown is so obliging as to inform us is not what we expect, but all dear, he is the gentleman who has enlisted and he came to tell us that and to say "goodbye."

"Am I not the ideal recruit, ma'am?" Franchot jokes. "A man without a wife or a mother of a sweetheart."

"No sweetheart?" Fay echoes incredulously, barking in Horsey.

"Have you one for me, Miss Susan?" he banters.

"Susan, we shall have to tell him now," Kate interrupts hastily lest her sister's face betray the truth. "You dreadful man, you will laugh and say it is just like Quality Street!"

"I was wrong, you today you told me you had something to communicate, we have been puzzling what it could be and we concluded you were going to marry Phoebe."

"Ha, ha!" Franchot laughs. "Was that it?"

"So like women, you know."

Katharine admits ruefully. "We thought perhaps we knew her."

"She glances at her mother's wedding dress which they had got out of an old trunk. "We wore that dress on wedding day."

"You're right, in the pink, I came back snap
dily."

"'Ha, ha!' he laughs once more. "I shall often think of this, I wonder who would have me, Miss Susan?"

Before Fay can answer there is a bugle call to which Franchot immediately reacts.

"I must be off."

"He finishes hastily. "God bless you both."

As he marches away, Hepburn waves to him from the window, the tears streaming down her face. But he is too far away to see them.

This was one of Sir James M. Barrie's most famous plays and one of Maude Adams' greatest hits. I do not mean to underrate Miss Hepburn's ability—much. There was no one who cheered louder and with greater enthusiasm than Miss "Morning Glory" and "Alice Adams" but she would say anything from J. J. to Zena—from Peter Pan to the role she played in "The Man of Aran."

And there is no one living who can play all those parts convincingly. If I had never seen Maude Adams in this part it would be different but it is hard to visualize the vital Hepburn as the mouselike Phoebe Miss Adams made her and which she still managed to imbue with so much charm.

Ah, well. Time has taken its toll of Miss Adams, the same as it has of all the rest of us and she has retired these many years. However, I suppose as long as she can't play Phoebe it might as well be Hepburn as anyone else. And Franchot is magnificent. How that boy has come along in the past year is something to marvel over.

The last picture on this lot is "Criminal Lawyer" with Lee Tracy and Margaret Grahame. It's a gangster picture, I'm afraid. Tracy and Eduardo Cianelli (a very snub gent of the Noel Madison type) are in the former's apartment sitting on a divan. Tracy (you won't believe this but it's because he has to do it for the picture) has a drink in his hand. On the table are a clock of hers—occas—cheese, nuts, caviar, anchovies, what-not. Mr. Tracy is in a frock coat and gray-striped morning trousers. Hot diggity dog!

"It would seem" that up to now he has been a lawyer whose practice consisted largely in "springing criminals after they've been analyze enough."

"Is what I'm trying to say."

"Yes, it comes weary of the game. The town is crying for a clean-up. He says "Make me the district attorney and I'll clean 'em out."

"Nobody believes me, but I'll do it but he insists and he will so they put him up for election and that's the state of affairs when we pick him up at his apartment.

"If I ever did I what I've got on you?"

Cianelli threatens. "the juries you've fixed with my dough—"

As light, in the trays puts down his drink (momentarily) and offers him the dish of nuts.

"What are those?"

"Nuts!" says Tracy succinctly.

Mr. Cianelli smiles—but angrily, "Smart guy, hey?"

"Tracy puts down the nuts and picks up a plate of cheese, that he shoves right under Cianelli's nose.

"What's this?"

"Cheese," Lee smiles, "for a rat!"

"Remember this, Barry boy," Eduardo admonishes him as he rises and picks up his hat from a chair, "that springboard of yours is liable to be sawed right off in the middle—and you'll take a nose dive into a ditch."

"With this parting admonition he turns and goes out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Lee finishes his drink—but naturally—he
gins to remove his coat and starts for the rear of the apartment.

"How's it, toots?" I hear behind me. I glance around and there is none other than Jimmie Cagney grinning at me.

"Right in the pink," I come back snap
dily. And then my curiosity gets the better

"Rin Tin Tin."
of me. "What're you doing here?"
"Oh, just visiting around," says Jimmie airily waving his hand. As I try to follow the direction of his hand I see Mr. Frank McHugh. Mr. McHugh is the comedy interest and after you see him in "Three Men On A Horse" you'll agree R-K-O couldn't have supplied better comedy in time.

There being nothing more to see at this studio, I head for——

United Artists

ONLY one picture going over here that's a biggie—"You Only Live Once"—Walter Wanger's first production for this studio. Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney are the stars—only Sylvia isn't working today. But Henry is.

The set is a prison cell—in death row—where condemned men awaited their fate. Henry is the prisoner. I can tell by the gray shirt and gray trousers and felt slippers he wears.

"What are you in for?" I ask sympathetically.


"I know," I say soothingly. "But what are you supposed to have done."

"I'm supposed to have a bank," he informs me resignedly, "and killed a few people in the getaway. But be sure you emphasize that I'm only supposed to have done it for real. Framed. You can easily see," he goes on, "that I couldn't get out of the death house and go through the rest of the picture if I was really guilty."

They rehearse the scene once. Henry is supposed to be pacing back and forth, nervously, across the cell. Suddenly he stops and turns to Fritz Lang, the director. "I have a brilliant idea," he announces. "Remember in 'Once in a Lifetime' how they kept cracking eggs in the supper room? As I pace back and forth I keep cracking my knuckles. It's a very nervous gesture and we can dub the sound in later."

"No," Mr. Lang jokes. "I think it would be better if you'd keep biting off your fingers and snapping them out."

But Henry doesn't like that idea so finally they shoot the scene without any nervous gestures. Back and forth Henry paces. Suddenly he goes to the bars and regards Big Boy Williamson, the guard who is sitting outside reading a paper.

"I want to see my wife," he says.

"Too late," Big Boy snaps, looking up from his paper. "You're past your parole."

"Will you do me one favor?" Henry begs. "If it ain't against the rules." Big Boy eye's him.

"Will you tell my wife that I love her?" Henry implores him. "Say that I'm sorry I've acted like such an ass. You'll tell her that, Rogers, won't you? That's not against the rules."

I've seen Henry do scenes from three or four pictures and I never get over marveling how he keeps on going. The time he takes the take and then goes into a dramatic scene like this and plays it as though it was really his own life was living. That last take up at United Artists, let's see what's doing at——

Warner Brothers

IF I'VE been lucky at other studios this month it's by finding things fairly quiet. I alone for it here. There are just two pictures shooting. However, I think I'll solve the difficulty by telling you about "Another Dawn"—Kay Francis' latest—and "San Quentin"—with Humphrey Bogart—next month.

Of the others, the most gripping is "Justice After Dark." Ann Dvorak and John Litel have the leads in this. They're shooting almost the last scene in the picture. It is evidently a gangster film because the set is a courtroom and there are a number of spectators who look like roughnecks. Ann is the court stenographer and Litel is the prosecuting attorney. Stanley Fields is in the picture."

"You just mentioned Bob Terrill, Jacobs," Litel continues. "Do you know what happens when they put the noise around a fat neck like yours?"

"Yes," I answer. "I have an idea.

"And when Jeff (the finder) finds you been makin' up to a furriner," Pawley says slyly to Josephine, ignoring Marcia Mae. "I'll land you in another one."

Unobserved by Pawley, George re-enters the scene, tickets for the ferris wheel in his hand. He stands a little away from the others."

"You're nothing but a ——" Pawley froths. "You say it!" Josephine snaps, "if you want your fares back."

"Why, you——" Pawley shouts, himself.

He moves forward as if to strike her but George steps in, swings Pawley smoothly around and lets go a terrific, effete, soft sock from his waist level. The force of the punch spins Pawley and sends him sprawling a dozen yards away.

"Come on, children," George smiles to Josephine and Marcia Mae.

Another picture shooting out here is adapted from a book—an old favorite of mine—"Pennrod and Sam" by Booth Tarkington. Penrod (Billy Maugh, the young Anthony Adverse), leader of his neighborhood gang, was the checkout man at the bank of the banker who employs Billy's father (Frank Craven). In truth, Billy was defending Verman (Phillip Hurlieck) a little colored boy who was stealing from Verman's gang are juvenile G-men. Craven punishes Billy but condones his actions when he learns the truth. Gangsters, led by Craig Reynolds, rob the bank after a gun battle in which Verman's mother, Mildred Gover, is killed. She is lying there on the street, in
front of the school house, as we pick them up.

"Mommy! Mommy!" Verman cries in an agonized voice as he sees his mother lying there.

A woman leans down and leads him away as men take charge of the body. Billy and his friend, Sam (Harry Watson) edge into the scene.

"Mommy!" Verman sob broken heartedly, "I want my Mommy!"

"Don't cry, Verman," Billy says as he kneels down and puts his arm sympathetically around Verman's shoulders. "You gotta grit your teeth. His voice breaks.

"Remember you're a G-man."

Verman tries pathetically to grit his teeth and stop crying.

"That's right," Billy encourages him. "And smile—just a little."

Billy is a swell little actor but somehow, I have a hunch when this picture is previewed it is going to be his friend Sam (Harry Watson) who runs away with it.

The last picture out here is "Ready, Willing and Able." This features Ruby Keeler and Ross Alexander. The plot is too complicated to go into but Carol Hughes is doing a sort of snake hips dance and what I mean to say is, Gilda Gray in her palmiest days had nothing on it. That gal really turns loose and the wiggles fall where they may.

I stay on the set watching Carol as long as it's decent and then, to get my mind off things. I leave for—

Pathé

THERE'S ONE picture shooting out here (which I well knew when I came in). It's "Rainbow on the River"—a Principal

"I'm leaving," Bobby announces, seeing he's caught.

"Where do you think you're going?" Benita queries.

"I'm going back to Toinette (Louise)," Bobby says.

"Oh, no, you're not," Benita snaps. "The only place you're going back is to your room."

With that she grabs him by the arm and starts to drag him upstairs leaving Mowbray standing there, shaking his head.

Just at that moment the money Charles Butterworth (the butler) comes from the rear, carrying a candlestick.

"Alas, Laven," Charlie slutters to Benita, "I beg your pardon, but I wouldn't do that.

"How dare you talk to me like that?"

Benita fumes.

"I think you've done enough to this boy," Charlie informs her, standing his ground.

Well, May is roused by all the noise and comes in and for the first time in his picture career Charlie gets his wind up and tells all of them what he thinks of them. May sees the light, realizes how Benita and her family have been pulling the wool over her eyes ("Oh, you can't pull the wool over my eyes") kicks them out and takes Bobby down south to Louise. When she finds Bobby is really her grandson, she takes him north—and Louise along with them. Lucky day!

I want to say that my work this month seems to be no-better-ending. I still have three studies to cover, I suppose I might as well get it over with. Of the three, I'll start at—

Columbia

THERE are three pictures going over here. I guess the most important (to Columbia, anyhow) is "Interlude," starring Grace Moore Miss Moore (and this is another staggering blow under which I have to bear up) is not working today. She is an Australian opera singer who has overslazed her time limit in this country. She must either go home and come in again or go to Mexico and try to get an Australian quota number. When she gets to Mexico she finds she can't get another number for a year—which is all right with me, too. Some bright boy figures it out if she marries an American she can come in immediately and stay forever.

Cary Grant is a down-and-out artist in Mexico who can't meet his hotel bill, That's all right with me, too, and it doesn't worry Cary much because he seems to be drunk most of the time (in the picture). Grace and he meet and Cary draws a picture of her as she looks to him. When the picture is finished her face is a perfect blank.

But just now he has other troubles. He is lying on a divan in his room listening enraptured to a phonograph record when

Cary Grant relaxing in "Interlude." (Right) Enrico de Rossa.
The second picture over here is "Help Wanted—Female" with Jean Arthur and—believe it or not—George Brent. I stare goggle-eyed at George whom I had just left at Warners a short time before.

"I jumped from one studio to the other," he explains.

"You have committed a sacrilege," Cary yells, leaping off the divan and grabbing him by the shirt front. "You've drownd out the B-flat of an artist. Just for that, I won't pay you at all!" And with that he shoves De Rosas out of the door.

Jean Arthur turns her back and George Brent is perplexed. The picture is "Help Wanted—Female."

The hotel manager (Enrico De Rosas) bursts in.

"Hello, innkeeper," Cary greets him.

"Sit down and feast your soul's delight," De Rosas tells him. "I have come to see you about the bill, Senor." De Rosas notifies him lothily.

"Beautiful!" Cary mummurs, referring to the music of the restaurant.

"It will be beautiful when the bill is paid, Senor," Ricio states.

"I'm surprised at you, Innkeeper," Cary chides him. "How can you think of bills at a time like this?"

"I must think of bills," De Rosas persists. "I am running a business here."

"And running it badly—if you don't mind my saying so," Cary tells him off. "Oh, Enrico cuts in sarcastically, 'you do not like the service'"

"A successful manager doesn't annoy his guests about truffles," Cary tips him off.

And then Senor De Rosas really explodes.

"Oh! A trifle! He does not pay his bill," he announces to no one at all, "and it is a trifle! He passes the room madly for a moment. "I will not permit you to stay another minute! Not—no more—meant—!"

"Sssh!" Cary cautions him. "Hold it! Hold it! He's going to hit big B-flat—listen!" referring to the tenor on the phonograph!

"I do not care for your B-flat," De Rosas screams through the singing. "You are irresponsible, Senor. I will have you thrown out!"

"You have committed a sacrilege," Cary yells, leaping off the divan and grabbing him by the shirtfront. "You've drowned out the B-flat of an artist. Just for that, I won't pay you at all!" And with that he shoves De Rosas out of the door.

Jean Arthur and Ruth Donnelly (spinster sisters) run a secretarial school. They expect Dorothea Kent because, although she's attractive, she's too careless.

George is the editor of a health magazine. When business drops off at the school Jean is forced to take a job as George's secretary. One day she flares up and tells him both he and his job are dead—that instead of a health diet he needs a steel—and humanizing. They have one scrap after another until (after Jean has been made associate editor) George takes the expelled Dorothea as his secretary and not only that, he starts playing around with her—in a nice way, of course. That's too much. Jean resigns and goes back to the secretarial school.

George follows her there, disrupts a class and finally gets her outside the classroom where he can talk and urge her to come back.

"You asked for this," Jean squeals him. "So try to get it through your head. Come back and work for you! I should say not! Not in a thousand years! You're stubborn—and conceited—and selfish—and inconsiderate! And you're such a fool! I never want to see you again!"

That's the end of that scene. "Boy, did you give out in that one," I jeer at George, knowing he's only had one line to speak.

"Tasty, eh?" George grins imperceptibly. Shucks! You can't kid a guy who won't be kidded so Fannag Fanya and I move on to the next set. At least, it should have been the next set. "Women of Glamor" with Melvyn Douglas, Reginald Denny (tie here!) and Virginia Bruce have been working here all day but suddenly they've gone on location. So that's one I get out of covering, although I like them personally.

There being nothing else at Columbia, I transfer my activities to—
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UNIVERSAL

The first picture here is "Three Smart Girls" Alice Brady, Ray Milland, Charles Winninger and Binnie Barnes head the cast of this laugh-ridden thing since flashed their parts. So today they're shooting almost the opening scene of the picture. It isn't an important scene, and it's being long enough. I'm tired, I'm thirsty, and I'm hungry and I'm dirty. So I don't stop to chat and there's no sense giving you all the dialogue because, although it's very funny, it isn't particularly brilliant (it couldn't be in this particular scene) and, as I told you, the scene isn't very important.

"Top of the Town" is the next. This is about a beautiful, slightly ballyhooed heiress, the possessor of $50,000,000. The time is twenty-five years later. There's another one in this Moonbeam Roof on the roof. There's an orchestra in the Coral Cove in the basement (led by George Murphy) and there's another one in the Moonbeam Room. Gregory wants to lead the latter orchestra because that's the swank one. The heiress (Doris Nolan) is the niece of the man that bought the building. She wants to get into show business so George engages her to sing with his orchestra, figuring she or the uncles will immediately put him in their own, because of course they won't want her singing in the basement and breathing all that bad air.

The next morning the papers carry the announcement and George is rudely wakened from his slumber by his manager, the one and only Gregory Ratoff, pounding on his door.

"Come on, hurry up, get out of that bed," Gregory spatters as he enters with the newspapers.

"I thought it was an earthquake," George mumbles sleepily, "What's the matter?"

"There's an earthquake, all right," Gregory replies, "and you started it. Look at these," showing the papers at him.

As Gregory sits on the edge of the bed, Ratoff thrusts the papers at him. Gregory blinks as he reads them.

"How do you like that?" Gregory moans.

"Every morning paper in town.

George's eyes begin to widen (and they aren't big eyes, either) as he reads. "Say!" he shouts, "the Coral Cove is all over the front pages!"

"Do you mean what's that going to do to you?" Gregory yells angrily.

"Put me right into the Moonbeam Room," George chuckles.

"When I reshuffle here you'll be lucky to even be in the Coral Cove," Gregory hisses.

"Why? What's the matter?" George wonders inquiringly.

"I told you to leave everything to me!" Greg explodes. "The Bordens threaten to hang me if I don't keep her out of the "third business" and you come along!"

"Well, how was I to know?" George interupts defensively, "I thought it would help me win her!"

"We've got to do something—and do it quick," Gregory warns. "That's why I hired her. I can fire her."

"Uh-huh," Mr. Ratoff nods sarcastically. "And then she'll fix it so you'll never get into the Moonbeam Room."

A pretty kettle of fish, as you can easily see. But whether he stays in the Coral Cove or rises to the heights of the Moonbeam Room—or whether he ever works—it's all one and the same to me, the way I feel. You know the old saying, "Chicken one day, feathers the next."

Me? I'm sitting in the box-office at home and I'm on my way to it. See you next month.

FAME IN HOLLYWOOD

The new butler did not suit his mistress. "She's not like the boy he served, managed or marketed. "You don't seem to understand," she admonished, "this is a very formal position."

"All right, madame, I'm leaving," exclaimed the butler, "what you want is Arthur Trencher."

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BELIEVE IT OR NOT—In One Minute

Even the most stubborn itching of eczema, blotches, and scarring can be solved—permanently—by the WILFRED Way. Effective and quick results. Quick reactions to Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic F.D.D. Prescription. Blisters and scabbing on fingers, toes, and hands. Itches quickly to Drs. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic F.D.D. Prescription. Root-like corns. Soothes the irritated skin. Clear, germinless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 1½ fll bottle costs only 75c at drug stores, drug house, or money back. Ask for F.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.

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FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Dept. B-06, Rochester, N. Y.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER-BILE—Without Calomel—And You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated, which causes your liver to swell and you feel sour, sick and the world looks lunk.

A mere bowel movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile out of your system. You’ll feel free and make you feel “up and up.” Harmless, gently, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuses anything else. 25c at all drug stores.
Gladys Swarthout

S0 THIS is a new year! We hope it brings an invention or two into daily use. Inventions, nothing else, just inventions, have changed our way of living since the days when our forefathers and foremothers lived in caves. Take motion pictures, for instance, and that is what we were leading up to.

One day Deacon Hannibal Goodwin of Newark discovered how to make celluloid in tape form. His mixture changed to celluloid as it ran out so that he could make as long a ribbon as he wished. That was the birth of our movies, No Deacon, no movies.

Thomas A. Edison worked out the sprocket holes so that the pictures would not jump and soon the public could pay ten cents and see photographs that moved.

There were theatres to be built, studios to be started and actors to be hired, and so Mr. Zukor came along.

Adolph Zukor arranged to get the pictures made and distributed all over the world. That was twenty-five years ago and this is his jubilee month.

Short films of Western characters on horses, with chases, led to long films and famous performances.

The Famous Players organization began its forward march toward longer and better pictures in better theatres, and the movie show in an empty store with two flaming arcs outside slowly disappeared.

With what imagination the picture business was developed! What bravery and what valiant showmanship went into this growing art!

The newspapers began to print reviews of the movies and to recognize the public's interest in them. Motion picture advertising became increasingly important and the tremendous business of making and selling movies began to take its place—the fifth industry in America.

The Sarah Bernhardt picture was the first one Mr. Zukor distributed and now his company, to celebrate the occasion, is releasing "Champagne Waltz." Gladys Swarthout, grand opera singer, stars in this picture. And thus he passes another milestone.

Let us give him a long and lusty cheer as he goes down the road, for life has been much pleasanter because of Mr. Zukor.

Happy Jubilee to you all!
Even your best friend will be delighted to get a yearly subscription to SILVER SCREEN for Christmas and you'll be proud to give it!

Imagine! Twelve long months of Hollywood's highlights, the Romance and Glamor of the Screen World, fashions, gossip, news about pictures and players! It's the ideal Christmas present . . . and you save money!

$2 BUYS THREE ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTIONS

This is a special Christmas offer. Regularly, the price is $1 for each yearly subscription. So, take advantage of this bargain and give as many as you like . . . three . . . six . . . nine!

At no extra cost, we will send out handsome holiday cards announcing your gift. These will be mailed to arrive at just the right time. And then, SILVER SCREEN will follow for twelve long months!

USE THE COUPON BELOW! If you need more room, use a separate sheet of paper. BUT, GET YOUR ORDER OFF TODAY . . . NOW!
And I wish you many of them...

They Satisfy

© 1936, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
THE TREASURE OF THE FEW

Silver Screen

February

MOVIE MAGIC MAKES THEM GREATER
LISTERINE SAYS "Hurry-up"

to Nature's Healing Process

Feel chilly? Uneasy? With just a hint of rawness and tickle in the throat?
Do something about it, quick! before there is actual pain in swallowing.
Prompt action may prevent much needless suffering. Or hasten the healing process. Thus ending the cold or sore throat sooner.

Don't Treat Symptoms Get At the Cause

The irritated throat-surface is usually the result of infection by germs. Help the system in its fight to repel these germs by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic.

Every one of these surface germs which it reaches is almost instantly killed by full-strength Listerine. It destroys not only one type of germ, or two; but any and all kinds which are associated with the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat. And there are literally millions of such germs in the mouth.

The effect of Listerine is definitely antiseptic—NOT anesthetic. It doesn’t lull you into a feeling of false security by merely dulling the irritation in the throat. Listerine acts to check the infection, and so gives Nature a helping hand.

Additional precautions? Certainly. The Common Cold calls for common sense hygiene; plenty of fresh air, rest, and sleep; and regular elimination.

But gargle frequently with Listerine Antiseptic, several times a day at least. Many users report best results with gargling every hour. If the inflammation still persists, it is advisable to consult your doctor.

Fewer, Less Severe Colds Proved in Clinical Tests

Four years of carefully supervised medical tests established the clear-cut finding that those who gargled regularly with Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds . . . and got rid of them faster . . . than non-garglers.

This winter, why not make a test of your own case? Get a bottle of Listerine, the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste. Keep it handy in the medicine cabinet. Use it regularly.

Then see if your experience doesn’t check with that of millions who never accept anything but Listerine when they buy an antiseptic mouth-wash.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri

Even in the throats of healthy persons, disease-producing germs are found at all times. X-ray photographs of garglers indicate how Listerine Antiseptic, used as a gargle, reaches the germs on throat-surfaces.

Now a finer Cough Drop by LISTERINE
Wisely Medicated
How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... help keep your gums healthy with Ipana and Massage.

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

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

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

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

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

**IPANA**
Tooth Paste
The fragrance of her camellias intoxicated his senses...

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

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

Joan Crawford

DEAR BOSS:

I don't know what it is, maybe prosperity finally staggered around the corner or something, but all the movie stars are getting frightfully gay these days. You just can't count on a prima donna being prim any more. They do the most amazing things. Those beautiful Glamour Girls, who used to be quite content to stretch their chassis luxuriously over a chaise longue with yards and yards of chiffon, get awfully mad now unless the director lets them take at least one fall during the picture. As for the Wonder Boys, unless they can push around a lot of mugs and get all muddled up they won't play. Oh, I am sure nothing good will come of this.

Of course the biggest surprise was when Grace Moore, who, less than a year ago, pouted for weeks because Herr Von Sternberg asked her to milk a cow, decided to sing "Minnie the Moocher" in her newest picture, "Interlude," with gestures, yes, my dears, gestures. Wait until the Metropolitan hears about that.

And my poor eyes nearly popped out when I saw Joan Crawford, who used to say, "My deah, can't you, really— in the best English—" to the doctors, suddenly doing a drawing room tradition, dancing the bumps like a wild young thing in "Love on the Run." And excellent bumps too. Imagine my horror (but delighted horror) when the debonair and suave Mr. William Powell, always so immaculate, suddenly started floundering around in the water during that elegant fishing sequence in "Labeled Lady," making himself look utterly ridiculous. Dignity be damned, said Mr. Powell. And so said Melynn Douglas in "Theodora Goes Wild," as she smeared blackberries against his handsome face—yes, our Mr. Douglas who used to be so serious that you spoke to him in a whisper, when you had enough courage to speak to him at all. And Irene Dunne, who for years has been the "lady" of the screen, not only bit her finger nails in the same picture but ordered a straight whiskey and did the best slightly tight scene we've ever had on the screen.

In "After the Thin Man" the charming and discreet Myrna Loy gets herself locked up in the jug, and Madge Evans in "Piccadilly Jim" takes the most divine fall of them all. Even Madge who has been so sweet and proper.

No, nothing good will come of this I hope.
DEAR EDITOR:

We never know what beauty the players who once upon a time were photographed in palaces of luxury between their glorified screen appearances Where do they go to? You tell us.

Eileen Raymond.

St. Louis, Mo.

One we can account for anyway Gloria Swanson you will probably be in a stage play on Broadway—"Lovers Meeting." And see with her good luck.

To the Editor:

I read where "The Garden of Allah" grossed $8,400 the second week at the Music Hall in New York City. Do the people go to see the stars or to get familiar with the story from which the film is adapted, or to see the theatre?

Of course, I know the answer. They go for entertainment first of all and that means the story, background, and so on. But second, the public goes to see the players. We have seen them so often that they seem like old friends and it is a real pleasure to see them again.

That, in my expert opinion, is the answer to the mystery of star appeal.

Christine Webber
Ozone Park, L. I.

You enjoy the movies in proportion to your imagination.

Dear Editor:

Perhaps here is one bit of news you do not know. As a ticket agent I hear something new and then.

Bobby Breen's next picture, "Boy Blue," may have a musical score by Oscar Strauss. At any rate, Sol Lesser, the producer, has left for Vienna on the "Normandie."

Anthony Quinn, Tacoma, Wash.

We have had the pleasure of shaking Mr. Lesser's hand. To such men go our respect and admiration.

Dear Editor:

In the movie theatre that I go to they show double bills and some people do not like the custom. Of course it is more for the money. But we still have the very much admired newised, so why two feature pictures?

Speak Oracle!

Ed Gallen.
San Francisco, Calif.

If you enter the theatre when a picture is half over you spoil your enjoyment of the photoplay. If there are two pictures showing and you go in during the middle of one, at least you see the other as it should be seen.

Why does Irene Dunne change to comedy? Are there no more "Back Streets" or "Magnificent Obsessions?" I have read of comedians who wanted to play the melancholy Dane. Is it true that a star who has stirred the sympathies of millions, now yearns to bring laughter to those whose lives are spent in the lonely paths of serious reality?

I thought she was a real comedienne in "Show Boat." What I want to know is this: does that show greater ability on her part or does that indicate that she has slipped a bit?

Roy Jones.

New Orleans, La.

Anyone can be serious, in fact we are, but it takes a gifted artist to command your laughter.

Dear Mister Editor:

I have been a frequent visitor to the movie theatres and right now, because of the many simultaneous parachute jumpers that I saw in a news shot in Russia, I can visualize how an army can be placed in an enemy country to burn the cities and do damage. Also, because of "Lloyd's of London," I know an old English coffee house as though I had travelled abroad in a previous century. I learned about "Into the Valley of Death" from Errol Flynn's "Charge of the Light Brigade." "Mutiny on the Bounty" taught me the exciting story of Pitcairn Island, and my respect for Dr. Pasteur is a fixed part of my beliefs. (Now I know what pasteurized means.)

Louise Balcock.

Harrisburg, Pa.

Thanks for your letter. You show how the movies have really advanced.

Write A Letter To This Page. Say What You Think, Provoke Discussion, Proclaim Your Beliefs.
The thrilling romance team of "Champagne Waltz" take time off from work to tour Hollywood in a hansom cab. (By the way, the critics all tell us "Champagne Waltz" is the best picture either one of these stars has ever made)
A SMART HAIR "DO"

Girls Who Are Photographed Every Day Wear Coiffures That Are Becoming.

By Mary Lee

That "inverted curl" brushed up from each of Madge's ears is one of fashion's latest wrinkles. And those two soft rolls in back are as smart as they are easy to arrange. The center part is getting more and more popular. Note the smoothness on top and the absence of formal waves.

For gay, formal evenings, Madge wears more curls. She keeps the straight center part, with elongated ringlets in an interesting arrangement around her face—an other version of the "inverted curl." And she wears a row of straight up-and-down curls across the back of her head.

In the new hair styles, waves are conspicuously lacking. When they are used, they're only incidental to the rest of the hairdress. Curls and waves and soft rolls take first place. Hair is done so it can be mussed up (by you or somebody else) and then brushed back into place with the greatest of ease. Personally, we have no regrets when we say adieu to those set waves and tiny formal ringlets that needed frequent repairs at a beauty shop and a net to keep them in place overnight.

On their way back to naturalness, hair styles have taken some very radical changes in their stride. For instance, there's the high-in-front vogue, with curls or rolls or pulls rising up from your forehead. It's still smart to show your forehead, if you have a good one. However, the curled up kind of bangs and little ringlets across your forehead are good style. Show your ears, entirely or in part.

Bobs are both long and short. If you wear your hair short in back, the smartest arrangement is a swirl brushed up from a side-part. You can do more interesting things with your hair, though, if you have two or three inches at the back of your neck to play with. The important thing about a long bob is to have the ends cut unevenly so they will stay in curl.

One of the latest innovations is an ear-to-car part all the way across the top of your head. This is used when you want to bring hair forward to arrange it in ringlets over your forehead or those uprising rolls or curls. For instance, we saw a hairdresser using an ear-to-car part where one continuous soft roll outlined the forehead and was carried all the way around the head, low in back. The girl's hair was absolutely smooth inside the circle.

Stalnag's part at the back of one's head are smart, too. And some of the new coiffures seem to change the entire shape of your head. There's one that makes your head look triangular. One large curl at the center front is turned forward so its tip lightly brushes your forehead. This is bal-

---

From the center part moulded curls are brushed back from either side of Madge Evans' face, giving an upward sweeping effect, while the back is curled in even double rows, giving a halo effect.

WED like to give Hollywood the credit it deserves for bringing common sense back to hair styles. All through these years when elaborate hair styles have been coming over from Paris, the stars have just gone ahead and worn their hair the way they wanted it to and in arrangements they know are becoming to them. Most of them have lovely, well-groomed hair to start with, and the way they wear it is surprisingly simple. Now the newest American hair styles stress simplicity, naturalness and arrangements that will show off the beauty of the hair itself. Orchids to Hollywood for bringing this about, say we!

The hair that frames the classic face of Madge Evans, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featured player, is arranged so simply any girl could do her own the same way. Yet the hairdress Madge wears in the pictures on this page is newest of the new!
aned by two large rolls, starting from a soft brushed-up effect over your ears and extending diagonally down the back to meet a slanting part at the neck-line.

These new hair styles may sound complicated because they're so different from the ones we've been wearing. But actually, they're much easier to arrange and keep neat than the formal waves and many ringlets. It's hard to set good waves yourself, but it's easy to make loose curls and rolls.

The "inverted curl" is the secret for making these new hair arrangements look soft, smooth and natural. You make inverted curls by winding the coil inward toward the scalp instead of outward toward the face as it's usually been done.

Personally, we find bobby pins ideal for making these curls. You simply take a strand of hair, dampen it with warm water and smooth it out with your comb. Then wind it around into a little coil and stick in your bobby pin so it will hold the coil flat against your head.

Then when your hair's dry, comb or brush the curls over your finger to make them any size or shape you want. You can make them go sidewise or up-and-down or diagonally according to the angle at which you hold your finger. Or you can comb several together into a long roll.

One of the biggest advantages of these new hair styles is that the more you brush the better! Brushing is good for everybody's hair. And it will make those loose waves or rolls smoother and shinier and better inclined to snap back into place.

Unless you're blessed with naturally curly hair, a good permanent wave is the foundation for a successful coiffure. I mean by "good" a wave that is just right for your hair, neither too much nor too little. You simply can't have kinks this year. Know what kind of a permanent wave you are getting and be sure the pads and lotion are the ones supplied by the manufacturer of the machine. And, unless you're sure the operator knows your hair, it's wise to insist upon a test curl.

Don't let any operator tell you that all fine hair is alike and proceed to wave it accordingly. There are two types of fine hair, one which waves very easily and one that takes more heat. Neither is all coarse hair alike when it comes to permanent waves. A good operator can tell by feeling your hair what type it is and how it should be waved, but a test curl is the best insurance.

New Titles For
NEW PICTURES

"Help Wanted Female" (Jean Arthur) has been changed to ........... "More Than A Secretary"

"The Depths Below" (Dolores Del Rio) has been changed to .... "Devil's Playground"

"Peach Edition" (Michael Whalen) has been changed to ............ "Woman Wise"

"No Hard Feelings" (Glenda Farrell) has been changed to "Smart Blonde"

"Justice After Dark" (Ann Dvorak) has been changed to ............ "Midnight Court"

New for FEBRUARY 1937

READERS OF "INAMO" WILL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT "AMAZING NEW FREDERICS WIRELESS PERMANENT USES NO HARMFUL CHEMICAL HEAT—NO INTENSE ELECTRICAL HEAT—NO HAIR-PULLING WIRES"

FOR YEARS women have shrunk from the terrors of Chemical Heat—from the discomforts of electrical machines with heavy hair-pulling gadgets. But this is a nightmare of the past. Frederics Wireless Wave has robbed permanent waving of all its terrors. Today, feather-light, pre-heated aluminum wavers are put on to cool off—not heat up. Quickly—magically—comfortably—your straight hair is coaxed into beautiful, soft, lustrous waves—so alluring—so enduring and so easy to manage that you will think you really have naturally curly hair.

Send your name and address to E. Frederics, Inc., 235-247 East 45th Street, New York City and we will rush you the names of Frederics Franchise Shopowners in your neighborhood who are qualified and equipped to give the new Frederics Wireless Permanent.
WHAT AN
AWFUL
HEADACHE!

- Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.

BORN TO DANCE—Fine. An elaborate musical with all the trimmings, a plot that is actually amusing, and a cast that does its justice. Eleanor Powell is the vivacious dancee, aided by Buddy Ebsen, and the Silversteins, Una Merkel and Jimmy Stewart, provide plenty of comedy.


COME AND GET IT—Splendid. An entertaining film adapted from Elia Kazan's story of the timber business in Northern Wisconsin and what it did for, and to, Barney Glasgow who rose from humberjack to a position of great power and wealth in the industry. Edward Arnold is superb as Barney and Walter Brennan and Frances Farmer turn in admirable performances.

COUNTERFINT LADY—Fair. Interesting film fare for a dual program. It tells the story of Ralph Bellamy, a detective, who poses as a jewel thief in order to protect a large jewelry insurance company. Joan Ferry is the romantic lure.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN—Fine. Taken from the stage hit, "Personal Appearance," this farce concerning a motion picture star is red meat for Mae West. Helping along the plot of this memorable are Randolph Scott, Warren William, Isabel Jewell, Lyle Talbot, etc.

GREAT O'MALLEY—Interesting. The story of a New York woman who believes in carrying out the law's precepts to the letter of the word, thereby causing much heartache among the unfortunate. A denunciation convinces him that justice without mercy is not justice at all. (Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, Sybil Jason.)

HAPPY GO LUCKY—Good. The locale is Shanghai and we have a round mixture of melodrama and comedy when Philip Reed, a song and dance man, is mistaken for Evelyn Venable's long-lost sweetheart. He carries off the pretense, thereby aiding her when she and her father are threatened by conspirators.

JUNGLE PRINCESS, THE—Good. All loyal supporters of the various Tarzan films will enjoy this. Instead of a boy growing up alone in the African jungle, with animals for playmates, we find a girl growing up in similar fashion in the Malay jungle. (Dorothy Lamour.)

LOYDS OF LONDON—Excellent. A skillfully woven action idea is blended with the actual story of the founding of the famous English insurance house in the 18th century. Lord Nelson's unexpected victory at Trafalgar provides one of the most dramatic incidents. (Tyson Power, Madeleine Carroll, Freddie Bartholomew.)

LOVE ON THE RUN—Fair. All about a rich American heiress (Joan Crawford) who runs out on her marriage to a fortune hunting nobleman and hops off to the continent with Clark Gable, not knowing that he is a married reporter. Franchot Tone, another reporter, complicates matters still further.

(above) Pat O'Brien and James Cagney at the Tin Wedding Anniversary Party of Sue and Chet Morris. Sue says, "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

MORE THAN A SECRETARY—Fine. An airy romantic comedy featuring Jean Arthur and George Brent in their respective roles as head of a secretarial school and physical culture magazine health district. An ace-high supporting cast is headed by Ruth Donnelly, Lionel Stander and Regis Toomey.

MAD HOLIDAY—Amusing. Another carbon copy of the "Thin Man" type of mystery, with Edmund Lowe and Elissa Landi quite delightful in their respective roles of black movie star and a writer who are confronted with a mysterious murder on their sea trip.

PIGSKIN PARADE—Fine. A football picture that is packed hilarious and will not bore you even if you don't know a touchdown from a forward pass. Jack Haley, Patsey Kelley, Stu Erwin and Arline Judge.

RERBRAUD—Excellent. A well-written biography of the famous 17th century Dutch portrait painter, Rembrandt van Rijn, beautifully photographed and produced, and with Charles Laughton playing the lead to perfection. (Gertrude Lawrence and Elsa Lanchester.)

REUNION—Fair. This is not nearly as enjoyable as the first film exploiting those marvelous Quins. The film is taken up by so many contrived sentimentalized plots and counter-plots that the children are seen all too little. (Jest Hersholt, Helen Vinson, Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen, Rochelle Hudson, Slim Summerville.)

SMART BLONDE—Fair. A wise-cracking mystery film with Glenn Ford cast as a reporter who spends most of his time following Detective Burton MacLane around hunting clueless, during which time each tries to outwit the other.

SONG OF THE GRINGO—Fair. The new Westerns are as full of hitting songs sung by the romantic cowboys as they once were full of wild chases over hill and dale in search of the dead-eyed villain. Perhaps the kids would relish a return to the old formula. They prefer excitement to romance. (Tex Ritter-Joan Woodbury.)

THEODORA GOES WILD—Excellent. A smart-paced comedy about a small-town novelists with inhibitions who suddenly blossoms into such a hell-skelter modernist that she amazes her comparatively staid New York publishers. (Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas.)

WHITE HUNTER—So-so. The somewhat familiar story of the hunted Englishman who finds solace in the African jungle, only to be disturbed by a visit from the woman who did him wrong, accompanied by her husband and daughter. He repays her by falling in love with her daughter. Recognize the plot? (Warner Baxter, Gail Patrick, Jane Lane.)

WINTERSET—Excellent. A beautifully produced and superbly acted film, but because the theme is sombre in the extreme, dealing with the vindication, sixteen years later, of a man electrocuted for murder, it will not appeal to a large audience. (Burgess Meredith-Margo.)

Tips On Pictures
Reviews in Brief

FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.

Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No gripping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—young and old.
Lyrics — Again Warner Bros. steal the film spotlight with a streamlined musical as smart as the "Queen Mary"—as modern as the "China Clipper"—returning radio's romantic hero to the screen in a rollicking riot of rhythm and roars.

Laughter — It's like a holiday in a madhouse—with the craziest comedy cast ever corralled in a single straight-jacket running wild on all eighteen floors and the bargain basement of a big city department store.

Lunatics — Zasu as the last rose of leap year and Hughie as the Hammerschlay quadruplets (pronounced Cuckoo Cuckoo) are only two of the milder cases in this nuthouse set to music—by Harry Warren and Al Dubin.

Love — Ask any lovely lady if Patricia isn't striking a real bargain when she sells her heart for a song—as Jimmy pours vocal magic into the rhythmic hit, "The Little House That Love Built."

"SING ME A LOVE SONG"

Plus These Other Stars—
NAT PENDLETON
ANN SHERIDAN • HOBART CAVANAUGH

And These Other Songs—
"THAT'S THE LEAST YOU CAN DO FOR A LADY"
"SUMMER NIGHT" • "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO"

Lyrics and Music by HARRY WARREN & AL DUBIN
A Cosmopolitan Production • A First National Picture
Directed by RAYMOND ENRIGHT

For this joyous entertainment that so easily romps away with picture honors this month—thanks are due to

Warner Bros.

for February 1937
Fit An Adjective
To These Stars

Select The Words That Seem To
You To Describe The Players Best.

THE producers and the fan writers of Hollywood move or less agree on the question: "What does each star mean to the public?" Now we want to hear from the public itself, and in order to fire you with ambition, certain prizes will be given to the persons who label the stars most perfectly.

LABEL THE PLAYERS

What adjectives in your opinion best describes these stars?

For example: There are players who are well known for the apparent sincerity that they give to their roles. Others are "Exotic" or "Smart" or "Comical" or "Beautiful" or "Subtle" or "Aristocratic," or perhaps none of these.

WHAT WORD DOES EACH SUGGEST?

The stars play in picture after picture, in roles of all kinds, yet always there is one certain kind of part that seems to best come within the peculiar characteristics of their skill. Perhaps they are sparkling or vivid. Maybe they are sympathetic or menacing. Think over the parts in which you have seen them and then think up the word that most suitably describes each player.

PROMPT REWARDS

The contest prizes will be sent to the winners soon after the contest closes; that is early in January.

Fill in the adjectives in the spaces on the coupon so that the word is in the space with the name of the actress whom the word describes.

HOW THEY VARY

Some girls are particularly good in parts requiring the glamor and style; of radiant beauties, and other stars have made themselves known for their skillful portrayals of characters marked with tragedy. Select the word that defines the outstanding quality revealed on the screen.

CRITICIZE IF YOU WISH

If, in your opinion, the star fails to create any convincing character qualifications, then she is commonplace or unsympathetic. Have no hesitancy in criticizing these players if you feel that anyone of them has fallen short.

CONDITIONS

1. The prizes will be awarded for the adjectives which in the opinion of the judges most perfectly fit the stars.
2. All entries must be in the mail not later than February 5th, 1937.
3. The adjectives must be entered on the coupon below and neatness will be considered.
4. In case of a tie, prizes of equal value will be awarded to the tying contestants.
5. Employees of this company or their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED AS FOLLOWS:

First Prize—For the ten best adjectives $10.00
Second Prize—For the ten adjectives judged second in merit 5.00
Twenty-five Third Prizes—For the next best selection of adjectives 1.00

Shirley Temple
Irene Dunne
Joan Crawford
Joan Blondell
Claudette Colbert
Ginger Rogers
Greta Garbo
Mae West
Myrna Loy
Katharine Hepburn

Contest Editor, Silver Screen,
45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

When awarding the prizes please consider the adjectives which I have placed on this coupon.

(NAME)

(ADDRESS)

(CITY AND STATE)
SPEWER TRACY had to have the hairdresser use the curling iron on his hair twice a day during the early sequences of "Captains Courageous"—then it was once a day for awhile—and now he doesn't need the curling iron at all and is frightened still that the curl won't come out.

IF YOU are interested in Bob Taylor's personal habits—and I just bet you are—he drinks twenty cups of coffee a day. And he won't touch milk.

ONE of the most embarrassing moments in Myrna Loy's life occurred the other afternoon when she was visiting her new house in Gold Water Canyon and got stuck in the mud on the new road in front of the house. They had to get a mule team to pull her and the car out—and, of course, just as the mules were pulling, some tourists arrived. Myrna hopes they didn't have candid cameras.

Which reminds us of the tity premiere that Marlene Dietrich and Joe von Sternberg once attended at the Chinese in Joe's spiffy Rolls. With all of Hollywood looking on and dozens of stars yammering for their cars, Joe's Rolls broke right down in front of the theatre and wouldn't budge an inch. A taxi had to push Miss Dietrich out of the way.

MIRIAM HOPKINS, who collects celebrities like some people collect stamps, became very pale with the eccentric Gertrude Stein while she was in Europe this past fall. Miss Stein claims that Miriam taught her the art of make-up and that the next time she visits America she is going to show the newsteel boys a thing or two.

The most fun Miriam says that she had on her recent European tour was when she tried to get back into England after a visit to France. She lost her passport and the immigration officials were all for establishing her identity as a spy. "When I told them I was Miriam Hopkins, screen star," said Miriam with a laugh, "they didn't seem at all interested. In fact they told me that they had never heard of Miriam Hopkins, screen star. I guess they told me.

JEANETTE MacDONALD and Gene Raymond have announced that their wedding will take place June 17th in Hollywood, probably at a church. After the ceremony they expect to take a honeymoon in Honolulu. They don't want one of these off-to-Yuma marriages where they have to go back to the studio to work the next day. And June the 17th seems to be the earliest that they can both get away from their studios at the same time.

TAKING no chance on a thief's breaking in while she is away from her Hollywood home, Eleanor Powell has put her hundred tap dancing slippers in a vault in a local bank.

WHAT Elinor Glyn once called IT Sam Goldwyn now calls "habit-forming personality." He considers that Robert Taylor and Merle Oberon are habit-forming personalities and he is determined to discover several new habit-forming personalities this year. With "Come and Get It" he precipitated Frances Farmer, practically an unknown, right into stardom, but, unfortunately for Mr. Goldwyn, Frances happened to be under contract to another studio which will reap the rewards. And, like many another producer, right now Goldwyn is looking to the New York stage and night clubs for those new personalities.

FROM actor to director to agent—yes, we might say that little Maggie Sullivan has just about run the gamut of the theatre in her marriages. Henry Fonda, her first, has become one of Hollywood's most popular leading men. Since he directed her in "The Good Fairy," William Wyler, husband number 2, has gone from good to best as a director and is now so hot that Sam Goldwyn has him on a long-term contract at a terrific salary.

Leland Heyward, her newest husband, also happens to be her agent, and is one of the richest agents in Hollywood. Katharine Hepburn is his biggest client and, as you probably remember, he was rumored married to her all of last year—they were always getting on and off planes together. Well, it's kind of nice to have Maggie settled again for a while anyway. She was always about to remarry Henry Fonda or Wiley Wyler, and it was all very disconcerting to the columnists.

JANET GAYNOR did an impersonation of Simone Simon in "A Star Is Born" that's so perfect it probably will be taken out of the film before you see it. By the way, that's one of the popular pastimes in Hollywood now, imitating Simone Simon. But Janet's is the best. Connie Bennett's is the second best. Well, those two girls ought to be good, they made a picture with her not so long ago.

ANOTHER hot romance that's sizzling plenty at the Clover Club and Trio across these nights is that of Gertrude Niesen and Craig Reynolds. Gertrude, who has been acclaimed by many, including Mr. O. O. McLaughry, as the best of the torch singers has been signed on a Universal contract by way of the "Follies" and New York week night clubs. You'll be seeing her soon in "Top of the Town." When Gertrude sings, nothing else really matters. It's that good.

ACCORDING to Travis Banton, he who makes Dream Girls out of the Paramount stars, those little peaked caps that have been so smart this past fall and early winter have just about seen their day. The new hats, says Travis, are big, broad-brimmed, shallow-crowned affairs which depend entirely upon the ability of the wearer to adjust them smartly. Of the twenty-five hats that Carole Lombard wears in her new picture, "Swing High, Swing Low," only one of them has an illusion of height.

In harmony with St. Valentine's Day, Tala Birell in the arms of Walter Pidgeon in a scene from "She's Dangerous."
At the "Tree" some sit and think, some sit and drink and some just sit.

![Image]

**LIFE IS LIKE THAT**

In Hollywood a New York Artist Observes The Curious Picture Folks

Written and Illustrated by

Oscar Howard

YOU want to know all about Hollywood.

That's an order. Unless one has been there since the first custard pie was thrown, what does one know about it? I, myself, only spent a few months out there, on the fringe of things. I know how you feel about the place. A real life Cinderella story occurs every day. From the small town to riches and fame in one jump. The court royal of the country—the dreamland of half the world.

I don't know anything about it, but I will tell all. Did you ever wonder why all these actors and writers and such come back wailing and cursing about the place? They have been paid for whatever they did, more money than they ever expected to collect in a lifetime. But they scream that the place is mad. It's dull.

The incessant sunlight gets 'em.

I remembered that line when I drove up to a traffic cop, in boots and slicker, standing thigh deep in running water and a blinding rain by the Santa Anita race track. He waved me away from my route to Hollywood, down which ran a brown torrent. Cars were turned and stalled in all directions and the stump of a tree was moving in checks and walks down the centre of the stream. I had to go through Los Angeles. That is like driving on the Boston Post Road through Stamford, Conn., forever and ever and ever. It rained for two weeks and then the weather got back to normal.

"What's that like?" I don't know. I went to Miss Irene Dunne's house with her press agent to make a portrait sketch. When we arrived she was undergoing publicity. A camera crew was taking a home life picture of Miss Dunne playing with her police dog in the garden. She was standing under an orange tree. Golden fruit gleamed above her. A mocking bird sang in the branches. By the way, did anyone ever tell you that there are three pairs of mocking birds in every Hollywood doorway. They sing all day and all night? The beautiful lady was wearing a heavy tweed suit. The man at the crank of the camera had on a heavy winter overcoat with his collar turned up around his ears. One of his helpers was in a plain shirt and pants, his collar undone, his sleeves rolled up. Another wore a heavy flannel shirt and a leather coat suitable for hunting in the mountains. There was also a fat man in a blue polo shirt and white pants. Make a sketch of that and you arrive at a perfect what-is-wrong-with-this-picture. Was it winter, summer, warm or cool? Every one was comfortable as far as I know.

When the camera crew had packed and gone, Miss Dunne went to rest between pictures and in the Languorous Green Spot Cafe he relaxes with the cattlemen's daughters.

Walter Abel goes to Victorville to rest between pictures and in the Languorous Green Spot Cafe he relaxes with the cattlemen's daughters.
There is a lot of the old Spanish fiesta spirit loose around Hollywood, crossed with publicity. It is slightly mad and full of whims, for instance, a recent rumor has it that white butterflies were once all the rage but now are being done. The girls' hair must be parted in the middle. It's the influence of Mrs. Simpson. She makes women in the cinema world do the right things.

We were trying to tell you where they live. Every yard and street in Hollywood is lined with strange trees. Once this locality was a desert, growing a crop of low scrubby brush and the afore-mentioned rattlesnakes. Now all that has changed. The world will grow. Spring blossoms and Autumn flowers in bloom at the same time. Consequently Park Avenue types of apartment houses, like the Chateau Elise, rise from rows of date palms and are surrounded by flowering trees from only-the-gardener-knows what tropical lands. The more luxurious hotels have on their signboards: "Bungalows for rent."

Some young men who work for the pictures can return home from dancing and be fished by rest of singing birds and the doves calling in the dawn and the sound of nodding blossoms.

E. L. H.; Griffith, the director, has a house at Laguna in a ravine, seventy feet above a blue-green, foam-laced, private cove of the Pacific ocean. Sometimes a seal swims around to look up at his terrace. Brown pelicans fly past the opening between his cliffs.

Beyond them is the blue Pacific, all the way to China. He gets enough peace there to be able to direct four lady stars in one picture called "Ladies in Love" without bloodshed.

There may be a whole mob of famous and optically familiar faces doing lunch or dinner at the Ritz or the Brown Derby or the Trocadero. You can go there and peer about in the way at least three tables (full of tourists) will be doing and see no recognizable actor or actress. The accompanying sketch made in the Trocadero cocktail room contains some fair portraits of what was before me.

The funny looking bird brooding in the foreground may have been a merchant from Michigan or a great producer for all I know. Brood is all he did while he was there. He held a throbbing brain and nervous system together with various poses of his hand and spoke no word to the gal friend. I have a hunch that man on the far left was an actor. He was there with his sister for all I know. The blonde and her boy friend at the bar may or may not have been in pictures. Someone told me that one of the men standing at the left-hand end of the bar was an agent making more from the movies than an actor because he got a percentage of their salaries from several of the highest paid actors and actresses.

The other sketch was made in a cafe around the corner on Vine Street. The lad who was with me, and who devises those short pictures that make you want to go to next week's attraction at the Fine Arts Theatre, knew most of Hollywood. He said the blonde might have been a dancer or a visitor or a local gal. The men were musicians or lion tamer as far as he knew.

People don't dress up much in Hollywood. You would want your evening clothes if you left that cocktail room at the Trocadero to go upstairs. [Continued on page 76]
Is He a Stuffed Shirt?

Bob Taylor Is Put To The Test When He Visits His Home Town.

By Muriel Babcock

Bob, Taylor, a stuffed shirt? Has Hollywood and the adoration of thousands of women gone to the head of the kid who was brought up simply in the Middle West prairie country?

That's the question Beatrice, Nebraska, the home town, was asking about Bob until recently. They remembered that his dad, the doctor, was a pretty regular sort of a guy, that his mother was well liked and that as a kid Bob used to toe the mark.

But what had happened to him in Hollywood? Had his three-year sleigh ride to fame and to a Rudolph Valentino-Romeo reputation swollen the upper cranial regions of young Arlington Brugh?

Had he gone high hat or tailor's dummy? Certainly they expected some of the hay seed had been combed out of his hair and that he would have some new suits of clothes. They'd even heard he'd given his mother a diamond bracelet—but what about Bob, himself. What kind of a fellow was he? Could Nebraska be proud of him as a man?

And so Bob went home and took the acid test from those who knew him "when." It was an epochal trip. Schools closed, stores closed, seven bands turned out. Whistles blew and bells rang. All work and all play stopped for the welcome. Bob was put in an open touring car and driven Lindbergh-fashion through the town to bow and wave to his friends. Undergraduates at Doane College, where Bob once studied, put on a serpentine parade two miles long. The National Guard had to be called out to help the police!

But of that, more details later! The most important and the most interesting thing was the way Bob answered by his demeanor, once and for all, the question which all Nebraska had been asking—"Has Bob Taylor Turned Into a Stuffed Shirt?"

You want to know the answer? All right, here it is in the form of a front page editorial printed the day he left, in the home town paper, The Beatrice Sun. It says:

"Has it gone to his head? This was the first question in the minds of many who thronged the streets to wave and shout a welcome to the returning hero: ... He had not slept for twenty-four hours. He turned the clock of welcome with shows of greeting. He appeared twice at the theatre and recalled his previous appearances on the stage and quiet, modestly. He talked in Junior High School, and recalled that he was in the first classes to meet in that building. He was tired. But he had dinner with old friends, met others at a reception mingled with the crowd at the dance, chatted, talked with hundreds until long after midnight. And he called it one of the fullest days of his life, He did not want to waste a minute of it."

"The many who talked with him were almost of one opinion—Robert Taylor, in Beatrice at any rate—is still Arlington Brugh. It has not gone to his head. He has lost much of the shyness Beatrice once knew. The constant glare of the limelight would do that to anyone. He has acquired a trace of the professional air. Two years spent before the camera have made him an experienced professional actor. But underneath he is the same. Hearing the original song of welcome by the legions quartet, a deep blush broke through all sleek exteriors. The dandies smiled and were glad they had been wrong. This opinion was heard a hundred times. 'The boy has not lost his balance.'"

I think that editorial is really one of the most wonderful things that has hap-

(Above) An informal snapshot of Bob in Hollywood, where life is easy and the prospects good. (Below) Saying good-bye at the plane that took him to his old home.
pened or will happen to Bob in a lifetime. It stands squarely on its own feet and talks for itself.

If Bob had turned out a swell-head, if he had gone prancing into Nebraska with condescending airs, if he had talked foolishly about all the beautiful women in Hollywood who paid him court, if he had done any one of a number of things he might have done, those Nebraskans would have had his number instantly.

For somehow, out in the Middle West, particularly in the prairie country where the winters are bleak and where life is not only real but pretty earnest and your very existence depends upon what the farmers get for their corn and wheat this year, you get down to fundamentals. You can spot tailors' dummies and slickers a mile off: you can spot insincerity and pomp and false pride in a second.

So they looked at Bob and they decided Dr. Brugh's boy had come home and he was still a nice guy. Yeah, a reigning Romeo who had made a lot of money, more power to him, but he was their Bob Taylor, wasn't he?

I don't think Bob realized he was up against such a severe and thorough-going scrutiny by the home folks when he went back to Beatrice on this visit, ostensibly to help his grandma, Mrs. Eva Stanhope, celebrate her 80th birthday. He realized that folks would be looking him over, watching him, but I don't believe it entered his head that he was suspected of having turned into a stuffed shirt. He was just going back home where he'd been brought up. His reception floored him.

For example, when I talked to him on the plane going back to Hollywood the next morning and asked how he felt, he said:

"Gosh, those are the greatest people in the world. They are my home town folks. I love 'em. I'd like to go back there and live. They were wonderful to me."

There's a world of significance in those words: "They were wonderful to me." The Nebraska folks thought Bob had been wonderful to them, Bob thought they had been wonderful to him. That's mutual liking and respect.

How do I know all about this reception Bob received. Well, I had my personal ear-splitting echoes of the cheering. (And from what I heard I wouldn't be surprised if they are still yelling and clamoring for Bob back in Nebraska.) Aboard a United [Continued on page 33]

(Above) Working with Garbo makes anyone feel important. (Right) An old snapshot of the hero as boy scout Paul Revere.

When Nebraska played Missouri Bob Taylor escorted Mrs. Weeks and Mrs. Spiv Eyth, and the cheering stadium did not upset him a bit.
The Players Who Are Called To Hollywood Find There A New And More Remarkable Self.

By Ed Sullivan

SKETCHES BY JAMES TREMBATH

Silver Screen

MARGARET SULLAVAN's personal triumph in the Broadway play, "Stage Door," is a personal triumph for the oft-aligned motion picture industry, but the movies, instead of bragging about this complete vindication of Coast training methods, have completely overlooked the opportunity to take credit for it. Let's look at the record, as a lately-discredited statesman was wont to remark.

The record shows that in 1933 Margaret Sullavan played supporting parts in two Broadway stage plays, "Chrysalis" and "Bad Manners." These two shows played a total of 31 performances, and she was thrown out of work and into Hollywood.

Now, and here is the important part—for the next three years, Margaret Sullavan remained in Hollywood, before the cameras, and in 1936, she not only returned to Broadway stages as a full-fledged star, but every dramatic critic pointed out in their reviews that her picture work had given her greater authority as an actress. This is not the verdict of one critic, or two, but every single critic who saw the opening night of "Stage Door" agreed that in the three years spent away from Broadway, Margaret Sullavan had learned to act better than she'd ever known how to act before.

Hollywood should have seized upon this admission immediately and thrown their hats in the air. For years, the Coast has been told that if it were not for the New York stage, Hollywood would be bankrupt of talent. But the case of Margaret Sullavan is a repudiation of all these assertions, for the Margaret Sullavan who left Broadway in 1933 was just a fair young actress; the girl who returned after three years in Hollywood was a fine star. It is the most important and grudging admission the harshest of the legitimate stage ever have made, and I say that the Coast should ring the bells and drive home the point for all the world to hear. Hollywood as a training ground for the Broadway theatre is a completion of the cycle, an unheard-of thing that would have been laughed out of countenance years ago. But it has happened, with a vengeance. For the movies "made" Margaret Sullavan, gave her better direction, greater facility of gesture, greater authority in delivering her lines, and then sent her back to the stage as a finished illustration of the soundness of movie direction and technical instruction in the art of acting.

It is the movie's turn to laugh now, and the last laugh is reputedly the heaviest. Remember what the drama critics said when Katharine Hepburn, after her moving picture success, returned to the Broadway stage and flopped in "The Lake"? In case you have forgotten, the critics seized upon the Hepburn performance, and held it up as an illustration of how Hollywood methods ruined a promising young actress. The legitimate theatre supporters raised up their eyes to Thebes, and invoked all manner of dire maledictions on the movies which could do such a thing. Their complaints were not without foundation. Miss Hepburn, unlike Miss Sullavan, was made a movie star overnight. Miss Hepburn, who had much to learn, was denied the opportunity because she was immediately recognized as a box-office personality, and thus was vaulted into the star brackets. When she came back to Broadway, she actually knew little more about acting than when she left. "The Lake" proved it, just as "Stage Door" proved that Margaret Sullavan's less spectacular progress through Hollywood had taught her much.

And while we are on the subject of what Hollywood has done for Margaret Sullavan, let us consider what the Coast has done for the Ritz Brothers and the Yacht Club Boys. These were just two night club acts on Broadway, Hollywood lifted them out of minor classification and made them internationally famous. The Ritz Brothers didn't mean a thing to the so-called astute New York managers. I tried, for almost a year, because I was convinced they were able comics, to get them placed in a Broadway night club or show, without success. They played with me whenever I took one of my acts into vaudeville, but apart from those occasions, they had difficulty in getting employment, apart from their winter engagements in Florida. The movies took the Ritz Brothers, and with rare perception of their talent, made them the comedy toast of the country in years to come.
The movies took Humphrey Bogart, earning a fair salary in the Broadway shows, and made him a featured player, quick. The movies took Brian Donlevy, who floundered about in a dozen bad Broadway shows, characterized him as a bad man and got more out of him, in one picture, than Broadway managers had been able to visualize in five seasons. Patsy Kelly, kicked around the Broadway musical comedy stage for seasons, went to Hollywood and emerges now as a fine comedienne, thanks to the manner in which Coast directors cast her. Fredric March, fired from a Lew Fields show because he was too clumsy, became a polished actor on the Hollywood lot. Broadway managers couldn't visualize Clark Gable in anything more important than the road companies of New York successes; the movies spotted him at once as a matinee idol and converted the Broadway second-stringer into a national idol. Bill Frawley, Sid Silvers, Lynne Overman, Ginger Rogers, Alice Faye, John Beal—each of these can get down on his or her knees nightly and thank God for the Kleig lights that outlined their talents so that two continents might observe them. Broadway ignored Frawley for seasons, considered Silvers nothing more than a man-in-the-box for Phil Baker, thumbed down Overman as all washed-up, paid Ginger Rogers scant attention, was vaguely aware that Alice Faye was a George White Scandals chorine, and called on John Beal only when they needed an actor to play an adolescent part.

The stage career of Clark Gable was never startling, but his screen successes have won praise for him and credit to all the studio wonder-workers.

but the Coast took one look at her and headed her for stardom. The Coast treatment of Spencer Tracy, Joe E. Brown, Barbara Stanwyck, Leo Carrillo, Fred Astaire, Paul Muni, Jim Cagney, Joan Blondell and Eleanor Powell was so sensitive that each of these became great box-office names because they were discovered by the coast.
WHEN Loretta Young appears on a studio set all the cameramen take a deep sigh of relief and shout “Clap hands, here comes Loretta.” She may be a problem child to her family, and to her producer but to the photographic department and the Westmore Brothers, those merry make-up men of Hollywood, she presents no problems at all.

Loretta is considered the best “camera subject” in pictures because she photographs well from any angle. Slander, young, with beautiful blue gray eyes heavily fringed by her own lashes you can well imagine what a treat she is to the sore eyes and nerves of the cameramen who have just finished a stormy session with a Movie Queen who is fast approaching forty, admits to twenty-six, and wants to scamper around on the screen like a coy sixteen.

Yes, when Loretta comes on the set the cameraman delightedly removes the gauze from the lens of his camera (some of your best friends are photographed through layers and layers of gauze—and even a bit of burlap occasionally) and the Westmore Brothers remove their purplish make-up which has a way of making slipping chins, spreading noses and bagging eyes get into place, and an air of general relaxation pervades the entire stage. No heated arguments over “sides,” “lights,” “angles.” The boys call her “that pretty creature,” and she calls them each by name, and it’s all gay fiesta time on the Young pictures until Loretta is handed a page of script which makes her look undignified... then come the fireworks!

Loretta, like most extremely young and sensitive people, has a perfect horror of appearing undignified. Ask Loretta to “take a fall” in a picture and you’re asking for trouble. Ask her to read lines that will little screen acting as a profession and you’ve got an erupting Vesuvius on your hands. Oh, don’t get me wrong, you can tease Loretta and you can play jokes on her, she really has a grand sense of humor, but you must never do anything on screen or off to make her look undignified. She just can’t bear to be humiliated.

It’s dignity above all with Loretta. So what happens—so her family and best friends never spare her anything.

When Eddie Sutherland, the young director to whom she is rumored engaged, calls for her of an evening to take her to dinner, he says, “Are you going to be the beautiful Movie Star this evening, or are you going to be clever?” And the guest in the Young home is constantly comment- ing upon the resemblance of little twelve- year-old Georgianna to her celebrated sister, “Mercy child,” they say, thinking to please her, “when you grow up you’re going to look exactly like Loretta.” “With that nose?” groans Georgianna, “I hope not!” Poor Loretta. With millions of women only too eager to give their eye teeth just to look a teensy weensy (Whimsy Pool is here) hit like the glamorous Miss Young her own adored little sister goes into a sulk for hours when reminded of the resemblance. What a world.

“Well, I’ve done all right with my nose,” snapped Loretta once during one of these family arguments (and I’ll say she has; just take a look at the Young estate in Bel-Air) “Yes,” conceded Georgianna, “but it wasn’t your nose that got you where you are—it was your ability.” And Loretta still can’t decide whether it was a compliment or not.

After a temperamental outburst at the family dinner table, and there’s nothing like a hard day at the studio to bring on a dash of temperament, Loretta will retire with great astral dignity to her bedroom only to find a poor old worn out star, frayed and tattered at the edges, pinned to her bedroom door. And, of course, Loretta will never forget the evening she was being the glamorous and gracious Movie Queen to a certain young man on whom she wished to make an impression, and was succeeding quite well too, when she should pop into the room but one of
like it or not—and she a married woman by that time too! Mrs. Grant Withers and a tutor! Mrs. Grant Withers learning the capitals of the states! How mortifying.

her sisters with a picture of Loretta taken at the advanced age of six months, prone and naked on a bear skin rug. There is nothing so mortifying to Loretta as that baby picture. She has tried every way possible to get hold of it in order to tear it in a thousand pieces, but the Youngs keep it dangling over her head like the sword of Damocles. Just let Loretta get on her dignity around them!

Ever since she was a child, Loretta has had this awful horror of being caught off her dignity. The most humiliating experience of her life occurred at the famous Cocoanut Grove when she was only thirteen. She and a young boy from her dancing class were doing an exhibition dance there one night for a charity benefit, and the boy in the excitement of the occasion twirled Loretta one too many twirls and landed her right in the fish pond—and there she lay for all of thirty seconds with her feet in the air and a gold fish in her hair. And the nasty people laughed—oh how they laughed—and oh how Loretta hated them. It was nine months before she would go near the Cocoanut Grove again. And even now she shies away from fish ponds.

Loretta went into the movies to get out of going to school, which is as good a reason as any I know for going into the movies. She disliked school intensely, she wanted to be a dancer, and she was certain that the dressing room would be of much greater importance in her life than the multiplication table. And Loretta was right. Of course the crowning indignity of it all was that as soon as she signed a contract the studio furnished her with a tutor, and a tutor she had up until the age of eighteen.

And how very undignified. But Loretta was to learn at an early age that you have to face the banal facts of life even though you are a movie star with a telephone number salary.

It was exactly nineteen years ago that twenty-six-year-old Mrs. Young and her four beautiful children, Polly Ann, Betty Jane, Gretchen and Jackie, descended upon Hollywood. The family had been living in Salt Lake City, Utah. It was there that Gretchen, who later became our Loretta, was born January 6, 1913, on Hollywood Avenue—which was very fitting and might have given Mrs. Young the idea of moving to Hollywood, but it didn’t. What did give her the idea was “hard times.”

Mrs. Young was an auditor with a railroad, and there wasn’t much money, and the country was at war with Germany, and four growing, hungry children are no cinch in war times. Mrs. Young had sisters in Los Angeles and Hollywood who were constantly writing her about the marvelous southern California climate, and how ideal it would be for children. So, one fine morning, Aunt Collie drove down to the station in Los Angeles to meet her sister from Utah. As the Union Pacific pulled in she noticed a poor little woman at a window, harassed and bewildered, and with four howling children dragging at her skirts. “Poor little woman,” said Aunt Collie, “what a nightmare it must be for her to have to travel with four children.”

Well, of course the poor little woman turned out to be her own sister, and the bowling kidding her nieces and nephew. Mrs. Young’s brother-in-law was business manager for Eric Von Stroheim, a big shot director in those days, and just to help the family fortunes along, and they certainly needed a bit of helping, he would get his three pretty little nieces parts in pictures during their va-
A Social Blunder Sometimes Reveals The Unexpected Charm Of A Personality.

EMILY POST-ISH as Hollywood can be when she sets her mind to it, she seems to feel that she has come to the time when, like any other aristocrat, she can if she wishes break a rule or two of etiquette and not only get away with it, but make folks like it!

She figures that often customs are more honored in the breach than in the observance, and sometimes matters turn out better for a little breaching than for too much observing. Romance often results from some little breach of etiquette, as everybody knows.

Take Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable, for instance. Jackie had been wanting to meet Betty for a long time, but somehow fate had been against them. Then, when he saw her on a Catalina-bound boat with her dad, he took the bull by the well known horns. Dancing was going on, and Jackie saw a lad making for Betty, but he managed deftly to push him aside without seeming to be rude, and bowing in apology, approached the lady of his admiration.

"Won't you dance this with me?" he asked breathlessly, as he saw the other lad arriving. Betty looked into Jackie's honest brown eyes, said, "Oh, you're Jackie Coogan, aren't you?" and was whirled away on his arm.

That lately married couple, Ross Alexander and Anne Nagle, will always be glad that Ross committed a faux pas one day in the dining room at Warner's Brothers Studio, for it was then their romance began.

Ann was lunching in the Green Room, a private dining room reserved for important film folk, when Ross came in. They had never met. The only available seat was at Anne's small table. Ross sat down opposite Anne, without introducing himself or asking permission, and Anne didn't like it a bit.

"That seat is taken," she informed him crisply.

"Oh, I beg your pardon." Ross said, and departed to the common dining room. But, somehow, he couldn't forget Anne's saucy, pretty face. Presently he returned with Errol Flynn, and Errol introduced him formally to Anne, first asking her permission.

"Now may I sit down?" he asked. She had to smile and say yes.

Two weeks later they were married.

One of the fine and tender romances of Hollywood, lasting through marriage and the years, is that between Warner Baxter and his wife, the former actress, Winifred Bryson, and it all began with what Baxter believed at the time was a flirtation!

Their meeting occurred at the old Burbank Theater in Los Angeles, when Warner, just having been given a reading by Oliver Morosco, was standing in the lobby. He hadn't eaten for two days, and looked pale and gaunt. But he wasn't too weak to note a beautiful face, and Winifred was beautiful. She was gazing at him interestingly, so much so that he took heart to speak to her without an introduction. She was kind. And was he thrilled later to find her on the stage, and a member of the Morosco company? He thought he had made a big impression, but the fact was Winifred was merely feeling sorry for him, he looked...
By Grace Kingsley

REGRETS

so thin! She told him afterward, when, pity having turned to love, she promised to marry him.

And everybody knows, of course, how Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond met on a host’s doorstep as they were going to a party. What they don’t know, perhaps, is that Gene picked up a rose that Jeanette dropped from her corsage that night, and still has it.

The first corsage Tommy Beck sent to Anita Louise resulted in a faux pas. For, instead of the corsage, there arrived at Anita’s house a huge horseshoe of roses, with the donor’s name.

Anita searched and searched for another card, and finally found one bearing the words: “Congratulations to the Bliss Bakery on its opening!”

She laughed and laughed, and the ice was broken between the young people more effectually than it could have been had the right bouquet arrived, especially as Anita had the horseshoe prominently displayed, to the abashed amusement of Tommy when he finally arrived. But Anita was tactful, and took some of the flowers from the horseshoe to wear.

Glenda Farrell and Craig Reynolds met in an odd way, and through a breach of etiquette on Craig’s part became friends. “We met in the ante-room of an official’s office at a studio,” recounts Glenda. “An agent introduced us, and I liked Craig’s looks. But he sat down, took out his cigarette case, and proceeded to smoke without offering me one and without a word. This piqued me, and I started talking to him. I didn’t care about the cigarette, for I don’t smoke, but I thought he might have offered me one anyway.

“I found him interesting in his talk. Next evening he phoned to ask if he might call on me. It was sudden, but I said yes, and he told me that night, when I laughed him for being rude about the cigarette, that he had been so flustered at meeting me that he forgot the formalities. Which, of course, whether true or not, would cause any woman to forgive him.”

One of the warmest friendships in Hollywood is that between Norma Shearer and Merle Oberon. And it began in an inadvertent slip (literal and figurative) made by Miss Oberon. It was at the Mayfair party, and Merle, wearing a long lace gown, tripped on it, and fell headlong on the dance floor. Norma Shearer was one of the witnesses. When Merle, all confusion, paused Norma’s table, Miss Shearer smiled sympathetically. Later they met in the dressing room, and Norma spoke to Merle, telling her of a similar mishap that had once befallen herself. Miss Oberon appreciated Norma’s kindness and tact; they had a good laugh together, and have been friends ever since.

There’s a laugh in most of the etiquette breaches.

Take that little affair of Doris Nolan and Henry Hunter’s barbecue, for instance.

Henry was so proud of his new barbecue outfit that he decided to barbecue the meat himself. He knew exactly how it should be done, he did, and no mental was going to be allowed to spoil his meat.
Guests sat by at long tables in the grounds around the pit with their mouths watering. They were served. But, somehow, something had gone wrong. They took one tentative sip and looked surprised. They tried not to make the wrong faces—but that meat certainly did taste of kerosene. How it had happened nobody knew, unless it was that Henry had used kerosene for throwing the fire. The host himself was blissfully unaware, meanwhile, beaming on his guests, the joy of accomplishment in his eye.

But Doris Nolan belongs to a race which does not bear wrongs silently.

"This meat tastes funny—awfully funny!" she exclaimed.

Guests gasped, but she went right on:

"I'm going out and buy you some hot dogs."

Henry took one taste of his meat, turned pale, but capitulated gracefully. He even laughed, and if there was a hollow note in his laughter, nobody noticed it, and everybody else laughed too.

"I'll go with you," he told Doris, and they sped away to the nearest hot-dog stand, returning with ample provisions for a feast, and a great time was had by all.

Even Mrs. Pickford herself, one of the social queens of Hollywood, since it is just nothing for her to have a duke or a count and sit down at Pickfair, occasionally breaks a rule.

Being a good scout Mary tells this story on herself.

"I did break an important rule of etiquette, but inadver
tently," says she.

It was while she was entertaining Prince George at Pickfair—a reception in order that the Prince might see a number of Hollywood's famous, and was practically a command performance, inasmuch as the list was drawn up by the Prince's own suggestion. From a dias, at the head of a short flight of stairs leading from the most private living room, the Prince was to receive the picture folk presented to him. Everybody was a bit flustered.

The first guest to be presented was Mary's cousin, Verna Chalfil, who is a dancer. Mary began apologizing for her own shyness, then the illumination flashed. "Pardon me, your Highness, I present——" then she paused, and began again. "Your highness, may I present——" and again she paused. Starting yet again, and pausing again, because, oh horror of horrors, she couldn't remember her cousin's name.

But in the meantime poor Verna was making a low curtsey—and holding it! She was indeed practically squatting on the floor in the safety of her blushing, explained: "I am sorry, your Highness, but she is my cousin and I can't remember her name. I'm so embarrassed.

He bowed, for the going is usual to the occasion.

"You shouldn't feel that way," he said, "because I am in a perfect dither myself at meeting all these famous motion picture people!"

That broke the ice, Mary at once remembered her cousin's name. Verna rose from her knees in a second, and thereafter the party went on quietly.

Then there was that affair of Dick Powell and the butler.

Another story, and usually told in conversations with butlers, so others guests at the party in question were amazed when they saw Dick talking affably with the butler on his arrival at a big dinner party. No, Dick, they noted, hadn't been drinking. He didn't seem to be trying to be funny either. He was being just cold-sober friendly to the butler.

The party was one of those stiff, formal affairs, in fact it started out in unusually congealed fashion until Dick-and-the-butler episode. Then everybody broke down and became a little more human. Of course that very human trait of curiosity came into play. Some of the guests had to get Dick into a corner and ask the why and wherefore.

Then it came out that the butler was a man whom Dick had seen around the sets, playing butlers in pictures, and so Dick saw no reason why he should not stop Dick and say a few words with him when he met the man actually butting.

Dick must have met a good many butlers anyway, for as you have been dining at a friend's house, he makes straight for the kitchen. Dick dotes on kitchens.

But speaking of butlers, Myrna Loy once owned a shell-shocked butler. Nevertheless he was an excellent servant. He had one eccentricity—he simply would correct Miss Loy's guess if they did not call a wine or a liquor by its proper name or Intage.

"No, madam," he would say, "that is not 1880 port, it is 1900 port."

This annoyed the guests, however, and often made them wonder if the party seemed to be "freezing," and as he was an excellent butler, as I said before, Myrna let him get away with it.

The first time Paul Kelly retired at 9:30 and left his wife, Dorothy Mackaye, to entertain their dinner guests, Mr. and Mrs. She was embarrassed. Paul merely said, "Sorry, but I start work at eight tomorrow. Good night."

No further explanation was made, and Dorothy feared their friends might be offended, though they apparently accepted Paul's disappearance.

After he had gone, Mrs. Erwin explained how very sensible she thought Paul had been to make his exit. And as a result of the lack of courtesies, these two families have a strong and friendly bond.

A case in which social defeat was turned into victory happened to Marion Talley, or rather Marion Marley, as she is now called. Miss Erwin was invited to dine with Walter Brennan, now crippled, and his wife, Dorothea Manski, grand opera singer, Miss Talley dressed in her best evening clothes, and arrived at the Brennan home. The butler admitted her, but she found her friends in the living room, dressed for dinner, and looking bewildered when she entered.

"You—you weren't expecting me?"

"Why—why, we're delighted, of course," her hostess recovered herself, "but it was tomorrow night. My poor darling!"

"I didn't expect you! We—well, we're not prepared tonight!"

"Miss Talley had recovered herself, too.

"Nevertheless," she said, "I'm going to dinner here tonight!"

"But—but—" spluttered her host.

"Just give me an apron," said Marion.

Whenupon she went into the kitchen, sent the cook out for sausage, and prepared sausage and waffles for dinner—a dish for which she was very famous.

And that was still another case in which a good time was had by all.

Naturally, though, the Bradens were close friends of the singer, or she would hardly have lost it.

Josephine Hutchinson one time saved a party because she made the social error of coming in by the front door, when she knew Chester Morris once saved the day for his host by committing a sin against etiquette.

It was during a dinner party. Members of a men's club had been invited to a private home, and a speaker was on his feet talking when Chester broke in and rudely interrupted him, saying, "That reminds me of a story!" Guests looked at him in amazement. His reason for breaking in was to put the speaker out of his discussion and inadvertently telling an incident detrimental to a man who happened to be a guest at the party! Though the speaker mumbled apologies, no one forgave him that night because no one could remember even the name of the man whom the story applied. Chester knew that many people were not on his side and even remembered it and that the man himself would be terribly embarrassed.

Guests stared in amazement at Morris, who afterward explained privately to his host.

Harmon O. Nelson, Bette Davis's musician husband, will never wear anything but twine on his feet.

Bette is a good wife and enters into the spirit of the thing, and they have developed a gag.

[Continued on page 62]
READY FOR LOVE

Olivia de Havilland Says That Her Career Would End If The Right Man Came Along.

By Dena Reed

IT WAS precisely five minutes of ten of a Saturday morning when I glanced up at the Ritz Towers wondering, as I entered, if a screen star has any legal rights to take pop shots at an early interviewer, or whether the usual procedure is to turn over and ignore the animal until the decency of a midday sun makes all sweetness and light.

The publicity department at Warners’ had said I might see Olivia de Havilland at ten, if and when, and as she would be “available.”

Announcing myself I was told to “go right up.” I’ve heard the maid’s sister tell the scrubwoman’s assistant to do that, in a pinch, and it didn’t comfort me any as I whirled up in the elevator, my mind running something like this:

I’ll probably sit around for two hours when there’ll be stirrings and mutterings and finally, long about one o’clock, the object of my dejection will emerge, yawning behind a dainty white hand held up limply for the occasion—and the business of living will idle along from there ...

Letters which sprawled at my feet in front of the de Havilland suite didn’t cheer me any either. I glanced down at the postmarks as I toed them between my first and second and third rings at the door. “Waukegan, Warner Brothers, points West...

... And then the door opened!

It opened just a mite and in the slit appeared two brown eyes bright as a press agent’s blur, and, as the opening widened, I discovered it was Olivia herself, her light brown hair in a fluffy halo about her head and her full, curving mouth forming a smile of welcome as she asked me to come in. For all the world she looked like some small child who was filling in until another appeared on the scene!

There was something excitingly fresh and young and terribly vibrant about her (at ten!). Smash-bang went my visions of a star lolling on her beautiful satin divan.

Before I knew it I was “slipping” up her dress. It had a black skirt and a blue top with a fascinating buckle that closed at the throat and which Olivia fastened and unfastened continuously during our conversation, giving added feeling that here was just a cute kid, albeit a grand looking one!

“I’m so glad you’ve come,” she said unceremoniously, with the voice of one who is accustomed to eating much earlier as a general rule, “because now we can order our breakfast! What do you like?” she smiled.

“Oh, I’ve had breakfast,” I answered, “go right ahead and order yours.”

“But you haven’t,” she frowned her disappointment. “Why, we had a breakfast appointment!”

“Well, I’ll have some milk and we can go gay over that.”

“I made a personal appearance at the Strand last night,” she explained when we sat down to the business of talking, “and that always upsets me terribly. I never seem to get used to personal appearances and suffer terrible stage fright every time! You can probably see the effects.”

There were, I remarked, no tangible bruises.

“How did you ever manage to appear in ‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’?” I asked, “out there at the Bowl in front of so many thousands of people, including the whole [Continued on page 60]
George E. Stone, who sees even in minor characters the strange creatures he has given to pictures. (Below) As the cat man in "Anthony Adverse."


YEARS ago, Maurice Maeterlinck wrote a book of essays which he called "The Treasure of the Humble" and which, like most of his plays, sort of conveyed the idea that we are such stuff as dreams are made of, Had M. Maeterlinck been caught in the Hollywood holocaust of six years ago, when musicals were in their heyday, he would doubtless have had "Sweet Mystery of Life" as his theme song, for the old boy was rather preliterate on the mystery of life, claiming that it was the only thing that made life worth living. And I think he had something there.

But I am not here today to give you a dissertation on Maeterlinck, mystery and mood music (though don't think I couldn't if I wanted to), I am merely here to state quite bluntly that I have stolen Maeterlinck's title for the subject of this story, though why I am writing about the humble in as in-nec a place as Hollywood is more of a mystery to me than it is to you and life and Maeterlinck.

I vaguely suspect that pennies must have something to do with it. My pennies, unfortunately, do not come from Heaven.

The Treasure of the Humble in Hollywood, in case you're interested, my pets, is the gift of imagination which enables some players to be actors instead of self-seeking publicity hounds. Now I don't want to seem to harp too much (they tell me that...
Anita Louise is good at the harp, too, about actors being actors and not hams, but I must say that when a thespian takes the trouble to submerge his own personality and take on all the attributes of the character he is playing he deserves a lot of credit. And I was always one to give credit where credit is due.

As you well know, you who have watched the progress of the cinema through the last ten years, the old type of movie hero with his patent leather hair, cold cream skin, petulant lips, slim waist and attenuated fingers is gone forever, we hope. (Oh, there are a few of them left around still but we're calling in the exterminator any day now.) The conceit of these pretty boys and their sissified appearance have furnished material for many a wit and many a cartoonist. Benchley, Woolcott, and the New Yorker crowd have simply made a Roman holiday of them. No, I don't have to tell you that actors are talented now instead of just pretty—that was covered during the last penny shortage, member? But what I do want to tell you is that the actors of today, though really talented when it comes to tap dancing, singing, crooning and looking virile, are just as conceited as were the shells of a past generation.

(Left) Lionel Barrymore, the actor who has never reached the limit of his art.

(At top) As an old man and (below) this amazing actor in a woman's role.

And I say conceit is deadly to acting. Unfortunately, the conceited player is popular enough with his fans—quite often you see his arrogant pan and especially built Duesenberg body spread over page after page in magazines, he loves publicity, he laps it up like whipped cream, he pays a press agent big money every week so that he can see his name and picture in all the newspapers and magazines. His idea of being an actor is to walk down the aisle of the Chinese on preview night with the reigning movie Queen on his arm, to dance at the Trocadero (there are always photographers at the Trocadero) with the highest paid stars to drive up to the Brown Derby, which has the biggest mob of autograph seekers in front of it, in a car that shrinks ostentation, he calls himself an actor but I call him a ham. (This shoe ought to do a deal of pinching, but maybe where there's no sense there's no feeling.)

A modest player, and an actor no doubt, will not try to be himself in every picture in which he plays—but a conceited player, and no actor no doubt, most certainly will. Just the other evening I had one of our rather important leading men say to me, "I told the director I would not wear a beard. My fans like to see my face as it is."

Lou Chaney, of golden memory, felt that a similarity between two roles was a criticism on him and he prided himself on the fact that when he donned a fresh make-up he had created another distinct character. Paul Muni feels like this too. And so do Charles Laughton, Walter Brennan, George E. Stone, Basil Rathbone, Lionel Barrymore, Humphrey Bogart, Mischa Auer, Peter Lorre, and others whose names escape me now. You don't find them showing, "I won't wear a beard, my fans like my face as it is." They are rather humble folk in this glittery movie racket for they scorn sincerely, with their whole souls, to make each role a complete character—and nuts to the publicity. They have the gift of imagination, and that's the treasure of the humble.

Charles Laughton, of all the living actors, has the greatest imagination when it comes to creating a role and submerging his own personality in it. You can say, and say

[Continued on page 63]
THE LADY OF TRILLS

Lily Pons Is Vibrant With Personality And Gifted With The Loveliest Of Voices.

By Catharine Hoffman

"LIFE, it is so full, so happy, don't you think?"
And I had to admit I did. For it is hard to picture anyone within a radius of five miles of Lily Pons who does not immediately become infected with the zest for living which this diminutive diva exudes. The French have a word for it—"joie de vivre." And what better than a word from France for this little lady who is France—her sunny skies, her charm, her infinite, inexhaustible gaiety!

I had heard Mademoiselle referred to as "the second Jenny Lind," "the uncrowned queen of song," and once, I seemed to remember, as "a glass of sparkling champagne." It was this last rôle which she played for me that November afternoon, just after her return from Hollywood, as we sat before the open fireplace in the quaint, cozy den of her French provincial home on a Connecticut hillock—or rather I sat and Mademoiselle cuddled up.

She, whose sublime trilling had so often set the air of the Metropolitan Opera House a-quiver, whose pert, piquant personality had readily made her the darling of film fans from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, whose gladsome carolling had sent so much joy over the air waves into a million American homes, seemed just a little girl, whose bright green sweater—shirt and brighter brown eyes gleamed a little limply, and whose slight form, encased in gray tweed slacks, seemed lost somewhere in the depths of her great chair. Out of the depths, so to speak, came a voice like a glass bell—a French voice, tripping eagerly through a language it is fast learning—to tell me

"Of course Hollywood, it was nice. It was fun—ah, but hard work, too." A pensive frown furrowed the brow of the little lady of the big vocal range.

"You liked the parties, the gay life of the film colony?"
"Ah," and Mademoiselle poured her prettiest pour, "I did not go to parties. No smoke! No late hours! Not for Lee-Lee! (Yes, that is how she pronounces it!) "The voice, you know. It is not good!—And what time do I have for parties? I come back from the studio at six, take my make-up off, and voice, seven o'clock! Dinner in bed—I am so tired!—then study my lines—oh, lines, that is something! I think I never can get the American slang!" She threw up her hands in a gesture of modified despair. "Then, nine o'clock! Lights out! I must be up at six in the morning. No, no! I did not go to parties! But it was not bad." The broad Gallic smile flashed back.

In another second, she resumed thoughtfully, "Do you like the name of my picture: That Girl From Paris? I think it is very nice, no? Oh, and I have with me such nice men—and so many! Un, deux, trois, quatre," she counted on her tiny fingers. "Mr. Oakie and M. Jenkins, they are very funny. They make me laugh. Sometimes they make me laugh when I must sing, and that is not so good. Then there is M. Auer. He is from Russia, and he can tell such good stories. And that Gene Raymond! My good-noss but he is handsome! You know, in France we do not see very much the blond men with the blue eyes.

"Now I will tell you what you call a 'good one.' We have in that picture the very beautiful waltz—they call it 'Seal It With a Kiss' (she blew one into the air to illustrate) and I must dance it, with a partner, of course. But I think maybe if I dance with M. Jenkins, M. Oakie have his feelings hurt. And if I dance with M. Raymond, I be sure I insult M. Auer. I do
not know what to do? Then I ask, " Couldn't I dance with all of them? " Everybody look at me like I have sing a bad, sour note. Then, they stop looking at me and they sit down and think. They think for two hours. Then they come to me and they say " We have it. " I ask them what they have, and they tell me, I must dance with M. Auer, and I must dance Russian. But I must also dance with M. Jenkins, and I must dance the same dance like the Tenth Avenue girl—where is Tenth Avenue, I don't know? Oh, I must also dance the dance with M. Oakie, with the taps on my shoes. And then, if I am very good, they say I can dance it really nice with M. Raymond. " She bent forward and clapped her hands to her knees with laughter.

"Well, we dance and we dance, and we find we do not have a finish. Then we find we do not have a finish because there is no finish. What will we do? They call Arthur Schwartz who wrote the music in New York quick, and tell him ' Give us a finish one, two, three, or we give you the finish. ' And one, two, three he give them a finish—yes, on the telephone. M. Kostelanetz is with him in New York when he talk, but the next day M. Kostelanetz he is in Hollywood rehearsing the orchestra in the new ending, I think it is wonderful, this picture business!"

I nodded vociferous as sent. " Ah, but that is not all the funny things I have to do in Hollywood. No, Mademoiselle, I have to swing the swing tune! I mean sing the swing tune. It must be hot. " The grim, determined way she said it amused me. " And what do you think is the swing song? Beautiful Blue Danube! " She took pains to explain to me how she was obliged by the Almighty of the film set to sing the Johann Strauss waltz, with all its pristine lift, as she does on concert stage the while the orchestra dished up a swing accompaniment. " Also, the half-pint coloratura continued, " I have a number where I must be the trumpet. " She put her hands up to her mouth, trumpet style, and gave a hearty " ta-ra-ta-ra-ta-ra. " " Many times I have been the flute, but never be—"

[Continued on page 76]
THE STARS
AND THEIR
FLYING MACHINES

You Can't Keep A
Movie Star On The
Ground.

By Ben Maddox

HAVE you a would-be aviator lurking in the house? If so, give him a garland instead of a glare. Bring the problem child into the parlor, and park him in the cozy chair right by the fireplace. He's going to be a big help. Probably he'll want to go into a pulp-magazine tale about war aces, but insist that he be elemental. You must get the swing of his aeronautical pitter. You must learn how airplanes tick. That is, you must if you want to become a fit companion for your favorite movie star, who has, it seems, turned into a fool for flying machines.

The good earth is too familiar a pasture. Today in Hollywood the sport of stars is decidedly aviation. Everyone of prominence strikes an attitude for altitude. Out at the great airports which lie on opposite sides of the city the mammoth white hangars are filled with beautiful ships anxious to be warmed up. The air is balmy, in the daytime and in the moonlight, and curiously tense with an ever-present excitement of excitement. The daring young men of the screen world begin to burn up the air-lines as soon as they finish their stint before the cameras. The women of Hollywood, led by Ruth Chatterton, are out to prove that any girl whose competent can be a keen aviatix.

The leaders of the vogue, which will tomorrow be a part of all our lives, have bought airplanes of their own. These range widely in price, the town's toniest being owned by Wallace Beery and Ruth Chatterton. Many a star rents a plane just as you would a drive-your-own auto, paying for it at $1 an hour or by the mileage run up. Of course, the initial step is to take lessons from an accredited instructor.

The average price for a course that will make you the solo skipper of a sky cruiser is fifty dollars in Hollywood. This allows for seven hours of actual personal teaching. You must solo for fifty full hours before you are granted a pilot's license and the privilege of taking another person up with you. Two hundred hours alone and you can qualify for the advanced rating of a transport pilot.

Robert Cummings is an aviator as well as an actor who has yet to reach his "ceiling" on the screen.

The all-round skill of Wallace Beery has made him a licensed transport pilot, and that isn't acting. (Right) Marsha Hunt spends every minute away from the studio at the flying field.

far Wallace Beery and Ben Lyon are the only stars who're in this select classification.

There are many flying schools around but, as always happens in Hollywood, two in particular apparently draw the cream of the colony. Bob Blair, dark and a veteran, holds forth at Mines Field and his list of stellar pupils is dazzling. Chatterton is his product. Blond, amiable Payton Watkins attracts illustrious amateurs to Dicer Field.

If you're musically inclined it'll be easier for you to learn to fly—-you need rhythm and a good sense of balance and you must be willing to accept advice. A fear complex will be your worst enemy; you must have confidence. The first thing they'll tell you is how to keep the ship's nose on the horizon. You may choose a plane guided by stick or one driven with a wheel like a car.

No longer do the studios object to the entraining airmen. While it's still true that if you should fall you'd fall emantically, any statistics you want to consult verify the fact that it's far safer above the ground than on it.

No one realizes the value of an actor's time more strongly than a studio; a player can be whisked from Broadway overnight and from Europe in a week. Executives of film companies are utilizing planes to carry exclusive groups to distant cities for sneak previews and to rush new prints East for premières. They not only shoot bewitching chorus girls around the country as potent advertisements, but they order ideal locations picked from the air.

Naturally this sanctioning was all the red-blooded bluebloods of the acting profession wanted. It was all right to be famous, but while you worked at it why not

Silver Screen
The Players Are Modern-Minded. 
Liberty Is Their Birthright And The Sky Is The Limit.

have fun, too! The slightly hesitant discovered the safety and thrill of flying when the transcontinental passenger lines introduced fine transports. Now New York is only a de luxe sleeper-jump and the air fare is no more than that of the speediest trains. 
Clark Gable spent the first half of a recent week there—and when he blew in to Hollywood again he had to devote the latter half to a recuperating hunting trip. Between you and me, two nights of transcontinental traveling isn't what tired Clark out; the three days celebrating did that!

The remarkable patronage of the stars has made the Hollywood-New York run the most important in the United States. Camera men and crowds are at the Western terminal every day. Arrivals are gala affairs. Going-away showers are a current innovation. 
When Anita Louise flew East for the third time this season, four handsome juveniles caused her to pay for excess baggage. Each presented her at the last minute with a weighty book, their scheme for keeping her from glancing twice at the personable males on board. Fay Wray has been presented with an engraved plaque which dubs her the pet of the giant skyliners. She's covered fifty-two thousand miles in fifty-two weeks. B. P. Schulberg discovered his new male star on a trip last Fall, Avon W. Browne, TWA pilot, is now John Trent, leading man!

When a star elopes to Yuma or Mexico it's now almost invariably a case of love above the clouds at last. No one wants to poke along in a car or a train when it's so exhilarating to fly. The same pilots are usually routed out to preside in the cockpit of these modern chariots of Cupid. Honeymoon planes are being lavish decorated since Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor had such a notable send-off. After a marriage at midnight in a Hollywood church, and a wedding supper, this couple was escorted to the airport. There they found that their thoughtful guests had made the bridal plane a beaver of white satin and gold orchids!

The touch Hollywood has added to aviation is a demonstration of how much more romantic you can be if you're a flying sweetheart. Stars who go to the popular airfields are bumping into new triangles there. Beneath the constant whirl of the graceful propellers heart dramas are being enacted.
Carole Lombard began the regular series of lessons, but stopped when her health was threatened by overwork. At Mines Field they say she'll develop into a splendid pilot. They're anticipating her return—and Clark Gable's. When she quit coming out, he gallantly did, also!

Tom Brown was lured to this same rendezvous by Toby Wing, who wanted to see some pilots she knew. Tom and Toby had a little spat and now, although he's rapidly acquiring air technique, it's a society debutante who cheers from down below. Ken Howell is so god that he's preferable to the basketball player she occasionally considers dating; so he lets her watch him take lessons.

According to Paula Scott, Denny Moore looks marvelous in his aviation helmet. She received her proposal of marriage aloft from him. Paula thought the idea of a flight to Yuma was nifty, but she wasn't quite sold on the follow-through. Since Al Shirley started piloting the business of flying, Owen Davis, Jr., will have to display plane ability as well as ardor to hold onto her. When she met Cecile Hamilton, nineteen and the youngest female transport pilot in America, she declared that she wanted to take lessons from him. She has received far afield Ken Chatterton's derby to the national air races next summer.

One Saturday Lily Pons went to the airport to greet her Andre Ktelanet, and what did he have tooted off the plane but a baby grand piano! While she was making her latest picture he hopped out from New York every week-end, setting a new high in devotion. When he brought this surprise Lily had to say "Yes" to his wedding suggestions. Now she is the first prima donna to take along her own piano wherever she flies. It weighs only three hundred pounds and the other passengers rate a free concert.

Hollywood wives aren't letting their [Continued on page 64]

(Continued) The first hospital plane is inspected by Basil Rathbone, Anita Louise, and Ralph Bellamy. It is built to fulfill the mission of mercy. (Left) Richard Arlen and his son, Ricky, who'll be a flyer some day. (Below) The "big name" in flying is Ruth Chatterton. She is twice famous—actress and aviatrix.

for February 1937
Visiting The Sets And The Sound Stages, To See Pictures Being Made, With—S. R. Mook

S O IT comes the time of the year when it is an additional task to write Studio News. There are football games to go to, hunting trips to join, fishing trips to make, new night clubs to be explored and on top of all that a trip to New York. Stilling my dissatisfaction with Life (and Judge) I force a smile to my lips and set out to see what’s doing hither and yon about the studios. On account of their extensive expansion program there ought to be plenty doing at—

Warner Bros.

THERE is, first of all, Kay Francis in her latest opus, “Another Dawn.” This is another of those pictures with the locale laid in the far East—at Dikut. Honestly, Kay spends more time abroad, in her pictures, than almost all the other players put together. Ian Hunter and Errol Flynn are the male leads and Frieda Inescort, who made such a hit with Kay in “Give Me Your Heart,” is the other girl.

There is a lot of plot but unlike it to say Kay has married Ian, the commander of the garrison, without loving him and he knew it when he married her. When he brings her to the post as a bride, she promptly proceeds to fall in love with Flynn. In this particular scene she is sitting in her bedroom by the window, working on a piece of needlepoint. She hears a commotion outside, looks up through the window and is apparently, quite startled by what she sees. She hastily puts down the needlepoint and rises to go out onto the parade ground. As I’m standing off to one side, I can’t see what it is that has disturbed her.

“Cut!” William Dieterle orders.

“I just woke up,” Kay explains as she shakes hands. “I had an early call but when I got here they didn’t need me in the first couple of shots so I went back to sleep.”

“Um-humph,” I comment brightly. “Since when did you become such an expert embroiderer you can do needlepoint?”

“It’s nothing.” Kay smiles deprecatingly. “I just picked it up here on the set by myself... I’m going away as soon as this picture is finished,” she adds irrelevantly.

“How come?” I demand. “I’ve made four pictures in a row and I’m tired,” she replies. “I have it in my contract I get my lay-off all in a lump. If I only get eight weeks I’m going to New York for three weeks, then to Palm Beach and then to Havana. If I get more than that I’m going to Europe.”

For a moment I brighten as I think that once again I’m free to lay my heart at Barbara Stanwyck's feet. Then I remember she hasn’t yet tired of Robert Taylor. I’ll just have to wait my turn.

In the meantime, there is “San Quentin.” This is Humphrey Bogart’s new starring picture. He and Sailer Boy (Joe Sawyer) have just arrived at San Quentin. Joe is showing Humph about it. It’s apparently, all new to Mr. Bogart but it seems to be an old

In “John Meade’s Woman,” Edward Arnold and Francine Larrimore are caught in the tragic horror of a dust storm.

Silver Screen
story to Joe.

"Pretty nice campus, huh?" Joe comments sardonically.

"It's big," Bogart concedes.

"It looks big now," Sawyer comforts him, "but after you been here for a stretch, you begin to think you're in a telephone booth with four other guys—and no telephone." Bogart is just about to answer when James Robbins and Al Hill, a couple of other convicts, rush up.

"How are ya, Sailor Boy?" Robbins says eagerly, extending his hand. "I heard you was back. Been lookin' for yer. How's all the Spring Street gang?"

"Fine," says Joe, shaking hands. "Petie's having six months on the county. Duff's makin' book at a swell new joint, and Louis—you remember Louis, with those gunboats he called fer?—well, he went to work on the docks, tripped over a hawser and fell in the drink! He's still standin' on the bottom waiting for someone to tell him to come up."

"Did ya see Casey?" Al Hill puts in.

"Aw, forget those slobs," Robbins bursts out. "What about the dames? Say, did ya see Gladys? Did she get my letter? Did she—"

"Naw," Sawyer lies, "I didn't see her."

"You're a fine pal," Robbins goes on excitedly, "not to look her up."

"I heard she moved," Sawyer continues lying. "You're just divin' yerself stir crazy, Mickey, thinking about that dame. Forget her. She'll be so old when you get outa here you wouldn't even know her from your grandmother!"

---

"Wise me up on Rembrandt and the picture," Dean orders, "I might have to write a story in a hurry."

"Well, my son," Lotti begins, "Rembrandt was a Dutchman—chiefly because he was born in Holland."

"Fair enough," Jagger agrees.

"He lived in the seventeenth century—married a rich girl named Saskia and used her as a model for several canvases. One was in the manner of the Italian masters—that's the Mona Bella."

"Which he painted deliberately to keep us away from a Yankee double-header," Jagger scowls.

"Undoubtedly," Lotti agrees.

---

It's Melvyn Douglas's studio apartment. He's an artist again, just as he was in "Theodora Goes Wild," and it's his bedroom again, just as it was in the other picture when I visited the set.

"What's this picture about?" I inquire brightly.

"It's the story of a prig who regenerates an unfortunate girl," says Melvyn gravely.

Virginia Bruce is the—er—nightclub singer, and I have never seen her look more beautiful than she does in her plain black velvet dinner dress with the little puffed sleeves. Melvyn has been painting a picture of the suit she's went to get to express certain emotions. She can't because she doesn't feel them. Then, one night, they're out together and he starts telling her about his mother and father and their great love for each other. Virginia is really touched and as she listens the very emotions Mel wants play across her face. "Pose for me now!" he urges. She goes with him into the studio and poses until four AM, when she topples over in a faint. He picks her up in his two strong arms, carries her across the room, down the stairs into the bedroom and lays her on the bed. Then he sits on the edge of the bed, tenderly wrapping a bottle of smelling salts around her nose. But Mr. Douglas is in a playful mood and when she doesn't respond tells her it's all a set up and that the trick is to let him down, take off one of his shoes and gently waves that under her nose. I mean to say it was really funny—he did it so soberly.

Of course, the take is spoiled. The next take, they all gang up on Douglas. They wait until he has carried Virginia all the way down the stairs, across the room and

(Continued on page 78)
THE GIRL IN A MILLION GLORIFYING
THE SHOW IN A MILLION!

A revelation in entertainment!
Scene upon scene of beauty
and splendor!

Glittering with luminaries from five
show-worlds!

Romance and fun! Melody and
drama!

AND SOMETHING EXHILARAT-
ATINGLY NEW AND EXCITING
TO THRILL YOU!...

100 glamorous girls dancing on skates
in dazzling ice-revels of breath-taking
beauty!

'One in a Million'

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

SONJA HENIE
with
ADOLPHE MENJOU
JEAN HERSHOLT
NED SPARKS
DON AMECHE
RITZ BROTHERS
ARLINE JUDGE
BORRAH MINEVITCH
and his gang
DIXIE DUNBAR
LEAH RAY
SHIRLEY DEANE

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith

You've never seen anything like it before! And if you live to
be a million... you'll never see anything like it again!
William Powell

He is the screen's personification of a gentleman.

Bill has become the model sophisticate and his suave and cultured manner is admired and perhaps copied by millions.

(Upper left) In "The Kennel Murder Case," with Mary Astor, he created Philo Vance and won public approval for detective stories. These thrillers have been produced in every mood, but the comedy of "The Thin Man" made a real success.

(Left) This scene is from the sequel picture, "After the Thin Man," showing Bill and Myrna Loy. (Below) The bewhiskered tramp is Bill again, as he appeared in "My Man Godfrey."
Study of poise and grace has already given Paula De Cardo’s dancing a definite charm.

Hollywood Secures Beautiful Girls And Then Trains Them To Forget All About It.

In “One In A Million,” Arline Judge gives of her youth and beauty. (Right) A scene from “Stolen Holiday,” Kay Francis in a wisp of an evening gown with headdress of oriental simplicity.

June Lang has brought a comeliness of face and a figure of classic beauty to the screen. Will these prove a help or a hindrance?
In the much discussed "Lloyds of London," Madeleine Carroll appeared in 18th Century costumes. In the costume of today Miss Carroll is equally charming. She is wearing a backless evening gown in the latest mode, and never a qualm.

The public turns away from girls, however pretty, if they appear at all conscious of themselves. So Hollywood had to devise a method to free these lovely ladies from the trance of their own thoughts and teach them to forget all about their obvious charms.

When a pretty and shapely young lady arrives on the lot, she is ordered to the studio, and in negligee or bathing suit she is posed and photographed. After a while the camera lens loses its dominion over her and she can appear in ball gown or briefest of shorts without a pang of false modesty.

Now petticoats by the million have been hung in the wardrobes of oblivion, and the girl who strolls the beaches of Florida, and the other winter resorts, dressed in a couple of bandana handkerchiefs, is the one who can enter a ballroom or banquet hall with never a thought of self; serene, poised and beautiful. Another Hollywood victory.

Dolores Del Rio, the exotic beauty of many pictures, dresses in the character of her part with no self-consciousness whatever. Her poise is the envy of many women.
THERE IS DRAMA IN WALK OF LIFE


Ronald Colman in "Lost Horizon," a story of Asia.

THE pictures coming out at this time draw their settings and action from many and varied backgrounds, and from people of all sorts.

The felon, in his desperate strike to break jail, the sailor of today, or the witch-burners of the early days of Salem all fought and loved. The drama of their struggles makes screen stories fresh and exciting.

Pictures today are more than mere love stories, and in this new grasp of today's screen lies the hope of the future.

Laurence Olivier and Flora Robson in "Fire Over England."

The famous Barrie play, "Quality Street," with Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone.

"Banjo On My Knee," a shanty boat thriller.

Dance If you would have been welcomed on screen, stage and radio, but still she keeps up her dancing. It pays her back in beauty.

If a girl had a perfect figure, she would dance for joy and so keep the priceless curves and dimples. Dancing is such wonderful exercise that almost any girl improves her appearance if she participates. The ankle grows slim, the leg muscles arrive at the proper proportion and the torso becomes slim and beautiful. The more extreme steps of chorus dancing bring the best results. If you kick at chorus work, okay—only kick high and often.

Margo has been welcomed on screen, stage and radio, but still she keeps up her dancing. It pays her back in beauty.

Marjorie Raymond, in "Hats Off," weaves a number from the rhythm of the music and the song of joy in her heart. (Left) In "Banjo On My Knee," Barbara Stanwyck, dancing with Buddy Ebsen, recalls the old Broadway night club times when her dancing costume permitted greater freedom of motion. (Right) It's "Ready, Willing and Able," and Ruby Keeler and Lee Dixon are dancing. They are both professionals and very expert.
A Swing Orchestra Is The Best Beauty Doctor.

The tug-of-war of the chorus girls. It is just the effervescent gaiety of healthy girls.

Eleanor Powell enjoys the life, verve and joyous spirit of "Born To Dance" and contributes her share.

(Above) Black stockings seem to be in fashion for dancers. Ella Logan in "Top of the Town." [Below] In "Maid of Salem," Claudette Colbert dances the minuet with Fred MacMurray in a sun-spangled glen outside the village.
Prelude to Exciting Evenings.

[At extreme left] A tobacco brown chiffon favored fabric for the coming Spring is chosen by Virginia Bruce. Puffed sleeves and a shirred neckline are distinctive features and a cluster of yellow flowers at the waistline adds a bright touch of color . . . (Next) Anita Louise wears the popular long-sleeved dinner gown, fashioned of black crepe and lustrous silver lame. (Below-right) Francine Larrimore borrows leg-of-mutton sleeves of a by-gone day, contrasting black velvet with black chiffon effectively . . . (Extreme right) The Dalmatian influence is felt in this long-sleeved black crepe gown embroidered in gold threads worn by Julie Hayden. A silver fox cape, gold plumes and matching open-work sandals complete the ensemble.

THERE was a time, in an evening gown is a picture of a woman displayed to a faintly elfin, a form divine this fashion for the woman whose trying as it was unbe lievable evening styles that are a for every woman who is to look her best in either most exquisite women's edge that they can wit h gowns which certain are obligatory.
For Restaurant Dining Or The Theatre Less Formal Costumes Are Considered de rigueur.

Above) Patricia Ellis contrasts her tailored black satin dinner gown with a corsage of pale yellow orchids, which exactly match her ascot scarf. While Anita Louise relieves the rich blackness of hers with an enchanting gold lace sash. A Juliet cap of pearls tops off Kathryn Marlowe's less austere gown of baby blue polka-dotted satin. And a black Chantilly lace mantilla worn over emerald green taffeta provides Madeleine Carroll with the proper amount of mystery and allure. (Below) Joan Bennett heightens the effect of black velvet by a judicious use of rhinestone clips and bracelets. And she convinces us that filmy powder blue chiffon can be absolutely ravishing with the aid of one natural-hued orchid fastened with a huge rhinestone clip.
"The Smartest Girl In Town" gave Ann Sothern her big opportunity. She delights in swanky new gowns and this one has, as you can see, a Sothern exposure. (Upper right) Frances Farmer, of "Come And Get It" fame, has her career under control.

One of the big industries is devoted to the manufacture and sale of preparations that work the magic of Beauty. They have changed most every woman in America and they are still at it, but back of all the enticing advertisements and the glittering drug stores is the motion picture business. For, if the thousands of screens spread all over the country had not glorified some of the prettiest girls, rewarding beauty, and surrounding these lovely things with luxury and all the creature comforts, the rush for the beauty preparations would never have gained the importance it has now assumed. So the screen beauties carry upon their shoulders not only our entertainment but one of the largest businesses.

They have changed the girls of America but the boys continue to approve of the present design.

Joan Bennett's captivating sparkle is vibrant, as the press agents say, with life and personality. Joan is fascinated with a more generous make-up on her lips. Do you like it?
The Beautiful Girls Of The Screen Are The Inspiration Of All The Other Girls Who Buy Beauty Creams And Lipsticks.

(Left) Virginia Bruce sets a standard for wholesome beauty. The girl of today is particularly feminine if she is a blonde.

Jean Muir grows more attractive and already is included among the "prettiest" girls in pictures. Her next is "Her Husband's Secretary."

Rochelle Hudson's beauty is quite silver foxy. The primitive women dressed in the skins of animals, now you can see why—imitating Rochelle.
The beautiful and talented Ginger Rogers is crowned the best dancer. (Below) Betty Furness got talked about for her hats—now they are her Specialty.

Buck Jones is the King of Riders in the picture colony.

The members of the royal family are tireless in keeping up their standing. This exclusive caste knows that it is fatal for a star to drop out of sight for very long, so every possible effort is made to keep the famous name before the public. No one mentions dancing without speaking of Ginger Rogers, nor hunting without mentioning Clark Gable. They are the crowned heads of their own racket.

Wherever a polo mallet swings or a polo pony races, there Spencer Tracy's name is known.

(Left) Aboard Warren William's auxiliary motorized schooner, "Pegasus."

The Best Dressed Woman in Hollywood is Kay Francis. The full length ermine cape fastens at the neck line with a heavy braid...
Capra Captures Top Screen Honors With "LOST HORIZON"

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

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

FASCINATING FACTS ABOUT “LOST HORIZON”
- It was two years in the making
- The cast numbers 1550
- Two complete towns were erected for the production
- One set alone took 150 men two months to build
- Book translated in 14 languages

KIDNAPPING an unknown lover (Ronald Colman) from the other side of the earth, Sandra (Jane Wyatt) imprisons him in her fabulous Oriental “hideout” on the roof of the world.
The Fox Studio is quite complete, and the whole place throbs with energy. The studio comprises 110 acres and produces a film which measures less than an inch each way. (Right) Betsy King Ross is the World's Champion girl trick rider. She has appeared with "Roan King II" all over the world, and when she decided to retire the little horse, she gave him to Shirley Temple for her very own.

Out Of The Ordinary Photographs Taken On The Lots.

There are experts and specialists all hustling to help in the making of pictures. The man who thinks is there; and the electrician, the director, the cameraman and the star, all proficient and highly paid, do their bits.

A successful picture repays any cost, but it isn't money alone that makes good pictures. A great director creates a photoplay which expresses his own artistic feeling as definitely as a novel reveals the talented mind of the author.

A cotton field and plantation on the Warner Brothers ranch at Calabasae for "Lords of the Land." Built with a thousand careful details, just for a background.
(Above) Thirteen year old Deanna Durbin takes singing lessons from Andres de Segurola, who was formerly a baritone in the Metropolitan Opera Company. Deanna is in "Three Smart Girls." (Right) Louise Fazenda in the wind and the rain in "Ready, Willing and Able." The waterpipe [center] brings the rain and a wind machine lashes the comedienne with a realistic storm. All for a laugh.

"HONEY—I DON'T MEAN TO STEAL YOUR MEN"

HELEN WAS JEALOUS OF HER ROOMMATE UNTIL—

BUT YOU DO TAKE MY MEN—THEY DATE ME ONCE. THEN NEXT TIME GO OUT WITH YOU

HELEN, IT'S NOT MY FAULT. SEE HERE, DON'T GET MAD IF I SAY SOMETHING PERSONAL...

I'M GLAD RUTH WAS FRANK AND I'LL NEVER TAKE CHANCES WITH PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS AGAIN. SHE SAYS LUX TAKES IT ALL AWAY, SAVES COLOR, TOO

SOON HELEN HAD DATES GALORE!

OH, SAY—CAN'T I SEE YOU BEFORE NEXT WEEK?

SADY, JIM, I'VE PROMISED BOB AND DAVE AND STEVE ALL MY DATES TILL THEN!

ONCE you get the Lux habit you need never worry about OFFENDING. Lux takes away perspiration odor completely—without cake-soap rubbing or the harmful alkali found in many ordinary soaps. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

Removes perspiration odor—saves colors
Richard Arlen and Barry Mackay. The checks and plaids indicate their standing in pictures. Next, "The Great Barrier.

Michael Whalen has a nice taste in worsteds and ties.

Can it be that the loud patterns in cloth appeal to the flamboyant souls of the players! After the critics have bestowed laurel wreaths upon the actor, that is no time for meekness. It evidently takes arrogant designs to fit the success mood, or can it be that the cameramen like to have something gay on which to focus?

Week after week, month after month, Clark Gable comes through in well-acted parts which please the critics, and does his suit almost explode!

(Above) Cesar Romero resplendent in a coat of many stripes and checks. (Left) Fred Laurence dons a quiet little number to celebrate his Warner Brothers' contract.
Just

"Lucky"

Fred March Is A Fine Player Who Never Forgets The Time He Got The Breaks.

By Maude Cheatham

HAVE you noticed how the spotlight hovers on Fredric March? To paraphrase, it is the TIME OF MARCH!

As Freddie and I talked it over one sunny afternoon, recently, he refused to be impressed. He was in a gay, bantering mood and wouldn't be serious about anything, least of all, himself.

"I was just lucky in getting the breaks," is the way he summed it up.

Grabbing at this lead, I asked: "How much does an actor's success depend upon luck?"

He replied, quickly: "Almost everything. It exerts an enormous and far-reaching influence at every step of the way, yet it is so elusive that you can't define it. I grew up with the Horatio Alger idea that hard work and honesty were the tools that won the prize. I thought of luck as merely a foolish superstition. Then I went on the stage and faced situations which only that something we call luck could explain.

"I've worked hard and I've sacrificed, but so has every actor. I managed to get ahead while some of the others, with whom I started, didn't make the grade, just because I bumped into the right opportunity at the right moment.

"That's it, the element of TIME, symbolizes my luck," he exclaimed, exuberantly. "Today is the prelude of tomorrow. No success is a single experience, it is hooked up with a variety of influences, and, looking back, I can see so many corners I turned just at an opportune moment. It's a bit aweing, isn't it?"

Life moves in cycles, and Freddie's good fortune really began that happy August day when a Blessed Event dropped him into the waiting cradle of the well-to-do Bickel family in Racine, Wisconsin. Bickel is his real name, you know.

He insists he was the very type of Satan as a youngster and chuckled gleefully as he recalled some of his pranks, telling how his nickname of Batles was given him by the neighborhood gang because he was the champion bottle finder in the exciting scramble for old junk.

This early cycle passed safely, as did several others, then, graduating from the Wisconsin University, he went to the New York City Bank to take a training course. There he was stricken with appendicitis.

Oddly enough, this turned into TIME's Golden Moment for Freddie.

He firmly believes if this hadn't happened right then and there, he would today be tucked behind the money cage of a small-town bank. Lying there in the hospital, he began visioning himself as an actor, and the first thing he recalls after coming out from the anesthetic, was the determination to chuck banking in favor of the stage.

"I never even went back to the bank," he confessed. "Instead, I started out to land a job and became an extra in George Fitzmaurice's film, 'Paying the Piper.' Then, because I wanted to eat, when I couldn't find screen work, I posed for illustrators and photographers.

"One day a crisis loomed. Hungry, and with but one dime to my name, I flipped the coin to see whether I'd spend it on a sandwich or phone an agency. The agency won. I played hair and, pulling in my belt an extra notch, I phoned and learned that Leon Gordon wanted me, so I spent the other nickel on the subway going to his studio where I posed for three hours, earning three much-needed dollars."

However, Lady Luck hadn't completed her day's program for Freddie, all this was merely the preliminary event before his Big Break. As he was leaving the studio, Gordon casually remarked that there was an opening in "Deburau," at the Belasco Theatre. Forgetting about being hungry, he ran all the way to the manager's office where he talked himself into the part, just a small one, but within twelve weeks he was playing the juvenile role in this popular play, "My first big part," said Freddie, "was in William Brady's 'The Law Breaker,' and when he offered me a nice contract I turned it down. This was one of the momentous occasions that changed my life, but I had learned enough to know I needed more experience, so I resolutely turned my back on [Continued on page 70].
ON THE
GRAND BANKS

Fictionization of “Captains Courageous,”
a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production
of Rudyard Kipling’s Famous Novel.

IN GLOUCESTER the houses dig their heels into
ledges of Cape Ann granite as they stare over the
harbor, watching the ships which are Gloucester’s
life. The breeze off the gray Atlantic brings the reek
of drying fish from the flake yards below and salt that
tastes bitter on the lips. Nuzzling the piling of the
city’s docks the fishing fleet patterns its mast against
bleak skies. They sway to the wash of distant surges,
the lean, shrewd schooners, smart like their Yankee
masters and the tubby, rolly-poly Latin ladies of the
sea, painted in screaming blues and greens and
adorned with bands of crimson.

On the hill, above the ships, there are prim, New
England spires and among them the landmark of the
Portuguese sailor, the wooden statue of Our Lady of
the Good Voyage who cradles a baby ship in her arms.

Eastward, on the horizon, a faint smoke plume tells
of the big liner taking her bearings from Thatcher’s
Island light before she turns on her heel to race
off to Europe.

This is a story of Gloucester ships and Gloucester
men that was written years ago by a small, quiet Eng-
lishman whose shrewd eyes could see deeper into the
hearts of ships and men than any story teller has
seen since.
By Jack Bechdolt

Fog swirled up from a glassy, flat sea off the Grand Banks. The towering bow of the liner rapped the cobweb curtain as she slipped off the masts, her siren roaring as she sped. Close by, hidden by the steam of the ocean’s breathing, the *Here* of Gloucester rode to anchor, all her doxies out, all hands hard at it to fill her hold with cod and halibut.

Master Harvey Cheyne walked beside his father on the liner’s gleaming white deck that was as wide as Fifth Avenue. Master Harvey was ten years old and the perfect flowering of that most obnoxious blossom, the spoiled brat.

A good, sound boy’s school in close to believe his lies as against the conservative statements of his headmaster. So now Frank Burton Cheyne was taking his son abroad in the fatuous belief that English schools would suit him better.

"Those boys wouldn’t believe you owned this ship," said Master Harvey, indicating two youngsters who were hard at a game of ping-pong.

"I don’t. I’m merely a director in the line—"

"Well, you’re chairman. That’s the boss, isn’t it?" He said it loudly for the boys to hear.

"Look, son," said the father of this problem child, "you have some fun with the boys. I’ve got a radio to answer. I’ll pick you up later and we’ll go up on the captain’s bridge."

"Hear that?" grinned the obnoxious youth. "My father’s taking me up to the captain when he gives him some orders, later on!"

"Bushwhack," said the first boy. His companion added a Bronx cheer.

"Play you doubles?" Harvey offered grandly.

"Can’t you see we’re busy?"

"All right. Guess I’ll get an ice cream soda. A chocolate one with two balls of cream."

"You can’t," they chorused in triumph. "The soda fountain doesn’t open till noon."

"We’ll see about that," boasted Master Harvey. He started off, followed by the boys who anticipated his speedy depreciation.

In this world Justice is a sluggish and Merit speaks in the mild tones of reason, but the insistence of a spoiled brat whose father is a director of a steamship line can make strong men quail. The harassed purser gave an order and a steward opened the soda fountain to serve Master Harvey and his guests. And Master Harvey, waxing louder in his brassy triumph, bet the steward he could down six ice cream sodas in a row.

The steward, seething with indignation at his overtime duty, took him up with a crafty grin. Six double jigger sodas, rich in whipped cream and clove-syrups and cracked nuts went down Master Harvey’s gullet, the last spoonfuls albeit with slower and slower cadence while Master Harvey’s pallid face took on queer, greenish tinges.

The slumbering Atlantic, outraged by his rubbly, shuddered and the huge liner lifted, then dropped, slowly, relentlessly down and down.

"Look, he’s gettin’ sick," cried the first boy gleefully. "He’s gonna be sick!"

"Hey, he’s gonna be sick," chanted the second guest.

"I am not," said Master Harvey. "I guess I’ve got a right to go see my father, haven’t I?" Clutching at the tattered remnants of his grandiose manner he vanished toward the deck. The two youths fled after him, chanting in innocent glee, "He’s gonna be sick!"

Master Harvey was sick—hidden behind a lifeboat where he had escaped from his companions.

The placed on the chain barrier around the lifeboat said passengers were not permitted beyond that point, but what was that to a youth whose father owned—or practically owned—the steamship line?

There was no rail there, just an open space where the boat could swing and a drop over the towering steel sides of the liner. Master Harvey Cheyne was too actively sick to care about that until his giddy lurching sent him headlong overboard.

Roaring defiance of the log the liner sped on and in the great, foaming swath that stretched a mile astern of her bobbed a tiny, black bit of flotsam, ten-year-old Harvey Cheyne, struggling manfully to keep aloft.

A solitary dory crossed the liner’s wake, its oilskin clad passenger standing to his oars as he propelled it. It was Manuel’s eye that spied the uplifted hand and Manuel’s boat hook that tangled in the boy’s clothing and dragged him into the dory. Master Harvey turned him face down over the codfish heaped in his boat and methodically went to work grubbing the salt water out of him.

When Harvey Cheyne was safely dry inside, though miserably wet without, Manuel lifted his voice, "Hey! Abroad the vessel!"

Off in the log a bell jangled fitfully; a man’s voice shouted an answering "Hi!" Grinning, Manuel took his bearings by the hail and headed for the schooner *Here*.

"Fifteen years I been fisherman," he mused. "This first time I catcha feesh like you!"

Master Harvey Cheyne, stiff and sore from a thorough rolling over a log, chud only in what’s wooll under shirt that hung to his knees, waked to find himself in a fo’c’sle bunk of a Gloucesterman. The stink of fish was everywhere and mingled with it the odors of food cooking in the galley. Master Cheyne, giddy and empty and offended in all his delicate sensibilities, sought out Captain Disko Troop in a rage.

"How long would it take this tub to get to Europe?"

"Durnin’. Ain’t never tried to sail there—"

"You take me there, I’ve got to meet my father."

"That’s a pity, son, but I’m afraid it can’t be done."

"Then, said Harvey, “take me to New York.”

Disko was a patient man. "We’re workin’ on the Grand Banks," he explained. "This (Continued on page 72)"
A toast to co-starring, Fred MacMurray and Gladys Swarthout.

CHAMPAGNE WALTZ
Mr. Zelser's Jubilee Picture—Pep.

And here's waltz-mad Vienna again—except that this time it isn't before the War and it isn't waltz-mad, the more's the pity. Gladys Swarthout plays a descendant of Johann Strauss and with her grandfather she runs a waltz palace in Vienna, a feature of the entertainment being her songs. It's highly successful until two Americans, Fred MacMurray, a jazz band orchestra leader, and his manager, Jack Oakie, open up a jazz dance-hall right next door. Their music is so hot that waltz-mad Vienna goes jazz-mad pronto and the Strusses lose their customers and traditions.

Of course Gladys and Fred fall in love—he tells her he is the American consul in Vienna—and then there is the big heartbreak scene when she discovers that he is really Buzz-the-boy-next-door-who-plays-the-trumpone. Fred returns to New York where he gets a job singing for peanuts in a honky-tonk. Oakie brings the Strusses to New York and puts them up in business in a Blue Danube Waltz Palace which is an instantaneous hit due to its novelty. Chewing-gum brings the lovers together again.

Unfortunately, the romance isn't all it should be and the picture depends mostly upon its comedy, of which it hasn't half enough. Jack Oakie and Vivienne Osborne as a phoniness courtiers make an excellent comedy team. Miss Swarthout sings beautifully "Paradise in Waltz Time" and "Could I Be in Love?" The finale, the combining of the "Blue Danube Waltz" and "Hold That Tiger," tickled me considerably. But maybe I just ink too easily.

RAINBOW ON THE RIVER
For the Entire Family—Sol Lesser—Principal

Here is a picture that gives you that warm, glowing, peace-on-earth-good-will-towards-men feeling, and I heartily ad-
THREE SMART GIRLS
A PERFECTLY GRAND COMEDY—Universal

AND this is the picture that they are raving about out Hollywood way. It seems that Universal (which now describes itself as the “new Universal”) took an unknown writer, an unknown producer, an unknown director, and three unknown girls, and without any “names” turned out one of the gayest, smartest, most entertaining comedies of the year. “Big Names? Stars? Phooey,” said the new Universal, “we don’t need ‘em.” And in star-conscious Hollywood, that, my child, is Revolution.

Briefly, the story concerns itself with the goings-on of a gay sugar daddy (Charles Winninger) who falls for a scheming gold-digger called “Precious” (Binnie Barnes). His divorced wife over in Switzerland is still in love with him, so one day his three daughters, whom he hasn’t seen in ten years, decide to rescue their father from Precious’ clutches. They descend upon him in New York and break up the romance by the indirect approach method, and arrange a reconciliation between their parents. Very slight, but very funny when you see it.

Alice Brady as Precious’ mother is Alice Brady at her most amusing best and you can’t beat that. The three smart girls, all destined for stardom, are Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey and Barbara Read, and all from the Universal stock company.

Little fourteen-year-old Deanna Durbin was “discovered” on a Sunday night program at the Troughon. She has already made a name for herself on the Eddie Cantor broadcast. She sings exquisitely. And now it seems she can act too.

GOLD Diggers of 1937
GUARANTEED TO CHEER YOU UP— Warner Brothers

ONE of the most lavish of the musicals, and one of the best. Dick Powell has never sung better, Joan Blondell has never looked lovelier, and Glenda Farrell and Victor Moore have never been funnier—so what more can you ask? And besides, this picture marks the screen debut of Lee Dixon who is just about the handsomest tap dancer we’ve had to date, and the boy can dance too, on steps, chairs, and any old thing.

The plot is delightfully screechy with top-notch dialogue—all about two theatrical crooks who insure the life of their partner for a million dollars in hopes that the old boy will kick off soon.


PENNIES FROM HEAVEN
With Bing Crosby
As a Troubadour—Col.

RING’S back in D-town, girls, so tear yourself away from Mr. Spangler Brugh (Bob Taylor to you) for the nonce and give Bing a break. Your favorite crooner, minus a bit of pompadour, has never crooned better and you’ll go pleasantly mad over the new song hits he introduces in this picture, viz., “One Two—Button Your Shoe,” “Pennies from Heaven,” and “Let’s Call a Heart a Heart.” Bing plays a modern troubadour, which is a nice way of saying a tramp. Against his will, he is adopted by a little orphan, Edith Fellowes, and her Gramp, Donald Meek, who live in a haunted house which they inherit from a murderer.

A high point in the picture is when Bing, in order to make money to support Edith, turns the haunted house into a Tavern and gives an opening party that’s

[Continued on page 56]
Menus For That Party Mood!

February, for all it is the shortest month of the year, is starred with excuses for parties. On the twelfth we have Lincoln's birthday, on the fourteenth St. Valentine's Day and on the twenty-second Washington's birthday. Doesn't that leave you breathless with possibilities for fun and the excitement of planning unusual fetes of the most diversified type?

But let us be gay, let us be modern and above all, let us be romantic on St. Valentine's Day. This latter can be accomplished principally in our table decorations and, if it is to be an evening party, by alluring costumes, with each guest wearing tiny heart shaped masks. The napkins should be folded square, tied sealed with red hearts. When opened, Valentine fortunes tumble out. Nut meats and Valentine mints can be placed beside each plate in small heart shaped paper dishes, and tall red candles, interspersed with white ones, in effective candlesticks will add much to the desired effect.

Here is a menu which is excellent for either a St. Valentine luncheon or a buffet supper.

Menu
Crab Meat Patties
Hot Buttered Rolls
Olivies
Salted Walnuts
Stuffed Celery
Tomato Jelly Salad
Crawfish Crackers
Strawberry Pinwheels with Orgeat Custard
Coffee

CRAB MEAT PATTIES

Flake a large can of crab meat. Put in a pan with a little butter and 2 tbsp. cooking sherry. Toss until hot. Have ready 2 cups of fine cream sauce in double boiler. Add crab meat to this. Season with salt, pepper, and more sherry, if needed. Heat small pastry shells (bought from your baker). Fill with mixture. Serve hot. This can be made in a chafing dish, having all ingredients assembled and ready on table. Any shell fish may be used instead of crab. To save time the rolls may be bought at bakery and re-heated when needed or you can make your own quickly with bisquick.

TOMATO JELLY SALAD

Heat 2 cups Crosse and Blackwell Tomato Juice. Add 1 tbsp. sugar and 1 tsp. salt. Add juice of 1 lemon and a dash of highly seasoned prepared sauce and tabasco. Add 1 1/2 tbsp. Royal Aspic gelatine soaked in cold water. Dissolve and strain. Conserve in individual heart shaped molds. To serve, unmold on lettuce and garnish with roses of cottage cheese which has been whipped with cream. Small curled anchovies or chopped onion and sweet pickle may be molded into the salad, and have aspic cool before adding either of these ingredients. For your buffet a nice way to present this is in leaf form. To do this pour in a pan a third of tomato mixture and let set, then spread over it 1 cup chopped boiled ham and add another third of tomato mixture. When this has set spread with the whipped cream and cottage cheese and add remaining tomato mixture. In this form, unmolded on a platter, the guests can serve their own salad.

STRAWBERRY PINWHEELS

Cut from an unsliced loaf 4 thin slices of bread lengthwise and remove crusts. Spread each slice with heaviest whipped cream colored red and sweetened with sugar. Roll bread like a jelly roll, using 2 slices for each roll. Wrap in waxed paper and chill an hour or more. Slice each roll in 2 or 3 pieces, place on a plate and surround each pinwheel with chilled, sugared strawberries which have been marinated for several hours in refrigerator in brandy or sherry. Make a custard by beating 3 eggs lightly, add 1/2 cup sugar and stir into 1 pint of scalded milk. Cook in double boiler until custard coats spoon. Be careful not to over-cook. Chill. Flavor with Orgeat cordial to taste, or a few drops of bitter almond. Orgeat cordial is made from almonds and is delicious. Pour over pinwheels and beeries.

For the very elaborate party where a full supper is desired the following is not only a grand combination of wholesome, inexpensive, easily prepared foods but possesses at least three new ideas.

Menu
C & B Cream of Mushroom Soup with Heart-shaped Tureen
London Broil
Grilled Mushrooms, English Walnuts
Heart-shaped Potatoes
Creamed Spinach
French Fried Carrot Chips
Small Tomatoes with Red Caviar Dressing
Queen of Hearts Pie or Love Apple Cake
Nuts
Coffee

St. Valentine's Day Offers An Opportunity To Go Gay.

By Ruth Corbin

Arranged all grilled ingredients on a broiler. Slice large part boiled potatoes in pieces about 1/2 inch thick and cut from slices medium sized hearts (use cutter). Dip potato hearts, mushroom caps and walnut halves in melted butter and place on back of broiler because meat must be turned often. It should require ten or fifteen minutes broiling on each side for a medium well done steak, depending, of course, on the thickness of the meat. When done arrange potato hearts on platter around steak on edge of dish. Place mushroom caps between steak and hearts. Pour juice cooked from meat over them for added flavor. Dot steak with butter and when melted sprinkle minced parsley on top.

For the spinach, you can save yourself a lot of time by buying the Birdseye brand. One pound is equal to 3 pounds of fresh spinach and there is no difference in flavor. It cooks in about 2 minutes. Press cooked spinach through a sieve, pour into it three or four tablespoons melted butter and whip until fluffy. The carrots are French fried exactly as you would potato chips, i.e.: in a French frying basket in deep, hot Crisco or Spay. Wash small tomatoes and scoop out the centers. Fill with a mixture made of 1/2 cup red caviar (the flavor is more delicate than the black), 1 tbsp. finely chopped onion, 1 tbsp. chopped pimento, 2 hard cooked eggs, chopped fine, 1/2 pint of your favorite salad dressing.

QUEEN OF HEARTS PIE

Crust
2 cups flour
6 or 8 tbsp. cold water
1 tbsp. salt
7/8 cup Crisco
Sift flour and salt. Cut in Crisco finely to distribute its richness. Add water slowly, stirring so as to use as little as possible. Divide into 2 balls. Roll each ball out on floured board. Fit bottom crust into pie plate. Pour in the following—

Filling
3 cups cranberries
1 1/2 cups sugar
1/2 cup pineapple juice
1 tsp. ginger
1 cup pineapple, diced
Clean cranberries. Cook with sugar, pineapple juice and ginger until they burst. Remove from stove. Add drained pine-

[Continued on page 60]
YOU'RE TWENTY...you're twenty-five...you're thirty or more!

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

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

A Faulty Underskin—
Both come from a faulty underskin.

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

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

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

Day and night—this simple care

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

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

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

Start in at once to give your skin this invigorating daily care. Get a jar today. Or, send the coupon below. It brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

**SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE**
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 78-S-CB, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 85c to cover postage and packing.

Name ________________________________
Street ________________________________
City ________________________________

Copyrigt, 1936, Pond's Extract Company.
Is He A Stuffed Shirt?
[Continued from page 17]

Airliner bound from New York to Los Angeles, I was comfortably snoring in my seat when the plane stopped at Omaha, about one o’clock of a Sunday morning. All thought of sleep stopped instantly. Such a racket as was going on. There must have been a couple of thousand people milling around the airport, which is a good three miles from town and usually practically deserted at such hours.

"It’s some movie star—Bob Taylor, I think," the man across the aisle vouched.

"Gee, it’s lucky you didn’t try to go off. I got stepped on and my stomach pushed in, and look at my hat," he said, ruefully surveying a battered mussy Stetson.

I looked out the window and sure enough, there was Bob, his mother, some gray-haired man and Dean Purnell of the M-G-M publicity department, trying to make their way through the crowd with the aid of airport attaches and policemen.

They were all excited. Bob had arranged with enough smiles to light up a whole United landing field and he kept repeating, "Gosh, they were great!" while Dean kept shouting over the roar of the motor details of the Nebraska homecoming. Mrs. Brugh promptly became ill—the nervous excitement was too much for her.

But Bob—well, he was exhausted and went to sleep. Really, I’d liked to have taken a picture of the screen’s No. 1 glamour boy stretched out, perfectly relaxed, mouth open, storing his head off as the plane roared on through the night toward Hollywood. He slept right through a blitzard between Cheyenne and Salt Lake, in fact, was the only one on board who did sleep. The rest of us were resting gigantically on the edge of our seats and peering vainly through frosted windows for sign of land, which was a long time coming.

Not until we were well into Nevada and approaching California did Bob wake up sufficiently to talk to me about his trip. Meanwhile I got many details of what went on from Dean and Mrs. Brugh. This was Sunday morning; they had arrived in Beattie on Wednesday to find the whole town had turned out, yelling and screaming for Arlington. Some enterprising soul had gone around and arranged to have every whistle—some of which had not been blown in nigh twenty years—steamed up for the occasion. Bells were ringing—all school bells and all church bells.

Well, they put Bob in this open touring car and rode him through Lincoln and Beatrice at the head of a parade, just as they rode Lindbergh some years ago. I don’t know exactly why a movie star should receive such affectionate a greeting as a man who has flown the Atlantic, but he did. (Well, I suppose you can say they were both unspoiled, likeable lads who had received great and sudden fame—for different reasons—and had come home to find themselves unexpected heroes.)

After the parades, after the handshaking (Bob split two of his fingers open) he had to go up to the old Junior High School and face those young demons, the school kids. Here, really, was a test for a movie star! Or anybody, for that matter.

The kids were all eeling him closely when he arrived at the High School and more closely when he mounted the assembly room rostrum to make a speech. What would he say—would he go Hollywood actor on them? Would he rub his hands and say, "Now, fellows, before I went to Hollywood, blah... blah..."? If they were watching Bob closely, don’t you think Bob wasn’t watching them? There we really heard for the first time since I had arrived at Beattie, he confessed to me, "I can’t make speeches, but I liked those kids and I wanted them to like me. I suddenly realized that they were all looking at me to see what I’d say or do and I remembered how I used to feel when some alumni came to town and got up to make a talk: "So, although I wasn’t sure quite what to say, I told them the truth. That the last time I had been upon that platform was
when we dedicated the school building. That I had been taking public speaking but I was scared to death. That I had worse stage fright than I have ever had in Hollywood. And here I was back again, having stage fright all over, in an even more acute form.

"And then I pointed out the corner in the orchestra pit where I used to sit when I played the cello in the orchestra, and I guess that was about all."

Another fine test that Bob went through came on the night of the reception and dance in his honor. By this time, some dozen odd newspaper and wire service reporters and camera men had joined the home town folks in the game of looking at Bob Taylor and watching his reactions. The reporters were anxious, most of all, to see what girls Bob danced with. Prince of Wales stuff? Sure, if not headline stuff, at least good copy for the papers when Bob picked out this pretty girl or that for a dance.

But Bob fooled 'em again. He steered a safe course. He just went around shaking hands with the girls he used to know and the ones he was meeting for the first time. Just before the orchestra played "Home Sweet Home," he asked the wife of his old pal, Ed Weeks, for a turn around the floor.

He did try to make a private call on the girl he used to beau, Vera Bascom. An alert Omaha newshawk traced him by the car license number and snapped his picture just as he was leaving her house. But that was all that he furnished in the way of romantic thrills for the town.

The day he left he went to a football game in Lincoln, and completely disrupted the feminine rooting section, which instead of following the frantic pleas of their cheer leader to yell, "We want a touchdown!" screamed loudly in unison, "We want Bob Taylor! We want Bob Taylor!"

But that was just fun.

Oh, it was a great trip for the Taylor lad, not only because he had a good time and because they gave him a great welcome over which he was still beaming when I saw him, but because he proved that right now, in this year of 1936-37, despite his sleigh ride to glory, he still isn't a stuffed shirt. To quote a final flowing paragraph from his adoring home town paper, The Beatrice Sun:

"It takes a man with a soul to be carried to the giddy heights and still keep his feet on the ground. A critical home town has made a severe appraisal and are happy for a kind verdict—his feet are safe on terra firma."

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

PIMPLES cause countless girls and boys to miss out on good times. They are very common after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25.

At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur in the body. The skin gets over-sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—pimples appear.

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

[Continued from page 10]

cause they were assigned to the right roles and rightly presented. The same holds true of Frank Morgan and Reginald Owen, and Ted Healy is a case in point.

It seems to me that the perception of the Coast is keenener than the perception of Broadway. The movie magic-makers seem to be quicker on the trigger in spotting a personality and in exercising their wit to its maximum perfection for the quick success of a Cary Grant or a Gene Raymond in pictures. Both of these acted in Broadway shows without any great recommendation of delight on the part of producers or critics. Hollywood made both of them into matinee idols, capitalizing on their own personality. On Broadway, producers ignored this quality completely and failed to play it up and develop it into box-office cash.

One of the most striking instances of greater success in shaping a performer's career, of course, is the terrific amount of money that the major companies pour into advertising campaigns. Broadway stage producers haven't the money to keep driving home a sales talk to the reading public, and haven't the glamour of Hollywood to add to the sales talk when they do deliver it. Hollywood advertising and publicity is conducted on a giant scale and across the rough and breadth of the country. Broadway producers must confine their megaphone to a radius of city blocks. That is an important distinction. Fred Astaire was a great star on the Siem, but he lacked the huge audience that Hollywood placed at his disposal immediately.

However, the record is not completely in Hollywood's favor. I am quite willing to admit that the Coast for its stupid casting of Alice Brady. She was one of the finest actresses on Broadway, the stage equivalent of those that could be given to her in the movies better than most actresses could play it. But the Coast, through some amazing blunder, decided to cast her as a snickering matron.

Instead of adding to her dramatic stature, instead of taking advantage of this fine talent, Hollywood reduced her to parts which make Broadway a safer place with her.

The Coast has done little to capitalize on performers of proved worth like Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl, Joe Penner, Sam Jaffe, Jim Barton or George M. Cohan. Each of these had something definite to offer Hollywood, but the movie pandit has their advantage something else at the moment. Jack Haley, who was the No. 1 comic of Broadway musical shows, has been buried in a lot of atrocious picture parts. More intelligent analysis of him, and a better treatment would have yielded pay dirt in Haley, because he is a great comedian with a penchant for publicity. "The Thin Parade" indicates that they are finally waking up to Haley's capabilities. Jack Benny has made a lot of money in pictures, but the movies haven't added anything to his radio reputation. Close analysis of Benny would give the celluloid fashioners a greater screen personality.

Aline MacMahon, I think, has been carelessly handled by the Coast. Like others who went out from Broadway, she was typed in Warner stock company roles, and haven't added anything to the movie public's esteem of her. Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald, Edward G. Robinson, Margo—all of these can be submitted as additional rebuttal. Hollywood squeezed the last ounce of effectiveness from them, just as it keyed Edna May Oliver correctly and made her the interna
tional model of the prim, shrewish spinster aunt.

I'm really glad that Margaret Sullivan came back to Broadway and scored a smash hit in "Broadway Door." For she is the timely and topical illustration that the Coast, instead of doing wrong by our Nell, developed her into star material. So the movies can feel comfortable that Miss Sullivan brought up the entire conversation, because, upon investigator
gation, the record gives the Coast film fac
tional no sharpening at the moment. Love and analysis and treatment of those capable players who have made the $5.000-mile trip from Broadway.

Menus For That Party Mood!

[Continued from page 56]

SMITH BROS.
COUGH SYRUP
NOW ON SALE IN CANADA

WANTED-WOMEN-CHILDREN

Wear Good Shoes, Eat Good Food, Be Happy!


REDUCE
BY SAFE, QUICK, EASY
SLIMMETS

No diet, no exercise, no expensive medical advice—just a simple prescription that contains no harmful prescription. If you do not lose 8 pounds of reducible fat with the first box your money back! Don't put up with unguessed of fat! Take Safe SLIMMET and make your husband and husband fll

in love with you all over again. Money back guarantee. 90 SLIMMET Tablets...50.00. Send Cash, Check, or M. O., today! or C. 0. D. (plus postage).

No Canadian Orders

SLIMMET CO., Dept. S. U.
833 Seventh Ave., N.Y.C.

APPLE CAKE

1 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 3-layer cake

CREAM SHORTENING; add sugar slowly, beating in well; add unbeaten egg whites, one at a time, beating well after each addi
tion. Add flavoring. Sift together flour, bak
ning powder and salt, alternately with milk to first mixture. Bake in 3 greased 8-inch layer cake pans in moderate oven at 375° F. for about 25 minutes. Cool. Sprinkle Topping Cream over layers. Serve hot. Cover top and sides with frosting and decora
ted with cherry hearts. Makes 3 three-layer cake.

TOMATO FILLING

1 cup unseasoned tomato juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon
1/2 cup granulated sugar
21/2 teaspoons cornstarch
1 tablespoon salt
2 teaspoons vanilla
1 3/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup milk
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
1/4 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder

HEAT tomato juice with lemon rind, mix cornstarch and sugar and add tomato juice, stirring all the time to prevent lumping. Cook mixture until thick and clear, stirring constantly. Add lemon juice and butter.

SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

1 unbeaten egg white
1/2 cup sugar
1 3/4 cups water
3 teaspoons cold water
1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla extract
1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder

Place 3 cups of double boiler. Place over boiling water: beat with egg beater seven minutes or until thick. Take from fire and add flavoring. Beat until thick and nearly cold; add baking powder. Continue to beat until thick enough to spread on cake without running. Sufficient for a layer or 3-layer cake.
tops in Hallowe'en entertainment. During this sequence Louis Armstrong sings “Skeleton in the Closet” and scores mightily as a singer and comedian.

Madge, in the ungrateful role of a social worker, is the most charming and beautiful "hearty" we have had for sometime. Little Miss Fellowes, thank goodness, proves again that she isn't just a cute child star—in fact she does the best bit of acting among the kiddies that we've seen since Bonita Granville in "These Three." After six reels of insulting each other, Madge and Bing fall in love and become Edith's legal guardians.

**BANJO ON MY KNEE**

**ROMANCE ON THE MISSISSIPPI—20th Century-Fox**

A RIGHT merry little tale of river folk on the Mississippi who have their own ideas about manners and society, Barbara Stanwyck (looking anything but chic in an old sweater and a percale dress) plays Pege, a land girl, who marries Ernie McCrea (Joel McCrea) of the houseboat Holleys. Joel has to leave his bride a few minutes after the ceremony because he thinks he killed the guy who dared to break river tradition by kissing the bride.

From then on the story is confined to their efforts at reunion. When Joel gets high-and-mighty and leaves her the second time Barbara runs away with a traveling salesman (Walter Catlett) to New Orleans. She is quickly followed by Newt Holley (Walter Brennan) who feels that he must keep an eye on his mule-headed daughter-in-law, now that Joel's run off again.

Buddy (Buddy Ebsen), another one of the river folk, joins the Holleys in New Orleans and they put on a show at Minna Ombell's French Quarter restaurant which is a knock-out. Barbara and Buddy sing and dance and Brennan plays his musical "contraption." Of course Joel gets back from Havana in time for a happy ending, after he has torn the joint up and landed in jail.

Clark Gable, surrounded by some of the supporting cast in "Parnell." an adaptation of the stage success.

The musical interpolations in the picture are top-notch—especially the Hall Johnson Choir's arrangement of the "St. Louis Blues." Walter Brennan unquestionably steals the picture. There's a grand supporting cast which includes Helen Westley, Hilda Vaughan and Katherine DeMille as river folk, Walter Catlett as a flirtatious photographer, and Anthony Martin as an entertainer who looks like Ric Cortez and sings beautifully.

---

**BUT HE DOES HAVE BAD BREATH!**

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decay-

---

**Colgate**

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Most bad breath begins with the teeth!
Mrs. Grundy Regrets

(Continued from page 2)

"Why, Ham," Bette will say, when they arrive at a party, and are surrounded by people, "you forgot to change your shoes! You're still wearing your moccasins!"

Harmon will pretend to be much embarrassed as he looks at his feet.

"Why, so I am!" he'll say. "Well, it's too late to change now!"

When Leslie Howard doesn't want to dance, whether he is going to a private party, or to the Treeador or Coconut Grove, he keeps on his carpet slippers!

Richard Dix, despite all the rules recommending cigarettes or cigars after dinner at a party, always has his old pipe and smokes it. He says this works out to advantage because other men, reluctant because of what is and isn't proper, usually follow suit, and are grateful to him for paving the way.

Dolores del Rio always sits on the floor either at her own or other people's parties. She also invariably prefers to ignore the conventional words supposed to be spoken to a host and a hostess or either. She merely says "Goodby" or "Goodnight," ignoring the hackneyed phrases. Often when the host or hostess is engaged in games or talking to people, she leaves without any farewell, but telephones or writes a note a day or two later. She considers the "I-had-a-grand-time" phrases biomid and hypocritical.

Irene Dunne always has the greatest sympathy for hosts and hostesses because they seem to fret and worry about whether or not their guests are having a good time. Because of this, she makes it a point to entertain herself and stay out of their way. Sometimes she has to watch herself lest her host and hostess thinks she is snubbing them. This happened recently at a large party, after Irene had hidden out during its whole duration. She learned afterward that her hosts felt very badly because they believed she had not been at the party at all.

Walter Pidgeon is so interested in books that he always spends a goodly part of his evening at a party in his host's library, making no excuses, just sneaking away by himself.

Binnie Barnes always takes Patricia Hayworth, a non-professional friend of hers, to parties whether Patricia is invited or not. She gets away with it because Miss Hayworth is an ornament and acquisition to any party.

Charles Winninger invariably pulls a flower out of the center piece on his host's dining or drawing room table, and places it in his lapel. But nobody ever can get mad at Charlie.

Always scared to death for fear he will bore people, George Brent lets the other fellow do the talking at a party. However, when he took up flying he became so rabid on the subject that he would buttinhole anybody he could nab and start talking about aviation.

Pat O'Brien always has a new toast to give at every dinner party.

Joe Cawthorn always get a crowd of men around him to sing the old songs and tell stories.

John Barrymore gathers folks around him and tells stories of his newspaper reporter days, as nobody else can tell them.

Mary Brian always dodges bridge.

Edward G. Robinson always helps wait on his guests at a buffet supper party, no matter how many servants he has in attendance.

If given a new puzzle to do, Harold Lloyd, even at his own parties, will pore over it, ignoring everybody, until he has worked it out.

Charlie Chaplin will start charades at his own or anybody else's party on the slightest excuse.

Joan Blondell never dances with anybody at a party except Dick Powell because they dance nicely together.

W. C. Fields likes telling conundrums.

Tom Brown has a store of Irish yarns he spins at parties.

Helen Hayes sometimes brings her sewing if it's a woman's party.

In "Waikiki Wedding," Bing Crosby (at right) finds the hula hula a shaky proposition.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rambunctious you may be, you will find it hard to get weight gain on the new Ironized Yeast Tablets. For proof, we refer you to the second paragraph of this advertisement.

Try these new Ironized Yeast Tablets free, and you will find they will do more for your health than any other food product. They are concentrated yeast and contain vitamins A, B, C, D and E. They also contain iron, calcium, and other important nutrients. In a few weeks you will begin to feel the difference. After that, you will want to buy them every week. Ironized Yeast Tablets are the best buy for a dollar.
Lily Pons gets off in a corner and talks music to anybody interested.

And Betty Furness often brings her knitting to a party!

Joan Bennett is quite the most erudite kneeler in the film crowd. It was she who first seized upon "handles" and "knock-knocks" and gave them vogue in the film crowd. Guests at the Bennett house are always sure of stirring entertainment after dinner, whether it consists in building things with strange materials or knocking things off the walls with new-fangled weapons.

As a fine musician, Irene Dunne will produce an evening of serene classicism at the piano and everyone is happy. But for the parties that require a bit more verve and gusto, she has a stunt that never fails to bring down the house. This consists in playing "The Sailor's Hornpipe" with the right hand, Rachmaninoff's "Prelude" with the left hand, and singing "I'll Be Down to Get You in a Taxi, Honey" at the same time.

One of the most spectacular party stunts of Hollywood in recent years has been the one-man imitation of a Scotch bagpipe band playing at a benefit, and Stuart Erwin held monopoly on it. But last year Stu taught it to Ann Sothern and she has perfected the stunt to such a degree that the comedian has retired completely from the bagpipe field, overshadowed and disgruntled.

The Treasure of the Few

[Continued from page 27]

rightly, that George Arliss always plays George Arliss, whether he's dressed as Richard III, Richelieu, or the Sultan of Turkey. But you can never say that Charles Laughton always plays Charles Laughton. He is an artist. It seems impossible to believe that Henry VIII and Captain Bligh could be the created work of the same man. And it seems almost incredible that the cruel, sadistic Captain Bligh of "Mutiny on the Bounty" and the sincere, lovable valet reciting Lincoln's Gettysburg address in "Ruggles of Red Gap" could be one and the same. When you think over pictures that Laughton was in you do not think of the movie actor Charles Laughton, a quiet man with a bubbling sense of humor and married to the exotic Elsa Lanchester, but you think, and vividly, of the role he played in a certain picture that appealed to you. It's keenly etched in your memory.

I cannot forget the effeminate, nauseating Nero of "The Sign of the Cross," or the merciless Captain Bligh defying the sea in "Mutiny on the Bounty." Laughton's Javert, the ever menacing policeman in "Les Miserables," is concealed even by the French to be the greatest Javert of all times. It took imagination for Laughton to conceive the magnificent menace he gave the role. If he had been out every night trying to run down photographers to take his picture for the rotogravure he wouldn't have had so much time for imagination.

And, just as you hate him in certain pictures, you love him in others. His Henry VIII was a vulgar and jolly old dear. His Ruggles of Red Gap a darling. The late Irving Thalberg was convinced that Laughton could play Mr. Chips of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," one of the most gentle, modest men in literature. There are many people who agree with Mr. Thalberg, and it is our great hope that Laughton will still be persuaded to play the part when the picture goes into production. From Captain Bligh to Mr. Chips in one generation can safely be called a gamut.

Walter Brennan is another of the humble actors whose part in a picture is always...
CLEANS TEETH

Firm, handsome teeth depend upon two things—cleaning them thoroughly and keeping gums healthy. Even if teeth look white, the tooth paste you are using may provide only half the care you need. Forhan's ends this half-way care. It whitens teeth and—

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's was developed by an eminent dental surgeon especially to give you double protection. When you brush your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhan's, rubbing it gently with the fingers. Note how it stimulates your gums, how it leaves in your mouth a clean, fresh feeling! Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Try a tube today.

Also sold in Canada.

Forhan's

HOLLYWOOD Rapid Dry CURLER

The CURLER USED BY THE STARS

The Stars And Their Flying Machines

[Continued from page 31]

husbands have all the fun. They climb right in and tactfully refrain from side-seat driving. Ray Milland's wife, having more spare hours than he, has been the expert in their household. She extracted a promise from Ray that he'd only fly over the airport. But when he got his pilot's license the other day he had to dash off somewhere, so he tore down to San Diego. He was about to re-enter his ship when suddenly out of the sky dropped his wife. She just wanted to be sure he got there all right!

Robert Cummings has graduated his first pupil, and any day he expects to graduate his wife. They fell in love when both of them were acting in the Folies, and now she is being as brave as he. Bob paid Segoo for his Porterfield plane and it is costing outstanding, no matter how small. Brennan came to Hollywood fifteen years ago. But it was not until he was given a small part in "Barbary Coast," where, as Old Attraction, a waterfront bruiser, without his teeth, he practically walked away with the picture, Sam Goldwyn immediately signed him on a contract and when he was casting "Come and Get It" he found that he had a natural for Swan Bostrum right there on his own contract list—Walter Brennan. Brennan's characterization of the Swede is one of the outstanding features of the picture.

Twentieth Century immediately borrowed him for a Tobacco Road part in "Banjo On My Knee" and the rumor is that he walks away with the picture, despite the fact that it has Barbara Stanwyck for its star. He plays Joel McCrea's father in the picture, but you might be interested to know that in real life he is in his middle thirties and still a very young man. You wouldn't catch any of our Wonder Boys playing daddy to Joel McCrea, now would you? But Walter Brennan is an actor, he doesn't give a damn about age, beards, and make-up. His desire is to make each role he plays a complete character. Upon the sad death of Chic Sale recently, Brennan was rushed over to the Universal lot to take Chic's part in "Blonde Dynamite."

When it comes to real honest to goodness acting Humphrey Bogart is a young man for us to keep our eyes on. Well known to the New York public as Humphrey The New York Paper has brought to Hollywood to play the gangster in "Petrified Forest" and proceeded to steal the stars on the dazzling flight away from Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. In "Bullets and Ballots" he again played a nifty gangster, and played it well, and of course the idea might have gotten around that Bogart could only play heavies. But in "China Clipper" he played a "straight," in "Two Against the World" he played the romantic lead, and now in "Black Legion" he plays a very sympathetic role, and it seems that Mr. Bogart can bring the tears just as easily as the hisses. With a romantic lead under his belt Humphrey could become reasonably temperament, a la George Raft, and refuse to play any more heavies, but not that boy, he's an actor first, and a movie star last. It might be fun to kiss Anita Louise in the final fade-out, but Humphrey prefers a three weeks' beard and a bullet in the chest.

Every time you see George E. Stone in a picture you know you're going to see a fine bit of acting. George's parts are rarely large but, thinking back over pictures that he has been in, strangely enough it's George's role and scenes which you recall rather than those of the hero. What do you remember of "Cimarron"? George's Jewish peddler of course. And will you ever forget his little artist who wanted to draw doves in "Viva Villa"? One of the outstanding performances in "Anthony Adverse" is his stage driver.

Paul Muni doesn't care how much he distorts his face, the more the better, or how ugly he makes his body just so long as producers, supervisors, and directors will let him act. Paul Muni is second only to Charles Laughton when it comes to possessing the gift of imagination which enables him to create outstanding characters. Muni has often been called the male Garbo of Hollywood, for he is a most elusive young man, and had rather have his eyes painted than photographed or give interviews to the press. It's almost impossible to believe that the same man playing Scarface and Watanabe so far different are the characterizations. Yes, "Scarface" and "The Good Earth" would make a pretty good gamut for an actor, too.

And, of course, speaking of gamuts in characterizations there is always Lionel Barrymore. But if we start on his roles we'll be here all winter. Let's not, and say we did.

When Spencer Tracy needs a vacation he takes the misus and comes to New York to study acting. Always an artist.
plane the entire distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific. She is a perfect model because, above all else, she is an intelligent amateur. Whatever Ruth has begun, from riding to mastering French, she has kept at with characteristic thoroughness.

When she vowed to excel in today's sport, she went at it conscientiously, absorbing every minute detail. Consequently, she has had no narrow escapes. The new cream-and-red Stinson-Reliant she purchased in November cost $12,900. Five may be comfortably accommodated in the broadcloth cabin. Ruth has been adding all the special gadgets, including a two-way radio, landing light flares, and a complete blind-flying instrument. This radio-directed mechanism enables her to tune in on a radiobeam which automatically draws the plane to its source. This alone is a $5,000 investment; it is precisely what is used on the China Clipper.

Wallace Beery is the only other star with this super-safety device. His powerful Bellanca seats eight and he makes frequent long business and pleasure jaunts. Mrs. Beery and Carol Ann almost always accompany him. A professional pilot is on his payroll and now he has over $25,000 involved. He's had some pulse-pounding moments when caught in the clouds in a blanket of gray sleet. But snowy weather can't daunt him.

Wherever I go all I hear is flying gossip. George Brent admits he's still a bit shaky from his latest experience. He was about to land at Palo Alto when a radio structure four hundred feet high loomed before him. It was a mass of gray wires. Instinctively he did the correct and only thing to do: somehow he shot through. But when he looked back and saw what miraculous maneuvering he'd effected he eased down with a sickly feeling in the pit of his stomach. Then he sold his plane. Six weeks afterwards it cracked up.

Universal had to cease all production when Jimmy Dunn zoomed his new ship gayly back and forth above the stages. His upkeep on it is only nine cents a mile so he was told he can well afford to go farther away! When he isn't dedicating an airport somewhere, he's bound for New Orleans. He must have a damsel down in Dixie!

Once Paul Lukas was chatting with his director, William Wellman. They learned they had participated in the identical hi-

Gentlemen don't talk about it... but

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

Martha Raye and Louis Da Pron get their Grecian ballet mixed up with some catch-as-catch-can holds.

I. THERE'S NOTHING so certain to quell you with a man as the slightest hint of perspiration odor. So, before you go "stepping out," be sure to bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Its rich, deep-cleansing lather removes every trace of unpleasant body odor—keeps you so sweet and clean—so fragrantly dainty.

2. WHEN YOU dine and dance with him how safe you'll feel from any danger of offending! How much more alluring you'll be, too, with Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still lingering lightly about you! Isn't it wonderful that such a lovely soap costs only 10¢ a cake?

KEEPS COMPLEXIONS LOVELY, TOO!
Cashmere Bouquet's father is so gentle and caressing, yet it goes right down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics... makes your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth. No wonder fastidious women everywhere now use nothing but this pure, creamy-white soap for both the face and bath. Why don't you use it too?

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPs

NOW ONLY 10¢ at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores.
tropic air-fights in the World War. The American army claimed Wellman and Lukas was an Hungarian ace. Now Paul is giving Ralph Bellamy the benefit of his air knowledge. Dick Arlen, who at seventeen enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps, spent some months in Canada, frequently rents a plane these Sundays. And Victor McLaglen, a war hero, has established himself as the newest adjunct to his lighthorse cavalry.

And so the conversation on the sets and at the parties goes. Ken Maynard is credited with being the very first star to get a pilot's license. That was nine years ago, and in the interval he's had practically a new ship every year. He is the most adventurously-minded of the lot, and is frequently departing South America to investigate the ancient temples of the Incas.

Just to illustrate that actors don't have to employ doubles, Robert Montgomery and Robert Young took a plane up before the impressed audience at a Long Beach air festa. And I.T. Chenoweth draws a palm for zeal—intently, he flew his own plane when called upon to portray an aviator in a picture.

The new clothes and the new luggage that has to be bought for air journeys is equalled only by the novelities and new habits being born. Anita Louise is exceptionally graceful in a two-piece, full-length, fitted coat and matching suede cap. Merle Oberon has copyrighted her auto-gyro style hat. Try tucking on three propseller-like blades and maybe she won't sure! Dolores Del Rio has designed a unique non-spillable makeup kit and is fast catching on with the other actresses.

But no longer need you fear that a star is leaving Hollywood forever. The stage-play re-claimed Brian Aherne, but it is a cinch he will be back for more love stories. I know, because he has stored his airplane at the field near me.

Instead of collecting at ordinary cocktail bars, the stars have started to throw their cocktail parties in chartered planes. Ann Sothern began the stunt where she had eighteen friends up for the afternoon. And Katherine Hepburn has revived picnicking—"I want to, I want to."

If they could go along with her in the small plane she hires for the day! The Douglas Fairbankses have put San Francisco on the map as a dinner spot. They invited half-a-dozen couples for cocktails at their favorite airport. It was five p.m., when Doug said, "Shall we fly to Frisco?" Shortly after seven they were a long down in a smart hotel four hundred miles away.

If you are vacating in a far-away resting place, this modern method is to latch your guest's setup, a plane, for them. This is what Marion Davies does when she asks sought-after souls to join her at the whole thing. I didn't even mind getting wet and drying off by turns!

"Well, it's good to know you're not going temperamental on us!"

"I've made up my mind to face my future with a practical viewpoint," she confided. (If you could ever hear the word "practical" coming from the unbelievably lovely Olivia!) "A star should realize she has just so many years to work and be popular and then—"

"And what is your real objective? What have you always wanted to do?"

"I used to want to be a teacher, an English teacher, probably because my father was an English teacher who, because he was practical, later took over a law firm. But now," she finished impudently, "I want to get married to your life!"—which is as charmingly unpredictable an answer as are her moods.

In one-liner waiting and before long we were getting down in front of a hastily improvised table and I was reaching for a napkin.

Drawing it out briskly to whisk across my lap I soon discovered, to my mixed emotions, that it was the napkin which so costly had covered the toast, and looking down further I was all over toast and so was the rug.

I'm no de Havilland. I don't blush pret-

Ready for Love

(Continued from page 25)

picture colony? And, for all her breathing—

"I don't know," she answered slowly, as though considering her dastardly deed for the very first time. "I suppose it was because I'd just come from high school and didn't know much of what it was all about.

And, too, because it was only very late when Gloria Stuart withdrew from the cast and I should take the role of Hermia, which I understood."

Not least among the strange incidents which happened in that fall young life is the fact that she was born in Tokyo, Japan, on July 1st, 1916, although only three years later her parents returned to America and settled in Los Angeles, California. There she attended grammar school and, in rapid sequence, Notre Dame Convent, Los Gatos Union High School and then won a scholarship to Mills College at Berkeley—which, because of her hierarchies, she never took advantage of, though not to her regret.

It was while she was at Los Gatos that she was given the role of Puck (shades of Mickey Rooney) in the school production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and one of Professor Max Reinhardt's better scouts watched her work and decided that she'd do nicely to understudy the role of Hermia, which, without further ado, she proceeded to do.

So much has happened to the little de Havilland since! There has been a long term contract, first for five years, and in one of the most exciting experiences of her life, on her agent's advice, she signed for seven years—and a long and impressive financial program! to say nothing of a formidable list of picture successes which, in the last two years, have included such amazing coup de theatre as "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Captain Blood" and the memorable "Anthony Adverse," say nothing of her current and brilliant performance in "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Olivia told me, amid much laughter, how she had spent her last birthday falling in and out of a river on the lot at Warner's realistically enacting her part for "The Light Brigade."

"And did you like playing with the dashing Errol Flynn? I asked.

"Delightful!" she assured me. "He is so pleasant and such good fun that, in the heat of the whole thing, I didn't even mind getting wet and drying off by turns!"

"Well, it's good to know you're not going temperamental on us!"

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I'm no de Havilland. I don't blush pret-
better than toast crumbs in bed.
Then I came in for a surprise.
Olivia rose grandly to the occasion. She said all the right things, assuring me that she loathed toast, that it was the very bane of her existence, that, indeed, I had done her, in a manner of speaking, almost as great a turn as had the intrepid Max Reinhardt, who started her on her career.
In short, when I later met her mother, a charming, cultured woman, who has also been a dramatic coach, I realized that breeding and background do tell. Here was a little girl in modern clothes who, I felt, could be suddenly quite at home in the swaying gowns and mannerisms of a grand lady! Here, I felt sure, was the answer to the enigma of the so-called de Haviland "luck." She was a natural born actress who, in the role of Hermia, had found a part which fitted her talents, ability and breeding as snugly as had the costumes her smooth young curves.
Just then the telephone rang, as it was doing continuously, and Olivia, who has no secretary (because of her "financial program"), answered it herself. Disguising her voice she assured an unknown caller that "Nobody is here." As she put the phone down she wore the guilest of expressions and her tongue curled from one side of her mouth to the other like some very wicked imp.
"I don't know what to do about them all," she explained, as it rang again.
This time it was different.
Obviously it was a boy friend calling "long distance," and, like some college freshman, her excitement, as she held on, was palpable. From her answers, which I really tried not to hear—do you believe me?—well I tried not to be too curious, he was very anxious to see her, wanted to know if she were coming to his town for personal appearances? Olivia, now dignified and in complete possession of the situation, told him unfortunately she was not—and then, after relating how much she had enjoyed his letters, inquired if he were "happy?"
For one moment I fully realized how serious is this business of being a bright, new, shiny star with (at twenty) a contract that seems to reach to the very border of senility (twenty-five). And as she put the receiver down I asked if she had many such young worshippers?
"I have no suitors," she answered, guilelessly, the very use of the word showing what an old-fashioned romanticist is this charming and capable young modern! "And I'm immensely grateful that's true. I meet probably the most attractive and intelligent

Virginie Field, in "Lloyds of London," so enthralled the critics and fans that a career in pictures is now a certainty.
Years ago her mother taught her the importance of regular elimination.

Ever since she can remember, there has been a box of Olive Tablets on the bathroom shelf just as a reminder not to let more than one day go by without doing something to assist Nature.

Originally the formula of an Ohio physician, Dr. Edwards, Olive Tablets are now widely recognized as a standard proprietary.

Mild and gentle in their action, one little pellet is usually all you need to take care of digestive troubles. Thousands of women have made Olive Tablets their favorite laxative. Three sizes: 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

**DR. EDWARDS**

**Olive Tablets**

**THE LAXATIVE**

**OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**

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**SONG POEMS**

**WANTED AT ONCE!**

Mother, Home, Love, Patriotic. Bred, Comic or any subject. Don't delay—send poem today for our offer.

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**WHY CORNS COME BACK BIGGER,UGLIER**

**UNLESS REMOVED ROOT AND ALL**

Amazing New Method Removes Corns for Good!

When you cut off a corn at home, you merely trim the surface. The root remains imbedded in the toe. Soon the corn comes back bigger, more painful than ever. That's why millions of people are discarding these old-fashioned methods and now use this new easy double-action Blue-Jay method. The pain stops instantly by removing the pressure, then that entire corn lifts out root and all in three short days (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application).

Blue-Jay is a modern medicated tiny plaster. Easy to use, invisible. Get Blue-Jay today.

**FREE OFFER:** We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Dept. B-81, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. Write today.

* A plus of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left unremoved as food point for renewed developments.

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### Loretta Young

[Continued from page 21]

Loretta was only four, she played Fanny Ward as a child in a Fanny Ward picture. Then a few years later she was cast for a bit in a Mac Murray picture. Mae was so charmed with the cute little tow-headed child with the long lashes and exaggerated dignity that she promptly offered to adopt her—but even at that early age Loretta had a mind of her own and she didn't want to be adopted. Mae, upon learning that her ambition was to be a dancer, sent her to the Belcher school of dancing.

One afternoon when Loretta was fourteen the Big Opportunity came. The phone rang and it was the casting director from First National calling for Polly Ann Young to come over to the studio at once to take a test for a part in "Naughty But Nice." Polly Ann was out of town, Betty Jane and her mother were downtown shopping, but Loretta had no intention of letting that job slip out of the family, so quickly as she could she made it over to the studio and persuaded Mervyn LeRoy to give her a chance at the rôle. Colleen Moore was the star of the picture, and like Mae Mur-
ray, she was instantly attracted to the ambitious child. It was largely through her influence that the studio offered Loretta a long-term contract. It was not until the day the contract was signed that Mrs. Young discovered that the youngest and most independent of her offspring had not been in school for several weeks. It was on that day too that Loretta changed her name from Gretchen to Loretta—Colleen Moore chose Loretta for her. Her family and former friends still call her Gretchen.

Six months before, Betty Jane had signed a contract with Paramount and at the producer's suggestion had changed her name to Sally Blane. The Youngs were on easy street now, with plenty of contracts, and plenty of names. In the course of events Mrs. Young became Mrs. Belzer and George. The Youngs were born.

At the age of sixteen Loretta fell madly in love with a handsome young leading man on her lot, Grant Withers, and without telling her family or her studio eloped with him to Yuma where she was married. This brought on a whole batch of disillusionments for romance-loving Loretta and, at the end of eight months, she was ready to call the thing off and return to the loving arms of her family—where she has been ever since. Within the past two years Polly Ann has married Carter Hermann, and Sally Blane has married Norman Foster, and last June they had a baby which they named Gretchen after Aunt Loretta.

Mammy, of "Gone With the Wind" fame, would have adored having Loretta for her little African friends. Loretta's days are dainty to the highest degree. Even as a child she never overate, begged for cake or candy when visiting, or appeared without every hair in place. Today she is one of the best dressed of the Glamour Girls. She is mad about clothes and when she goes on a shopping spree it's really something. The first time Loretta notices when she meets another woman is the shade of her hose—and if Loretta doesn't consider the shade perfect she nearly has a fit. If she doesn't know she should have the fit all to herself, but if she does know you'll say, "Why do you wear stockings like that?" Loretta, more than any movie star I know, has the woman's point of view (she'd have to have this after twenty-three years in a family of girls) and she will take the woman's side in an argument every time, but I have noticed at Hollywood parties that men, not women, cluster around Loretta. Professional jealousy, no doubt.

Loretta's best bad habit, according to her family, and they certainly ought to know, is her complete indifference to anything on the floor. Maybe she's too dainty, or maybe she's just absent-minded, but Loretta will not pick up anything she has dropped on the floor. Before Polly Ann and Sally married they lived with Loretta in her beautiful white Colonial house on Sunset Boulevard, and here one day was staged a pick-up marathon. "Mother," said Sally and Polly Ann, "we're dazed tired of picking up Gretchen's clothes. Her evening dress is on the floor now, just where she dropped it when she came in last night. Let's see how long it stays there." By actual count the evening dress remained on the floor for thirty-five days. There are no more marathons for Loretta, as she has since acquired a couple of maids who pick up things for her. (Anunt the maids, Loretta has to say, "When they saw those cute uniforms I wore as a maid in 'Private Number' they immediately demanded that I get them new uniforms just like mine. I can't play a maid again—it's too expensive.")

One morning, during her sixteenth year, Polly Ann and Sally almost fainted dead away when they entered Loretta's bedroom. There she was busily picking up all her clothes off the floor, and washing and ironing them. "How strange," they said, "she's

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**I SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO KOOLS**

When you're in hot water, my friend, you'd better switch to KOOLS quickly. Their touch of menthol will soothe and cool that raw, hot throat. But in every refreshing puff the grand tobacco flavor stands out unspoiled because KOOLS are so mildly mentholated. With every pack a valuable B & W coupon...start saving them for handsome premiums. (Offer good U.S.A. only.) Easy on your throat, men...get KOOLS. They're better for you.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P.O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

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**TUNE IN JACK PEARL** (Baron Marnehaut)

NBC Blue Network, Mondays 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.
up to something." She was—she eloped the next day.

Sleep is one of Loretta’s greatest problems. She cannot bear the slightest glint of light when she is trying to go to sleep, and as light will drift through the Venetian blinds even on the darkest night she has solved the problem by sleeping in a black masque. She cannot sleep on linen sheets because they scratch her soft and refined skin, and so when she goes traveling or visiting she takes along her own sheets. It all depends upon the first thing that is said to her in the morning. If she starts the day in a good mood or bad.

If you are a young male and contemplating a date with the lovely Loretta sometime in the future, though heaven knows how you're going to get around Eddie Sutherland, you might find this tip very valuable. Don't ever ask Loretta to meet you anywhere, or don't even offer to send you her car for. If you do, Loretta will do a slow burn that won't advance the friendship much. In fact, you'll be lucky if you even see Loretta again... Loretta's young men have to call for her at her home in person or else she won't play. Since she has been "going with" Eddie Sutherland for about a year now—Loretta has become quite friendly with Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow who are now the team of Eddie. The two couples make a delightful foursome at a number of the important social events in Hollywood. Myrna, who for years was Hollywood's most popular pin-up girl, is now a shade better than Garbo, under the excellent tutelage of Loretta and Eddie is now becoming one of our best party girls. Loretta doesn’t like football games, or races, and she heartily dislikes amusement parks. She is crazy about Donald Duck and calls Connie Bennett Donald Duck. When Loretta and Connie were cast for "Ladies in Love" everyone said, "My, my, there'll be plenty of fireworks now. Just wait until those two temperaments start clashing!" On the contrary, Loretta and Connie, who had only been casual acquaintances before, found the picture as the closest of friends.

Loretta is a very picturesque young girl, she is generous to a fault, and adores children. Because of her sweetness and graciousness she is a "favorite" with the Press. She is painfully punctual about keeping her engagements, loves to go down to the hospital to watch operations, and can't bear to have anything but the quietest kind of a voice. When she is telling a story—e*ven Dorothy Parker gets a cold wink when she interrupts with a Parkerism. She will spend any amount for clothes, but drives a second-hand car. She usually gets what she wants around the studios, not by demanding but by kidding. As she expresses it: "I'm kidding on the square." Loretta, today, at twenty-three and a Twentieth Century-Fox star, is a strange contradiction of adult and child. She has that disarming and self-assurance of a woman of thirty, but just let something wound that famous Young pride and Loretta will sit in her mother's lap and cry like a little girl. She makes up her mind as to whether she will remain in pictures and try to become a great actress, or retire from the screen, marry, and devote her life to her good children. Loretta (at twenty-three) definitely does not believe that you can combine a career with marriage.

Just "Lucky"
[Continued from page 31]
beautiful Beverly Hills home, with the late afternoon sun as a radiant spotlight, he went through that entire scene. Believe me, it was gripping and very, very stirring!

"Time Marches On!"

Another important step was "Anthony Adverse," in which he played this wandering hero, for, while he has been featured and co-starred in many outstanding pictures, this was the first time he was individually starred.

Not that this matters much to Freddie. Seeing his name in Neons over the title of a picture isn't as important to him as having a good rôle in a good production, and he wouldn't even discuss it. He is one of the most modest and unassuming players in all Hollywood and, despite his brilliant successes, he still wears the same size hat he did in the early days. He prides himself that he always remembers that acting is merely his profession, the way he earns his living. Genial, vital, retaining his ideals, nothing seems to quench the sheer joy and enthusiasm he finds in living.

He is excited over his next picture, David O. Selznick's Technicolor production of "A Star Is Born," a modern drama laid in Hollywood and with little Janet Gaynor as the heroine.

He said: "Here's a good joke on me. After 'The Affairs of Cellini,' I decided very definitely that I was through with costume pictures for I was afraid audiences would tire of them. Then along came 'Les Miserables,' and I couldn't resist it, and this was followed by 'Anna Karenina,' with Greta Garbo. After 'The Road to Glory,' 'The Dark Angel,' and 'Anthony Adverse,' there was 'Mary of Scotland.' Well, somewhere along the way I found that costumes of another period added to the illusion of romance and intensified the drama."

When I asked Freddie if he thought Romance was changing during this highly modernized era, he laughingly replied, "Not at all. Romance will never change. But—men must always be the seekers, for, to them, the joy is in the chase. Excitement isn't love; Love is fundamentally friendship, plus sex, and it must be built on the right basis or it will not last."

Adored by millions of screen fans, this merry March gives his devotion to his own Florence, and the two precious babies—being daddy to three-year-old Penny, and to chubby little Tony—named Anthony, after his favorite rôle in "The Royal Family," is the happiest sequence in Freddie's March of Time!

"A COLD"

Be doubly careful about the laxative you take!

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

Before they will give any laxative their approval, doctors make doubly sure that it measures up to their own specifications. Read these specifications. They are important—not only during the "cold season," but all the year round.

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable... Mild... Thorough... Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should not: Over-act... Form a habit... Cause stomach pains... Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Ex-Lax meets every one of these demands so fairly that many doctors use it for their own families. And millions of other families, too, trust it so completely that they have made Ex-Lax the most widely used laxative in the whole wide world.

One trial of Ex-Lax will tell you why its use is so universal... It is thorough. But it is gentle... It is effective, but it is mild... It brings welcome relief—without stomach pains or nausea. That's why it's such a favorite, not only of the grown-ups but of the youngsters, too. And, just to make it even more pleasant, Ex-Lax tastes exactly like delicious chocolate... At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
When your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Just Rub It on the Gums

Blondex? Brown's? Hair Too Dark?

Lighten 2-3-4 Shades With One New Swedish Shampoo and Rinse—No Dye Nor Bleach

Blondes? Brown's? Constantly Redheads! Here's good news! No longer need you sacrifice the admiration, the allure of a natural red and popularity that go with naturally soft, golden-toned light hair. With New Blondex Swedish Shampoo, a single shampoo, followed with the New Blondex Special Rinse—special Swedish Shampoo-Rinse—a cost of only two to four cents, New Blondex brings out the full natural color and the shimmering highlights that your hair used to have, without dye or bleach. Great to the devil, dirt and dust, the blondes—natural or bleached—never before have looked so good. New combination pack—shampoo with five percent, not also in a 10c size at all stores.

On The Grand Banks

(Continued from page 53)

schooner's from Gloucester, Massachusetts. We'll take you there after we're through fishin'—""

"I don't want to go to Massachusetts!"

"Well now! I guess you don't know who my father is," the boy exploded. "My father is Frank Burton Cheyne!" He looked about him, expecting general consternation. Dories were haulin' alongside the schooner, men were coming up on deck in a flood. The cleaning and salting gangs were hard at it.

"Well . . . don't you believe me?"

No one had given the situation to Harvey. Nobody had heard of Frank Burton Cheyne—and wouldn't have cared, if they had heard. Fish were fish—and fishing was that society's business.

Captain Disko found a moment to explain finally. "Even if your daddy was a small part of what you say, wouldn't he have the right to gamble two weeks' good fishin' against a yarn given out by an upset boy. However, I'm a fair minded man—so while you're afloat I'll pay you wages—three dollars a month."

He took Harvey by the arm and led him to a barrel half filled with cod livers. A man squatted down with a large spoonful of cod livers expertly from the fish entrails tossed on deck by the busy knives of the crew.

"Now," said Captain Disko kindly, "you help Dan with them cod livers.

Frank Burton Cheyne's son gave one disgusted look at the sliding gurry on deck and screamed in a passion, "You think I'll do that?"

The scene that followed was painful—but principally to Master Harvey. He screamed and he raged and only good natured words met his eye. He defied them all and declared his father would put them in jail as kidnappers.

Captain Disko who had been puzzling over it, sighed at last: "I guess there's nothing else to do." Calmly and passionately he slapped the hysterial face and Master Harvey collapsed in a pile of codfish.

When night came down Harvey Cheyne still lingered on deck, defiant, stubborn as a mule. He would not go below deck to help work this ship . . . he would not!

In the fo'castle, grub was on the table. Men were going behind in shifts, men were comin', for the moment, discussing the merits of Doc's cooking. Empty and weary, Harvey lingered, refusing to lift his hand in work, forbidden to eat until he did.

It was Manuel, his good natured rescuer, who lied for him at last. Harvey had done some work, he reported. He was entitled to eat.

Put it up to a normal boy, no work, no eat—and he'll work. But Master Harvey Cheyne had the craft of the serpent and the stubbornness of the mule—and Manuel, for all his bluff about throwing him back into the sea again, had a soft heart. So, for a few days, Master Harvey remained a rebel.

But there is something even more potent than hunger and boy—his tendency to hero worship and his desire for human companionship.

Aboard the We're Here, Harvey Cheyne was subject to a solid tabou. He had a bunk to sleep in, but otherwise, for the men of that busy crew he did not exist. Even Manuel had as little to do with him as was humanly possible.

Dories were swung overside and hauled with trawl or handline; dories were nested home again and all hands split fish. Smoke times all hands chopped bait. Watches were taken, sails trimmed, decks cleaned, gear overhauled.

The chatter of busy men, all hearts set on one task, to fill the hold with fish and sail back to Gloucester, went on all about him. Harvey, a small ghost, tried his best to join in, a'ing his scorn of them. Nobody heard him. They sang together as they worked and he joined his voice . . . but the others fell silent when he sang.

Manuel's indifference hurt worst of all. A robust, jolly soul this Manuel who made up songs and chanted them to the stars while he kept watch a top hand fisherman though he fished alone. He had saved Harvey's life; he had intervened to make the boy physically comfortable. Now his persistent sharp reminders began to convince him that if he was not liked aboard, it must be his own fault.

One day when he had undertaken to show Manuel that he knew how to chop bait and nearly amputated his own hand, Harvey capitulated.

"Well, I guess I want to do something," he mumbled.

"Sure!" his hero jeered. "But you only want to do what you want to do! I tella you what you do! You go below in galley an' help Doc. You carry slops. You sweat in galley before you thrench about bein' fisherman."

"All right," said Harvey unexpectedly. He marched forward and slid down into the fo'castle galley, to reappear presently with a pall of slops. Something in Harvey was changing. For once he was facing realities—and dealing with them. He wanted to be a fisherman like Manuel and go with Manuel as his dory mate. If he couldn't accomplish that, then by being Frank Burton Cheyne's son, then he would earn the privilege by carrying slops.

Breeze succeeded calm, calm succeeded breeze. Men said that Captain Disko could think like a codfish and that was why he could determine before anybody else off which treacherous shoal the cod would be feeding next. The We're Here sailed, anchored, sailed on again. Dories went out mornings, nestled home of nights. The silver flood of fish came slithering on deck to be cleaned and stowed and salved and...
a rivalry grew between Manuel, who fished with a dory mate and trawl, Long Jack who fished with a dory mate and trawl. Long Jack didn’t like Manuel and he regarded Harvey as a Jonah and so did the rivalry grow bitter.

Harvey meantime carried slops and peeled potatoes for Doc. Spare time, he read a book about ships in Captain Disko’s cabin, learning the names of things and what they were for. Someday he would show that Manuel!

“We might fill faster if our Jonah caught throw away his hand line and bend on a trawl for once!” Long Jack growled at breakfast one morning.

“You think. I don’t catch as much fresh as you?” Manuel demanded.

“I ain’t sayin’ that—”

“Maybe you just bump your head when you leave bunk this morning, eh?”

“Or maybe you Portuguese just don’t know nothing about trawl fishing.” Long Jack shot back.

“If you tell what I do,” Manuel shouted as Harvey poured his coffee. “I take Jonah out weeth me today. I feesh hand line. I teacha heem same time. And I bet we come back weeth more fresh as you and Nate together!”

While Harvey heard, amused and delighted, Long Jack demanded a wager and it was made. Manuel’s new safety razor against Long Jack’s half dollar. Harvey sped on deck, a crafty plan in mind.

He had learned how to work for what he wanted, but Master Harvey Cheyne knew nothing yet about good sportsmanship. On deck, unobserved by anybody, he snarled the trawls in Long Jack’s tub so that trouble was bound to follow. He intended only that he and Manuel should win the bet and using foul means to do it did not disturb his conscience, for he had none.

Long Jack’s trawl fouled, as Harvey meant it to do. The big Yankee was drawn slowly half out of his dory into the sea before Nate caught him. Three big halibut hooks were embedded clear through the flesh of Long Jack’s arm.

Manuel saw, heard and grinded as he called over the water, “Maybe next time you get a dory mate what ain’t old lady mixed up in knitting needles, Nate! Eh! We’ll change Jack mad now!”

Harvey giggled. “I knew he would be. That’ll stop them fishing for a while, I guess.”

“What you mean, you know?” Manuel’s sharp look darted to the boy, Master Harvey grinned. “When I heard you betting this morning I sneaked up on deck and tangled his trawl...”

He stopped, petrified suddenly by terror. There was a look on Manuel’s face that boded trouble.

In grim silence the big Portuguese threw back into the ocean the splendid halibut Harvey had just landed. “You go back tell our boss, Manuel he got no dory mate, he only got cheat. You tella them good and loud!”

In silence he took the oars and headed the dory toward the We’re Here. “But I just wanted you to win!” Harvey cried.

Manuel said nothing while Harvey pleaded. He landed the boy aboard the schooner, then rowed back to fish alone.

A terrified boy stood by that evening when Captains Disko began cutting hooks from Long Jack’s arm. Manuel, loyal to his dory mate, though he was a little cheat, let Long Jack blame it on him and kept his own counsel. Finally the infuriated Yankee, roused by Manuel’s smile, flew at him with a knife. Harvey could stand no more.

Fearful as he was of Long Jack, the boy came between them. “It wasn’t Manuel, I did it! I did it while you were having

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

By Lady Esther

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

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

Surface Cleansing Not Enough

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

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

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

Dissolves the Waxy Dirt

Gently and soothingly, it penetrates the tiny openings. There, it goes to work on the accumulated waxy dirt. It breaks up this grumpy dirt—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. All the dirt comes out, not just part of it!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It supplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaling and keeps the skin soft and smooth. So smooth, in fact, does it make the skin, that the skin takes powder perfectly without any preliminary "greasing".

Definite Results!

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

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

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

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.)

[Signature]

Lady Esther, 2062 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

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

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

FREE
Your Lips as He Desires Them

breakfast this morning. But I didn't mean you should get the hooks in you this way. Honest, I didn't! I just thought we'd have a little fun with you.

He darted suddenly away, Long Jack after him, knife in hand. In a moment Long Jack had the man by the throat. There was murder in the fisherman's eyes.

Manuel broke between them. "You touch that keed and I tear you apart!" The good-natured Portuguese has gone white and murderously mad. "Me, Manuel talkin'," he shouted. "So don't make me mad, Jack. I get all sick inside. Worse than I get under doctors."

Remnants of reason prompted Jack. He turned to Disko, extending the arm with the hooks embedded. "All right, start cuttin'," he growled.

A white faced, visiblly boy sought out Manuel in the fo'castle. "I didn't mean it!" he blurted. "Sure," Manuel answered softly. "We gotta be ashamed once so we don't do things again what we gotta be ashamed of, see?"

Manuel's words were soothing music to the boy's ears. Manuel was speaking to him again: they were going to be dory mates again.

Captain Disko could think like a cod and drive a ship like the Flying Dutchman, but there was another Gloucester skipper who couldn't. Walter Cushman. The Jennie Cushman was Disko's haunting nightmare.

Where Disko drilled out new fishing grounds, severely that they dropped anchor before the Jennie Cushman drilled out of the fog, close on his heels, her crew calling sarcastic greetings over the water. When Disko caught fish, the Cushman caught fish too. It was a race between them, to fill up and turn home for Gloucester.

Off the Narragansett the Jennie Cushman, arrived just before him. This was the last lap of their race; the final test. To fill the hold and be gone fast! Nothing else in life counted for as much as that moment of triumph!

Dories went over, trawl and handlines went down. Harvey, laboring beside Manuel, fished with the best of them, a different boy from the Master Harvey Cheyne who had gone overboard a few weeks ago.

Manuel went on the deck. The We're Here, his ship—the smallest, swiftest, swiftest ship afloat! Her crew were his shipmates and no finer men ever set a trawl or hauled a dory or packed a keg of air. He could stand it till the race was over, scrumming to waste time in having it cut out. Fish, that was all. It was all of whip, and so up anchor and homeward bound for Gloucester!

Fish! Days and nights were a mad world ruled by fish. Men worked till they dropped from exhaustion, staggered up to sluice their naked bodies with icy brine, then worked again. They were clamorously and always faster. More fish and more, until the hold brimmed and Disko, grinning at last, bent the tarpaulin to the halyard and signaled home his dories.

In triumph Disko slid into the dory manned by Harvey and Manuel and started on a tour of the anchored Gloucester, offering with the greatest of pleasure to carry back any mail for Gloucester.

"I know what you're goin' to say and I don't want none of your sarcastic, shouted one irate captain. "We saw your flag and heard your bell and I hope you founder with all hands."

Disko flared angrily. "Nice to have your good wishes, John!"

A thin little man raced to the rail above them. "Get out, Disko, if our next baby's fish afore I get back, talk Molly out of namin' him Hubert, will you? She's so danged set on callin' him Hubert—"

"Another baby, Martin? Man, you ought to stay at sea all the time!"

And Manuel added his general laugh. "That's what he do if he stay on this boat!"

But triumph died aborning with their next call. "Thanks Disko, the skipper. But we just come back from rowin' our mail over to the Jennie Cushman!"

They grated at the Cushman, With jib and mainsail set she was drifting through the thin mists, getting under way. The men started up to her main peak as the moved, signal that she was full and heading for home.

There was nothing left for Disko Troop to do but look up the next one—Cushman. The dirty, thievin' land shark! Hadn't signaled he was filled up. Sneakin' his dories aboard: sneakin' out right under our nose. We had Disko Troop to deal with! Sail would he? Disko would sail the bottom out of the We're Here, before he took Walt Cushman's wake to Gloucester!

The Jennie Cushman showed her heels in a freshening breeze that rose to a gale. "We're Here, we're Here, we're Here!" Wail of the Dutchman, a bone in her teeth, every inch of topsails swelled out tight as a drum. Her ice rail under the Cushman raced in a short cut across the water, and Disko took a shorter cut while the leadsmen raising marks that made his hair stand on end tried to remember how to pray.

"Watch me cut across his bow," Walt Cushman grinned and put the wheel down.

"Thinks he'll make me budge, does he?" Disko growled. "Yah ... I'll budge like a barnacle." He held her dead on for the Jennie Cushman and schooner leaped at schooner.

Cushman held their breath, watching what seemed inevitable collision. Human nature couldn't stand the strain, even hardened fisherman nature.

" Loved the look in his eyes when she comes!"

"Spit on her bowspur when she goes by, boys!" Disko grinned, and swerved not an inch. And by inches only the two ships passed, ruffled white water sluicing off their lee rails.

Walt Cushman, seething with fury yelled down the breeze, "I had the right of way, you know!"

Disko roared after him. "Then you must have mislaid it somewhere. Aimin' to collect insurance off that wreck of yours?"

Aimin' to collect insurance it was. She was howling now, burying the We're Here deep. Topmasts were straining perilously, but Disko hung on.

In the fo'castle Manuel figured the profits of his trip. "And I've got my nine dollars wages," Harvey added proudly. "We very reecen men, now," said his hero. "How we spend it, eh?"

Manuel had it all figured out. First the church store to buy candles of gold so you can rub down the old father, lost at sea. Then a nitly purple suit and cloth topped shoes with big pearl buttons and a new tie with yellow flowers in it. "And I walk down Duncan street and I say, 'Hey, look girls—girls! Manuel, he's in town again!'"

"You don't go with girls!" Harvey's face grew long with disappointment.

"Sure, I go with girls," the fisherman bellowed. "You don't understand. Harvey would be left out of that. "I think you're right, maybe," Manuel agreed slowly. "I don't go with girls. Just you and me—I have fine time in Gloucester, eh?"

Through the glass Disko watched the Jennie Cushman and grinned with relief. Walt was striking his colors at 1st. "You'd best do the same, Disko," Long
THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT Colds!

Facts It Will Pay You to Know!

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

Everything but the Right Thing!
The failure of many people to recognize the true nature of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing in the treatment of a cold.
They employ externals of all kinds when it's obvious that you've got to get at a cold from the inside. They swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "also good for colds" when the cold weather sets in.
Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't treat a cold internally and thereby get at the infection in the system. The result often is that a cold progresses to the point where "complications" set in and it becomes a serious matter.

What a Cold Calls for
It's obvious that a cold calls, first of all, for a cold treatment! A preparation that's good for all kinds of different ailments can't be equally good for colds.
A cold, furthermore, calls for internal treatment. An infection within the system must be got at from the inside.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets supply reliable treatment.
First of all, Bromo Quinine tablets are cold tablets! They are made for colds and only colds. They are not a "cure-all" or a preparation only incidentally good for colds.
Secondly, Bromo Quinine tablets are internal treatment. They work within you and they do four important things.

Four Important Effects
They open the bowels, an acknowledged wise step in treating a cold. They combat the infection in the system. They relieve the headache and fever. They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.
This is the fourfold effect you want for the treatment of a cold and in Bromo Quinine you get it in the form of a single tablet.

Safe as Well as Effective
Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets impose no penalty for their use. They contain nothing harmful and are safe to take. Their dependability is proven by over 40 years of use.
Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated tablets are exactly the same as the regular except that they are coated with sugar for palatability.
Every drug store in America sells Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets. Let them be your first thought in case of a cold.
Ask for, and demand, Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets! The few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense.

Radio Note: Listen to Gabriel Heater review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening, 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.
The Lady of Trills

(Continued from page 29)

tures. I have the two-year con-tract." The
difficult word hop-skip-and-jumped out. "I
go to Hollywood next year after my concert
trip in South America.

A somewhat befuddled Skyer scrambled
to the room and put a halt to the proceedings by
climbing, without further ceremony, onto his mistress's lap.
She gave him a heady push and in her
best grand opera style introduced the case
gentleman: "Mademoiselle Panouche—
Panouche! Panouche his name is dirty
rag! He is a very dirty rag too, sometime.
But he is so cute. You like animals?"

Hep, yes. I do not think that that is what
she beamed, "I love them," stretching the word
love across the room and back. "I make
here a home for little deer in the winter
time."

"Little dears," I repeated, obviously
puzzled.

"You know, with the branches on their
heads." I was relieved. Her face lit up with
French enthusiasm as she told of her plans
for a deer sanctuary and of how she plans
to dedicate the entire room to that
purpose. "That is what I like to live in
the country—the animals and the flowers. Oh,
you should see my flowers in the spring!
Just like in that is where I was
born. Cannes, it is a 'ville de fleurs. I will
make here, around my house, a 'ville de
fleurs some day."

Then, suddenly glancing at a cherbub-
flanked clock on the mantel-piece, she
jumped up, sending Panouche on his way.
"I am afraid I have to practice now, I must
say thank you, become amie."

As I sped back to Gotham along the leaf-
street roads of autumnal New England, I
thought often of that last word of Mademoi-
selle's. I thought that somehow, "oh never!"
she must have, among the millions of
Americans around whom her magical voice
has woven its spell of gladness!

Life Is Like That

(Continued from page 15)

"Where are all these Hollywood folk
when you don't happen to see them?
They work under the pressure of time and ner-
vous strain. It is done in the seclusion of
well-garded studios. They want to save
their youth and good looks so they like to
sleep sometime. Like everyone else they
like to play with their own crowd in their
own way."

I met Miss Marjorie Gateson at a time
when she had to reach a studio at six
A.M., to be made up in time for work. She
went back to her hotel at dinner time and
soon disappeared to rest. Who wouldn't?
I wanted to shoot some pool with Walter
Connelly. That can be done when he is a
leisurely actor on Broadway. In Hollywood
he was getting up about dawn to drive
about one hundred and fifty miles to work
on location up in the mountains. So, no pool.

When he gets a chance, after he has con-
victed a lot of lynchers as a district attorney
in a picture, Walter Abel goes out to Vi-
cortville and rides in the Moonlight
someday, his friend Cal Godshall who is chairman
of the annual non-professional rodeo.
I know what that is like. His horse twists in
the wind and out between the spiny bushes and
the strange spiked Joshua Trees. Rose pink,
"naked mountains rise up from the hot sand
Some of these unfortunate actors run down to Palm Springs and Indio where there are bathing pools and luxury; famous inns. They may run in the sun or dive beneath the date palms. Good fishing or skiing can be had at various distances up the surrounding mountains.

"Why then are there any complaints?" I will give you two guesses and tell you mine.

This work is complicated with colossal collaboration. The playwright, Howard Lindsay, gave me a clue. He was fighting a story that stuck on his typewriter. His door opened and a funny looking gus put in his head.

"Can you use anything with canary birds in it?"

Howard said "No" and noted a touch of disappointment on the face as it withdrew to try another author down the hall. He realized it was as good as lost as something of that would be screamingly funny if done with canary birds. He wanted a writer who could fit it into his story.

Richardson Cornell, the young writer who recently sold his book, "What Ho," for a Gary Cooper picture, asked one of the executives at the studio where he is working in Hollywood for help.

"I suppose it will be easy to get a real husky Indian around here.

"So and so is right in the next room," he was told, "he handles Indians. Ask him."

So, Dick went up to this guy and said: "I understand you can find a real, big, braving Indian for this picture I'm working on?"

The man looked down his nose, aloof and haughty. He replied: "I only handle girls.

"One hundred Chipewas or nothing," said Dick and went back to his typewriter. He looked on the books of that studio was an inhabitant of Hollywood who offered to the motion picture industry four trained tarantulas.

There is no race of man, nor form of knowledge or trick of skill that is not in Hollywood on demand. Behind the studio walls are many business offices. In them are the authors and story writers, the directors, the actors, the camera men, the carpenters, the designers of costumes and sets, all the people who get on your local screen and hundreds more you never hear about. Between them they tear a lot of pet ideas limb from limb. It must produce a very personal, intimate tension, particularly for actors.

I don't know why anyone in particular gets much blame for a poor picture or praise for a good one, you realize how many cooks stirred at the broth from its conception to the cutting room. I don't know why they do not spoil every broth instead of turning out jobs that are very good and then, complete works of art. I suppose Walt Disney's stuff, alone, is the greatest contribution to international pleasure in the use of fire.

One thing more, but don't tell anyone I said so. Most of those boys and girls have made good in the big town before they were twenty. Winchell or me, so there is a privacy about New York compared with little places where everyone knows you back in town. You have no fear of your childhood on, Hollywood is a hick town compared with New York. It must be lonesome at times with the intense limelight on every small detail of life.

Some of these unfortunate actors run down to Palm Springs and Indio where there are bathing pools and luxury; famous inns. They may run in the sun or dive beneath the date palms. Good fishing or skiing can be had at various distances up the surrounding mountains.

"Why then are there any complaints?" I will give you two guesses and tell you mine.

This work is complicated with colossal collaboration. The playwright, Howard Lindsay, gave me a clue. He was fighting a story that stuck on his typewriter. His door opened and a funny looking gus put in his head.

"Can you use anything with canary birds in it?"

Howard said "No" and noted a touch of disappointment on the face as it withdrew to try another author down the hall. He realized it was as good as lost as something of that would be screamingly funny if done with canary birds. He wanted a writer who could fit it into his story.

Richardson Cornell, the young writer who recently sold his book, "What Ho," for a Gary Cooper picture, asked one of the executives at the studio where he is working in Hollywood for help.

"I suppose it will be easy to get a real husky Indian around here.

"So and so is right in the next room," he was told, "he handles Indians. Ask him."

So, Dick went up to this guy and said: "I understand you can find a real, big, braving Indian for this picture I'm working on?"

The man looked down his nose, aloof and haughty. He replied: "I only handle girls.

"One hundred Chipewas or nothing," said Dick and went back to his typewriter. He looked on the books of that studio was an inhabitant of Hollywood who offered to the motion picture industry four trained tarantulas.

There is no race of man, nor form of knowledge or trick of skill that is not in Hollywood on demand. Behind the studio walls are many business offices. In them are the authors and story writers, the directors, the actors, the camera men, the carpenters, the designers of costumes and sets, all the people who get on your local screen and hundreds more you never hear about. Between them they tear a lot of pet ideas limb from limb. It must produce a very personal, intimate tension, particularly for actors.

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 Pictures On The Fire

(Continued from page 33)

"They told me at Paramount I look ten years older," she says. "They said I'm a regular character actress."

"Dear," Preston interrupts, "when they cast you with me that clinches it."

I kid around for awhile and start to leave. "Well, Dick," Press calls after me, "that's the fastest you've ever walked out on me. Usually you stay for at least one take but this was only a rehearsal you saw."

Paramount

FIRST over here is "John Meade's Woman"—B. P. Schulberg's first independent production for Paramount release. This one stars Edward Arnold, with Frances Larrimore in the leading supporting role.

Mr. Arnold (and isn't he one of the finest actors in pictures? I might add he's also one of the most genuine people in pictures) is a lumber tycoon who has stripped the lumber sheds, thereby destroying the water ways so there is no water stored up. When the dry season comes and there is no water, the farmers start into town, led by Miss Larrimore. I forgot to mention Miss L and Mr. A. have been wed earlier in the picture, but they are not getting along very well. If all reports of Miss Larrimore's temperament are true, that's easily understood, although it probably hasn't anything to do with the plot. At the moment, all she wants is to get even with Arnold for something he has done—or hasn't done. He is standing at the desk in the lobby of the hotel in this little town when the door bursts open and Miss Larrimore stands there pointing at him as an Avenging Fury. But the wind has started up, increasing in intensity and all at once a hurricane swings into being. It sweeps the men off the porch and Miss Larrimore along with them.

Arnold rushes to the door to look for his wife with whom, oddly enough, he is really in love. "Where is she?" he demands.

laud her on the bed. Just as he reaches for the smelling salts the assistant director walks between him and the camera. That take, too, is spoiled, and he has to carry her once more.

"At least," I remark to Gordon Wyles, the director, "you're having fun on this set."

"Yes," he nods. "I'm afraid we may have our first serious moment at the preview."

"A very novel plot," I jere to Fany when we've left the stage. "It's just like—"

"Ladies of Leisure" and half dozen other pictures," she grins.

Looking eagerly forward to next month, I leave her and trim my sails for—

R-K-O

ONLY one picture going over here. This boasts the presence of Preston Foster, Ida Lupino and Victor McLaglen and is called "Coast Patrol." It could be called "Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt," but that's the Twentieth Century-Fox, own title. Anyhow, that's what the story is. Pres and Vic are always battling. The only difference is that this time the girl is Vic's daughter and he doesn't want Pres for a son-in-law.

Vic isn't working in this scene but the other two are. The scene is the living room of his Cape Cod cottage at New London, Conn., where the coast guard is stationed. Preston, as usual, is on the make. Ida wants no part of him and has just told him "Goodnight, and GOODBYE" outside. But when she gets inside the house, gropes for the light and turns it on, there is Mr. Foster sitting in one of the chairs.

"You forgot this," he grins, holding out her bag.

"Mighty white of you to return it," she snaps, taking it.

"I think so," he goes on easily. "Do you always come into the house through the window?"

"Yes," she squeals him. "It's a left-over from my second story days."

Preston rises and goes to the door, opens it wide—opening it to show her—"I didn't want you to ruin your stockings.

Ida lifts her skirt and surveys her stockings. "They're all right," she tells him in a "Don't worry" tone.

"T'll say they are," Press agrees, looking at what falls out the stockings. As she drops her skirt, he continues, "I knew a woman who stayed in a room two years because he thought the door was locked and never tried it. You should've tried it."

"I did try it," Ida objects as she crosses to the door, "and it was locked."

"Oh, no," Press corrects her. "I made sure. Look," He steps outside, closing the door behind him. She quickly puts her hand out and snips the catch. Once more Pres is on the outside looking in.

"You look ten years younger with dark hair," I lie to Ida.

Claudette Colbert, the ill-starred Maid of Salem, is tried for witchcraft by the narrow-minded elders of the community.

[Continued on page 33]
of George Bancroft, his lieutenant. "She's here!" George shouts above the wind. "She's wild!" But just then a crazy farmer stagers up with a gun, intent on "getting" Arnold, the cause of all their trouble. "I'm here," he yells.

Bancroft grapples with the farmer in an effort to save Arnold, the gun goes off and Bancroft lies bleeding on the ground beside Eddie.

"Tim!" Arnold yells. "Man, Man! Tim!" And then Francine crawls over and laughs in Arnold's ear. "He's dead!" she yells, off her nut.

"Oh, God, bring him back," Arnold moans. "He won't!" Francine throws the hook into the stream.

"I'll burn in hell!" Arnold offers the Lord. "I'll burn in hell!"

"You're in it!" Larimore screams.

This is really the first big dust storm that has ever been created for the movies and I mean to say they have done themselves proud. I feel like rushing home and taking a bath myself. But there are other sets to be covered so I restrain myself.

There is the ill-starred "Maid of Salem"—Clauide Colbert's latest. Claudette was in an accident during the production of this picture and almost got bumped off. When she finally got well enough to go back to work. Claudette was so great she was having hysterics all the time. And now, on top of all this, she's been accused of witchcraft and is being tried. As a matter of fact, all they have on her is that she is happy in a day when it is considered sinful to be happy. She has met Fred MacMur- rey, a refugee from Virginia, with a price on his head for killing a man. Naturally, he being the hero, he didn't really commit murder. He is only suspected. But, equally unhappily, he has not been able to remain in hiding until he's cleared. He teaches Claudette to dance the mazurkas. Once she's dancing it by herself and when a little boy sees her and asks what she's doing, she playfully tells him she is dancing with a man. When the town gets hot up over the witch question, it is assumed she was dancing with the devil himself.

Claudette tries to explain all this but the people don't want to believe her innocent. "Mistress Clark," says one of the judges, "you have told a strange story. If there were such a man as you now claim, why didn't you tell him about him in the beginning? Why did you wait until now?"

"Because I believed Timothy had seen him and could describe him," she replies, her manner showing relief at his kindly voice.

"Why shouldn't he describe him?" the judge goes on.

"Because he was a political refugee, in hiding here," she explains.

"Ha!" another judge sneers. "An awful choice!"

"Is he in hiding still?" the first judge continues.

"He must be," Claudette answers, "or he could come to town now."

"Is he known to anyone here?" the second judge persists.

"What is his name?" one of the elders puts in.

Claudette looks from one face to another, becoming tense—panic-stricken.

"Can you tell us anything about him?" the elder hairs. "I cannot! cannot betray him!" she screams, like an animal at bay.

"Having a strong inspiration among the spectators, Edna Edwards and Eddie, another elder, rises suddenly and breaks in fanatically. "Of course, she cannot betray him!" he shouts. "She speaks of her master—Satan himself!"

That does it. Immediately there are cries

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To those who think Learning Music is hard—

Do you think it’s hard to learn how to play your favorite musical instrument? Well, the answer is no! Even if you are not a music student or home-study method you can learn to play quickly with the help of some expert—either in private lessons or one hour a week. In my experience, most people will see a marked improvement in a short period of time. I am currently working with a student who has been practicing for only two weeks and has shown remarkable progress. She is eager to learn more and is already showing an interest in playing more complex pieces. I believe that everyone has the potential to learn music and that with the right guidance and motivation, anyone can become a proficient musician.

20th Century-Fox

NE picture coming out this week, "Woman Wishes," is a newspaper story-features featuring Michael Whalen, Graham McNeill, Rechelle Hudson, Douglas Fowley, Chick Chandler and Pat Flaherty.

The latter is one of the true old time boxers plays a boxer in the picture. Whalen is a reporter (sports) who has been taking cracks at Flaherty for something. I believe that the story will be quite racy.

Dinehart has arranged a private bout between Whalen and Flaherty. Flaherty is in the ring in his trunks, waiting for Whalen.

Then Whalen bounces in. He apologizes for being late. After a pleasant exchange of insults he starts to fight.

"Which do you want," Dinehart asks meaningly, "sixteen ounce gloves—or pillows?"

"Regulation," Whalen cuts him off. "Six ounces—and I wish it was your chin."

"Okay with me," Flaherty agrees. "Only look here, Mr. Browne, I don't want to hurt you. I will give you everything you ask on the set except maybe those dirty cracks you make about me and my daughter."

"And I've nothing against you," Whalen agrees gently. "I think it's just a little more than you promised me when you took my signature."

"Well," Pat begins, "if that's all, why don't we call it—" he breaks off suddenly as his forehead wrinkles and he turns to Dinehart. "Hey, what is that whack you are horizontal?"

"The easiest way," Chick butts in, putting his hands up to the side of his face. The sandman route. You know, take a number from one to ten."


At Grand National

There are two pictures shooting out here. One is "The Great," starring Richard Arlen. It is adapted from a Harold Bell Wright novel and is a good old time blood-and-thunder Western.

In this picture Virginia Gray, a New York society girl, marries a gangster without realizing what she is doing. She discovers two hours after they're married, ducks out of the house and takes a Reno and a lot of cash for the lawyer, explaining to him the location of the woman.

He, as soon as the lawyer finds out who her husband is, he gets cold feet and refuses to have anything more to do with her. Virginia goes to another lawyer who agrees to get the divorce but advises her to get out of the house and send a ranch until her case comes up. He won't let her go to a dude ranch because that's the first place people would look for her. Instead, she sends her to the ranch. In his. And whose ranch do you suppose it is? None other than Dick's.

In the meantime the first lawyer, seeing a chance to go back to the big city and get the under-the-table, wires her husband that she's in Reno. The husband and some of his henchmen take a trip to the city.

To complicate matters, this same lawyer (the first one) holds a note signed by Dick's father for $10,000 and he says if Dick can't pay it in a week he's going to get a judgment against the ranch. Dick is worried sick. I can tell you. It's nowhere near time for the money to come through and there's nothing to do but round up the cattle and sell them before they're fattened up.

He gets his cow-hands together and off they go. Dick has a rule. He doesn't want to be left alone at the ranch so she stows away in the chuck wagon and off they go until they pitch camp. Dick is quite irked when he sees her. She blithely announces she's a stowaway so Dick says, "Well, you know what they do with stowaways, don't you? They make them work. Get busy with that stack of dirty dishes and pans."

There's nothing for it but for Virginia to dip her little whites into the dirty dishwater and get busy.

"As soon as I finish this picture," says Dick grandly, "I'm going to start on another one called 'The Devil's Highway' and as soon as I finish that one I'm supposed to go to Morocco to make one for Gaumont-British."

"But you just got back from a six months' location trip for them," I complain.

"Isn't it wonderful?" Dick grins.

The other picture shooting out here is "The Great Guy" starring James Cagney. It's his first picture, and it is the one he won his suit from Warner Bros. and became a Grand National star.

It is a story of the department of Weights & Measures. I can't tell you the whole story but the boss is sick and Jimmie is in charge. The scene is his office. James Burke works for the department and I think Bernadine Hayes does too. Anyhow, Mr. Cagney has been on the make for her without getting anywhere much. He leaves her with a gun and goes back to his downtown desk.

"Haile Selassie," Jimmie greets Burke as he sits down.

"I'll be goin' now, Johnny," Burke an-

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nounces in a thick Irish brogue, "Don't be workin' too hard.
"See you tomorrow," Jimmie smiles. "And try to be on time.
"I'm always on time," Burke repeats. "I always say the only pleasure a man can get out of being doing any of it as possible. Unless it's a job that requires work, in which event (grabbing Jim's arm again) a man can always quit his job on short notice.
"Good night!" Jim exclaims pointedly. "Good night," he adds smilingly to Bernie. "'Cause I'm going home.
"Don't worry about her," Burke laughs. "She knows all the answers.
That's about all there is to this scene. Glad to be back at work?" I ask Jim. "It's swell," he replies. "We've got a great cast—Mae Clarke plays opposite me. John Blystone, the director is fine, it's Doughlas MacLaurin for our production for Grand National and he's doing a splendid job of it, and I like the story."
"You're reading between the lines to everything about the picture?" I query.
"Perfectly," Jim answers. "The millenium!" I yell and duck as Jim lunges up and tries to tear me from the floor.
There's one studio left—

McG-M

I think they've taken liberties with the book, "Maytime," because when I saw the play years ago there was no such French cafe in it as this one I'm in now.
The time is 1895 and the place is Paris. Nelson Eddy and some friends of his (students, all) are there, drunk as lords. Nelson is on tour taking care of young people (that wasn't in the stage play, either). He hits a high note, holds it until his eyes almost pop out of his head. When he can't hold it any longer, he falls over in the outstretched arms of his friends. They hold him aloft, going into a burlesque dance across the room. Finally they stagger and collapse. A blanket is spread over to one of the tables. When he picks himself up he is staring into the amased face of Jeanette MacDonald.
I take it that this is their first meeting.
The stage play was one of the loveliest musicals that has ever been produced—and one of the most profitable that I might add. It may be that the scene I saw is only a sort of prologue they've added and the original story remains pretty much intact. If it does, you're in for a treat.
That about winds us up for this month so, until next year, Adios!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

From the Hollywood Reporter we copy the following, which in turn the copy from the London Daily Express: "I understand that the Ministry of Transport is considering a scheme for wiring off a large section of the West End and putting up traffic. This compound will be reserved for Miss Marlene Dietrich, the film actress, and those who want to see her. It will be fixed at every evening from seven to eight, by kind permission of the Gas Light and Coke Company. It is hoped that this scheme will enable the eccentric minority which is not interested in Miss Dietrich to go about its business or pleasures without interference."

Kidneys Must
Purify Blood

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

The only way your body can clean out Acids and poisons waste products of life, in blood, is through nanillion minute, delicate Kidney tubes or filters. It is because of functional troubles your Kidneys get tired or slow down in their work, these poisons remain in the system and make your eyes look dull and your skin coarse and dry, and at the same time you find yourself All Tired-Out. Nervous, and unable to keep up with the speed of modern life and present day foods that an ever growing army of people are being advised every day to have a Kidney Troubles with the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex, which now is available at all drug stores under a positive guarantee to satisfy completely or cost nothing.

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Silver Screen for February 1937

Pat O'Brien in "China Clipper"

Now come the birthdays of our greatest presidents, and these holidays suggest a duty to the men who direct the progress of motion pictures.

The screen has so successfully told the biographies of some of the world's gratefully remembered men that it could logically take up a further development. That is, it has pictures that tell the stories of some of the great IDEAS which have so completely changed the world. Every idea starts very small, and, as men put their energies back of this idea, it gains in importance until finally it sweeps across the world and changes many lives. For example, the writer believes that the thrilling drama of the conquest of the air could be made into a great picture.

The story of how the Wright Brothers, Wilbur and Orville, from the humble setting of their bicycle repair shop, conceived the wonderful idea that man could fly is most inspiring. The facts do not have to be altered and glorified. Their school teacher sister gave them the necessary money and they went to the sand dunes of Kitty Hawk to try out their ideas. Here it was that they first flew. For the picture, a plane exactly like their first one could be made and flown. Make no mistake, there is drama and human interest in this story.

We owe the discovery of flying to the Wright Brothers and the screen should give their story to the world.

The picture "China Clipper" was a success everywhere. Now let us have a film giving Orville Wright the credit which dishonorable men have tried to take from him.

There are many great inventions that we use daily, and, like aviation, each began with just a thought. Motion pictures, also an American invention, should be the medium of telling the people of today the romance, imagination and drama of the lives of the men who changed our daily routines. We have met a number of inventive pioneers and they were all singularly quiet and modest men. The "idea" of one of them in particular has saved thousands of lives.

For pictures based on truth; thrilling, dramatic, inspiring truth.
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I use rouge and powder, but I never let them choke my pores. I remove them thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap.

Don't risk Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores!

Loretta Young...

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

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

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

Star of the 20th Century—Fox Production "Love Is News"
A CHARMING
PHILADELPHIAN
SPEAKS
HER MIND


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A WELCOME mealtime touch is the serving of Camels. Your guests will prefer Camels for their mildness, and because they accent subtle flavors in fine foods. But it is also true that Camels have a pleasant effect upon digestion. Smoking Camels, scientists affirm, encourages a generous flow of digestive fluids - alkaline digestive fluids - so imperative for good digestion. Camels are enjoyed the world over. "On shipboard," says O. Naffrechoux, Maître d'Hôtel Principal of the Normandie, "Camels are a distinct favorite. People get more pleasure out of dining when they add Camels to the menu."

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Silver Screen

March

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WAKE YOUR LIPS to radiant beauty...keep that youth-soft feel with this luscious lipstick in fragrance Gemey. Colors frankly daring. Seventy-five cents.

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STEP FROM YOUR BATH into a cloud of this luxury dusting powder. Feel how smooth and soft your skin; revel in its glamour-fragrance. Bath Powder in the fragrance Gemey. One dollar.
She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

How often a girl has thrilled to a passing glance—to an admiring look that says, "If only there were someone to introduce us now."

Lucky for her if she has a youthful smile—a smile that reveals sparkling white teeth and healthy gums. But how pitiful the smile that shocks the expectant eye. How sad the smile that betrays dull teeth and dingy gums—tragic evidence of unforgivable neglect.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

That first warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—how harmless it appears and yet how serious it can prove. For trivial, trilling as it may seem—ignored, it can exact a heavy penalty.

When you see it—see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble, but your dentist is the only competent judge. Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is simply a case of gums that have grown soft and sensitive under our modern soft-food menus—gums that need more resistance and work—and as so many modern dentists advise—gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana is a modern tooth paste—not only designed to keep your teeth clean and sparkling—but, with massage, to assist the health of your gums. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation increases. Lazy tissues waken. Gums become firmer.

Play safe! Adopt this common-sense dental health routine in your own home. Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself against gum troubles. You'll have a better chance for whiter, brighter teeth and sounder, healthier gums—a better chance for a smile of enchanting loveliness!
Their Romance Rocked the Foundations of an Empire!

THE MOST Powerful LOVE STORY EVER FILMED!
...Of a Patriot Who Lost a Country When He Found a Woman

You thought "San Francisco" was exciting—but wait! You'll be thrilled to your finger-tips when this mighty drama comes thundering from the screen. A fiery romance with your two favorite stars!...CLARK GABLE—courageous, masterful leader of a fighting nation . . .

MYRNA LOY—the bewitching beauty in whose arms he forgot the pain of leadership . . . Answering the call of millions of picturegoers M-G-M has brought them together in the most dramatic heart-stabbing love story of our time!

CLARK GABLE • MYRNA LOY
IN
PARNELL

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production based on the great stage play that thrilled Broadway for months, with EDNA MAY OLIVER, BILLIE BURKE, and a great M-G-M cast. Directed and produced by John Stahl.
MARCH 1937

Silver Screen

EDITED AND PRODUCED BY

ELIOT KEEN

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COVER PORTRAIT OF KAY FRANCIS BY MARLAND STONE

Editor: ELIOT KEEN

Western Editor: ELIZABETH WILSON

Assistant Editor: LENORE SAMUELS

Art Director: FRANK J. CARROLL

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DEAR BOSS:

Well, that Hollywood is up to its old tricks again, just playing parlor games like mad. Hardly do you get your after dinner brassy down these nights before your hostess blandly announces, "Now we'll play Ghosts." And it’s just too bad for you if you are a slow-witted one and need time out for thinking, because these movie stars go like lightning. Of course, the favorite dinner table game is still casting "Come With The Wind." Oh, I do wish Mr. Selznick would hurry and start that picture so I wouldn’t have Bankhead, Hopkins and Davis hurled at me over the entire table.

If you’re any place around Lionel Barrymore when he’s feeling playful you’ll probably find yourself in a harum-scarum game of "In the Manner of The Wind," and when you’ve seen Lionl act "precariously" you’ve really seen something.

"Who Am I?" is the favorite with the Colbert Clan and Claudette can keep you guessing who she is for hours.

"Scrambled Words" is guaranteed to drive you hopelessly nuts in no time. Stuart Heimbutch introduced this game to Hollywood about a year ago and since then there have been plenty of cases ready for the padded cell with Bondi seeing to be the best at "Scrambled Words," with Carole Lombard and Director Walter Lang runners-up. Funny that Carole who was cited as one of the three moments of unaffected, good "American" speech by Professor Simons, noted speech authority of Northwestern University, is now screaming words. It must be the effect of "Swing High, Swing Low," which she has just made. Jean Harlow and Bill Powell, who are decidedly talented about games, can think up a new brain twister every evening.

At Una Merkel’s "Desert Island" still reigns supreme. Of course Una, being a sweet gal, will always say, "What ten people would you like to have with you if you were ship-wrecked on a desert island?" But sooner or later one of those nasty people (myself, no doubt) will change it to, "What ten pet hates in Hollywood would you like to have isolated on a desert island?" Recently a new version of that game has popped up in the better play-rooms—it’s called "Casting the Worst Picture of the Year." The idea is to take the plot you dislike most and cast it with the actors you dislike most. You’d be surprised (and so would the actors) to learn what leading lady and what leading man and what juveniles usually get top billing.

Well, it’s just another way of gossping...
GO WHERE THE CROWDS ARE GOING...

Now you can see

THE LOVE STORY WHICH CHANGED THE DESTINY OF AN EMPIRE! THE PICTURE THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR!

... Direct from its sensational $2.00 runs in Hollywood and New York!

"LIAR! TRAITOR!
BETRAYER!
I AM EVERYTHING YOUR HUSBAND CALLS ME!"

Hail
A NEW STAR!
Handsome, appealing
Tyrone Power... today's screen sensation!

LLOYDS OF LONDON

starring
Freddie Bartholomew and Madeline Carroll
with
SIR GUY STANDING - TYRONE POWER
C. Aubrey Smith • Virginia Field
AND A MAMMOTH CAST
Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

20th CENTURY FOX

WHEN THIS TRADE-MARK FLASHES ON THE SCREEN...

Silver Screen
WHERE 20TH CENTURY-FOX HITS ARE SHOWING!
The smartest musical ever filmed!
The grandest songs ever written!

Dick Powell • Madeleine Carroll
in Irving Berlin’s
"ON THE AVENUE"

with Alice Faye • The Ritz Brothers • George Barbier

Directed by Roy Del Ruth • Associate Producer Gene Markey
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production • Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin

The tops in swank! • The smoothest in rhythm!
The greatest in stars! • The newest in love!
The fastest in dancing! • The last word in entertainment!
It’s full of Boom-Boom and Go-Go!

New York’s latest real-life romance set to
Irving Berlin’s music in a show as big as the town . . .
as good as the songs!

IT’S YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!
"You're Telling Me?"

Air Your Views.
Write A Letter And Tell The World.

Buddy Ebsen is a dancer with an individual style of comedy. His next picture will be "Broadway Melody of 1937."

Editor, Letter Page:

The color picture, "Our Country and the Woman," with the many scenes of forest and rivers, came out so brilliantly that there is no question about it—color pictures are more enjoyable. And in line with the other improvements, George Brent, with his little moustache, is better looking. That goes for Gable, Errol Flynn, John Boles and Ronald Colman, as well.

And now that all the handsome men wear these beautifiers, the rest of us needn't worry about it. After all, they get paid for being photographed and we are supposed to get paid for something different.

I'm a salesman. Gimme that vacuum cleaner!

George W. Peddler,
Chicago, Ill.

Why not be original and grow one of those "handle bar" moustaches—she'll love it?

Dear Sir:

It seems that the "story" has a great deal to do with the successful picture. Why not offer a prize for finding the best story suitable for a picture so that everyone can be looking and reading to find the prize story? How about it?

Renee Fontaine,
Miami, Fla.

How can an editor award the prize? Read all the stories first!

Dear Sir:

In the city newspaper that we buy, a letter from a reader voiced a protest against the stupid immigrants, who do not even know the names of the early settlers of this country who stood out in the days of their lives and became legendary heroes to subsequent generations.

The motion pictures that tell of Buffalo Bill and Daniel Boone will perhaps make the present day naturalized Americans more eager to be like the man who made this land from the wilderness.

I am descended from a Pilgrim who arrived in the good ship Fortune in 1621 and I can't help being rather arrogant about it. The people who date back to the "Mauritania" and the "Aquitania" probably deserve a screen drama glorifying their brave ancestors. How about that, Mr. Zukor?

Carrie Ford,
Boston, Mass.

There was a young fellow by the name of Lindbergh whose people came from Sweden and who perhaps deserves mention. Or, Farley from Ireland, Maybe he lived a good screen story when he climbed up to the rank of Postmaster General.

To the "You're Telling Me?" Dept.:

There is something happening to people and I wonder if you folks of the movie business realize it? I mean that those of us who go a lot to the pictures find someone who becomes important to them. I mean, for example, I have lived in Litchfield County, Conn., all my life and, of course, I wouldn't know how to act if I was to be all of a sudden transferred to Hollywood or some public place in New York City. Gary Cooper has become a pattern for me, particularly in "Mr. Deeds." He has made me feel that the secret of appealing well is to stay just what I am. No putting on airs. I guess you wouldn't understand this, but I'll bet Gary would.

Archie Upham,
Camden, Conn.

Gary from Montana changed himself to fit in with the people around him. That isn't putting on airs. Should he have kept on smoking a pipe? Well, maybe.

Dear Editor:

What I enjoy most on the screen are pictures with laughs. I also like surprises. There must be a lot of people who like the same kind of pictures that I do. There was "The Thin Man" and "It Happened One Night" and then "Mr. Deeds Comes to Town." the film that Gary Cooper made. On the strength of these successes, the producing companies should feel safe in making some more. Everybody likes to laugh.

Are more comedies coming?

Horace Carroll,
San Antonio, Tex.

Modern comedies are such a hit that all the producers are planning to go hiliarious. It's a trend.
Lovely to Look at...

EAGER FOR LOVE
But Misfit Perfume Ruined Her Appeal!

UNTIL SHE FOUND THE RIGHT PERFUME
TO EXPRESS HER PERSONALITY . . . . .

WHEN THE MUSIC STARTED and the boys took their partners for the first dance—there I was again, just a wallflower. Was I blue? I was broken-hearted, utterly discouraged—ruined! What could it be about me? I tried so hard. This was my final effort to attract a partner who would be mine—who might be my escort—who might... but what was the use? My lovely dress—a deuce permanent and facial just that afternoon! I did feel stunning—everyone said so. What was it about me that was wrong? What did I lack, what did I say or do, or fail to do? Men actually avoided me—or if they stopped to talk for a moment, never asked me for a dance!

COULD IT REALLY BE, as I had read, that the wrong perfume—one not suited to my personality—justly could ruin my appeal? I decided to try once more, even though it meant discarding my expensive perfume, which I liked but which, as the article I had been reading said, might be a mis-fit perfume.

I FILLED OUT the Personal Perfumers Chart and sent for a sample of Personal Perfume blended exclusively to fit my characteristics. I want to tell you that the result has been absolutely miraculous. My perfumes scents to express the real me—its lovely fragrance seems to surround me with love itself! And do my many present admirers notice it? Indeed they do, although they might not know exactly what it is that makes me more appealing. But I know the secret! I have my own private formula for love! I have found the way to popularity and new happiness in my first little sample vial of Personal Perfume . . .

AN EXPERIENCE: typical of many hundreds of true stories of success with Personal Perfume told us in person and in hundreds of letters now in our files.

MADE FOR LOVE—BLENDED FOR YOU!
FLOWERS ARE MADE FOR LOVE. Their fragrance is the essence of love, if used intelligently. The exotic woman knows that even the most costly perfume actually detracts from her feminine appeal if it is not suited to her personality. Many lustrous women of means use only a personal perfume blended precisely to their own personalities. But it is only now, after years of experiment that it is possible for us to offer this method whereby the woman of modest means may also have a perfume especially blended to express her personality. The Chief Perfumer of "Personal Perfumes" draws from all the fragrances of the world in order to blend your perfume, and express your characteristics . using this Chart as his guide. Would you care for a sample of your personal perfume? Fill in this interesting chart—send it today!

Sample of your Personal Perfume SENT ON REQUEST
FILL OUT THIS CHART NOW—MAIL IT TODAY!
The best way to find out if a Personal Perfume blended especially to suit your characteristics, will help you attain your desires—is to try it! No charge is made for a generous sample. Send only 10 cents to cover cost of mailing and postage. Fill in the chart now! Mail it with 10c in coin to TODAY!

PERSONAL PERFUMERS, INC., 15 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind. Dept. 102
Please blend a generous sample of Personal Perfume for me based on this chart which I have filled out correctly to the best of my knowledge. You agree to keep the personal information contained in this chart absolutely confidential. I understand that my perfume is free, (except for 10c mailing costs which I enclose) and that this request for a sample places me under no obligation.

Which of these words best describes your personality?

HAIR
□ Blonde □ Black □ Brown □ Red □ Auburn □ Grey □ Dark

EYES
□ Dark Blue □ Light Blue □ Grey □ Brown □ Hazel □ Black

COMPLEXION
□ Fair □ Medium □ Dark

HEIGHT
□ VACIOUS □ ETHEREAL □ DECEITFUL □ HAPPY □ MOODY

WEIGHT
□ FAVORITE COLOR

WHAT TYPE OF MAN DO YOU MOST ADMIRE?

Are you SINGLET, MARRIED, DISSOLVED, WIDOW

ADDRESS (Or R.F.D.)

CITY OR TOWN

STATE

(Sure to enclose 10 cents in coin to defray mailing costs)

PERSONAL PERFUMERS INC.
15 EAST WASHINGTON ST.
INDIANAPOLIS, ... INDIANA

SILVER SCREEN
Forhan's

DOES

CLEANS TEETH

SAVES GUMS

PINAUD'S NEW, IMPROVED

SIX-TWELVE

CREAMY MASCARA

prepared in France

Silky, heavy eyelashes that look naturally beautiful. Get them from this improved creamy mascara... never makes you look made-up... Permanent, run-proof, smudge-proof... in black, brown, blue, green.

Complete Eye Makeup requires

PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

Eugene Pallette confides in John Howard his opinion of their picture, "Easy To Take."

Occurred—Good. A British-made film starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Dolores Del Rio. The scene is laid in Paris where Doug and Dolores are playing in a variety show. The leading lady is killed and Dolores is accused for the murder. The trial in the French court is highly effective. There are some fine musical numbers woven in with the tragic plot theme.

AFTER THE THIN MAN—Excellent. Although this is not exactly a par with its predecessor, "The Thin Man," it provides a thoroughly intriguing mystery and some ingratiating comedy. As before, William Powell and Myrna Loy play the happily married crime investigators with perfect ease and charm. Elissa Landi lends splendid support.

BATTLE OF GREED—Good. The third of a series of films depicting historical incidents, this one treats with the discovery of oil in Virginia City. There's plenty of old-fashioned melodrama, and abundant action and romance. Tom Keene plays the lead.

CAPTAIN CALAMITY—So-so. George Houston is cast as the captain who pretends to have found pirates' treasure on the South Seas Island, and then has every crook on the Islands gunning for him so that they can collect the treasure themselves. The characters are over-drawn and the theme is not worked out convincingly. (Marvin Nixon, Vince Barnett, Roy C. Army)

CRACKUP—Good. Peter Lorre and Brian Donlevy contribute excellent character portrayals in this highly dramatic story centered around the theft of a new American aviation invention. Others in the fine cast are Thomas Beck, Ralph Morgan, Ray Linaker, Ethel Heir, Wood.

CRIMINAL LAWYER—Good. Lee Tracy is cast in the title role, that of a sharp-shooting attorney who is the mouthpiece for Eduardo Cisnello, a gambler and criminal who leaves no doubt in your mind that he means "business." There's plenty of punch in this. (Margot Grahame, Betty Lawford).

EASY TO TAKE—Fine. This is perfectly swell comedy, centering around the children's hour program of a large broadcasting station. John Howard plays a character similar to "Uncle Dan" of radio fame, and plays it with a fine sense of humor. Eugene Pallette is equally good as his manager, and Martha Hunt, as his sweetheart, never was better.

FLYING HOSTESS—Good. If you like action and are a maniac you'll get a kick out of this film... and that means kids will go for it in a big way. William Gargan plays an instructor to all-hostesses and while doing so falls in love with Judith Barrett, one of his pupils. (Cindy Devine, Astrid Allwyn). 

GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN—Fine. The title could convince you that this is a robust drama of the Timberwolds; and, what is more, it is most effectively photographed in Technicolor. An excellent cast is headed by Beverley Roberts, George Brent, Barton MacLane, El Brendel and Roscoe Ates.

GOLD Diggers of 1937—Good. A musical extravaganza with a plot that casts Dick Powell as a hunky insurance salesman, Victor Moore as an eccentric theatrical producer, Glenda Farrell as a wise charmer and Joan Blondell as an equally wise charmer. A two-reel burlesque entertainment that doesn't strain the mind, here's your film.

GREAT GUY—Fine. Jim Cagney makes a spectacular return to the screen in an exciting story about a crusade by the Weights and Measures Department to stifle the sale of aight racket in small neighborhood food markets. Mae Clark is the romantic interest and the comedy is furnished by the one and only Ed Brophy.

GREEN LIGHT—Fine. A story that will give you food for thought and which offers an endless subject for critical discussion. A fatal surgical operation is laid at the door of a young doctor, and this leads to an interesting change in the lives of all concerned. (Errol Flynn, Anita Louise, Walter Abel, Henry O'Neill, Margaret Lindsay).

JOIN THE MARINES—Average. This is a swiftly-paced, brightly spoken comedy about an Olympic javelin thrower who gets enmeshed with a Marine Colonel's pretty daughter and decides to join the Marines instead. It is an entertaining yarn smartly acted by Paul Kelly, June Trav, Reginald Denny, etc.

KING OF HOCKEY—So-so. As a second feature on a double bill you may be able to accept this with equanimity; otherwise, it might make you squirm. The plot, concerning a champion hockey player, is filled with dramatic inconsistencies. Cast includes Dick Powell, Anne Noggle.

LADY FROM NOWHERE—Fair. Mary Astor does not fare so well in this routine yarn in which she plays a manicurist who happens to be the only witness to a gangster killing. Mary runs away and poses as an heiress whose identity finally becomes known through the work of a newspaper man, Charles Quigley.

LOVE IN EXILE—Fair. As coincidence will happen sometimes, this Love in Exile deals with the abdication of a King because of his love for a foreign woman, but that's just where the coincidence ends. With Clive Brook and pretty Helen Vinson in the cast you ought to know that the story works out to a happy ending with many thrills. 

MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN—Weird. Boris Karloff went to England to star in a picture and what do they give him? Just another simm-chiller wise story out so many of his American films. This one has to do with the transference of mind and thought content from one person to another. It's a theatrical idea, if you like that sort of thing. (John Loder, Anna Lee).

MEN ARE NOT GODS—Interesting. Made in England, this film stars Miriam Hopkins, with some English names in the cast which should come with discriminating audiences. The story veers into the somewhat familiar triangle idea, but there's plenty of pictorial comedy and also plenty of good honest drama in it. (Gertrude Lawrence, A. E. Mattes).

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS—Good. If you've been in the mood to handleHaa a suffer or be trampled on by Hollywood here we have Charlie Ruggles, prosaic conductor of a newspaper column dealing with birds and bees, suddenly catapulted into fame when his wife,
Naturally, ever since "Mutiny on the Bounty" swept the country, I've been on the lookout for another yarn with the same sweep and power to bring to the screen. I wanted a story with plenty of drama and with plenty of chance for me to direct big out of doors scenes, the kind I get the most kick out of.

Well, to make a long story short, I found just such a yarn... "Maid of Salem". Here is the story of a young girl and a young lad who have the nerve to fight off a whole town of fanatics who try to break up their love... a story with the same drive and surge of "Mutiny". For here love and courage face the fanatical venom of a whole mob of Captain Blighs.

But finding a story is only half a director's battle. The next thing was to find stars able to play the parts. I had recently directed Claudette Colbert in "Under Two Flags" and knew what she could do in a highly emotional part. Fortunately, I was able to cast her as the stout-hearted little "Maid of Salem". A hero? I needed a swashbuckling, hard-boiled lad who could carve his way with a cutlass through an armed mob, with a grin on his face... I found him. Fred MacMurray, I honestly believe, does as fine a job in this picture as any of the heroes of my big adventure pictures. The girls are going to say it's Fred's swellest part.

Last but not least a producer-director has got to have freedom to make a picture his own way. I, personally, want my pictures absolutely authentic. If it's an historical picture, I want my history correct. Well, let me say, right here and now, Paramount has made this, my first picture for their company, the easiest I have ever worked on. For they have told me to spare no expense to make "Maid of Salem" the most authentic, the most powerful of my productions. So I think when you see "Maid of Salem" you will agree with me that it tops them all for sheer entertainment.

Frank Lloyd looking for a new screen yarn.

Frank Lloyd on the set with Claudette Colbert as the cameras start cranking for "Maid of Salem".

Claudette Colbert in her greatest part, as the young New England girl who dares the wrath of a whole countryside for the love of her dashing Southern hero.

Fred MacMurray in his first big historical role since "The Texas Rangers", as a swashbuckling Southern gentleman who can carve his way through any mob with his good sword.
Alice Brady, decides to write one of his columns herself, a la Winchell.

MAN BETRAYED, A—Interesting. There is a novel twist to this murder mystery when a group of gangsters go out to solve the crime in order to clear the name of an innocent victim. Prominent in the cast are Ray Hughes, Edie Nugrin, and Lloyd Hughes.

MYSTERIOUS CROSSING—Fair. The action commences on a train ferry crossing the Mississippi to New Orleans—a city which furnishes a romantic background for the type of murder mystery this turns out to be. (James Dunn, Andy Devore, Jean Rogers).

OFF TO THE RACES—Fine. Another in the series of films depicting that typical American Family by the name of Jones. This one is just as amusing as the earlier films and, in addition, has an exciting horse race to hold your interest. Slim Summerville and Russell Gleason have been added to the cast which includes Spring Byington, Jed Prouty and Shirley Deane.

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN—Fair. The plot jumps around a bit but we finally arrive at the point where Bing Crosby, a singing vagabond who sings on the street for a living, meets up with that problem child, Edith Fellows. Their trouble starts to brew. But so long as the trouble leads Bing to Madge Evans, why worry?

NIGHT WAITRESS—So-so. Margot Grahame doesn't seem to be happily cast as the night waitress of a cheap water front cafe, but, then neither do some of the other actors seem to fit in with their surroundings. Don't go out of your way to see this.

RAINBOW ON THE RIVER—Fair. Women will like this highly sentimental tale about a little Southern walt (Hobby Green) picked up after the Civil War and reared by a negro mammy (Louise Beavers). How he is brought North and placed safely in the arms of his wealthy grandmother furnishes the nucleus of the story. If you like boy stories, don't miss this up. (Mary Robson, Alan Mowbray, Beulah Hubert).

TALK OF THE DEVIL—Fine. A British mystery picture, featuring two popular American players, Richard Barthelmess and Sally Eilers, that is packed with terrific suspense. Basil Sydney, one of the best of the English actors, comes through with a fine performance.

THEY WANTED TO MARRY—Fair. This is good, light entertainment, concerning the exploits of an up and coming news photographer. In the cast are Gordon Jones, Betty Furness, Henry Kolker.

WAY OUT WEST—Amusing. This is rollicking good fun for one of those casual off-evenings when you don't feel like thinking about anything serious, but just want to giggle foolishly (which nothing can stop you from doing) while watching the antics of Laurel and Hardy.

WESTERNDER, THE—Good. This is the type of stuff that the youngsters who go to the movies on Saturday afternoons eat up. Adults, with a love of adventure and the wide open spaces, may enjoy it also. Tim McCoy is the hero who buys a dead-end ranch which causes him many a headache. The love interest is Maron Shilling.

WINTERSSET—Excellent. A beautifully produced and superbly acted film, but because the theme is somber in the extreme, dealing with the vindication, sixteen years later, of a man electrocuted for murder, it will not appeal to a large audience. (Burgess Meredith-Margo).

WOMAN WISE—Fair. This is a newspaper yarn posed against the backdrop of a prize-fight racket, said racket concerning the attempt of nefarious schemers who plot "has been" fighters against promising newcomers in order to clean up on bets. (Michael Whalen, Alan Dinehart, Rochelle Hudson).

The fox and the papa are quite friendly. They, and Cary Grant, are in Grace Moore's picture, "When You're in Love."

New Names For

"Interlude" (Grace Moore) has been changed to

"When You're in Love"

"Murder on the Mississippi" (James Dunn) has been changed to

"Mysterious Crossing"

"Coast Patrol" (Preston Foster) has been changed to

"Revenge, Ready, and Handsome"

"Lords of the Land" (Jean Muir) has been changed to

"White Bondage"

"Trial Horse" (Barton MacLane) has been changed to

"Don't Pull Your Punches"
Salute a stunning new musical joyride produced with all the smartness and variety and zest Warner Bros. are famed for! ...A grand all-round show...new dances...new song hits...and girls galore! A side-splitting story as new as the New Year!...with a star cast of favorites willing and able to either sing it or swing it! This riot of rhythm and fun easily takes the screen honors of the month.

"READY, WILLING and ABLE"

Ray Enright directed...Bobby Connolly arranged the dance ensembles...And Johnny Mercer and Richard Whiting wrote the 3 song hits—"Too Marvelous for Words", "Sentimental and Melancholy", and "Just a Quiet Evening"
SOUP — THE BASIS OF MANY DISHES

THE present day housekeeper does not half appreciate the virtues of soup. She is inclined to look upon it as a prelude to a meal and hence to be gotten over with as quickly as possible. Not only can soup be made a nourishing one-dish meal, rich in meat stock and vegetables, but combined with other foods it has endless possibilities. The following St. Patrick’s Day menu is built around dishes made with canned soups. It may, however, be used for any other time or occasion.

MENU
Cream of Green Pea Soup with chopped parsley
Saltines
Meat roll with Olive stuffing
Mushroom Gravy
Green beans
Jellied Cucumber Salad
Drop Biscuits
Pistachio Ice Cream
Coffee

Minis

Use canned Cream of Green Pea Soup and sprinkle the top with finely chopped parsley. The string beans may be either canned (Libby’s are excellent) or fresh and must be dredged with melted butter. The cucumber salad may be made by adding cucumbers to lime Jello, individually molded in shamrock shapes and served on a lettuce leaf with mint-mustard, or with small balls of cream cheese dipped in crushed nuts.

MEAT ROLL WITH OLIVE STUFFING
Mix 1 lb. ground beef, 1/2 lb. ground veal, 1/2 lb. ground pork, 2 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper. Cover a cutting board with waxed paper and press meat onto it in a flat sheet about 8 x 11 inches. In the center of this form a roll, the length of the meat, put in a dressing made of 1 tbsp. chopped onion which has been cooked in 2 tbsp. butter until clear, and mixed with 1 1/4 cups
course dry bread crumbs, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1 slightly beaten egg and 8 stuffed olives, sliced, and moistened with 1/2 cup boiling water. Roll meat around dressing, covering waxed paper and meat together, then pulling paper free. Pinch edges of meat together. Place meat roll on oiled baking pan with strips of Armour’s Star bacon over the top, and strips running around loaf and almost touching. Bake at 350° F. for 1 hour. Garnish plate with crisp bacon, parsley and small stuffed olives. When you serve cut between bacon strips and pour over each slice a liberal helping of—

MUSHROOM GRAVY
2 tbsp. butter or meat drippings
1 cup heated C.A.B. Cream of Mushroom Soup
2 tbsp. flour
1/2 cup canned mushrooms
2 bouillon cubes or 1 tbsp. Vitalor
Lettuce or dripping melt in sauce pan. Add flour and stir until light brown. Add 1 cup Mushroom Soup, mushrooms, bouillon cubes or Vitalor and stir until thickened.

Used canned or fresh asparagus and cover with a sauce made by thickening 1 can of Cream of Celery Soup with a little flour and milk. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

This menu preserves the St. Patrick’s Day coloring in dishes that are easy both to eat and to prepare.

Soup can be made a hands aid to the busy home maker. Cream of Mushroom is excellent as the base of all a-la-king dishes —simply add milk, chopped pimento and green peppers, seasoning, and desired meat. Be sure and parboil green peppers for a few minutes first. And try mixing this soup with your favorite filling for green peppers. It gives a nice piquancy and richness. Thinly sliced potatoes covered with a can of mushroom soup, sprinkled with
The same mad-cap, riotous spirit that set "My Man Godfrey" apart from any other picture makes this spectacular musical DIFFERENT from anything you've ever seen! It tops them all!

Giant cast! Sparkling personalities! Seven songs by that never-miss hit team, McHugh and Adamson! Breath-catching gowns! Fun, frivolity, frenzy! Music, mad-waggery, mirth and magnificence!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

TOP OF THE TOWN

With a glittering galaxy of stage, screen and radio favorites including:
Doris Nolan • George Murphy • Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff • Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan • Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer • Mischa Auer • The Three Sailors • Peggy Ryan
Gerald Oliver Smith • Jack Smart • Claude Gillingwater • Ernest Cassart
Directed by Ralph Murphy • Associate Producer Lou Brack
CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

THE SCREEN HAS NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!
Dished grated Chateau (Borden's) cheese and scalloped as usual is a new way to dress up an old favorite. Or a few left over meats, such as beef, may be diced, added to sliced potatoes in a casserole with a can of Heinz Vegetable-Beef Soup poured over it, making an appetizing main dish.

Tomato soups are an old standby. Use them in concentrated form instead of tomato sauce, the flavoring is always better. Pour tomato soup over fish to be baked or Swiss steak; serve it with browned onions and green pepper over rice; in meat leaves; in making frozen cheese salads or tomato ring; with spaghetti, noodles or stuffed cabbage. Here are two splendid recipes using tomato soup.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BRAISED LIVER</th>
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| 1 lb. calves liver  
1 1/2 tsp. salt  
1 1/2 tsp. pepper  
1 can tomato  
4 tbsp. Crisco  
1 cup finely cut  
2 medium sized celery  
2 onions chopped  
2 1/4 cup flour  
2 carrots |

Cut liver in 2-inch squares, salt, pepper and roll in flour and brown in fat. Put in casserole and brown vegetables in same fat. Put all in casserole, and pour over it 1 can tomato soup. Bake in moderate oven 375°F. about an hour.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TOMATO SCALLOP</th>
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</table>
| 3 eggs  
2 tbsp. sugar  
1 cup grated cheese, (Kraft's)  
Bread Crumbs |

Beat eggs, add tomato soup, sugar, salt and cheese. Mix well. Arrange 2 slices of bread in bottom of baking dish. Pour over them 1/2 of tomato mixture. Repeat until bread slices and mixture are used. Sprinkle with bread crumbs, bake in moderate oven 375°F. about 50 minutes and garnish with rings of hard cooked egg whites around edge. Arrange yolks pressed through a sieve in a mound in center.

Vary the usual way of making omelets and cooking eggs by using soup. For example: poach eggs in tomato or mushroom soup; remove eggs from mixture onto buttered toast and pour the sauce over them. For your omelet-surround with a steaming hot can of vegetable, onion or cream of celery soup slightly thickened. Try covering sliced or halved hard cooked eggs with tomato soup, muffin gray or chicken gumbo.

You can make the best beef stew you ever tasted by combining a can of tomato soup, a can of vegetable or pepper pot soup and a can of Campena Beef Broth and cooking for about 15 minutes under a medium blaze.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>KIPPER PIE</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Place contents 2 cans condensed vegetable soup in bottom of shallow baking dish. Drain canned kippered herrings on absorbent paper, place on top of soup. Cover with mashed potatoes and bake in moderate oven, about 350°F. for 30 minutes. Here is a new way to prepare stek.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STEAK CASSEROLE SUPREME</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| 2 lbs. round beef  
steak 1/2 inch  
2 tsp. Crisco  
2 tsp. salt  
1 can Heinz Onion Soup  
Crisco Creole Soup  |

Cut meat into desired number of servings. Pound flour into steak. Heat fat in skillet and brown meat on both sides. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place in casserole. Pour soup into skillet to remove any fat that may be left, then pour over meat in casserole. Cover tightly. Bake in moderate oven 375°F., about an hour. If meat is very tender. If sauce in casserole becomes too thick with hot water.

Dear Reader of SILVER SCREEN—

Many thanks to the many thousands of you who filled out and sent in the questionnaire that was included in our January issue.

We are mailing the calendars, as we go to press, and hope you will like yours.

EDITOR.
MAKE YOUR TEETH
shine like the stars!

"Calox brings out the brilliant highlights that are so necessary on the screen. I enjoy using it."

Miriam Hopkins

...glamorous star of the new Samuel Goldwyn production, "THE WOMAN'S TOUCH." Watch for it at your favorite movie theatre—and watch for her starry smile.

You're in good company if you use Calox! Right up with the stars!

And why not? You need a "starry" smile as much as anyone! Brilliant, shining teeth make any smile more thrilling ...help any career succeed. So concentrate on Calox! It's the powder that puts that polished sheen on teeth for many of the screen's most dazzling, glamorous stars!

Use Calox at least twice daily. More often—if your teeth stain easily—if you want to keep them twinkling, bright.

You'll find Calox-care a delightful, refreshing experience. As lovely Miriam Hopkins says, "It is so fine and soft and smooth...I enjoy brushing my teeth with Calox."

COUNT THE REASONS FOR CALOX!

Calox is a preparation of pharmaceutical purity. It cleanses safely. And doubly assures cleansing...by releasing live oxygen in the mouth. Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent. Calox helps neutralize mouth acids ...tends to strengthen gums. Made by McKesson & Robbins, who have supplied physicians and hospitals since 1833.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc
If you haven't the urge to look as chic and charming in the new Spring styles as the Hollywood stars do, you're simply not human! But if you take a good deal more than wishing to look your loveliest as a "perfect 10" or a "delectable 14" with the styles we're being offered this year.

It takes wall-power to keep that figure under control so it'll do justice to the shorter skirts (even evening gowns are coming up from the floor to ankle-length), and the moulded waistline that won't permit rolls of excess flesh above or below it.

In the picture on this page, you see how Madge Evans keeps her slender waistline! She is doing the side-to-side twist that tightens up 'tummy' muscles and discourages extra pounds from settling around the waist. Arms folded behind her head hold her chest up so there's an extra pull on the abdomen muscles. And the legs held straight ahead stretch out the "hamstrings," or tendons under the knees, so they'll be flexible—a big help to good posture.

We give you our solemn promise you won't regret it if you devote a little time every day between now and Easter to getting your figure in shape. Begin by taking stock, and write down your figure points, and do it honestly. If you have access to a full-length triple or double mirror, so that you can get a complete view of your figure from the front, side and back, it will help a lot to show you the faults that should be corrected.

Your first job is to learn how to make the most of the figure you have by standing, sitting and walking correctly—or, in other words, maintaining good posture.

Here's an excellent exercise to correct your posture: Stand against a flat wall with your feet six inches away from it. Toes straight forward. Bend your knees and slide down the wall until the small of your back is flat against it. Your shoulders and the back of your head should be touching the wall. Your chin is straight forward in a line parallel with the floor.

When you stand this way you should get the feeling that your "tummy" is drawn in, your hips are tucked under, diaphragm and chest are elevated, shoulders are straight and relaxed, and your head is lifted up from behind your ears. Hold the position for five minutes.

Now straighten your knees and push your feet back without moving the rest of your body any more than you can help. Keep the small of your back flat against the wall, with head and shoulders touching. Then push yourself forward with your hands until you're free from the wall, not moving the rest of your body. Now walk forward, toes straight ahead and weigh on the balls of your feet. You will start with perfect posture. Keep it as long as you can.

Remember, good posture is a habit. You must practice it every day or several times a day. It may seem hard at first, but it truly is worth the effort.

The worst enemy to good posture, and the vitality that does so much for beauty, is "sloouching." When we're tired, we're all inclined to slump, as if the force of gravity were pulling us down. This isn't only unflattering to the figure, but it puts an extra strain on nerves and frequently causes backaches. The exercise I've just told you is grand to relieve strain on nerves and take out the backache that comes from fatigue.

When you are sitting down, push the end of your spine all the way back in your chair. Then you can't slouch. You don't have to sit "stiff as a ramrod." You may lean forward or backward or any way that makes you most comfortable, and your back will still be straight because you are giving it the right support.

For a smooth waistline, minus those ruminous bulges fore and aft, get the habit of pulling your hips down and under and stretching up from behind your ears. This automatically holds your "tummy" in and straightens out the curve at the small of your back, besides making your hips seem smaller.

Most women bend their knees too much when they are standing or walking. High heels are partly to blame. When you raise your heels artificially high, it is natural to bend your knees forward to keep your body in balance. Try to keep your knees straight and flexible at the same time. Turn them out instead of inward. Besides being unattractive in themselves, "knock-knees" make your thighs look larger.

Now we're going to tell you about some exercises to correct some of the most common figure faults. It may surprise you to know that the chief cause of double chins is not age or excess fat but the way you hold your head. If you let your shoulders slump and carry your head too far forward, you're doomed to have a double chin sooner or later.

Here's a simple exercise to correct or prevent double chin: Sit in a chair with the end of your spine against the back. Fold...
your arms in front of your chest. Hold your head straight and steady, chin parallel
to the floor. Get that feeling of a string
attached to the back of your head, pulling
it up. Then raise your folded arms slowly
up and over your head, as far back as you
can get them. Be careful not to let your
head come forward as your arms go back.
Do this exercise 15 times a day. It's excel-
lent to lift the busts, too.
Now stand and grasp your hands over
your head so your arms, pressed close
against your ears, make a frame. Then,
with your knees straight, hips tucked under
and "tummy" in, bend slowly from the
waist, first to the right side, then to the
left. Keep your head straight in the frame
of your arms, and don't bend your elbows.
This is a good exercise to keep a slender
waistline as well as to straighten your head
and shoulders, overcoming double chin.
Here is a grand exercise to lift the busts
without making them larger. Put your arms
forward, in line with your shoulders and
about a foot in front of your chest. Spread
your hands, with fingertips touching. Press
your fingertips together hard and then
relax them. Do this about 50 times a day. It
tightens up the muscles above your busts
and also the muscles on the under-side of
your arms, so they won't develop those
fatty bulges on top.
Rolling and slapping are the things to
reduce hips. Here's an exercise that will
give you both: Lie flat on your back on a
hard floor, arms relaxed at your sides. Bend
one knee up and tuck the toes under the
opposite knee. Then roll the bent knee to
the opposite side, taking the hip along with
it, and flop back hard on the floor. Do this
25 times to each side.
The best way to reduce your "tummy,"
next to diet, is to tighten up the muscles.
Lie on your back. Place your hands under
your hips, palms down. Then bend both
knees to your chest, heels together. Lower
your legs very slowly until they are straight
out and about three inches above the floor,
then bend them back to your chest and
repeat 15 times.
Ankles and calves are hard to reduce, but
it can be done. The most effective exercise
we know is to sit with your legs crossed
and rotate the free foot around and around,
first outward a dozen times, then inward.
Do this as often as you can, especially when
you sit reading or sewing. It takes more
exercise to banish excess weight from your
ankles and calves.
For general weight reduction, you must
watch your diet carefully, but that is a
subject for an article by itself. There are
certain preparations that can be massaged
or patted into those over-fat parts to help
reduce them. Among the most effective are
Elizabeth Arden's Slender-lines Lotion and
Dr. Hatch's Reducing Cream. They should
be applied after a hot bath, when the pores
are open, and they must be used regularly
for results.

SHORT SKIRTS NO!
WALTER PLUNKETT, famous
costume designer for R-K-O,
claims:
"If the Royal family and ladies of the
Court wear floor-length gowns
for the Coronation and the social
affairs which mark the event, then
and only then, will the creators of
women's fashions halt their march to
the knee-length styles which made
caricatures of every beautiful woman
in 1929," says Plunkett. "The 1929
fashion were the only ones in the
history of the world which were
completely hideous. Hollywood designers
are set to resist the last ditch the
adoption by screen stars of this type of
clothes."

SILVER SCREEN 19
Did you ever give your Teeth a

Beauty Bath

FRAGRANT, stimulating—it gives your mouth new freshness, your teeth new brilliance and allure. You've got a delightful new treat ahead of you if you will change to Listerine Tooth Paste.

This is the dentifrice so dainty, so refreshing, so beautifying in effect that many exotic New York models use no other. Living by their smiles, these lovely women know all beauty aids—tooth paste in particular—as few ordinary women can.

Their choice is to be expected; after all, Listerine Tooth Paste is made by the famed makers of Listerine. That guarantees its merit—its safety.

as New York Models do?

There's a Reason

Contained in this dentifrice is a rare combination of gentle cleansers, satín-soft in texture, that were especially chosen by beauty experts, working with dental authorities. No other tooth paste contains this exact formula. They cleanse and brighten in a way that makes ordinary dentifrices seem ineffective. Yet Listerine Tooth Paste is safety itself.

Try it a month and see for yourself what a real beauty aid it is.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.
JOAN CRAWFORD is the latest of the feminine stars in Hollywood to adopt the famous "Juliet bob" which Norma Shearer introduced in "Romeo and Juliet." Joan wears this coiffure for evening in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

CONSTANCE BENNETT has closed her beautiful white Holmby Hills house and flown to New York for an indefinite stay. It is rumored that when she returns to Hollywood her plans to step into the exclusive ranks, as the second woman motion picture producer, will have been completed. (Mary Pickford was the first.) Connie, they say, is very rich, but smart business woman that she is she prefers to produce pictures with other people’s money, not her own. She and Gilbert Roland are missed at the Santa Anita racetrack this year, for Connie was always one of the loudest to mourn her losses. Wonder what ever became of Rattletrains?

DON’T tell us that bloomers are coming back in vogue. Oh, we suppose you are much too young to remember the bloomer girls who used to cavort around the college campus in the dear gone days when slacks were considered unladylike. But Dolores Del Rio, who is certainly Madame La Mode in Hollywood, had all eyes in Palm Springs recently glued on her when she appeared in a pair of white pleated bloomers, softly voluminous in angel-skin silk.

GARBO, it seems, always has wonderful ideas about going places and doing things, and then, at the very last minute, gets submerged in shyness. She had every intention of attending the gala premiere of "Camille" which was held in Palm Springs, California, and drove down to the desert resort with Director George Cukor and Laura Hope Crews. But at the last minute she backed out and stayed in seclusion at Eddie Goulding’s ranch house while Cukor and Miss Crews went to the theatre to take bow.

People who claim to know say that the Garbo-George Brent romance is as hot as ever. And they say further that Garbo was the reason George gave up his plane and solo flying, which he was so enthusiastic about. Romance or no romance, Garbo or no Garbo, George Brent is definitely "grounded."

Of course the big excitement in Hollywood now is whether or not Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck will get married. After a good "lover’s quarrel" not so long ago, during which time Bob stepped out with Ginger Rogers, the Taylor-Stanwyck romance became hotter than ever. Take our word for it that’s no publicity stunt. Barbara’s divorce from Frank Fay was final December 31, and so the two of them are now perfectly free to marry. It’s common gossip that Metro does not wish Bob to marry as it might mar his sex appeal with the fans, and once before the studio broke up a romance for him when he was all set to marry Irene Hervey. But Bob is an established star now, and if Barbara says the word, it’s a good bet that he will drag her to the altar. Barbara recently announced to the press in general that there would not be a wedding—but movie stars can not always be relied upon.

If you wish to be in the know on things you must try out on your friends the new "Lost Horizon" cocktail. Vic Naeye, of the Saddle Bar X in Palm Springs, conceived the new drink as a tribute to Ronald Colman, who spent several weeks at Palm Springs on location for the picturization of the James Hilton novel. Vodka is the base of the "Lost Horizon" cocktail, and on the vodka is poured nine liqueurs, so that it resembles a section of a rainbow. It’s highly potent, and don’t say we didn’t warn you.

M. A. have you seen the new "swing" evening bags Frances Langford introduced on the other evening at the Tuxedo. The bag was fashioned from very fine gold brocade and fastened at the top with a large jeweled clip. It gets its name from the fact that it swings free from the wrist in a manner that prevents any of its contents, or itself, from slipping away.

VIRGINIA BRUCE’s complexion is so even that she can play a film role without make-up of any kind.

ON THE cuff (where most of the Hollywood pictures are) is the newest place for monograms according to Simone Simon, she of the pouty lips.

TIMES are changing again. Time when Hollywood wives used to beg their husbands, at parties, to stop playing poker and come on home, but now it seems that it is the wives at the parties who just can’t be budged away from the poker table. Joan Bennett is acclaimed the best poker player among the women in Hollywood.

CLARK GABLE is a push-over for "pans." Instead of making a scrap book of rave notices and stories about himself, the way most of the stars do, Clark has instructed his secretary to save only the reviews in newspapers that "pan" him. He claims he reads them carefully and finds them very instructive.

It’s just like old home week on the "Racketeers in Exile" set over at the Columbia studios, Wayne Gibson, a swell actor who hasn’t had the breaks lately, is being co-starred with George Bancroft, who also hasn’t had the breaks lately. Wayne and George used to turn out sensational pictures together when they were teamed at Paramount. And just to add to the clubliness of it all, John Gallaudet, Wayne’s former husband, has also been cast for an important part in the picture.
THE fun these Hollywood stars have! Only now they spell it like this: fiesta. And where they're having it and with what vivid trimmings is the revelation of the moment.

The dashing leaders of the movie center have just found the novel thrills that lie across the line in Old Mexico. There they are plunging into gay adventures that are tinged with a fascinatingly different flavor. Last year they put Palm Springs on the map; but currently the hones of the nation are leading the trek to a far more colorful winter playground.

You may still be singing swing songs, but Robert Taylor has discovered "Cielito Lindo" and since he's gone so Latin in his private life the local girls tell me he has even excelled himself. Miriam Hopkins, the impatient one, flew to Mexico City and learned that gondolas go with the guitars there. But when Dolores Del Río, the aristocratic flower of that ancient capital, returned on a triumphal visit she was chased by a bull! Warner Oland has been feted by none other than Diego Rivera, the renowned painter of murals, for his literary accomplishments, and wait until you hear who Una Merkel bumped into in the sleepy hamlet of Ensenada! Paul Muni has stumbled upon a complete Czarist Russian settlement and when James Dunn was half-way home in his airplane he perceived that he had a baby boar as a stowaway. It all goes to prove, however,

FUN IN MEXICO

Honeymooners Johnny Farrow and Mrs. Farrow (Maureen O'Sullivan).

Betty Hill, King Vidor, Paulette Goddard and Charles Chaplin at the Mexican resort, where happiness is in the air.
that when you enter Mexico you are in for a lot of surprises.

Bandits won't get you: they're practically passé. The Mexican people are really extraordinarily friendly and their courtesy is particularly marked. The spirit of manana is restful and the remnants of imperial yesterdays are intriguing. Each Saint's day is spectacular. With their love of gayety they eagerly seize every opportunity to celebrate with dancing, music and laughter.

From Hollywood it's only a three-hour drive to the border and you don't need a passport—just a dollar for a tourist's permit. Nat Pendleton is the only player who's had trouble crossing the line. He was held up for a full hour. Then the official begged the senor's pardon and admitted that he finally had recollected that he'd seen Nat in "The Great Ziegfeld." Because Nat's face was vaguely familiar, the industrious fellow had been wildly thumbing through his photos of wanted men!

If you caught the picture "Border-town" you have a good idea of the Americanized hot spots conveniently located on the Mexican side. Since airplane elopements to Las Vegas have become the style for impetuous lovers, Tia Juana has slipped noticeably as the popular quick marriage counter.

However, Gail Patrick gave the justice of the peace a fresh outlook by abruptly descending upon him from the skies a few weeks ago for her wedding. The stars prefer to swank it at Ensenada to slumming in the bordertowns, yet Dick Powell and Joan Blondell have been in Mexico— to gape at the flea circuses! The minute performers there rip through acrobatic routines attired in authentic Mexican costumes. Joan says she'd hate to have to be the wardrobe woman.

Two hours of driving beyond Tia Juana and you roll into Ensenada, the de luxe rendezvous for Hollywood celebrities. The main highway has replaced the aggravating banned gambling its vogue faded. Luckily the operators of the swank hotel at Ensenada—and an Italian and an Irishman are running this ultra-modern Spanish palace-rated a very special permit and so they have a magnificent casino as the attraction for those who want Monte Carlo nights. Roulette is the reigning game, but I can't tell you who wins or loses oftentimes. On account of you might have an Aunt Minnie who would think it perfectly dreadful of your pet idol to take a chance.

The expensive, sprawling hotel with its antiques and its elegance is right on the beautiful, fourteen-mile crescent beach of Todos Santos Bay. It was into this very harbor that Cabrillo sailed in 1532 to take formal possession of California, and it is here that the first golf course in America was laid out by Britshers. The temperature averages 72 the year around and you walk out three hundred feet into clear, warm water before it is waist high. At Ensenada it's the vogue to swim at night, under a limpid moon. There are no cold togs. Trim yachts are at anchor and a purple circle of mountains forms the splendid backdrop.

Robert Montgomery and Charlie Farrell have initiated auto racing on the hard sand. Both brought down their English cars and away they skid, Gloria Stuart and her husband, Arthur Sheekuan, turn up their noses at speed. They had been dying for

The picturesque musicians stroll through the hotel and grounds for all to hear.

(Continued on page 70)
Ranching De Luxe

Jaded Hollywoodites have reached the saturation point of sophistication. As an antidote they are going back to the simple life, back to the good earth, back to the ranches where life is more complete, secure and serene.

When, sometime ago, Leo Carrillo established his ranch with the theme "If I ever have a home, as I sometimes may, I'll suit my fancy in every way." Hollywood was quick to sense the true value of this thought. Neither was it long before many celebrities realized that ranching could be made a panacea for the ever-present spirit of unrest that pervades the Film City.

His own "Leo Carrillo Ranchito," a magnificent place located in the Santa Monica Mountains, breathes a spirit of the California of an earlier day—a time when the aristocratic Dons ruled vast domains in this sun-drenched land. Leo, himself, is a descendant of the early California grandees, the Carrillos being one of California's first families. His spacious Spanish style ranch home, nestled far back in a verdant canyon, embodies the very spirit of romance and the glamour of that day when dark-eyed señoritas were wooed by dashing caballeros—when fiestas, barbecues, and rodeos set the stage for a happy and abundant life.

It may be that this spirit of romanticism has so enamoured some of filmdom's favorites that they, too, wish to enter into it. At any rate we know that every one in Hollywood, who is able to do so, is buying a ranch on which to live when the checks cease to flow from the studios. Maybe it's a spirit of good business stability, as well as a haven for rest and recreation. The thinking people know that this is as true today as during the time of the Dons.

Leo Carrillo's closest neighbor was Will Rogers and, as everybody knows, Will, happy and serene on his own ranch, was one who always championed the ranch idea. He advised Joel McCrea, early in the latter's career as an actor, to "get back to the soil." Own your own land," he said, "Build on it, cultivate it, raise things on it, make it support you, that is the only thing that makes sense these days. If you can get your livin' from the soil nobody can take it away from you. It's the only thing that gives a man security and happiness."

Needless to say, Joel followed the advice and today he and his wife Frances Dee own a beautiful thousand-acre ranch in the San Fernando Valley, Ann Dvorak, is the proud owner of a large ranch.
By Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek

Fernando Valley, within easy striking distance of Hollywood. Here Joel and Frances plan to live the rest of their lives. Their ranch is stocked with great numbers of pure-bred cattle and the ranch is a self-supporting venture. You'd hardly suspect the delicate, beautiful Frances of being a clodhopper at heart but, just the same, her favorite recreation is what she calls "working the earth." On the ranch Frances has cleared and cultivated a spot of garden—not the flower garden with rare species which she guards carefully in her own front yard—but a rough and practical one. She raises artichokes, peas, beans, and potatoes. She works it, preferably in the early morning, because she believes that the easiest way to complete health is to have contact with Mother Earth. Often, after a trying day at the studio, she hurries home to a hoe. Then, after a few minutes of cultivating, her nerves relax and she returns to the house a new person.

Today this back-to-the-soil movement is sweeping over Hollywood like an old-fashioned prairie fire, and practically all cinemaland is becoming ranch minded. There are a few who are not content with just one ranch. For instance, Gary Cooper and George Brent. Cooper is lord and master of three large ranches, two being located in the Cachella Valley, near Palm Springs, California; the other in Montana. Brent rules over two large tracts of land, one of which is near Encino, California. The other, to which he retires when he wants to lose himself in complete isolation, is a mysterious hideaway somewhere in the Palm Springs region. While the actor is there it is impossible to get in touch with him, for he has no telephone, and no one at the studio where he is under contract knows exactly where this desert retreat is located. However, it is known that among other things which Brent raises on this secret ranch deer is the most important, and it is believed that he will eventually retire to this place as his real home.

Go with romantic Robert Taylor into Coldwater Canyon, where he is constructing a magnificent twelve-room bachelor menage on his beautifully wooded rancho, and you recognize in him a depth and seriousness that spells something more than a suggested illusion at the Casanova or a crowded dance floor at the Tropicana. Here Taylor is contemplating the organization of a dude ranch, one on which to retire. Because he loves riding and hunting he wants to provide those things for his guests. Maybe it was his love for horses that played a great part in bringing about his friendship with Barbara Stanwyck. Anyway, we know that Barbara also loves horses.

Together she and Marian Marx, wife of Zeppo, have imported fifty Kentucky thoroughbreds for their "Marwicks" ("Mar" for Marian plus "wyck" for Stanwyck) ranch located near Van Nuys. Their plans call for construction of a three-quarter mile track, violet-ray room, and all the finest horse breeding facilities known to the king of sports. Possibly Barbara has the same sort of plans as Taylor. What do you think?

Rumor has it that伦-man Gable has joined this important coterie of film industry leaders in the "back-to-the-land" movement. It is rumored that negotiations have been under way for his purchase of a cattle ranch about an hour's ride from Santiago, Chile. Yet those in the know are pretty certain that Gable will not venture to far away South America, but will acquire vast acreage in California with a possible eye to dude-ranching. Meanwhile he owns, in company with Robert Taylor.

The ranch of Joel McCrea and his lovely wife (Frances Dee) was acquired when dearly loved Will Rogers advised its purchase. (Center) A view from the house on Clarence Brown's 360-acre ranch. The house has 40 rooms. Colossal!
ON EVERY major studio lot in Hollywood there is a Quality Star. It's part of the movie tradition. Now these Quality Stars are not the most beautiful women on the lot, rarely the most popular at the box-office, and never the best actresses, but strangely enough it is they who knock down the biggest salaries and who cause great commotion in the "front office" at the mere drop of an eyelash.

They possess that elusive combination of attributes that, added to a dash of beauty and a soupcon of personality, makes Glamour. And Glamour, boys and girls, is the most expensive thing in Hollywood. It is the duty of these Quality Stars to give chic, good taste and class to the cinema. First of all they must be able to wear clothes so maddeningly beautiful and divinely ultra that every female in the audience will bite her nails through sheer envy; and secondly, they must be able to play lovely lonely ladies of mystery, who make the big sacrifice for love, and who go trailing off alone across the desert sands.

Ah, romance and glamour. Women cry for it, women pay for it. The Quality Stars are definitely women made stars. Paramount has its Marlene Dietrich, Metro has its Greta Garbo, and Warners has its Kay Francis. Now Kay isn't the most beautiful girl on the Warners contract list, she has never been included among the Big Ten in the exhibitors' poll, and she certainly isn't the best actress on the lot (Bette Davis can act rings around her any day), but no matter how you look at it Kay has glamour and class. She's the reigning queen of the Warner Brothers movie kingdom in the San Fernando Valley. She is the pride and joy of Orry-Kelly, designer de luxe. She is the toast of the Beverly Hillssmart set. And as sort of an anti-climax she is one of my favorite actresses—on the screen.

I suppose you know all about Kay Francis "on the screen." Beginning with "Gentlemen of the Press," back in 1949, she has been in four or more pictures a year ever since—of which "One Way Passage" is her best, "The Marriage Playground" her worst, and "Another Dawn" her latest—and unless you were born yesterday, and I doubt that, you have seen a deal of Miss Francis in the celluloid.

But what of Miss Francis in the flesh? Well, now, there is a bit of quibbling. There are those who say, "Have you been influenced by Kay Francis today?" And those who say, "I never hope to know a grander gal," "Cold as dry ice," say the Press, "Warm and generous," say her publicity people. "Charming," says Ian Hunter. "Humph," says Claude Rains. And if you

Snuggled in among the trees is the unpretentious home of Kay Francis. It is a place removed from the rush and hurry of the publicized sections of Hollywood—the home of a lady.

She works with the concentration of an artist and, between pictures, she journeys to far countries.
think I'm going to take sides you're crazy.

There are two things which magazine and newspaper writers always want to interview Kay Francis about—her love life and clothes—and those happen to be the two subjects on which she is just about as communicative as a clam. When a member of the publicity department asks her if she will consent to have an interview Kay will say, "If it's about pictures, yes. If it's about my private affairs, no." She has the most terrific private life complex I have ever seen in any actress. She's decidedly no gay extravert of the gold fish bowl. "My private life is my own," says Kay, and means it. And completely entière nous, I think she's got something there, but far be it from me to encourage it, because if all celebrities were as tight-mouthed as Kay, where would I be? Looking up at a curbstone somewhere, no doubt.

But, anyway, it really is a shame that she is so fussy about her private life because she has had a highly interesting and exciting one. Kay is a vital person. She is interested in people and strange places, and has always been ready to embrace change and adventure when they come her way. She is entirely of this world.

As Katherine Edwina Gibbs, Kay began that private life she is so secretive about one January, not so many years ago, in Oklahoma City, and the date was Friday the thirteenth. Being born in Oklahoma City was probably the only un-chic thing Kay ever did. But before she was a year old her family had moved to Santa Barbara, California, then to Los Angeles and Denver. When she was four her actress mother, Katherine Clinton, the daughter of a pioneer, decided to return to the stage and little Katherine—she did not become Kay until she went on the stage herself—spent her growing up years in one fashionable Eastern school after another. She was "finished" at Miss Fuller's School for Girls at Ossining and at the Cathedral School of Garden City.

Kay's earliest recollection of the theatre was when, at the age of four, she was allowed to sit "out front" one matinee day and watch her mother act. It was one of those melodramas so much in vogue at that time, and for the third act curtain her mother had to shoot herself. The shot rang out and the audience was frightfully impressed—then through the tense atmosphere piped up Kay's baby voice. "Mother's not really dead—she's only acting." Kay received her best spanking to date and was sent away to school.

When she had finished school Kay did a very surprising thing for a beautiful young girl, with the theatre in her blood—she entered a business college and took a course in shorthand and typing. Graduating from there she became secretary to the financial secretary of Mrs. Dwight Morrow, and later to Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. Kay had always liked politics, big business, and international finance, so she rather fancied herself as a future lady Wolf of Wall Street or woman of destiny or something. But before she had caused a flurry in steel or cornered the market in anything she had become a bit bored with it all and was off to Europe.

"Business training," Kay declares, "teaches one not to volunteer information. That, I suppose, is the secret of my well-known reticence about my own life. Thanks to my training in the business world I keep a secretary-like silence about most of the matters that concern my employer, who happens to be myself."

Well, of course, you can't keep an actress down forever, so along about 1926 Kay decided, much to her mother's horror, to take a fling at the theatre. She received valuable training in the Stuart Walker Stock Company, playing in Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Dayton—in fact, Kay gives Mr. Stuart Walker, now a Paramount producer, all the credit for making an actress out of her.

Returning to New York she played featured parts, but not leads, in "Venus," "Crime" (along with Sylvia Sidney and Chester Morris), and with Walter Huston in "Elmer the Great." And then the movies. It was in those gay pre-depression days of 1927 to 1930 that our Miss Francis practically became the belle of New York. Charming, chic, posh, and the [Continued on page 80]
Wildboy of Siberia
Conquers Hollywood

Mischa Auer Remembers The Days When,
As An Exile, And Friendless, He Fought
For Life Against Starvation And The
Biting Cold Of The Russian Steppes.

By Whitney Williams

Solemn visaged Hollywood is laughing.
Not alone laughing ... but screaming
with hysterical glee.

Now, for such a state of affairs to happen in
this movie town of ours, where the lads and
ladies in-the-know DARE anybody to make
them even smile, is so startling an event that
something has to be done about it. And Holly-
wood's doing pull-enty.

It has taken the raison d'être (fancy French,
for "cause") of the matter and skyrocketed him
to the object of everybody's affection. It has
pounced upon him, like a tiger on its kill, and
elevated him to a niche many a fading star
would give his very soul to once more attain.
In short, Hollywood is lionizing Mischa Auer,
the young man of our story, and from one not
too well known on the screen—although he's
been in the movie colony for nearly eight
years —this tall and lanky Russian overnight has be-
come one of its favored sons.

Why, you ask? What's the reason for Holly-
wood affixing its unanimous and fondest eye of
approval suddenly upon an actor who has been
in its midst for years?

All right, I'll tell you.

Think back—not too many months—to "My
Man Godfrey." To all intents and purposes, this
riotous film co-starring Carole Lombard and Bill
Powell. Fair enough ... it did. But it did more.
"My Man Godfrey" made Hollywood so
Mischa Auer-conscious that Mischa was hailed
as the real star of the picture. Not that he'd
admit it—you'd never catch him that way, this
shy star—but to the majority of the picture-wise
around the colony, and for the critics through-
out the land, he simply wrapped up the honors
and tucked them very neatly into his pocket.

Will you ever forget his impersonation
of that ape in the picture, as
he went into his monkey act with all
the feeling of a bewildered simian?
Can you ever erase from memory
how he struck the monkey pose,
shoulders hunched over and
long arms swinging ground-
ward, and
with bent
legs and fea-
tures con-
torted slap-

Across the limitless miles, the
robber boys sought safety
after a raid on the granary
of a rich peasant or "Kulak.
(Drawing by Trembath).

bang-ape-like, he swung about the
room, over furniture, up pillars and
ended by climbing the iron-grilled
gate?

Well, hardly.

All Hollywood gasped to its very
toes at Mischa's antics, too amazed
at first to quite believe its eyes. It
couldn't be Mischa ... Mischa al-
ways had played either dark and
dirty glowing roles or parts deeply
dramatic. The night of the big
preview it burst into a
mighty roar of thunderous
appreciation: laughter still
ringing long after
the film had ended.

When an actor can
do that to as so-

The pose he gives to
the character of Count
Artemid in "Three
Smart Girls" testifies
to his background.
phisticated and hard-boiled an assemblage as one plays to in the cinema capital . . . he's made.

Several months later, with the recollection of Mischa's performance lingering vividly in their consciousness, the movie—great—producers, directors, writers, stars—went to see the previewing of Mary Pickford and Jesse L. Lasky's production of "The Gay Desperado," starring the opera-singing Nino Martini.

As the film unreel, a familiar, yet not too familiar, figure inserted itself into the action . . . a tall, serape-huddled, black sombrero-topped Indian who stalked stoically through scene after scene, saying not a word. Suddenly, the identity of this wooden individual was realized, and with this circumstance the audience as one man acclaimed him notably, dearestingly, The Indian, who from the first had created ripple after ripple of meriment, was Mischa Auer!

Hollywood has taken other players to its heart ere this for some very outstanding performances, but I can recall no incident in which a more or less established actor or actress, a native of Hollywood for so many years, has struck the chord that Mischa Auer has touched. It is as though he has entered upon a new life. Certainly, Hollywood producers think so.

Immediately after he made his hit in "My Man Godfrey," every studio in the business tried to cast him in a comedy rôle. Previously, if anybody had mentioned, even in jest, that Auer might be acceptable in a humorous vein, he would have been booted right out of the studio. But that one part changed his whole future.

Basically, Mischa Auer, as sad-faced a young man as ever set foot in our capital of Cinncinattia, is a comedian, and loves to clown and be gay. He is the very antithesis of the character you undoubtedly have fashioned for him, through the medium of his screen appearances prior to the Lombard-Powell feature.

"For years I've tried to enter the forbidden realm of comedy, but only once was I given a chance." Mischa sipped a brandy, and after each taste of the liqueur put a small piece of lemon dipped in powdered sugar—Russian style, Mischa said—into his mouth. "That was in "Lily Pons" first picture,"I Dream Too Much." In this I played a musician who hated music, who accompanied Miss Pons during her first audition. From the notorious musician I was to turn into a raving enthusiast. Apparently, it went over so well that everybody liked it; many called me up to tell me how funny they thought that bit of action. But though the studio praised it, nothing ever came of my clowning and I continued in heavy and dramatic roles."

Mischa Auer's preference for light characterization is a strange commentary on the man, for Mischa's early life in Russia scarcely prepared him for such interpretation. By all rights, he should be enacting still those highly dramatic roles for which he is best known, for his existence in his homeland was beset with hardship and suffering.

Born of the intelligentsia—his father, killed in the Russo-Japanese War, held a high naval rank—Mischa was caught up in the whirlpool of the revolution and at the age of twelve, along with two hundred other lads of his class, ranging in years from eight to seventeen, was sent by the Bolshevists from his home in St. Petersburg to a small settlement in Siberia . . . to learn Communism.

"It was a tiny place, with a long name, and just eighty miles from where the Car was assassinated," he tells you. "For a time, we had things pretty much our own way, but gradually the food gave out and we existed for months on nothing but rotten potatoes, with living conditions absolutely intolerable. The ones that sent us to this desolate spot forgot all about us and there were, the two hundred of us, with nothing to eat but those damned rotten spuds." Mischa is quite American in his speech.

"Late one afternoon, a chap only a little older than I, announced he was going out and beg around the countryside for food. There were plenty of wealthy farmers at this time, and several hours later he returned with a large sack filled with bread—fresh bread, too!—and large hunks of meat and all sorts of vegetables. I tell you, we feasted that night, but two days later the boy died, from the effects of over-stuffing. That's the condition we were in.

"His success in foraging started others of us on the same path, and before long large bands of us would descend upon the farmers and demand to be fed. It got so we were a dangerous lot, for when you're desperately hungry you're apt to do anything. Eventually, after we had held up and robbed travellers of their clothing—we were cold, freezing—and stoned farmers who would not feed us, nearly killing a number, the government stepped in and sent us home."

I mention the foregoing in such detail to give you a word-picture of this actor's past—the Siberian episode was only one of many hazardous and goring experiences—and why it is all the more surprising that he turns to comedy so readily and with such gusto. At fourteen, because of the suffering he had endured and the gruesome sights that were his daily lot, Mischa thought and acted like a man of thirty, as, indeed, did all Russian boys of that period.

"But I learned the value of things, during all that time," Mischa says. "Instead of acquiring the bitterness many could not empty from their souls, I learned to evaluate that which surrounded me. My mother taught me the futility of revenge, and the necessity for becoming a Fatalist."

Mischa's mother died from the typhus she contracted while administering to the sick in Constantinople. Following the lad's return from Siberia, mother and son soon fled to the south of Russia—the mother's name appeared on the Bolshevist list of those to be shot—and there Mischa fought in the British ranks against the Russian Red armies. Some time later, he and his mother were evacuated to the Turkish capital, and as a result of her humanitarian work in refugee hospitals the lady passed away.

By selling a few jewels he had clung to in flight, the boy, only fourteen, made his way to Florence. [Continued on page 74]
LADY LUCK SMILES
And Michael Whalen Smiles Right
Back Again. He's As Irish As The
Sivinteenth O' March

By W. Gertrude Walker

"LISTEN, if Michael Whalen comes in the cast of this play, I get out. I refuse to work with him!"

This voice of resentment floated over the rows of cold, empty seats, to the back of the little theatre where I was huddled with the rest of the cast over an open fireplace. We had a good, original play, an opening date, and a complete cast with the exception of a leading man. We had tried and hadn't been able to get a lead to meet the requirements. The part needed a handsome, adventuresome Irishman, who could also, incidentally, act!

Evidently someone had had the nerve to suggest Michael Whalen and this was the answer which came from the comedian of the play, but which was, seemingly and silently, voiced by the rest of the cast, with the exception of myself and the director-producer. The director was worried. I was intrigued. Who was this Michael Whalen whom no one wanted to work with—and why? And what was his force, even though at the moment it was obviously invincible to a number of would-be actors?

I soon found out the answers to each of my questions, and subsequently, the cause of the resentment. Michael had, they said, a certain reputation for "temperament." Although I did not condone temperament, I knew that there must be a reason for Mr. Whalen's indisposition and I desperately wanted to find out why. "Oh yes," they continued, "he's handsome and charming and has a beautiful voice and can act and works hard at it, but he's temperamental and indifferent and a 'devil' to work with."

But there is a much greater force which rules this universe for good and it was evidently ruling that night. The director and myself had our way—Michael Whalen was called to read the part and accepted the invitation. He had just closed downtown in Los Angeles, at the Mason Theatre, in O'Neill's, "The Hairy Ape," and was at leisure.

I'll never forget the next night when Mike was due at the theatre. We were all waiting for his entrance into the auditorium, expecting a perfectly timed "stagey entree," which would signify that a temperamental, egotistical actor had descended acceptingly the invitation to appear with our small but ambitious group.

The rehearsal began. My "cue" hadn't been spoken so I was sitting down near the front watching and waiting. I was so absorbed in the progress of the first scene that I hadn't noticed I was not alone, that I hadn't been alone for quite a few moments.

Suddenly a hand tapped me upon the shoulder. I turned, startled. A huge, friendly, but slightly dilient, smile met my amazed gaze. "Hello," it said, "I'm Michael Whalen. I'm supposed to read the part of Jerry. Do you know when I come in?"

I did but I couldn't tell him. I just sat, staring. Finally his eyes wrinkled up at the corners as they have a habit of doing [Continued on page 64]
When she visits New York, Claudette Colbert is required to see interviewers and photographers.

Does Clark Gable, visiting Broadway, like to have women tear the lapels off his coat as a mark of their idolatry? Did Dick Powell and Joan Blondell enjoy their ballyhooed honeymoon in New York? Does Connie Bennett deliberately arrive late at New York theatres, in order to attract attention? Does Loretta Young like to sign autographs, or does she resent it? Are the dark-glasses which Sylvia Sidney wears on Broadway a deliberate attention-teaser? Did Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone deliberately stage their marriage in the East, or was the idea forced on them? Are movie stars publicity-crazy?

Sitting both as judge and jury, in my capacity as a Broadway columnist, I see all of these glamorous Hollywood stars pass before me at New York’s night clubs and theaters and parties. Are they exhibitionists? I’ve heard this question discussed hundreds of times by movie fans, and some of the opinions would make the hair stand straight on your scalp, unless you were as bald as the eight ball.

The answers and conclusions which I have set down here are expert. After all, this is my business. In the course of a week, I get around to perhaps thirty-five supper clubs, night clubs and hotel rooms and theaters. If a movie star is on Broadway or near

Publicity Dodgers?

Do The Stars Seek The Lime-light Or Do They Yearn For Some Privacy?

By Ed Sullivan
it. I'll see him or her when he or she doesn't realize I'm sitting in judgment on his or her behavior. And from countless New Yorkers will come letters to my desk, fortifying my impression with actual experiences.

I never would have known that Barbara Stanwyck was supporting a fatherless Long Island family but from a letter sent to me by the parish priest. The doorman at the Waldorf told me that Joan Crawford had bought clothes and shoes for five of the maids at the hotel. The desk of a Broadway columnist is a clearing house for all the news of all the celebrities who come to Times Square. An expert diagnosis is not difficult when you understand all the information you gather.

It is only when Love, with a capital "L," moseys into the picture that a Broadway columnist finds anything to rap in the behavior of Hollywood stars vacationing on the Main Stem. As a general rule, the celluloid kings and queens relax and don't take themselves too seriously when they arrive at Times Square. The quiet behavior of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, when they arrived at New York on their honeymoon and came sailing up the bay with a fleet of tugboats and airplanes, should not be charged against them. I'm quite certain that both of them would have preferred to have sneaked into New York, seen the shows playing in the Broadway theaters, completed their shopping and confined the publicity to the conventional cocktail party, and flash-light pictures whenever they appeared in public.

But there is something about Love that unbalances the publicity offices of the major companies. Perhaps it is because the publicity men are love-starved that they thus react to a picture player's honeymoon. At any rate, and whatever the reason, the boys who cook up the publicity stunts get a fierce gleam in their eyes at the opportunity to get a [Continued on page 92]
NEVER GROW OLD

By Henry Willson

Hollywood is not to be compared with the doting mother who gazes fondly upon her hulking, splay-footed, over-sized son and sees in him the same adorable dimpled darling who kept her up nights while he whooped his way through croup, measles and skinned knees alike.

On the contrary, Hollywood is more inclined to take one brief, disillusioned peek at the gangly offspring it once loved, and yells: "Out of my life, Frankenstein!"

So, with a few sad examples before them, Hollywood youth unanimously agrees that "the trick is not to grow up!"

Eric Linden is an outstanding example of the theory that "It pays to stay young." "I'm stuck with the kind of face that will keep me in the juvenile class until I die of old age," Eric grins.

"I look as if I believe in Santa Claus and the Easter bunny, and Heaven help my gentle soul if I ever discover the cold, cruel facts of life!"

Eric is twenty-eight years old, but he continues to portray adolescent youth even more convincingly than youngsters half his age. Probably the greatest job of acting he has ever done was in "Ah, Wilderness," when he played the part of a seventeen year old love-sick kid.

Only once has he stepped out of character, and that was in "Life Begins," when he portrayed the tragic young father so poignantly that chivalrous ushers had to pilot weeping customers out of local nickelodeons in a canoe. But roles like that are few and far between, and Eric continues playing innocents abroad, ad infinitum.

"With me, the trick of staying young is purely a mental process," Eric says. "You've got to have a 'young' slant on life. It's a little difficult to explain. And don't get the idea that I sit around reading Alger books and crunching lollipops to keep in character.

Anne Shirley has seized upon the hurry-ing days and won fame already.

(Extreme right) Richard Cromwell has a rule of living that keeps him young . . . .

(Right) The clock has stopped for Tom Brown . . . .

(Below) Eric Linden has some fine performances to his credit and still he keeps his boyish appearance.

I like to gang around with the youngsters, do the things they do, study their actions and reactions and find out just what makes the adolescent wheels go 'round. I'm lucky, too, in being able to remember the moods and expressions of my own early years. How I felt about my first straw hat, the first time I held a girl's hand and stuff like that.

"Before going into 'Ah, Wilderness,' I reviewed the agonies of my own first puppy love and tried to bring the life-and-death grimness of it all into the part I was playing. Believe me, this 'not growing up' is serious business!"

"Tom Brown thinks differently. "It takes a well-developed sense of humor to put over the first-long-tants idea," he declares. "Seventeen laughs at life, wise-cracks its way through the adolescent tragedies and, generally, turns hand-springs all over the place, for no reason at all."

So, juvenile hi-jinks are the order of things with Tom. He dances, swims, rives, plays tennis, roller skates and whoops his head off at the fights.

"I throw a mean bean-bag, too," he grins. "And if anybody wants a 'fourth' for a game of 'Post Office' . . . ." You can't pin him down. If there was a prize for perpetual motion, Tom would win it, hands down. [Continued on page 78]
Players Win Fabulous Riches

The Actor in The Movies Is Born With A Talent. For Him No Years Of Study Are Necessary, And Luxury Is His Portion.

By Liza

If you are slightly on the indolent side, and I have no doubt but what you are, you will thrill to this message that I, like a well mannered medium, have for you. Thanks to that amazing Hollywood, those people with mysterious and God-given gifts, people who feel the flames of genius burning within, need no longer spend years and years in thankless apprenticeship, need no longer die of starvation in a garret, unknown, unwanted, unappreciated.

Heavens no, thanks to that amazing Hollywood the artist can now die snugly in a William Haines antique bed on a full stomach. Acting, with the aid of the camera, has become the easiest art in the world. And if you feel that you will never be happy until you have had a fling at the arts, why all I've got to say is that if you don't try acting you ought to have your head examined.

Do you realize that the actor in Hollywood receives more money than the court painter in England? That the poet laureate, Mr. John Masefield, is a pauper compared with practically any character actor in Hollywood? Do you realize that singers and musicians rehearse, practice, vocalize, and run scales for years and years but that the income of a musician in a lifetime rarely equals the money that is to be made by an actor in Hollywood in a year? Isn't it perfectly enthralling? Lucky you, if you select acting for your artistic expression. (If you don't you're a dope.) You won't have to wait for the world to "discover" you thirty-five years after your death the way the world did Cezanne.

That's the reason I always sulk and go into a pet when I hear actors, and I mean actresses, too, raving and ranting over their hardships, viz., interviews, autographs, and income taxes. I daresay poor Edgar Allan Poe, starving in his little cottage up in the Bronx, would have been only too glad to have had an income for the government to tax—but, after all, if you can only get ten dollars for a poem as great as "The Raven" you can't expect the government to be interested. Did it ever occur to you that an actor is paid more for one minute of his time on the set than Poe was paid for "The Raven," or for that matter, for any of his poems and stories?

I suggest that George Raft, and some of the other actors who are always complaining, think that over. Van Gogh would have been very happy indeed to have had someone ask for his autograph; of course, if someone had offered to buy (during his lifetime) one of his signed paintings he would have been in seventh heaven. And I suggest that Franchot Tone, and some of the actors who are always griping about autographs, think that over. Yes, indeed, acting is the easiest, and most remunerative, art in the world.
The humble cottage in upper New York City, where lived Edgar Allan Poe, recognized as America's pre-eminent writer.

When an actress plays a neat emotional scene on the screen she usually has the satisfaction, at a preview, of hearing the audience break into wild applause. Sometimes the audience doesn't—sometimes it giggles instead—and then the poor actress simply foams at the mouth and has fifty million fits because she is unappreciated. But, after all, let her consider that she only spent two days on that scene and that Beethoven spent years and years on his Fifth Symphony only to have it booed mercilessly by the public the night it was first presented. When your efforts of a lifetime are hosed then you really know the torture of a broken heart.

To obtain perfection in any art—except the art of acting for the cinema—takes many long weary years and plenty of the well known honest sweat. Nijinsky did not become a graceful, beautiful dancer over night. The Russian Ballet does not practice a few weeks and then go on and do their number like the girls in a Bus Berkeley ensemble. If you really want to suffer for your art become a member of a ballet.

In "One Night of Love," the excellent Grace Moore film of several seasons ago, we saw just what a long apprenticeship a singer must go through before she can face the footlights of the Metropolitan, Study, study, and darned expensive study, too. Then when she becomes an adult with a trained voice she can go out and get some money—if she's lucky.

But take the case of little Deanna Durbin in Hollywood. Deanna, age 14 or is it 17, makes one picture ("Three Smart Girls") and immediately is acclaimed by the entire country. What with her radio and movie contracts in the next few years she will very likely make more money before she is twenty than Galli Curci did in all her years at the Metropolitan.

Most of the painters put in years of concentration before they even sell a canvas and they rarely ever, no matter how popular they become, get into the big money brackets. They must spend years in art school perfecting their technique, years in experimenting with colors, and unless they are fortunate enough to have an independent income they become fully acquainted with the seamy side of life. And the future? They never know. It's a complete gamble. As a matter of fact, a great many of America's most promising painters I have discovered, are on WPA doles at this time.

But a young kid like Tom Brown, he's 21 I'm told, has trust funds and annuities so arranged that by the time he is twenty-five he can retire if he likes. Imagine, at twenty-five! Why an artist hasn't even begun to get into his stride by twenty-five. Jackie Coogan came of age not so long ago and came into several cool millions of his own money. There's no other art that I know of where kids can become millionaires before they are hardly out of their teens. Try to do it on your violin.

As you well know scientists work desperately most of their lives before they can prove their theories, and sometimes they never do. Remember, Louis Pasteur was an old man, broken in health and body, before he was recognized by the Academy in France. He never did have any money, and Einstein was well in the neighborhood of sixty before he proved his theory.

But young Robert Taylor had a theory that he was an actor. And it only took him a year to prove his theory to Metro. He didn't have to go through years of apprenticeship and struggle, he didn't have to study and rehearse and go mad with despair, He simply had to smile and look handsome, and that was exactly what the public wanted. If the salary of most of the scientists in the United States, during the year 1937, should be stacked up, it would still look like a mere drop in the bucket compared to what Bob Taylor will knock down during the same time.

[Continued on page 75]
S O THE holidays have come and gone, leaving a rosy glow behind them, to say nothing of eggnog all over the divan and a couple of glasses broken out of the new set Dick and Joby Arlen gave me, and also a couple of cigarette burns on the new carpet. But those are small matters and everything is hunky-dory as I set out for—

Paramount

IT'S rainy over the rest of Los Angeles today but on Stage 6 at Paramount the sun is shining, for we are right in the middle of Panama where Carole Lombard, in a very lovely and very revealing gown, is being married to Fred MacMurray. One look at Carole and that guy certainly knows what he's getting. And he's getting all the best of it, if you ask me.

There's certainly nothing novel about the plot but Carole and Fred have a way of reading lines that makes you forget plot and like it. In addition, there are the tabbity Charles Butterworth and the cryptic Jean Dixon to help things along.

When I come on the set Carole is reclining in a chair. "It's the Mood," she screams, pointing at me. Naturally all eyes follow her finger. Being a timid soul I reddened, trip over a cable and land in a lump at her feet. "The time I've wasted trying to make something of you," she jibes.

"Well, I'm still at your feet." I come back. "What you doing in that get-up at this time of the morning?"

"Mr. MacMurray and I are getting married," she informs me.

"Shotgun wedding?" I ask sympathetically.

"Me?" she screams once more. "Ha!"

"If the artists don't mind," the director interrupts, "I'd like to shoot the wedding."

"I'd like to shoot the groom," I mutter, glaring at MacMurray as I realize that Carole is lost to me forever—again.

So they shoot the wedding. The ceremony is in Spanish—or Mexican and an interpreter interprets it for Carole and Fred.

"You are now marry," he finishes.

Fred merely looks at the bride. "It's customary to kiss the bride," Carole suggests, so Fred gives her an unenthusiastic peck.

"Cut!" orders the director.

"I'll bet that's the first time you ever had to remind a guy to kiss you," I grin at Carole.

"A typical Mook crak!" she yells. "I've been waiting for that ever since you came."

Well, you earned it, too. I'll learn you to trifle with my affections.

Next we have Gary Cooper, Frances Dee and George Raft in "Souls at Sea."

Now don't ask me what this is about because even the people who're working on the picture don't know. The story isn't finished. Wouldn't you think after Paramount wrote off Spoozoo on "Hotel Imperial," when Marlene Dietrich walked out on it because she couldn't see the script, that they would always have it down in black and white before they started shooting? But, no! They go right on doing the way they're always done and my column and I can go to blazes as far as finding out the plot.
All I know is Gary and Frances are dancing in the salon of "The Star of Finland" and so are George Raft and Olympe Bradna.

—and I have to confess to you, because it's the only honest thing to do," Olympe confesses. "You told me about yourself, who you were and what you did—a merchant of the high seas. A somebody who means something in this world, And I've told you nothing—who I am—or where I came from."

"You don't have to," George assures her. "I know. You came from—"

"The sky," Olympe finishes. "That was nice of you. I'll always remember it. But you don't know Pudlah. I'm just a servant—just a lady's maid. At least I was. I was going to America just to—just to—I'm so sorry, Pudlah."

Just to what? I wonder. I hate all this shilly-shallying. But George evidently knows. He holds her eyes with his. Suddenly she goes into his arms. There is a moment's silence as his cheek caresses her hair.

"Did I ever tell you about the sunflower?" he asks. "It looks up to the sun—just like I'm doing to you. Only the sun ain't nothin'—and you are—"

Well, the captain (Harry Carey) is coming down the stairs with his arms full of bottles and bundles of food. He pays no attention to George and Olympe but stops alongside Gary and Frances, and I don't blame him, although that's no crack at the other two.

"The Captain is entertaining a few choice guests tonight," he says with a wink, "and—don't tell this to a soul, but he's decided you two are the choicest. Look at it—sparkling Burgundy, Camembert, Russian rye—and all for nothing. Is that amazing?"

That Raft is no fool. He can smell food farther than Pete DeGrasse can smell Wally Hally. He stops dancing, grabs Olympe by the hand and drags her up.

"Stupendous, captain," Gary is laughing, "but really—"

"Don’t pay any attention to him. Captain," George cautions Carey. "He's awfully shy."

Carey looks quickly at Raft, then compares the number of bottles under his arm. Raft knows what he is thinking and says, "An’ he don’t drink."

"Oh," Carey remarks in a relieved tone (and how well I know that feeling), "would you two like to join me?"

"Thank you," says George gratefully. The captain leads the way. George links his arm in Gary's, his left hand still holding Lympes's and the four people start after the captain. George looks up at Gary and inquires, "Ain't I the clever one?"

The scene is over. Gary comes up and shakes hands. "Have a good time in New York?" I put it up to him. "Swell," says Gary.

"I didn't read about any mobs tipping over a taxi to get to you the way they did Gable," I jibe.

"Oh. Gable's a hot shot," Gary grins. "I'm just an old married man." There doesn't seem to be any answer to that one so I try a new tack. "Arlen's bought a new boat."

"You don't say so!" Gary ejaculates. "How is he? I haven't seen Buck in years. Tell him to call me up."

Next, we have "Clarence." This is one of Booth Tarkington's plays—and what a play! If I live to be a thousand... [Continued on page 85]
The Players In Pictures Have Homes And Families, And The Days Of "Sleeper Jumps" And "Living In A Trunk" Are Over.

I S HOLLYWOOD really a fairy-tale town of glorified wage slaves, where your favorites lead a life of ballyhoo at so much a week? Where, to be put under contract means that the producer owns you body and soul, where even the labor laws prevailing in steel and meat packing plants do not exist. Where artists of fine sensibilities are kicked about, trolf upon, and told, "smile, darn you, smile."

Well, screen acting is not a perpetual holiday in the palmy luxuriance of Beverly Hills, with social polo games and tennis matches during the day, and prize fights and the Trocadero at night. It has its drawbacks. It requires some work now and then—at wages up to eight or nine thousand smackers a week.

We asked Edward Arnold, Charles Boyer, Walter Connolly, and Brian Donlevy what they really think of Hollywood, to draw up an credit and debit sheet of the movie capital, listing its assets and liabilities as compared to the wage. All four of them have passed through the rigors of the theatre, and are actors of reputation.

"It isn't exactly an easy life we live out here," Edward told said, "but I love it. You see, I'm a family man, and for the first time in my life I have a real home of my own. I just bought a house—the one thing I've always wanted but couldn't have. Hollywood made it possible. Arnold, the hefty Arnold, who showed his compelling personality over the screen as "Nero Wolfe" and "Diamond Jim Brady" and "General Jatter" and "Barney Gilroy," shocked with a hearty laugh.

"I always said to Mrs. Arnold and the kids—when I buy a house, I'll still have money in the bank. As you know, I was born in an eastside tenement in New York. My father died when I was 10, and five years later my mother followed him to the grave. I don't want to dramatize the difficulties I had as a boy, but I had to quit school at 10 and help support my mother and four brothers and sisters. I didn't have a chance to go through grammar school."

His powerful blue eyes narrowed to a steely gaze, and he took a deep breath. "I tried different trades, but I didn't like them. I had the acting bug.

When I was 15 I landed a job as juvenile understudy with a Shakespearean repertory company, and went on the road. I was in stock eleven years, touring the country from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. My stock career ended with a New York play in which I made quite a hit.

In all the years I've been in the theatre I was never thrown out of a hotel for non-payment of rent, I never went hungry. I wish, for your sake, I had a sob story to tell you! Writers ask me: 'Has nothing ever happened to you?' There is a lady who is doing a story about me for the Saturday Evening Post. The other night, we sat up until about 2 o'clock in the morning, trying to dig up incidents from my theatrical life that would make interesting reading, but damn it, I couldn't tell her anything. I always made good money, for a man of simple tastes. I have averaged as high as $50 a week in the theatre. I had a tough time only in 1919. We were doing a war play. It opened on November 5, and on November 11 the armistice was signed. Naturally, people didn't care to see war plays any more, and I found myself out of a job. I didn't work for eight months. Our savings ran pretty low, we had to borrow some money. I had married in Chicago, in 1916. It's tough to be broke when you have a wife and a baby to take care of.

"Before Hollywood discovered me, I was in pictures for two years, with the old Essanay Company in Chicago. During this period of my idleness I went to see a motion picture agent in New York, hoping to get some work. He laughed at me. He said he couldn't jeopardize his professional standing, that he handled only big actors. I had been a leading man with the Essanay Company, but what was Essanay compared to Fox, the studio where most of his clients

Edward Arnold studying a script in the attractive dining room of his Hollywood home. (Right) Arnold, the always successful actor, who has never been homeless nor ever been hungry.
"SITTING PRETTY—NO COMPLAINTS"

There is a particular charm that an actor in pictures must have. Many players are tested for it but few can deliver.

By Leon Surmelian

Walter Connolly likes Hollywood: "Here an actor has more leisure than he can have in New York." (Right) Charles Boyer has a pleasant word for us: "Americans have a natural talent for acting."

"But now that I can have the luxuries I used to dream about, I don't go after them. Too busy. That's the irony of my success! As you see, I have no grudge against the theatre. I have only pleasant memories, and no regrets as a stage actor. You can't accuse me of being softened by the movie coin. Compared to the stage actor, I don't care how successful he might be, the movie star leads an almost ideal existence. I can't think of a better place to bring up my children than Hollywood. They grew like mushrooms after we moved out here. Hollywood has made it possible for me to give them a home and other advantages I didn't have as a boy. If the stage offered me the same salary, I would still prefer the screen."

Charles Boyer is a stellar name on the Parisian stage. He is a graduate of the Sorbonne, where he studied philosophy, and the famous Conservatoire of Drama. His specialty is mental rather than physical parts. He has the same passion for perfection in acting as Hambert had for the mot juste—the exact word. He is noted for his dramatic criticisms and book reviews in the leading literary journals of France. An interview with him is a lesson in the art of acting.

"Not only the American cinema, but also the American stage is the best in the world," he told us in his fluent, even though accentuated English, while handling his cigarette in that elegant manner which distinguishes the cultured cosmopolite. "The plays I saw in New York—well, they were terrific!" Boyer likes our thunderwords. "Believe me, the American stage was a revelation to me. Americans have a natural talent for acting not possessed by any other nation. I have often wondered why. It seems to me, the free and easy manner in which American children grow has much to do with it."

"A French actor is likely to say, 'Sit down!' in an elocutionary tone, as if speaking some classic lines in the Comédie Française. An American actor will say simply and naturally, 'Sit down!' Only by years of study and practice does the French actor develop an easy and natural style of delivery. I'll grant that he may eventually go beyond the American actor in interpreting the characters he is playing, but when we consider French actors and American actors as a whole, the superiority of the latter cannot be denied."

"There is a tendency on the part of many intellectuals to disparage the cinema, and particularly the American cinema. This is unfortunate, and to be deeply regretted. The cinema is a new art form and does not have the experience and traditions of the theatre, but it has already, within the past few years, produced things of real artistic merit, and has magnificent potentialities."

"We have some dramatic critics in France, who may praise, now and then, a French picture, but never an American-made picture. They believe Hollywood films, being produced by factory methods for mass consumption, cannot possibly have artistic value. In my opinion, wide popular appeal is not only against true art, but is a necessary condition of it. Because of his narrow, prejudiced viewpoint the French cinema suffers, and American pictures continue to be the most popular in the world."

I find complete artistic satisfaction in the cinema, except for one thing—I miss that direct contact with the audience the stage actor enjoys. To renew this contact, film actors should return to the theatre now.

(Continued on page 76)
They Are Talented Players
And The Best Of Friends

By Thomas Foye

Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney are planning great things for the future.

Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney, aged respectively twelve and sixteen, are firm friends. Freddie, as everybody knows, is English. Mickey is Irish. American-born. They are just about as opposite in nature, appearance and tastes as any two people you can imagine.

But they have one bond in common. They look to motion pictures for their collective futures—... not as actors, as you might very well think, but in positions behind the camera.

Freddie intends to be a writer. Mickey has settled upon direction.

Now, for two such youthful members of the film colony already to have definitely decided what they will be when they grow up, considering the fact that they now are actors of more than unusual talent and with brilliant meccas beckoning, is exceptional, to say the least. Ask the average juvenile of the screen toward what end he is directing his energies and ten to one he’ll pipe up that he will continue his acting career. But not Freddie and Mickey.

“I would like very much to look at a screen production and to know that it was I who conceived the story and the characters,” says Freddie, in his precise manner of speaking.

“I want to be able to look at a picture and say I was responsible for its success,” positively asserts the more practical-minded Mickey.

An extraordinary parallel may be drawn between these two friends, one so gentle in speech and actions, the other staccato-speaking and thinking, intent every moment upon the joy of action.

“As long as I can remember, I have wanted to write,” Freddie confides earnestly. “When I saw my first cinema, oh so many years ago—Freddie still has to grow a long gray beard—‘I thought, ‘some day I will write a story such as this and people will say it is mine.’ Ever since then I have planned to be a writer, although I will say that for a while I almost decided to give it up to become a jockey.”

Freddie, as serious of mien as though he were a judge about to pass sentence, sat very still while he commented upon this “life-long” aspiration. He was dressed for his rôle in “Captains Courageous,” in rough, blue woolens, and he perched a battered sun-vester on the back of his head.

Mickey, lounging nearby—both are featured in Metro’s picturization of the Kipling sea classic—and garbed in similar attire, spoke up in an equally, serious manner.

“When I appeared in my first picture I was only four, but I remember that my ambition to be a director dated from that day. Of course, then, I suppose, I wanted to be a director because he gave orders. Now, though, I want to be a director because he contributes something definitely real to the screen and to progress.”

Odd, how both these lads from their earliest recollections have held the thought... Freddie to be author, Mickey to be director, and that the idea should have been born at about the same period in their respective careers.

Fully a year has passed since they began to compare notes about the future, their hopes, their plans, their ambitions. It started when they first met on the “Little Lord Fauntleroy” set, in which Freddie enacted the title rôle and Mickey played his booby-boat-friend.

Freddie, at that time, still was the reserved little boy of “David Copperfield” memory. It required several weeks ere he and Mickey reached the plane to which they have held ever since, for the English lad wasn’t accustomed to the frankness and half-jison-half-met attitude that distinguishes the American Mickey. But after the ice was broken they got along famously.

Mickey it was who first drew from Freddie his long-cherished ideal. Freddie had never mentioned it to anybody besides his Aunt Cissie and she had kept his secret inviolate. For his part, Mickey confessed his dream of days to come... and an even stronger bond of friendship resulted. To the boys, directing and writing ran in much the same channels.

Of course, both Freddie and his Aunt Cissie have concentrated upon his acting. Long ago the aunt, recognizing the spark of genius in her young nephew, encouraged the cultivation of his unusual powers of concentration and memory and taught him direction and elocution, including in her [Continued on page 40]
His career begins: Scene from the silent picture, "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

In "Farewell to Arms," he played opposite the famous actress, Helen Hayes.

Gary reached a level above all others in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

"Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"—one of the best pictures of 1936—in which Gary Cooper scored.

His next is "Souls at Sea," a story of sailing-ship days.

HE HAS made so great a number of pictures, Gary is now educated in the art. Naturally he has seen himself on the screen many a time, and if anything will keep a man from conceit that will.

Gary has found out the priceless secret of screen acting, which is that the camera photographs the actor’s thoughts; so he acts with his mind. When he plays a given part it is his mind that assumes the personality of the character called for. Thus Gary has become one of the best performers on the screen.

TO GARY COOPER

The pioneers of the West saw city after city grow from the empty wastelands and prairies, and Gary has seen the empire of the screen grow from even less inspiring beginnings.
THAT "COME-HITHER" LOOK

The Beauty Of Women Is The Background That Gives Promise And Makes The Provocative Glance Of The Eyes Eloquent With Warm Invitation.

Simone Simon is the mystery girl, but good luck will not long resist her appealing glance.

Frances Dee is again in pictures. Happily married, and a proud mother, it is reasonable to assume that she has something to give to the screen.

(Above) The always lovely Loretta Young sends her charm vibrations over the wire. (Left) Another of those clever French mam'selles is Lily Pons.
And so she became engaged to be married! No finer compliment can be given to Jeanette MacDonald's captivating personality.

And so she became engaged to be married! No finer compliment can be given to Jeanette MacDonald's captivating personality.

A PLAYER is in the business of making faces, in a nice way of course. If the girl in the play is gay or glum, inquisitive or intriguing, it is the business of the actress to arrange her features accordingly. And among all the expressions in the repertoire of an actress, the look that fascinates, that speaks of love, and confesses that all defenses are down and who cares can illumine only the face of a woman blessed with a mind and soul capable of love.

(Above) June Lang has siren eyes, a willing mouth and her actress reputation is blooming. (Left) Jean Arthur is on her third career and making good headway. Her "come-hither" is magnetic.
TREASURES AHEAD!

There Are Exciting Pictures
"In The Can," As They Say
In Hollywood, For The Fans
To Enjoy.

Now we can learn all about Hollywood—in color, too.

Paul Robeson leads the way in "Kim Solomon's Mines.
Cedric Hardwicke, Roland Young, Anna Lee and Joh Loder are in the cast.

(Left) Elizabeth Bergner, the unforgettable genius, with Raymond Massey in "Dreaming Lips."

A famous old stage play, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyne," comes to life again on the screen. Robert Montgomery and Joan Crawford.

In "Stolen Holiday," Kay Francis and Ian Hunter do the stealing.


Sylvia Sidney and Barton MacLane in "You Only Live Once." Probably there's a prison in it.

Wendy Barrie and William Gargan and the thoroughbred in "Breezing Home."

Romany caravans in "Wings of the Morning," an English picture in color.

"Knight Without Armour" is Dietrich's new picture, made in England. That's Marlene in the center.
The Sun Shines For All—Nature Is A Screen Favorite.

Theatrical producer, with paint and canvas, tries to give stage shows the feeling of outdoor settings. The only successes along these lines are dark scenes. But, in the movies, the camera captures natural backgrounds so truthfully that the screen seems almost like a window through which we can look on land and sea. Some studios spend royally on sets. This is fine for scene painters and designers, but the atmosphere of reality on which the punch of the story depends is best secured direct from nature. If a company could have the exclusive right to natural backgrounds they would stampede the business. However “Outdoors Belongs To Everyone.”

Clark Gable and a brilliant cast are making “Parnell.” A jaunty car and an Irish homestead supply atmosphere.

Brian Aherne and Merle Oberon, in “Beloved Enemy,” take a walk midst the upland heather. (Below) Noah Beery, Jr., and Julian Rivero in “Treve,” a story of shepherders which gains our interest because of the natural setting.
"Souls at Sea" is a real out-of-doors picture. Its success is certain, for everyone loves the sea.

Marlene Dietrich catches the spirit of the poetic setting in "Knight Without Armor."
Work for Beauty — Dance for Health

Midge Evans' favorite jumping exercise. The feet must touch as the lands.

There is a continual demand in Hollywood for slight and flexible girls. Mary Howard finds that acrobatic dancing is fine, strenuous exercise. She catches beauty on the fly.

Badminton is played on a small court but Joan Crawford finds the exercise keeps her figure beautiful.
THE ambitious girls of Pictureville have the greatest respect for the screen and their careers. They work patiently over every muscle in their bodies seeking perfection. No one is too limber or too graceful for the screen. Then, when they dance, they thrill with the joy of motion.

(Left) George Murphy and Doris Nolan dancing in "Top of the Town," the Universal musical extravaganza. (Right) 24 times before breakfast! Melba Marshall touches her toes and keeps her figure trim and supple.

Exercising with her arms while she jumps is Alice Faye's favorite beauty trick.

Health Pays Dividends In Happiness. Players Must Keep In Perfect Condition.
Although patrician Elissa Landi chooses red flowers on a white background, the design of her attractive print is quite conservative. A pleated flounce fastened with a shirred ruff provides a graceful dip to the skirt. With this formal gown Elissa wears a pearl necklace and twin pearl bracelets.

Deep "V" necklines are coming into own again and here Madge Evans demonstrates how becoming they can be. Her printed crepe has a marine blue background with deep maroon and yellow flowers creating a startling color contrast. From a pleated bodice fitting snugly into the waistline, skirt falls in graceful folds to the hem.

Vivid prints in widely spaced designs are an exciting new style this year. Mary Astor's strikingly simple gown has a flower motif in Sicilian purple, Bagdad blue and Sun orange on a natural linen background that should catch and hold the roving eye.

For sun bathing Eleanor Whitney dons a one-piece play suit boasting a bright red jersey skirt buttoned down the back for a change, and topped by a printed linen halter in nautical colors.

**GOING SOUTH THIS WINTER?**

If You Are One Of Those Fortunates Take A Fashion Tip From The Screen Players Who Have Palm Springs Practically At Their Doorstep.
Like a dream come true is Gladys Swarthout in this ethereal gown of printed black and white organza, worn over a slip of blue that matches the forgetmenots which are entwined with two brilliant red poppies in her hair.

Livvia de Havilland is a devotee of the new, wildly spaced vivid prints and has chosen chalk white heavy crepe with huge clusters of lush red roses, surrounded by deep green leaves, placed at fairly even intervals. Softly draped green velvet fashions the medieval neckline and the long, narrow skirtline is slit the center to afford freedom while walking.

Now that money is circulating freely once again (or so they tell us) a great many of you will be thinking of taking one of those fascinating tropical cruises. If you do, you will want your wardrobe to include those intriguing essentials which make life aboard ship a glorious memory during the dull days after your return. We didn't have space here to illustrate any afternoon or formal sports attire, but we have included some evening gowns that will make life under a tropical moon seem a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Also some devastating beach ensembles that will lure the eyes of some susceptible beachcomber from the wintry North as easily as they do the rays of the sun.
When Two Are Locked In Tense Embrace Ecstasy Lives Within The Circle Of Your Arms, And All The World Goes By Outside.

Dick Powell holds the beautiful Madeleine Carroll close to his heart in a scene from "On the Avenue."

(Sonja Henie and Don Ameche in "One in a Million." She skates fastest where the ice is thin.)

(Above) Lee Tracy and Margot Grahame in "Criminal Lawyer." The screen will be more entertaining now that Lee is back. (Left) Helen Lynd and Skeets Gallagher make love in a spirit of fun. A scene from "Hats Off."

EVERY story has lovers, and the girls and men of Hollywood accept their roles with nonchalance. Each job is one more palpitating round of hugs and kisses, but to the player the lovemaking is of desperate importance. The girl who cannot contrive to look quite in love, and radiate the bliss of possessing the idol of her heart, may just as well go back to the old home town and marry the butcher.

HEAVEN IS IN YOUR ARMS
GRACE MOORE
Heads Hit List in New Song-Filled Triumph,
"When You're In Love"

TWO thousand dollars for a husband!
That's the fee Louise Fuller, famed opera star, paid a total stranger to marry her. And
that's the start of one of the most scintillating, side-splitting romances I've ever laughed
through—Grace Moore's stunning new hit, "When You're In Love", with Cary Grant.

Of course, any film of Grace's is aces with me. But "When You're In Love" is even sev-
eral notches better, to my way of thinking, than "One Night of Love" or "The King
Steps Out".

The star who started a new style in song-
fils hits some new vocal highs in music numbers
by Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields, which
include the soon-to-be-famous "Our Song".

The cast is loaded for comedy with such nota-
bles as Cary Grant, Aline MacMahon, Luis Al-
bern, Henry Stephens, Catherine Doucet, and Thomas Mitchell.

Robert Riskin, as I've already hinted, delivered a fun-packed, fast-moving screen
play, and followed it up with the smartest kind of direction, in collaboration with Harry
Lachman. And Columbia Pictures have
treated their talented star to an elaborate
production that hits scenic highspots from
New York to Mexico.

You can say I said that Grace Moore in
"When You're In Love" is my favorite
amusement of the month. It's way out in
front of the February hit parade.

By RUSSELL PATTERSON
The barbarian impulses break out in Ray Milland and Porter Hall in "Bulldog Drummond Escapes." Easy with the bottle, Heather Angel.

(Above) A native in "King Solomon's Mines" is all set to resist the onslaught. (Right) In "You Only Live Once," Sylvia Sidney is exposed to the unbridled wrath of Henry Fonda. (Below) Tex Ritter takes a sock at Fred Kohler in "Song of the Gringo." A primitive mode of registering disapproval and repugnance.

(Below) Cesar Romero and Walter Pidgeon tussle for the revolver in "She's Dangerous!"
The Men Of The Screen Scorn To Call In The Police, The Army Or The Navy When The Drama Calls For Action. Every Hero Packs A Wallop.

If the world we live in suddenly began to behave like the movies, we would all have to begin our student days over again. We go through the years with nary a clip on the jaw, nor do we ever land on the button in our daily round. Can it be that the screen has a suggestion for a fuller life? Or is it that action is better to watch than to share? Bam!

In "A Star is Born," Fredric March resents the impolite actions of the photographers and teaches them a lesson.

I'll say it is—so I decided to try to cut down on runs. All last month I used Lux.

DID IT WORK DOT?

Yes, that's the wonderful thing. My stockings are lasting twice as long—I'll save about $25 a year.

Gosh, you can buy a lot with $25. Think I'll try Lux myself.

Would you believe it—I spent $52 last year on stockings!

Oh no Dot you couldn't.

I figured it all out—two pairs a week—50¢ a pair.

That's $52 all right. A lot of money.

Once you stop to figure what Lux can save you, you'll never again want to risk using just any old soap.

Lux has no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often have. With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing. Lux preserves the "live" resilient quality stockings have when new—so Luxed stockings give instead of breaking easily under strain—seldom go into runs.

This means they last much longer, look lovelier, too.

—Saves Stocking Elasticity
(Above) Grace Moore and her husband, Valentin Parera, kneeling in back of a model, brought down in scale, of the new Brentwood home they will build. Grace has brought down the house many a time. "When You're In Love" is her next picture.

[Left] Paul Kelly plows a bit of his 45-acre ranch. Evelyn Venable, a visitor, drives the horses.

(Right) Evelyn Knapp, surf fishing.

Marguerite Clark visited Dorothy Lamour at the Paramount Studio. It is 16 years since she left the movies.

Lily Pons at the microphone during a luncheon at the Waldorf Astoria in New York.
More And Dittier Scoundrels Mean More Exciting And Dramatic Pictures.

When Rosalind Russell was first assigned to the title rôles in the film version of George Kelly's famous play, "Craig's Wife," she threatened to rebel. She didn't want to play an unsympathetic part, she said. No one would love the selfish creature who made Mrs. Craig's life miserable. But finally poor Rosalind was persuaded—and proceeded to give the most decisive performance of her career.

It's a familiar cry among the bright stars of the Hollywood firmament, male and female—"I wouldn't dare play such a despicable part! My fans would never forgive me!"


And, for all the stellar timidity, when a good actor gets his hands on such a part, he tears into it with an irresistible gusto. These heavy leads are meat for the actor—human beings presented honestly as swaggering egots or pathetic wrecks—they are richer, fuller characterizations than all the pale, heroic dummies designed only to win moviegoers' love.

It's a stubborn and foolish superstition that an actor endangers his popularity by thumbing his nose at audience sympathy. Countless reputations have been built on hisses and boos, from that ragged tapscallion, Wally Beery, to the swarthy scoundrel with the delightfully harsh voice and sardonic smile known as Clark Gable.

The villain in the movies is a very important guy. For the movies so far have devoted most of their resources to glorifying the story of action, and the villain is the mainspring of melodrama. He is the source of all the action, the plotter of the plot. If hoy met girl and no delinquent rascal or scheming coquette ever came between them—if nobody stole the precious "papers," or stealthily bumped off the millionaire recluse, or got in the G-men's hair, heroes and heroines might be happier, but movies would be much duller.

The art of the cinema may have grown up, but it hasn't outgrown the need for good old-fashioned menace, whether villainy in the grand manner, or plain, lowbrow dirty work at the crossroads.

The ace of today's heavies is Douglas Dumbrille, best known for his Mohammed Khan in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and unscrupulous lawyer in "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town." His arrogant profile and fine voice are perfect equipment for villainy. He gives his nicely differentiated performances exactly the correct blend of suavity and brutality. He is not afraid to endow his rogues with a romantic flair, and [Continued on page 65]
MORNING sun, pouring through the tall, modernistic windows, made bright Judge Prime's court room which is one of the numerous and varied features of Ferndale's new municipal building. Roomy and spotlessly clean, its air conditioning in winter and summer, its decorations in quiet good taste combined with dignity, the room is typical of the building and the building is typical of Ferndale, which would never be satisfied with anything but the best and most modern in the way of public enterprise. Just as Ferndale's tree-shaded, cluster-lighted streets are lined by the most artistic and comfortable homes and buildings of every sort necessary to a medium size, modern American city, 

The sun, shedding its rays with democratic impartiality, fell alike upon Judge Henry Prime, a middle aged, dignified jurist, upon the prosecuting attorney, the attorney for the defense, the audience, and jurors and upon the accused woman, Mrs. Romney P. Patterson. In fact the genial and urbane sun impartially beamed upon everybody connected in the business of the court, with the exception of one—Mrs. Johnathan Ashley Dean. The sun missed Mrs. Dean, who, with the last juror to be drawn, because Mrs. Dean was late and had not yet reached the court room.

While the bailiffs are howling Mrs. Dean's name, and Judge Prime and his court wait with poorly concealed impatience, let us, like the sun, briefly survey the scene.

A modern court of law, in its comfortable and artistic furnishings, its quiet, dignified judge, its groups of well dressed, prosperous looking lawyers and witnesses, its juries and spectators. It is typical of the administration of justice in hundreds of medium size cities, like Ferndale, which are scattered all over America. It is typical of America herself. A law court, but minus the grotesquerie, the overcrowding, the bad ventilation, the bombastic pomposity and bewigged circumstance that Charles Dickens delighted in writing about and Dumas pictured. Its general air of good natured intelligence, its plain simplicity, its minimum of bullying formalities make it seem anything but a terrifying place, or a theater for intense drama.

Yet that quiet little woman sitting beside her counsel—her nervous face still young and pretty—is accused of murdering her husband the once promised to love and cherish. Those various witnesses are ready to tell against her shameful things. The eleven jurors, whispering together, are waiting to decide and the dignified judge is waiting to sentence.

A good man and a useful citizen has been foully murdered. A woman's life and happiness hangs in the balance. Witnesses will tell stories, some of them true so far as their capacity to observe can go; some maliciously, murderously false. Behind the neat green lawns and peaceful house fronts of Ferndale, grim and ugly things have happened and that jury of neighbors is about to undertake a task that might well baffle God Himself—to say what is false and what is true.

But the bailiffs are shouting for Mrs. Dean and a bright voice, all out of breath, answers at last. "Yes, yes . . . here I am!" Mrs. Johnathan Ashley Dean, the twelfth juror, has arrived in court.

We all know Mrs. Johnathan Ashley Dean. My dear! The richest woman in Ferndale and its social leader! Not that she is just a social butterfly. Goodness no! She realizes that living in Ferndale is a privilege that must be paid for. By giving to the community one's very best thought and effort. For instance, isn't she serving on the jury? She is a bit late, to be sure, but she doesn't lose her poise. Mrs. Dean is the best poised woman in Ferndale. Always sweet, always cool headed; always sure that, if what she is doing is not the proper thing, her doing it will make it so.

"Here I am," said Mrs. Dean again. She paused, out of breath, before the raised desk where Judge Prime presided.

"Dear Judge Prime," said Mrs. Dean graciously, "A thousand pardons, I'm so sorry to be late, but it didn't worry me because I remembered that Fred and Bethia told you at the Club last Sunday that they were sailing this morning and I was quite
sure you'd understand. But do tell me—"

"Please take the witness stand, Mrs. Dean."

"The witness stand!" Mrs. Dean gasped. "Oh, but I thought I was invited to serve on the jury."

"Quite so, Mrs. Dean," the judge sighed patiently. "But you must be examined."

"Why, Judge Prime!" Mrs. Dean was breathless with surprise and rising indignation. Examined! Right here in the court room! Why Judge—"

"Before you can serve as a juror, Mrs. Dean, you must be examined by counsel for both sides."

"Why . . . Henry Prime!" Mrs. Dean hadn't been examined since that time the silly customs officers got the idea she was trying to smuggle pearls into the country. And then she was examined by a matron. And in a private room, not before a court.

But this wasn't a physical examination after all. Just a friendly little talk with Mr. Van Cobb, the prosecutor, and nice young Mr. Williams, the counsel for the defense. Her answers satisfying both gentlemen, she was told to take her place with the jury.

There was a little delay about that for she had to instruct her maid, Antoinette, to tell the chauffeur she need not wait and to be sure to cancel her appointment with the dressmaker. That over, she turned, smiling, to the eleven men and women who were to help her determine whether or not Mrs. Patterson had killed her husband and should pay the penalty.

There was only one vacant chair in the jury box and Juror No. 11 had placed his derby hat on it.

Juror No. 11 had been watching Mrs. Dean intently since she came into the court room. He was a round little button of a man with a face like a baby's. An excited, pleased light of recognition came into his eyes when he saw Mrs. Dean. He tried with smiles and glances to attract her attention. As she took the chair beside him, his round face beamed like a harvest moon. Then suddenly it looked like the face of a baby stuck with a pin.

Juror No. 11 made a frantic grab for his derby hat. Mrs. Dean was too quick for him. She al-

The court room grows tense as the testimony tightens the chains about the beautiful Mrs. Patterson.
most sat on his hand and that would have taken some explaining! As it was he heard the expectant clatter of his derby under Mrs. Dean's—well, under her and she shuddered like one stricken.

Mrs. Dean smiled pleasantly to everybody on the jury. Juror No. 11 turned beseeching eyes on her. He wanted to tell her she was sitting on his hat, but he felt a little shy about it. Also he wanted to tell her something else, much more exciting and pleasant, but he was shy about that, too, so the best he could do was offer her a cough drop which she refused rather coldly.

"It's quite all right," he muttered helplessly, "but I do think you should know me.

"But of course I do," cried Mrs. Dean.

"My dear, your face... Let me think... You remind me of a face... What is there about you that I cannot associate with myself?"

Juror No. 11 thought of his crushed hat

The brilliant principals of "A Star Is Born" between scenes—Janet Gaynor,
Fred March and Adolphe Menjou.

connected with herself and winced.

"My dear! I have it! West Ferndale High School! You are Pudgie Beaver!"

"J. Clarence Beader," said the little man quickly. Since those days he had become Ferndale's most ambitious realtor and reminders of the old nickname were worse than scratchy underwear.

"I distinctly remember calling you Pudgie," said Mrs. Dean archly and too loudly for his comfort.

"And how you hated it when we called you Skinner," Beaver chuckled.

With that they were melding into mutual reminiscences, both thinking wistfully of those dear, lost days of youth in West Ferndale High. But Pudgie Prime's gavel interrupted them. The trial was ready to begin. Mrs. and Mrs. Romany P. Patterson had occupied one of those comfortable bungalow-like, typical of the fine homes of Ferndale. Mrs. Patterson was French by birth and had been in the chorus when Mr. Patterson married her. He was some years her senior and sometimes they had quarreled over his jealousy.

After one of these quarrels Patterson went on a two weeks' hunting trip with his cousin, Thomas Jeffery. While he was away Mrs. Patterson left his home.

The night of the murder, at half past ten, the ringing of a burglar alarm brought a police car to the Patterson house. The police were met by a man dressed in hunting clothes, unshaven and apologetic. Clara Simpson, the Patterson maid, identified him as Mr. Patterson and he apologized for the trouble he caused. He was back from hunting and had forgotten his key, he said and the burglar alarm ran as he tried to open the door.

A few minutes after the police had left, Mrs. Patterson returned home. A few minutes later still, the police were called again. Romney Patterson had been murdered. The maid, Clara Simpson, had discovered his body on the floor of his room. Mrs. Patterson was on her knees beside it, wringing her hands and crying hysterically, "Why did I do it?"

Mr. Van Cobb, the prosecutor, said Mrs. Patterson killed her husband. Her motive, he argued, was the knowledge she would inherit all his money.

He put Clara Simpson on the stand. The maid told how Patterson came home at 10.30. After the incident of the burglar

with vehement denials of what Clara and the others testified, Mr. Dean tried to get her to be calm. She got into quite a conversation with the accused and when they lapsed into French it created an uproar in court. Judge Prime had to call the jury back literally to Mrs. Dean about that. But Mrs. Dean kept on. She was particularly interested in Clara Simpson. Clara had all the outward appearance of being rephletly and yet Mrs. Dean didn't believe she was telling the truth.

She asked Mrs. Simpson if Clara had been hired from an employment agency. Mrs. Patterson told her that her husband's cousin, Thomas Jeffery had recommended Clara to her. Miss Dean also learned that Thomas Jeffery would inherit all the dead man's money in case Mrs. Patterson was convicted of the murder.

Pudgie Beaver had a feeling that he had not made a very brilliant showing during the trial. He was used to making speeches about the civic beauties of Ferndale at the Wednesday's afternoon Club. He rather fancied himself as a speechmaker. But when he tried to put his question about Patterson's threat of guilt he got all mixed up. He was so darning nervous.

Pudgie heard Mrs. Patterson testify that she had not shot her husband. After her fit of temper she said she returned home just in time to hear the shot. She found her husband stretched on the floor, the revolver in his hand. She believed her temporary derangement of him had driven him to suicide and, reproached by her conscience, cried out, "Why did I do it?"

That sounded pretty fishy to Pudgie. Mrs. Patterson was a tragic little figure and he was mighty sorry for her, but she didn't convince him she told the truth. By the time Judge Prime sent the jury away to deliberate on the evidence, Pudgie had an idea Mrs. Patterson was guilty. But he was really more upset about Mrs. Dean sitting next to him. She was innocent of the hat she sat upon.

The jury got down to the business of the verdict. With every opinion expressed! Mrs. Dean's amazement grew. Guilty! Eight votes, nine votes, ten votes, eleven votes—yes, even Pudgie voted Guilty. Eleven of them for the murder of her husband.

Mrs. Dean's turn came. "Not guilty," she cried. Her glance swept the startled faces about her. The long tallow candle, which was a symbol of her innocence, was placed on the table.

"Knew she was lying," said B. J. Martin, the bigoted foreman. "She was nervous as a cat.

"Her restlessness is a racial characteristic," said Mrs. Dean winningly. "She is French.

"Sure," said Steve Bell. "My wife—she's dead now—she was French and she was always jumpy."

"Inish," said Mrs. Bottomley.

"Mrs. Bottomley," said Mrs. Dean sweetly, "have you known many Latin people?"

"No," said Mrs. Bottomley, "and I don't want to. Everybody knows what foreign women are!"

Steve Bell turned angry red and banged his scratch pad on the table. "Gee—it's bad as she was fine and decent as anybody. She never played around."

"You couldn't be so sure about that," began Dr. Alex Fields, the psychiatrist, who boasted he could tell all about anybody by his spine.

"You're right, Mr. Dean, you're right. How does one get eleven people—eleven varying degrees of intelligence and fair mindedness—to see things as one's own self sees them?"

[Continued on page 85]
THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS
Another Film About the Irish Rebellion—R-K-O

HE RE is R-K-O's artistic successor to "The Informer" and whether you will like it or not all depends upon whether you like Sean O'Casey's play of the Irish rebellion. Some people go simply mad about the Abbey Players and Sean O'Casey, and some people don't. It's something you'll have to decide for yourself.

Anyway, Director John Ford has made of the popular play a picture that is truly a work of art. Preston Foster, giving the best performance of his career, plays the young Irish rebel who is torn between his devotion to the cause of a free Ireland and his beautiful love for his young wife. Barbara Stanwyck is the young wife who loves her husband so passionately that she fights an hysterical battle to keep him with her.

The Irish Rebellion of 1916, the one the play deals with, is quickly over and Preston, at the risk of his life, returns to his wife by way of the roof tops of Dublin—but her happiness is marked with doom as he tells her "the struggle must go on until Ireland is free."

Barbara, in a highly emotional rôle, is excellent. Against the dramatic background of civil war there are bits of comedy and tragedy involving the families who live in the same apartment house with Barbara and Preston. There is the death of a little conservative waif, Bonita Granville, and the sorrow of her gin-soaked mother, Una O'Connor. Then there is the looting of the shops of Dublin, played for comedy, especially by the aloof, Michael Fitzgerald, Barbour's Fluther and Eileen Grove's scolding neighbor provide the light moments of the picture.

STOLEN HOLIDAY
Kay Francis Torn Between Loyalty and Love—Warner

IN HER new picture, Kay Francis plays the owner of the smartest dressmaking establishment in Paris, so naturally this enables her to wear some of the most exotic and expensive gowns you have ever seen on the screen. Or-ally, Warner Brothers' talented designer, simply let himself go—and, of course, there is no doubt about Kay being able to wear those gowns.

While she is still a model in a shop, Kay is befriended by Claude Rainis, an international crook with big financial ideas, and in exchange for a small favor Rainis buys for Kay her own exclusive shop. They are just "good friends" of course, though he has a way of getting very jealous if Kay looks at any other men. And that's exactly what she does while on a holiday in Switzerland—she falls completely in love with Lane Hunter of the English Embassy.

Then she is torn between loyalty to the man who has made her a wealthy woman, and devotion to the man she loves. Complications pile one upon another until Rainis is finally caught in the net of his own nefarious schemes, and Kay is allowed to marry the man she loves.

THE HOLY TERROR
Starring the Prize Top of the Screen—20th Century-Fox

HERE's one of the better Jane Withers pictures and as packed with a plot as any of her recent ones. Jane plays the daughter of a naval officer (John Eldridge) at a naval base, and the fun she has with the gobs is really something.

ONE IN A MILLION
An Amusing Comedy Introducing the Ice-Skating Marvel of the Day—20th Century-Fox

WELL, fans, meet Miss Sonja Henie, the Norwegian "three times winner" of the Olympic skating championship, and young and beautiful besides. And wait until you see Sonja skim across the ice, it's one of the most beautiful sights you may ever hope to see.

The musical extravaganza which serves to introduce Sonja is different and by different we mean it's an amazing, mush hit—and my, my, what a relief to find five varied skating sequences taking the place of the usual song and dance routines.

A perfectly grand cast includes Jean Hersholt, Adolphe Menjou, Don Ameche, the Ritz Brothers, Batha Munnitch and His Harmonica Rascals, and Leah Ray.

CAMILLE
A Beautiful Production of Dumas' Immortal Love Story—M-G-M

"CAMILLE," that sentimental old favorite of four generations of players, has been revived once more by the late Irving Thalberg as a fitting co-starring picture for Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor. Handsomely and lavishly produced, and directed with warmth, color, and emotion by George Cukor, this version of the old classic is by far the best.

And Garbo—what a surprise! Of course we knew that Garbo was beautiful and glamorous, but she has never bowed anyone over by her acting. But now, as the consumptive Marguerite Gautier, party girl of Paris, she rises to emotional heights that leave you weak and weeping. Robert Taylor also gives his finest performance to date as the young Armand, and the Taylor-Garbo love scenes, my children, will be something for the books. Goodness gracious, what a lover.

ANNOUNCEMENT
With a radiant cover, especially posed by the captivating Sylvia Sidney, the April issue of Silver Screen will appear on your favorite newsstand March 5th.

"Projections," a popular feature by Elizabeth Wilson, will include a complete biography of the cover girl.

Stories of the glowing personalities of the players in the new pictures will give added pleasure to your picture evenings.

Did you know that the men of the screen enjoy the relaxation of hunting between their studio assignments? An interesting account of their trips gives a new understanding of the characters of our famous actors.

All the Hollywood studios will be visited and 
 and all information will keep you informed on the pictures that are being made.

Read Silver Screen for April.

THE BLACK LEGION
Strong, Meaty Melodrama—Warner Brothers

REMEMBER how "I'm a Fugitive from the Chain Gang" thrilled you? Well, this picture is even more thrilling. The recent newspaper expose of the pseudo-patriotic activities of the Black Legion (who dress up in sheets like the Ku Klux Klan) inspired this very dramatic story which director Archie Mayo has made into a picture with no punches pulled.

The story deals with the disintegration of an ordinary American worker who, angry because a foreigner gets a promotion in his factory which he had set his heart upon, falls an easy prey to the insidious schemes of the Black Legion. He joins the organization and the reign of terror begins. There is an exciting climax that will have your hair standing on end.

Humphrey Bogart plays the young weakling who becomes hopelessly entangled with the Legion, and gives a thoroughly vigorous performance that will put him right up there with Paul Muni. And when you are looking around for Academy Award winners next year don't forget Elinor Bruce, who gives a moving, magnificent portrayal of the murderer's young wife.
RANCHING DE LUXE

(Continued from page 25)

Sam Wood, and a couple of other close friends, a private duck hunting preserve near Santa Barbara.

When the voluptuous Mae West says, "Come up and see me sometime," she really means "Come out and see me sometime." Although everybody knows that Mae lives in a luxurious penthouse atop a Hollywood apartment house few know that she owns a ranch near the historic old San Fernando Mission. There she seems to spend most of her time when not emoting before the cameras. Often she motors to the ranch in the early morning and pulls out a full day out of doors. She is proud of her fine poultry, and spends much time in caring for her flocks. Mae is also a truly enthusiastic gardener. She loves to work among the vines and stalks and to muddle her own pretty hands with the soil. Now, is that a surprise?

Richard Dix's "Haven," a primitive hundred and sixty acre hideaway, nestled in Topanga Canyon in the rugged Santa Monica Mountains, has long furnished him with an excuse to get away from the Cinema City. Here he raises cattle, chickens and turkeys, grows alfalfa and indulges to his heart's content in dog raising, which is his favorite hobby. Dix (Big Boy) Williams shares with Dix the Topanga Canyon wilderness as the locale for his ranch.

Midway between this famous canyon and the sunny San Fernando Valley, where many a famous celebrity waters his own garden crop, lies Director Clarence Brown's big ranch, near Calabasas. The outstanding feature at his place is a shooting range where his friends Robert Montgomery, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and others often gather to enjoy the sport. His is one of those ever welcome haciendas where one can drop in any Sunday afternoon and be assured of a fine welcome.

It is the San Fernando Valley, however, that has proven to be the mecca of the majority of Hollywood's ranch minded luminaries. This sun-kissed broad valley lies just over the Hollywood hills and a few miles to the north of the famed City of Stars. Perhaps the reason for its popularity lies in the fact that it takes only a matter of minutes to motor from studio sets to the valley. Numbered among the ardent devotees of this valley's beauties are: W. C. Fields, Fred Stone, Charlie Ruggles, Wallace Beery, Spencer Tracy, Paul Muni, Edward Everett Horton, Buck Jones, Ann Dvorak and Hugh Herbert.

There must be something to that old adage that comedians need an audience to laugh at their jokes. Surely that accounts for the fact that so many of the comics have located their ranches near one another in the valley. For example, there's goat raiser Hugh Herbert, citrus grower Charlie Ruggles, and poultry fancier Bob Burns—all within easy reach of each other. Strange how these comedians do things, doesn't it? When Edward Everett Horton began improving his valley ranch the first thing he constructed was the dog house. Then he gradually led up to the barn, and finally to the house itself, via a swimming pool, tennis court and a sunken garden. Maybe he had the right idea (though, for any old farmer will tell you that his barn is more important than the house. Quien sabe?)

Out on the far western fringe of the Valley can be found energetic Paul Kelly and his wife, Dorothy Mackaye, almost any day when their presence in the studios is not demanded. Paul is a firm believer in the old style farm methods, and he is constructing an old time ice-house in which to store his products and to cure his own means. Here is one ranch that will remain in keeping with the spirit of the early Californians. Paul laughts at the idea that one has to be wealthy to enjoy a ranch, "I make my ranch pay for itself," he says. "Whenever I want to buy a new farm implement, I buy whatever type the proceeds from the ranch warrants. If I want to buy a tractor I shop around and get one at the price I think I ought to pay or I don't buy." And businessman Kelly means exactly what he says for at present he has the ranch operating on a paying basis.

An actress who's keen enough to get right out into the field and work on her farm is Ann Dvorak. You'd never suspect that a girl with her fragile looks could be so spunky, but, then, that's where you're wrong. Ann has always been delicate in health and she finds work in the great outdoors real insurance for good health.

When Paul Muni has a home situated in the center of a walnut grove with an alluring swimming pool adjacent to it. To date, however, the Munes have confined their ranching activities to harvesting and marketing their abundant walnut crops.

At one of the large studios the rancher-actors gather in front of their dressing rooms almost daily and swap the produce in which they specialize. Spencer Tracy
trades fine carrots with Wallace Beery for chickens and lettuce. Director Clarence Brown exchanges oranges, and diminutive Frances Langford bars her radishes and onions. Speaking of Frances, there's one girl who is not content to confine her ranch activities to the Golden State alone. She is also interested in raising oranges in her native Florida.

Francis Lederer likes the American mail order method of doing business. When he harvested his first crop of California oranges, he sent samples to almost a thousand of his friends. Later on his apricots ripened and he repeated this maneuver. Then surprise of surprises! When the almonds were harvested the same thing happened again. Who wouldn't like to be on his mailing list?

Western hero George O'Brien says, "One thing a fellow can't do is take his money with him when he eventually goes." Hence he is improving his fifty-acre ranch near Inglewood and when he gets through with it he will possess a genuine gentleman's estate. He intends to install a new ranch house and guest home, a swimming pool, modern stables, and a new site for his rodeos.

Rugged Victor McLaglen, Academy Award winner, chose the La Canada hills at the base of the Sierra Madre Mountains for his ranch, "Fairhaven." His is one of California's most impressive and picturesque ranches; in fact, we'll vote it in the class with the Carrillo place. In addition to regular ranching Vic keeps a large stable of fine horses including eight thoroughbred jockeys, and his favorite mount, Duchess. He has a great variety of pets including deer, dogs, and peacocks.

A short time ago lethargic Stepin Fetchit entered the market for a large tract of land in San Fernando valley. His idea is to develop a modern home community, to be known as "Harlemwood," for the folk of his race. And if his plans go through, boy oh boy, what a "Harlemwood" it may turn out to be!

But one must not come to the conclusion that all the stars have chosen California for their back-to-nature jaunts. Quite the contrary. Some have gone far afield. Joan Bennett and Lily Pons favor New England, Janet Gaynor Hawaii, and James Cagney wants a whole island to himself. The urge for isolation seems to be predominant with him since he should have plenty of it on his island off the Massachusetts coast.

Lily Pons plans definitely to retire on her farm in Connecticut within the next five years. Joan Bennett and hubby Gene Markey have located their place in the aristocratic section of that state. The Markey dream is a perfect model farm, with all the latest gadgets in machinery and lots of contented cows. When they retire on this beautiful farm they plan to go in for large scale oyster cultivation—or was it oyster plants?

Some time ago Madeleine Carroll turned to romantic Spain and purchased a typical feudal castle and estate known as "Castillo Magdalena" in Catalonia, an ancient section of northeastern Spain. Warner Baxter has a great hankering to own an island up in the vicinity of Vancouver or Victoria, but Mrs. Baxter (Winifred Bryson) has not given her wholehearted approval to Warner's romantic Robinson Crusoe yearning. While dealings for it are not yet settled, indications are that she will not be able to withstand this back-to-the-soil campaign which is being waged.

Certainly, at no time in the past has Hollywood been so soul conscious. Security, contentment and happiness were the rewards of those Hollywood favorites who first initiated the ranch movement and now the exodus from the city is in full swing, and those stars who have not already purchased tracts of land will do so very soon.

Olive de Havilland, nonchalant, carefree and successful, has been selected to shine in "Call It A Day."
clinched it, really began when she played Leslie Howard's voluptuous and possessive wife in "The Animal Kingdom."

Cary Grant would still be an obscure figure if it weren't for his engaging rascal in "Sylvia Scarlett" and his performance as the treacherous husband of Harlow's "Suzy."

Even Hollywood's younger generation can bear witness to the box-office value of villanies. Jane Withers is a star because she was such a convincing meanie. Bonita Granville was just another child-actress until she broke in "These Three" inspired all beholders with a wild desire to wring her neck.

And yet the foolish superstition persists. We forget that people have won in respect of all moviegoers with their honest interpretations of character, donning a pair of angel-wings and turning their backs forever on part of the family. Jean Harlow, after hitting the top with "Redheaded Woman," stealing "Red Dust" from Gable and "Dinner at Eight," and "China Seas" from a whole cast of stars, has suddenly decided that only virtue pays. Of course, no sensible person would suggest we should limit the heroes exclusively to villanies. There is nothing to be said in favor of monotony of any sort; a succession of roles too closely tailored to the personality of any actor or performer, and unsympathetic parts, being generally more decisive than the heroic, would become more obviously monotonous.

when he's amused, and he smiled again. "Haven't we met before—some place? A party—Christmas Eve? Remember?"

As I remember, it had only been a month previous. How could I have forgotten? It was a gala party in the Hollywood Hills. I was only present an hour or so, but I had met a good looking genial boy who had been so charming to everyone, yet had a shy quality about him that one couldn't easily define or forget. I had forgotten even his name. It was because I never imagined on that Christmas Eve that I was meeting another and better Michael. If there were not more of those things about this attractive Irishman that would stamp him as an actor, no seeming arrogance, no braggingbois. No fault, I thought, I had forgotten the sweet boy who had impressed me with his quiet sincerity.

Then, this night in the theatre four years ago, as I saw him go into his part conscientiously, wholeheartedly, I wondered and questioned the people who had said to me, "You'll be sorry."

All I did then was see Michael Whalen. His temperament will ruin not only your part but everyone else's."

Well, after that second introduction and dialogue, the boy and I became good friends, as good friends as I could really be with this boy whose basic magnetism was his thoughtful silence, which some people were wont to call "dumbass," and which I can readily disprove.

Michael's silence was due to something that happened quite a few years ago when he first came to Hollywood from New York. Then he was a "bon vivant," full of life and conviviality. As he told me the other day, "I was a voracious reader of every good book of modern non-fiction and fiction, as well as the classics, and I was lucky enough to know how to read those things—good books, good plays, good music (he plays the piano well, himself, and sings, too), but I found people really didn't care. The more I talked the less they listened. And I knew that they were laughing at my earnestness and naïvete so I shut up like the proverbial clam and thus I determined to remain. And I found out, Gertude, that it is true, the less you talk the more people actually listen when you do speak."

During the shows I did with him at the "little theatre" previously mentioned, I had occasion to see Mike's outbursts of temperament and the reason for them. I had occasion to see what other actors had termed his "indifference" to his co-workers on the stage, and I had occasion to see what I think is anyone's greatest virtue, his ability to know how to work hard!

To begin with, Michael had his mental difficulties as well as financial. He had had "breaks" at major studios which had turned into failures. Since his father passed away, when Mike was seventeen, he had dropped his college dreams of Penn State and had gone to work and had worked for other people, not himself, as I so well know. He had met most good friends in New York City, befriended them when they came to Hollywood, and was snubbed by them when they "arrived" in pictures.

He had been lonely, desperately lonely! He had given all and gotten nothing, nothing but unjust criticism. And what is more unfortunate he had had, through the years, no definite purpose, no consistent aim other than the hope to gain knowledge that he would win. No wonder there were times when he was bitter and temperamental. For example:

The night he had come straggling back to his dressing room, shouting and gesticulating wildly, a bunch of kids in the front row had talked all through a love scene in the show, one of Mike's outstanding scenes. It upset him. He was mad! He was out of control! I couldn't reason with him about his mood at the time. I thought it selfish, so I said, "Michael, you ought to be ashamed."

He flared back at me, "Mind your own business! I have my own career to further. What do you know about it anyway?"

"Nothing at all, Mike, only that you're being terribly selfish." And with that he threw his hands across the table, started up on some purest of old furors.

I cannot see no reason for that, and later I told him so again, only a little more kindly. Naturally he was contrite. And the same night, during the next act, he came to me like a bad little boy, and he said, "Look—I got a path in the seat of my pants and it's the only place I have. Do you think it'll show when I bend over?" With that he bent over and we both went into gales of laughter.

"If the audience minds it," I said, "then I don't see what Mike is going to do about it."

Then, I thought to myself, "And we will take up a collection for a new suit for our leading man."

"These aren't my collars, either," he said, "you'll think better of him than that, too."

"And this isn't my dress," I added. "I borrowed it from the director's aunt."

"With that we were roaring again. And that's been Mike's and my friendship—laughter and tears, only infinitely more laughter."

During the audience that night had been a talent scout from M-G-M, principally to note Michael's work, and it meant, perhaps, a job for him and a job meant for the, well, for the, the, I was ill and needed rest and quiet. A job meant, also, that he, himself, could eat regularly and be less of a pest to his family. As well as quit his job as houseboy in Beverly Hills, where he worked for his board and room, and gardened for his voice lessons, and detailed all his family engagements. He got PAID for doing the work he loved, acting! No wonder he was upset because his scene was ruined.

During the following years those emotional upssets became less and less, until the last show I did with him (the show from which came his letter to the "Cosmopolitan") the outbursts had almost stopped. They did step together when he got a contract for steady work. One reason for this was that in the last year or so Mike had found a peace of mind, a mental harmony that is

Lady Luck Smiles [Continued from page 30]
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., of Chicago's prominent family, is well-known throughout the Middle West and East for her vivid and active life. She entertains frequently with small, superbly appointed dinners. "Camels," says Mrs. Swift, "contribute to the success of my dinners. Their delicate flavor suits the equally delicate flavors in the food, and they also help digestion. I always allow enough time between courses so that everyone may smoke a Camel through."

MRS. SWIFT DINES in the Casino Room of Chicago's Congress Hotel. "Here, too," says Joseph Spagat, Maitre de Cafe, "Camels are the favorite cigarette."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MRS. ALEXANDER BLACK, Los Angeles
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE II, Boston
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, Philadelphia
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, Baltimore
MRS. ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, New York
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, New York

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS!

AS A SPORTSWOMAN, Mrs. Swift is world famous. She spent dangerous months in India and Africa hunting wild boars, tigers, elephants. In the States, during the winter season when society is so engrossed with outdoor sports, Mrs. Swift enjoys skiing. "It's fun," she says, "but requires healthy nerves. So Camels are the only cigarette I care to smoke. They set me on my way feeling right."

Camel's aid to digestion... on your busy days!

Most modern women lead quite active lives. Preparing meals, parent-teachers' activities, and social life are enough to tax nerves and affect digestion. A pleasant way to assist good digestion is to smoke Camels during meals and afterward. Smoking Camels promotes the natural flow of fluids so necessary for good digestion. Alkalinity increases. Tension eases. A comforting "lift" follows. Equally important is Camel's mildness. They never get on your nerves, or tire your taste. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake—and better "busy days"!

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BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

YOU hold allure in the palm of your hand — WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. A touch on your wrists, your throat, your fingertips, and your petite evening muff, and you become a more thrilling person to yourself, and to him. Teasing... provocative... irresistible!

Discover the exciting new confidence that IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME gives you. The glamorous women of Park Avenue, Hollywood Boulevard, and the Rue de la Paix all know that secret — the hidden power of Irresistible Perfume.

Lips must lure, too, with their fragrance, and challenge with their brilliance. With Irresistible Lip Lure they do both. Try the fragrant, creamy Irresistible Lipstick in its exciting new shade — Coral — sparkling, vibrant, electric.

To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

Only 10¢ each at 5 & 10¢ Stores
giving him a beautiful sense of values and a poise that is found only in those who strive to be finer inside as well as outside.

In fact, when we went to see the swank movie part like the one to which Mike and I went when we were both more or less financially embarrassed, and then be involved by a line or two as I knew she wasn't a star. That night before we entered the beautiful apartment on Wilshire Blvd. the young man and I said, "Do you think I look all right in this green suit? I bet they'll all be in tuxes.

I said, "Mike you always look grand."

But when I said I'd have to, now, because even though the suit's too large it's the only decent thing I've got to put on, and they'll have to like it, too, because I'm not telling, it's you."

We went in and most of the men were in tuxes, I saw Mike smile, then wink at me and knew what he meant because he had said it many times, "We may not have many clothes, Gerrie, but we still have our sense of humor, which is the most important.

During the course of the evening a certain featured actress whom Mike had known in New York before he had known such success as the well known picture boy, and Mike spoke to her pleasantly. Suddenly he turned to a friend of his and said, "I think I'll put in and dance with So-and-So. I know I won't win for years. I'd like to talk with her."

I was dancing near actress So-and-So and I heard them more or less away quickly. Here comes that Michael Whalson! Mike didn't hear that, thank heaven, and he cut in anyway. Today the same Miss So-and-So was leading a new leading man, and that was my Michael repeatedly, requesting his presence at her home but he declines graciously. There are too many of his old and tried friends who aren't in the so-called 'right' tonight, much too sincere when they invite him to their homes.

Michael always has given more on the stage than he has in pictures. His indifference is an erroneous statement! I've seen him go out of his way to give the scene to whomever it belonged. I had a comedy scene with him in the Shubert-Timony show, "Common Flesh," which I had to play with my back to the audience because of the seating arrangement of the furniture and I was dancing with a well known player, "straight out." The scene proved so hilariously funny that Michael came to me one night to get the lines, it's our scene and I want you to have it all. With my mug to the audience it rather takes away from your lines because they don't want to watch me, but you--they can't even hear you well enough with your back to them.

Well, we worked alone until one a.m. that night trying to fix the scene ourselves. After we worked it out we went out together, as we had been doing on and off for two or three years, and we had our inevitable midnight snack. While we were gourmandizing, I said to Mike, "You're so darned swell to other actors. I know at some time or other you must have been 'upstaged' frightfully." He smiled at me but refused to answer.

I went on, "Now, tonight, that-leading bad Dick's been running his business entirely and throw you completely off in the last act."

Mike grinned again, this time devilishly. "Yes, and the funny thing is, instead of stealing the scene, she ruined her own lines and business. You know, when you're right and your lines are overwritten, you can't even hear you one in way or another they're only hurting themselves."

Michael, in the six or seven shows I did with him for two or three years, always worked the hardest, thought the most, and as I've said, talked the least.

Every night before Michael made an entrance he meditated for long minutes outside the "scene door," or in his dressing room, getting in character. The other members of the cast made "cracks" about his silent communion, voicing their comments in burlap-embarrassed whispers. But he ignored them and worked all the harder to create his play character to the best of his ability.

There is a scene I want to recall that happened about three years ago. Mike was rather mentally low again from not receiving any paying theatre work (in little theatres and co-op shows you're usually unpaid), and was contemplating leaving town with a touring stock company when he got a call from a certain director of a stock school on a major studio lot. The studio was going to do a play at a legitimate theatre in Hollywood and was using all of its stock "bit" players with the exception of this one particular part, a New York playboy type—the second male lead. The director was calling several good looking, ambitious leading men who were deserving of breaks, to read for the above mentioned part. Everyone of importance of the major studio would, no doubt, cover the show and someone would be bound to get a long term contract or a job out of the play.

So, among the likely candidates for the second lead was Michael. Then, of course, he was unknown. The leading man of the show, who was already under a small stock contract to the studio giving the play, had already been given his part. He was a second male leading man, somewhat scattered, wavy haired, handsome leading man who is now cutting quite a figure for himself in pictures. In fact he is the ne plus ultra of men. Then he, too, was an unknown.

Mike was called on the stage to read. He asked the director if he could have a few minutes to look over the part. As soon as he got the idea of the type of character he was reading he walked into the show. He found a rather wavy haired, waisted, impassioned woman, who is also well known now, and began his light comedy interpretation.

In the middle of the scene the director got up from the chair to stop the reading. The director walked over to Michael and said, "That's enough, Mr. Whalson. I'm sorry but the producer doesn't want the part. It's the hardest decision for him to make. Thank you very much." And he took the script from the astonished Michael's hands, and continued with his other business.

Michael would have gladly had the floor open up and swallow him. He started to walk away. "What in the world did I do that made the interpretation seem so wrong?" But he couldn't. He couldn't even see! He was that humiliated. In front of a theatre full of "would-be" actors and actresses (and some quite important ones too) he had been unfairly tried and fired by a producer who didn't even have the decency to tell him, himself.

He stood riveted in the center of the stage, not knowing which way to go. Suddenly five bright eyes lighted on the back stage where all of the rest of the cast were gathered awaiting their cues. Feeling that maybe they'd understand, he turned and walked back stage and scolded himself on a "prop."

When he finally decided to get up and go home a girl friend of his (and a picture comedienne, now) called him softly. He stopped! Siting with her was Mr. So-and-So, who is now one of the favored "white haired" children of pictures, and who was then the stock actor who was doing the lead in the play.

Mr. So-and-So smiled at Michael. Michael, with all of the assurance he could muster, returned the smile. Said girl friend turned to Mr. So-and-So and, in front of Mike, said, "Allen (we will call him that, any-
Don't be a fade-out!

SAYS

Jane Heath

Do you always seem to fade into the background when some more glamorous girl arrives? Don't let her get away with it! A woman's most expressive feature is her eyelashes. Always keep your eyelashes carefully groomed; a good pair of Longines (which are exactly the same as his) and Miss Hudson turned to me and said, "Mike, you're wearing your outfit. You work too hard. Just relax and ooze personality, which you can do. That's all they really want in this business." "Well, Gertrude, I can't do it! Furthermore I know that isn't all they want or they wouldn't worship at Katharine Cornell's, Helen Hayes', Elizabeth Bergner's, Charles Boyer's, Charles Laughton's and Luise Rainer's shrines. These men and women act! And I want to and will! I can't just smile and look pretty. I must work, as you know I've always done."

"Mike, what are you going to do it—?" "If pictures don't bring me the success for which I'm striving!" "Yes!"

"I'm going to New York again—and the stage. I'm going to take every part they'll give me, as long as it's a good part in which I can develop myself, and I'm going to just begin again. You know my ancestors were not 'shabby Irish' nor lazy people. They were all full of that adventure that I love!" "Any of them, besides yourself, in the theater?"

"Yes. Two of them tried the theater. Our families, both the Shawlin's (my father's family) and the Whalen's (mother's) were against the theatre. I'm terribly proud of my family and its accomplishments."

"Late's so many people have read stories about me that suggest that I was the only one of my family that had the nerve and stamina to stick it out, to try to achieve it's wrong."

"My grandfather, Michael Whalen, was burgess (mayor) of Avoca, Penn. He manufactured fire brick in Virginia, and was an original member of the company that supplied water to all of Wyoming Valley, and had several other local business interests. He had an ice house from which was never sold one piece of ice. Every summer it was all given away to those who needed it."

"He also held open house every Sunday for the entire countryside who dropped in after church to have one of his prolonged chicken breakfasts.

"My mother's mother was of the Murray Clan. They were pioneers in the Anthracite coal region. They moved there in the seventeenth hundreds, when coal was first discovered. They sunk the Murray Shaft, one of the last and deepest in existence, and today the Murray Breaker still stands and still runs in the heart of Wilkes-Barre. Sort of like the town pump, you know."

"My Grandfather Shovlin was in the hotel business, retired, and lived to a ripe

Kurlash

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Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.

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Complexion

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City

State

(please print plainly)
To keep skin young looking—learn how to invigorate your UNDER SKIN

Hard to believe—but those little lines that look as if they'd been creased into your skin from the outside, actually begin underneath!

First, hundreds of little cells, fibres and blood vessels underneath begin to function poorly. Then, the under tissues sag. That's what makes your outside skin fall into creases.

The same way with dull, dry skin! It's little oil glands underneath that function faultily—and rob your outside skin of the oil it needs to keep it supple, young looking.

But think!—you can invigorate those failing under tissues! You can start those faulty oil glands functioning busily again. That's why you need not be discouraged when lines and skin dryness begin.

Start to rouse your underskin with Pond's "deep-skin" treatments. Soon you'll see lines smoothing out, skin getting supple, young looking again.

Every night, pat Pond's Cold Cream into your skin. Its specially processed fine oils go deep, loosen dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. Feel the blood tingling! Your skin is glowing... softer. Feels toned already! You are waking up that underskin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder.

Do this regularly. Soon tissues grow firm again. Lines fade out. Your skin is smooth—supple. It looks years younger!

Miss Eleanor Roosevelt daughter of Mrs. Henry Latham Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., says: "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream whisks away tired lines—and tones my skin."

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 785-CC, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Silver Screen 69
Your personal history is yours to make exciting and dramatic if you only wish it. One way to do so is to wear Evening in Paris Perfume, known throughout the world as the fragrance of romance. It's composed of a little mystery ... a great deal of worldly wisdom, glamour and gaiety.

The new Evening in Paris Compact Rouge and Lipstick give your lips and cheeks color that is the perfect semblance of natural beauty. A shade to match every complexion type.

**Evening in Paris**

**BOURJOIS**

**SILVER SCREEN**

A horse-and-buggy, but can you fancy such a transportation in Beverly Hills? At Ensenada they hire what they declare is better still—a horse and a wagon. Then they go trotting up the beach, perched delightfully on the wagon-seat. The other day they set forth on a picnic and spent three hours traveling seven miles.

Amazing contrasts are typical of Mexico and you get a major jolt when you first reach Ensenada. The village is as opposite from the resort hotel as possible. It's a couple of blocks away and it's Mexican simplicity itself, a few frame stores of no architectural pretensions suffering for the trade of the happy peons. Burros laden with sticks of firewood and baskets of vegetables meander down the streets.

The villagers don't pester the stars and neither do the other guests at the hotel. In fact, Charlie Chaplin is so amiable that he allows strangers to kodak him and Paulette Goddard whenever they wish; he once turned down Franchot Tone when his autograph was requested, but Mexico mollows him.

Honeymooners are entranced by the magic calm and color that's combined at Ensenada. Myrna Loy led off by marrying there: Kay Francis wanted to follow suit, but recently, but when she and her groom arrived the magistrate was too involved with the marine strike to be impressed with the urgency of her love. She turned around and came back! Maureen O'Sullivan declares she had the world's finest honeymoon in this paradise. Even Johnnie Weismuller and Lupe Velez have found the sunsets at this seaside spa too wonderful. They spent their second honeymoon here.

Una Merkel, who was married at Caliente on a New Year's Day, has switched her annual repeat honeymoon to Ensenada. Una was strolling one day when she noticed an elderly woman. On second glance it was her former eighth-grade history teacher! From Kentucky to a dream cottage here and a career as a novelist has been some jump, but her old admirer has not only made it but has adopted the costume of the natives so that she appears one of them.

A trip to Mexico sometimes kills two birds with one stone. Foreign actors, who have come to Hollywood on temporary quota permits, frequently renew their entry by going to Mexico to make films. Mexican actors, who have come to Hollywood on special invitation, follow their laws keep to the legal procedures. Sonja Henie has lately done this. Richard Atten cannily saved $50,000 by vacationing for twenty-eight days at Ensenada—this is what he would have had to pay the state of California in income tax had he not remained out of the state a full six months. He'd been to England to make a picture and he'd already paid Uncle Sam and Britain a generous sum.

Twenty miles from Ensenada, over winding dirt roads, is the supremely quaint Russian farming colony Paul Muni raves about. It seems that in 1905 a band of Munks heard the rumbling of underground and determined to transplant their beloved Crimean customs to preserve them. They settled at a ranch, becoming Mexican citizens. But they haven't lost a speck of their identity; they live exactly as they used to and so do their children. Muni is much involved in all these short lives of living in spite of no newspapers, no telephones, and no radios. They forbid them!

All down the drowsy, sunny Gulf of Lower California the fishing and hunting is grand. Gary Cooper can't let you listen to how he hooked his giant tuna without acting out how he lured the monster. Clark Gable has been hunting at Guaymas, further South. Groucho Marx has been having such checkers bouts with the military commander at Ensenada that he hasn't...
Neglect of Feminine Daintiness had never tarnished their Romance

Other wives envied her life-long honeymoon...told their husbands, often, how nice he was to her.

It is not easy to analyze the qualities that make romance endure through the years. Individuals are so different. But, in one respect at least, all husbands are alike. Lack of perfect personal cleanliness in a woman is a fault they can never understand. And few things are so apt to dampen a man’s affection.

Strangely enough, in many cases, a woman is not, herself, aware of neglect of proper feminine hygiene. She would be shocked to learn that she is guilty of not being thoroughly dainty. Yet, if the truth were known, many a case of “incompatibility” can be traced to this very fault.

If you have been seeking a means of feminine hygiene that is wholesome and cleanly, to promote intimate daintiness, ask your doctor about “Lysol” disinfectant. For more than 50 years this scientific preparation has been used for feminine hygiene by thousands of women.

“Lysol” disinfectant is known as an effective germicide. Among the many good reasons for this are these six essential qualities which “Lysol” provides—

The 6 Special Features of “Lysol”

1. Non-caustic...“Lysol” in the proper dilution, is gentle in action. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness...“Lysol” is active under practical conditions...in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.)
3. Penetration...“Lysol” solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually reach out germs.
4. Economy...“Lysol,” because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor...The cleanly odor of “Lysol” vanishes promptly after use.
6. Stability...“Lysol” keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Sale Distributors of “Lysol” disinfectant.
Please send me the book called “Lysol vs. GERM’S,” with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of “Lysol.”

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Street: ____________________________
City: ____________________________
State: ____________________________

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always ardent color... never lipstick parching

had time to go on with the other curious stars.

The train that tears South through the rugged gorges of the Sierra Madre range is the daily treat to the natives, who gather at all stops with pottery and sarapes and bubble glass that you can't help wanting. You feel as though you're on a continual fête.

At Mazatlan, across from the tip of Lower California, the Warren Williams made a memorable trip up the estuary in a small power boat. They soon got into a dense tropical district and Mrs. William was serving the negus lavishly until they ran into a mess of alligators. She made Warren turn around as fast as he could maneuver the boat and she hasn't worn an alligator shoe since. She shudders at the very notion!

The goal of the stars today is Mexico City, which can be approached by the West Coast or an interior train, by the excellent new highway from Texas, or by regular airplane service. The Buddy Ebsen drove the entire way and report the highway all it is said to be—only in the jungle territory there isn't a gas station every dozen miles and so you'd best not be careless. Historically and cosmopolitan Mexico City itself, atop the high plateau, is the end of the new trail. There the actors who can get away long enough are revelling in the astonishing proximity of the ancient, the simple, and the sophisticated forms of life.

Katherine De Mille had to be a Mexican maiden in "Ramona" before she could study up on the ways of Latin ladies, but she's been down there catching up. Miriam Hopkins has been talking about the National Theatre, the world's finest playhouse, which cost $7,000,000. Its jewel-like beauty has many unique features, but none more spectacular than the curtain of glass. The richly decorated cathedrals draw all the tourists, as do the pyramids that are an hour-and-a-half's drive distant. You didn't know they had pyramids in Mexico? They have, and they're as old as those in Egypt! The Pyramid of the Sun dates back far before Cortez and the Conquerors.

What has captivated Miriam the most, though, is the floating gardens at Xochimilco, near Mexico City. "You step into gondolas and then drift through heavenly canals for miles, for hours! They have dining pavilions with orchestras where you tarry. And guitars strum so romantically..."

Warren Oland put on his suavest Clark manner, and now a rare Aztec idol decorates his American home.

But every star doesn't take on Mexico in style. Luise Rainer disappeared. For five days she toured Northern Mexico in an old Ford. In slacks and a sweater and an old coat, nobody recognized her. She slept at auto camps—yes, near the line they have them!—and altogether spent only $2 for her fun.

You don't have to speak Spanish. In the leading towns there's always someone who can gabble in English. But nevertheless I'm going to brush up on my Spanish grammar. When a black-eyed senorita rolls her eyes at me and murmurs sweet nothings, I want to know exactly what she's proposing. It might be only an Aztec idol!

---

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SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50c

Precious protection... Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.
I've never been "typing tired" since I've used the Underwood

...IT’S TUNED TO THE FINGERTIPS!

The Champion Underwood offers the outstanding points of super-performance...speed...quality of work...durability...simplicity...easy touch and CUSHIONED TYPING. Every Underwood Typewriter is backed by national-wide, company-owned service facilities.

The little lady of the keyboard will give you a much better typing job if you give her a new Champion Underwood. More than that, fatigue won't dull her wits in the home stretch of the business day... nor cause her to blunder and throw the office routine out of gear.

You see, instead of pounding, the fingers of the operator do little more than touch the Champion Keyboard on the Underwood. Strange as it may seem, the Underwood saves a ton of dead weight lifting every business day! It's Tuned to the Fingertips.

With the new Champion Underwood in your office you will get a smarter, neater typing job. More than that, you'll get so much faster typing production that the closing hour will seldom strike on work undone. Give her a new easy-typing Champion Underwood. There's an Underwood Elliott Fisher Branch within easy reach of your telephone. Ask for a free trial.

Actual check on every expended in lifting type bar of all machines in striking position.

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Typewriters...Accounting Machines...Adding Machines...Carbon Paper, Ribbons and other Supplies
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SILVER SCREEN 73
Do Your Eyes Speak Louder than Words?

BALD—Scanty, hard-to-see lashes. Eye looks bold, expressionless. Proper make-up missing.

BOLD—Theatrical effect of ordinary mascara. Overloaded, gummy, blobby, eyes shoot bad taste.

BEAUTIFUL—Natural appearance of Maybelline, dark, curling lashes. Maybelline eye make-up in good taste.

LOVELY glamour of luxuriant, dark, silky lashes—swift beauty of brow line—soft shaded color of lids! These can all be yours—instantly, easily—with a few simple touches of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Then your eyes speak the language of beauty—more truly, more clearly than words themselves!

But beware of bold, theatrical mascaras that shout "too much make-up," that overload lashes, and make them sticky, lumpy, dry, or brittle. Many women have entirely denied themselves the use of mascara rather than fall into the "too much make-up" error. But colorless, neglected, scanty lashes deny the all-important eyes their glorious powers.

Maybelline has changed all this. And now more than 10,000,000 modern, style-conscious women solve this problem perfectly by using Maybelline's new Cream-form or popular Solid-form Mascara—for the charming, natural appearance of beautiful eyes. Non-smarting, tearproof, absolutely harmless. Reasonably priced at leading toilet goods counters.

The other Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are just as delightful to use. Form your brows into graceful, expressive curves—with the smooth marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil; Shadow your lids with glamour and accent the sparkle of your eyes with a soft, colorful tint of Maybelline's creamy Eye Shadow. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline eye beauty aids at 10c stores everywhere. For your own delightful satisfaction, insist on genuine—Maybelline products.

Wild Boy of Siberia Conquers Hollywood

(Continued from page 29)

Italy, where a girlhood friend of his mother was living. This woman, wife of a Florentine attorney, took the boy in, and notified his grandfather, Leopold Auer, in New York, who immediately cabled passage money.

Only since Mischa has been in America has he grown to his present stature of six feet two inches. Because of hardship and malnutrition, he was less than five feet tall when he joined his grandfather, the famed music master who taught Zimbalist, Heifetz and Elsman, among others, the art of the violin. Even today, the effects of those early years of strife are plainly evident.

Hollywood first saw this talented Russian when he appeared with Bertha Kalich on the stage in "Sudenscurs" and "Magda" some eight years ago. Prior to this, he had shown an early interest in the theatre and played in a number of shows on Broadway.

Returning to the film capital following the completion of his stage tour, Mischa discovered the man who had promised him a contract with a studio had been discharged two days before he arrived—and he had less than two hundred dollars in his pocket. When this had gone the way of all funds, he threw pride to the winds and turned extra.

An amusing incident, although at the time was far from funny, insofar as Mischa was concerned, occurred during this period of travail. Henry Hathaway, then an assistant director, fired him from his first "extra" job because he said Mischa wasn't "the Russian type!" But Frank Tuttle, the director, befriended him and gave him work in every picture he made.

To chat with Mischa Auer in his hillytop home, amid the luxurious surroundings he has provided for his American wife, his two-and-one-half-year-old son, Tony, and himself, one would never suspect he had ever known anything but an even-tempered existence. His sense of humor is superb and there is not the slightest suggestion that he might be an actor. He rears champions Great Danes—Lars, his pet, weighing only a measure less than a house, is thought at our feet during the entire course of our conversation and occasionally uttered yawning noises that suggested a nocturne factory waste. Mischa likewise exercise one of his fondness for cats. He is looking forward to the time he can amass sufficient wealth to retire... then, he expects to do one of about two dozen things, none of which he knows he will ever attempt. Meanwhile, he teaches his wife Russian, and she responds with lessons in draw poker.

You’re going to see much of Mischa Auer. He’s the comedy find of the year and his humor on the screen is so infectious that it will continue to entertain the American public for years to come. You’ll laugh with him in "That Girl from Paris." Lily Pons’ latest picture, in which he guffaws in the company of "Butch" Stroud... watch him burlesque Hamlet in Universal’s "Top of the Town" in such a manner that even the members of the company roared with delight... and the potentiality of his idle in Hal Roach’s feature, "Pick a Star," are sufficient to predict a brilliant performance just as murder... comedy will out!
Players Win Fabulous Riches

[Continued from page 35]

A writer hasn't begun to write until he has plastered the walls of his room with rejection slips before they happen to write something that catches a publisher's fancy. And even then it might not catch the public's fancy—and royalty checks do sort of depend on the public's fancy.

George Bernard Shaw had five unpublished plays on his hands, which no one seemed to want, when he took over the editorship of a magazine in England. The company had no money with which to buy original manuscripts so Shaw ran one of his unpublished plays, and thereby caught the attention of the English reading public. Joseph Hergesheimer wrote for sixteen years before he sold a single thing. O. Henry went through the entire gamut of debt and prison.

But little Simone Simon smiles prettily in a French film and immediately she is signed by Twentieth Century-Fox at more money than O. Henry ever knew existed. Gypsy Rose Lee strips as prettily as Simone smiles and immediately every studio in Hollywood dangles a contract under her nose. What does Miss Lee do? Why naturally she chooses the company that offers the most money. She's no fool.

George Eliot was nearing forty before she wrote her first novel. She had written magazine articles before but no one paid the slightest attention to her. Theodore Dreiser fussed around his typewriter a number of years before American readers decided to get terribly thrilled over his "American Tragedy." And William Faulkner of "Sanctuary" fame had by actual count a collection of one hundred rejection slips before any publisher would give him a tumble. Only last winter George Santayana, at the age of 72, had published his first novel, "The Last Puritan." He had been writing it for fifteen years.

Imagine anybody in Hollywood doing anything at the age of 72. Mercy, nobody in Hollywood is over 99. (Oh, I've got my tongue in my cheek when I say that.) That's the grand thing about the art of acting for the cinema. You don't have to spend your youth building up to it. You can be an artiste, you can have plenty of money and public adulation and still be in your twenties. I'm telling you it's the easiest art in the world.

The modern young actor, or actress, usually spends a year in a stock company, or perhaps a "walk on" or a "bit" in a New York play, or sings or dances in a night club, or appears in a "little theatre" play at the Pasadena Playhouse—and that's about all the apprenticeship he or she...
If you seem "born to be skinny"—if you've tried everything from low-fat diet, but with no success—here's a new scientific discovery that has given thousands of happy girls and women just the pounds and rounded curves they wanted—and so quickly they were amazed!

Not only has this new easy treatment brought solid, naturally attractive flesh, but also normal lovely color, new pep, and the new friends these bring.

Body-building discovery

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the simple reason that they do not eat enough iron and in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite, and you don't get the most out of the food you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, made 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you are getting three new Instant Yeast tablets of the finest quality to aid in building your body and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods in your daily meal. Then don't give your flat chested develop and shrunken limbs round out to develop muscle, bone and natural beauty that comes to your cheeks. Soon you feel like an entirely different person in a new shape and new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how shaggy and run-down you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, the powerful Instant Yeast tablets should aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have done for thousands. If not declared by the body, the benefit of the very first packet, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Instant Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a free-things new book on beauty, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—no money required. At all drug-gists, Instant Yeast Co., Inc., Dept 293, Atlanta, Ga.

needs. It's as simple as all that. Katharine Hepburn was signed after she appeared in a small part in a Broadway show, and so were Ginger Rogers, Betty Davis, Kay Francis, Joan Blondell and many others.

Tyronne Power, the new sensation in male stars, was signed after the talent scouts saw him in Cornell's "St. Joan." He played two small bits in Hollywood pictures and then his third assignment was one of the parts of 1936—the lead in "Lloyds of London." Had Tyronne remained on the stage it probably would have been several years, with plenty of trouping and stock, in the meantime, before he got himself a big dramatic lead. Things happen fast in the movies.

But don't let yourself be too taken in by all this. Crashing Hollywood isn't as easy as I may have led you to believe. You see, Hollywood doesn't insist upon a long apprenticeship, and years and years of study, but Hollywood does insist upon a talent, and a mighty good talent too. Every little kid isn't a Shirley Temple. Every dancer isn't an Eleanor Powell. Every Pلومma college boy isn't a Robert Taylor. No, you've got to have that talent, "gift." I believe the actors like to call it, before you can expect to become a part of the easiest art in the world. But if you have that gift you don't have to starve, unappreciated and unwanted, as the geniuses did of old. In Hollywood you can have your cake and eat it too.

"Sitting Pretty—No Complaints"

(Continued from page 39)

and then. Every stage actor knows when he is, and when he is not, in touch with his audience. There is a mysterious force operating between the two. Not until this contact is established will he be able to carry his audience with him. It isn't only the player who acts. The audience acts too, and the play is the joint product of both.

"The cinema has many advantages over the theatre. Let me mention a few. A stage play is never the same, it varies with each performance. A screen play, on the other hand, is permanent, fixed. The cinema actor, furthermore, has the whole world as his audience. On the screen you can have vast deserts, seas, mountains, whole armies in action. Its scope is far wider than that of the theatre."

"My contract with Mr. Wanger allows me to spend six months out of every year abroad. This enables me to renew my association with the French theatre and cinema, and many valuable friendships. What more could a French actor wish? Hollywood is the paradise for actors. As an European, I know what a precarious life the average actor in Europe leads. Hollywood is a fantastic dream to them, a place of incredible wonders. In Europe, Hollywood has ten times the glamour it has for the rest of this country. I have no complaints; on the contrary I am deeply grateful to American audiences for accepting me in straight dramatic roles in spite of my accent. I'm afraid, in France, an American actor speaking as good French as I do English would not be accepted except in comedy."

Said Walter Connolly, genial character actor of stage and screen, who trooped with such famous personalities of the theatre as Sothern and Marlowe before he became the official dandy of the screen's loveliest ladies: "Year by year Hollywood is doing much better things—pictures you really enjoy. I get a real kick out of my parts. Producers are cackling more worthwhile subjects, and it's gratifying to be associated with them. It's amazing how film audiences have improved during the past five or six years. This business is a way ahead of what it used to be. Now everybody goes to pictures!" However, from the standpoint of personal ego, I believe the stage offers more satisfaction to any man who feels acting is his profession. The screen is the director's medium; the stage, the actor's.
course, the author is a vitally important person to both industries.

"Do I like working in Hollywood? Well, last year I gave up my apartment in New York and bought a house out here—a two-story Spanish type building in Beverly Hills, with a roof of red tiles and heavy monastic doors. I love the olive trees in the garden.

"So far as my association with Hollywood is concerned, it has been most pleasant. My boss, Harry Cohn, has made things quite comfortable for me. I can divide my time between the stage and screen. I'm due to return to New York right now—but as yet I haven't found a play. I like, Mr. Cohn has been most liberal, damn sweet, I should say. I know, there are some places I should probably feel miserable, but not in a studio like Columbia. I feel that if you must complain, you'd better do it in your beard."

His honest blue eyes twinkled, and he rubbed a fatherly hand across the reddish tan of his face.

"Hollywood offers the actor a real home life, unlimited sunshine, and much more leisure than he could have in New York. If you are playing in New York, you are engaged every night, you can't take little trips, go native on occasion, relax. Now, tennis happens to be my hobby, but unfortunately I had to give it up. I'm getting too old for it, I guess. But I can sit in the peace of my Beverly Hills garden and read, with all those wonderful olive trees around me. I like biographies, and I read an awful lot of plays."

He checked himself, then, lowering his voice, "I'll receive ten more plays after this goes to press. Playwrights and agents read fan magazines; you'd be surprised to know how carefully! They miss nothing."

"Hollywood is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. It has been truthfully said that if you stand at the corner of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard long enough you will meet all your friends and acquaintances, and the world from Paris and London and Timbuktu. In Hollywood there are representatives from every artistic center in the world, and you can't say you can't have congenial conversation out here. But you do miss the old pals you knew in your lazier days.

"In the days when I started, 25 years ago, engagements were plentiful. The stage wasn't as crowded as it is now. Opportunities for young people have been washed up. I didn't have any difficulties to speak of. But I probably wouldn't be able to go back and do the one-night stands I did in my youth. Our wages were small and we had to sit up on trains rather than take sleepers, but it wasn't a hardship then. So today, conditions in the theatre being what they are, Hollywood is a haven of refuge for stage actors harassed by landlords and bill collectors."

Brian Donlevy, a mild-voiced bland Irishman who writes poetry, but hates to admit it, has one of the most colorful backgrounds of any actor in Hollywood. Born in Ireland, he was brought to this country as a babe in arms, and grew up in Wisconsin. He went to school in Beaver Dam, whence hails the curly-headed Fred MacMurray. At 14, Brian was with Pershing on his Mexican Expedition, tooting an army bugle. He was a husky lad, and passed for 18. He joined the French flying service before America entered the great war, and was wounded twice.

After the armistice, he spent a year at Annamalai, and then took up short story writing at Columbia University. Leydenocker, the illustrator, picked him out of a football crowd, as a perfect model for his magazine cover and advertising work. His handsome mug, with its wavy brown hair and resolute chin, has adorned several times the covers of the Saturday Evening Post and other magazines. He broke into

NO "SANDPAPER HANDS" for this lady! She knows what Hinds Honey and Almond Cream does for chapped skin—brittle hangnails. It soaks dry skin smooth again. And its Vitamin D is absorbed—does a world of good. Use Hinds daily to keep skin smooth, supple. Creamy, not watery—every drop works!

WIVES WORK HARD! And hands show it! Red Chapped. Tender. Use Hinds, with the "sunshine" vitamin. It soothes. It softens. Makes hands look well-groomed, feminine again!

Now... HINDS BRINGS hands some of the benefits of sunshine

The famous Hinds Honey and Almond Cream now contains Vitamin D. This vitamin is absorbed by the skin. Seems to smooth it out! Now, more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens dryness, stinging "skin cracks," chapping, and tenderness caused by wind, cold, heat, hard water, and housework. Every drop—with its Vitamin D—does skin more good! $1, 50c, 25c, 10c.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone...inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty. Mon. to Fri., 12:15 p.m. E.S.T., over WABC-CBS.

FREE! The first one-piece dispenser, with every 50c size

HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

QUICKER-ACTING... not Watery!
Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood. But, 9 million in your body, cause Kidney disease or Bladder disorders. Choose Kidney,tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If function fails due to Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer. Get in touch with your doctor. The "Kidney" has a guarnated persistance, called Cystex. $10.00.00 up. Los Angeles, Calif., guarantees Cystex must bring new vitality in 48 hours and make you feel years younger in one week. Receive it back on return of empty package. Telephme your druggist for guaran- ted Curex (sink-tense)."
began to grow up, with the perversity that is characteristic of this business, they shoved him up and stuck him in the juvenile class. And there he’s been, cashing in on freckles and an accent-on-youth, ever since.

Ever since, that is, until the present time, when Tom is ably replacing Gene Raymond in “Love Regain,” and playing at being grown up for a change.

Under the delectable nom de plume of “Dawn O’Day,” Anne Shirley stuck her little pink toes into the movie game at a very early age. Even the gangly period of adolescence found her on the screen more or less consistently. And it was good that she kept in sight because, with the advent of “Anne of Green Gables,” she was, with everything the part called for.

“Not growing up is a matter of both mental and physical discipline,” Anne decided. “So far, I haven’t had to work very hard at being young. It just comes natural. But, if I’m to go on being Sweet Sixteen for years and years, then now is a good time to prepare for a life of standing-with-rubber-tired feet-where-the-brook-and-river-meet.”

“I like parties, and dancing, and candy, and just about everything that makes life thrilling for high school girls. But I realize that I have a job that calls for freshness and youth. Fortunately, the rest of my crowd is up against the same proposition, so it isn’t nearly so hard to give up a mid-week party and get to bed at ten o’clock when the rest of them are doing the same thing.

“I don’t like sophistication. It’s a grown-up affection, and the most important trick of not growing up is in being entirely unaffected.”

Anne likes to read and does a great deal of it. “Don’t let on,” she whispered, “but I still haven’t gotten around to ‘Anthony Adverse’ or ‘Gone With the Wind!’ Which makes two of us.”

Richard Cromwell is twenty-seven years old and doesn’t care who knows it. Adolescence is his forte, and as long as the industry wants it, Dick will dish it out. Even when he has to tuck his long gray beard inside his wetsuit to keep it out of sight.

The job he did in “Lives of a Bengal Lancer” will be remembered when Dick is pushing himself around the Old Men’s Home in a rubber-tired wheel chair. As with Linden, in “Life Begins,” parts like that don’t fall off the tree very often, but when they do, the kids are right there and ready to play them clear up to here.

“Not growing up is a matter of not being bored, ever,” Dick announced definitely. “I have so many hobbies that I honestly haven’t time to grow up. I write until I’m tired of writing, and then I turn to sculpturing. Or drawing. Or making plastic masques of my friends. And, in between, I go for horseback rides, or bat out a couple of games of tennis. If I ever run out of something to do I’ll probably fold up overnight, like an accordion. And, hey! I’m learning to play one of those things, too! If I ever do grow up, accidentally, I can always try a Major Bowes unit!”

Jackie Coogan, Wesley Barry, Mitzi Green, Baby Peggy Montgomery, all of these, and more, made the unfortunate mistake of growing into the “cuteness” that spelled Box Office. And that, in Hollywood, happens to be one of the major cardinal sins.

It’s nice to be young. Especially if somebody is willing to pay you for being that way. But it’s a tough job, as well, and our hat’s off to the kids who are making good at the difficult but interesting business of “not growing up.”

\[Image of advertisements for Cashmere Bouquet Soap\]

**She had everything but love**

Until she found this lovelier Way to avoid Offending... Fragrant Baths with Cashmere Bouquet Soap

**Why Modern Girls are Flocking to this Lovely Perfumed Soap**

Helen Merriman, of New York, points out:

“No girl can afford to risk perspiration odor. Men simply can’t stand it! That’s why I bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For the deep cleansers, Cashmere Bouquet keeps me so sweet and clean... so free from any danger of body odor. And then, its lingering, flower-like perfumcy leaves my skin so alluringly fragrant!”

And Doris Ellis, of Amarillo, Texas, explains:

“Cashmere Bouquet is so utterly different from ordinary perfumed soaps! Its fragrance is just as exquisite as that of the costliest imported perfumes, and long after your bath, this perfume clings to your skin... makes your daintiness simply irresistible! Isn’t it wonderful that this lovely soap costs only 10c?”

**Keeps Complexions Lovely, Too!**

Cashmere Bouquet’s lather is so gentle and caressing, yet it goes right down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. This pure, creamy-white soap keeps your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth!

**The Aristocrat of All Fine Soaps**

Silver Screen 79
FEEL FOR LITTLE BUMPS!
They Indicate Clogged Pores, the Beginning of Enlarged Pores, Blackheads and Other Blemishes!

by Lady Esther

Don't trust to your eyes alone! Most skin blemishes, like evil weeds, get well started underground before they make their appearance above surface.

Make this telling finger-tip test. It may save you a lot of heartaches. Just rub your finger-tips across your face, pressing firmly. Give particular attention to the skin around your mouth, your chin, your nose and your forehead. Now—does your skin feel absolutely smooth to your touch or do you notice anything like little bumps or rough patches? If you do feel anything like tiny bumps or rough spots, it is a sign usually that your pores are clogged and may be ready to blossom out into enlarged pores, blackheads, whiteheads, "dirty-gray" skin and other blemishes.

A Penetrating Cream, the Need!

What you need is not just ordinary cleansing methods, but a penetrating face cream—such a face cream as I have perfected.

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates the pores quickly. It does not just lie on the surface and fool you. Gently and soothingly, it works its way into the little openings. There it "goes to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt—loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you get more dirt out than you ever suspected was there.

It will probably shock you to see what your cloth shows. But you don't have to have your cloth to tell you that your skin is really clean. Your skin shows it in the way it looks and feels.

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It re-supplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and flexible. Thousands of women have overcome dry, scaly skin, as well as enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream.

The Proof Is Free!

Let me prove to you, at my expense, the unusual cleansing and lubricating powers of Lady Esther Face Cream. Just mail me your name and address and I'll send you a purse-size tube postpaid and free.

Use the whole tube in single cleansing of your skin. Put on one application of the cream after another until you have used the tube up. Note the feeling of relief your skin experiences. It is as if a load had been taken off your pores. You can see that even one cleansing with Lady Esther Face Cream has made your skin decidedly cleaner, clearer, smoother.

A New Skin!

You can readily see what a month's trial of the cream would mean. It would mean the end of those stubborn blackheads, the reduction of those gaping pores, the end of that skin-writhing dryness.

Write today for the purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream that means the beginning of a new skin for you. Clip coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (3)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2902 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.
Please send me, by return mail, a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

(If you live in Canada, write: Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Projections
[Continued from page 27]

most smartly dressed woman in any night club, it is no wonder that many went mad over her. At that time she lived with two girls in a small apartment near the corner of 51st and Park and it speaks well for their popularity that although they only had two rooms they had three telephones. There was such merriment, hectic jangling of bells of an evening as you never heard—but it was all for fun, and fun they really had.

Crazy, mad things. But Kay put an end to madness, temporarily, the night of the great Indoor Polo Match of East 51st Street, where a two hundred pound football player, in the excitement of the game, fell on Kay and broke her collar bone.

Kay Swann and Lois Long, her roommates, laughed heartily, but Kay didn't think it was funny at all. Lois Long, who later became Mrs. Peter Arno, and still later became the ex-Mrs. Peter Arno and the New Yorker's famous Lipstick, visited Kay in Hollywood recently and Kay threw a cocktail party for her that was quite the gayer thing of the year. There were no broken collar bones. Girls do grow up.

And what was Kay doing about all these men who were becoming rising maniacs for love of her? She married a couple of them and let the others sell it out. Prior to going on the stage she married young Dwight Francis, hence her theatrical name of Kay Francis, and people who knew her then, when she was in her teens, say that she was certainly the model wife. Dwight was from one of the Best Families and there wasn't much money for the young married couple so they lived in a little house in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and the future Glamour Girl of Warner Brothers cooked three meals a day for her husband. It was all very beautiful and simple.

Kay's second marriage, to William A. Gaston of Boston, whose father was Mayor of Boston and then Governor of Massachusetts. This marriage ended in a Paris divorce, and Gaston later married Rosamond Pinchot. Her third marriage was to Kenneth McKenney of Canterbury, New Hampshire, whom she met in Hollywood one evening morning when he was introduced to her as the leading man of her next picture.

McKenney, well known New York actor whose real name is Jo Mielziner, immediately embarked on a whirlwind courtship and finally won a "Yes" out of Miss Francis when she was recuperating from a leg operation in a Hollywood hospital. He drove her from the hospital directly to the Los Angeles City Hall and got a ticket for speeding too, where he bought a license. Then the two of them, all alone, boarded his boat and sailed away for the island of Catalina, where they were married in the little town of Avalon in January 1921.

Kenneth used to like to tell an amusing story of their first night as Mr. and Mrs. Jo Mielziner. It was their wedding night. They boarded the boat with provisions, and Kay was all excited over cooking their wedding dinner while they were anchored off Catalina. But he had forgotten to put gasoline in the stove tank and in the midst of Kay's culinary display the darned thing sputtered and went out. There was no gasoline on the boat. "There must be gasoline somewhere," said Kay desperately, following it with one of her most classic remarks: "Fate wouldn't let this happen to me on my wedding night."

The Kenneth McKennas spent their honeymoon in the house where Janet Gaynor has lived for the last few years, and then were divorced. No one knew exactly why, and you can be quite sure that tight-mouthed Kay did not choose to enlighten anyone. After her divorce Kay was seen
often in Hollywood escorted from time to time by William Powell, Ronald Colman and Maurice Chevalier. They weren’t romances—just good friends.

But for the last year she has been keeping “steady company” with big, blonde, anything but handsome Delmar Daves, a one time lawyer who became a writer, and whom Kay met on the Warners lot when he wrote the script of one of her pictures. There is much speculation in Hollywood as to whether they will marry or not. Kay has said many times that she will not marry again until she is through with pictures—her present contract with the Messrs. Warner Brothers has three more years to go.

Before her recent departure for Europe, and she has been to Europe more than any other actress in Hollywood, she made a statement for the Press. “I am not going to get married while I am in pictures,” said Miss Francis. Ten days later she was on a plane for New York, where she was joined by Delmar Daves, who, not by accident, caught the same boat she took for France. When last heard of they were celebrating Christmas together at St. Moritz, along with the Douglas Fairbanks and Merle Oberon. Your guess is as good as mine.

Next to interviewers who ask her about her love life Kay pretends, with a fine and beautiful loathing, fashion stills and gallery sittings, in fact she just hates to have any kind of portraits taken. Getting her into the studio, photographic gallery for a fashion sitting is just about equal to accomplishing the impossible. The still camera lens, for some reason or other, brings out the worst in Kay and she can usually be counted upon to go into a temperamental rage and tell off everybody in sight. And when Kay gets angry she does it thoroughly. Of course the night after one of these stormy gallery sessions Kay usually spends calling up everybody she sawed off and telling them quite meekly that she is very, very sorry.

This fashion-fury of Kay’s is probably a hang-over from the humiliation she suffered when she first came to Hollywood. Paramount had a new featured player who was being sent out from New York and who, rumor had it, could wear clothes. There must be a publicity campaign to “put her over.” Why not call her the Best Dressed Woman in Hollywood and cause a controversy with Connie Bennett and Lilyan Tashman? Why not?

And so, when Kay got off the Chief in Pasadena she found the station jammed with trunks and luggage not her own and a publicity department frantically snapping her by trunks, on trunks, in trunks. She shuddered every time she picked up a paper for weeks afterward. “Kay Francis, the Best Dressed Woman, Talks About Hats” . . . . “How to Dress Smartly on Nothing, by Kay Francis, Hollywood’s Best Dressed Star,” etc., etc., etc. When the red flag is to the bull the word Best Dressed became to La Francis. But it stuck like adhesive tape.

In publicity circles Kay Francis is still the clothes horse of Hollywood. But, perversely enough, in the first scene of the first

How the doctor chooses from hundreds of laxatives

MOST of us recall, with gratitude, some crisis in our lives when the doctor’s vigilance and skill proved priceless beyond words. But many of us forget that the doctor is equally on guard in minor matters of health.

Consider a laxative, for example. It may be news to you that the doctor has a definite set of standards which a laxative must meet before he will approve it. Check the specifications listed below. How many of them will your own laxative meet?

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should not: Over-oat . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Ex-Lax checks on every point listed above. Meets the doctor’s demands of a laxative fairly and fully. No wonder so many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes, for their own families. In fact, Ex-Lax has made so many millions of friends, that it is the most widely used laxative in the world.

Convince yourself of the facts. Try Ex-Lax. You’ll find that it is mild . . . that it is thorough. You’ll discover that it does not bring on stomach pains or nausea. On the contrary, the easy comfortable action of Ex-Lax will leave you with a pleasant sense of freshness and well-being.

Children, particularly, are benefited by Ex-Lax. Like the older folks, they enjoy its delicious chocolate taste. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for a free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. S 37, P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

SILVER SCREEN 81
picture she made in Hollywood, "Dangerous Curves," starring Clara Bow, she wore a tailored suit which had once been made for Bebe Daniels and left behind in the wardrobe department. And Miss Francis' lines didn't coincide then, or now, with those of Miss Daniels.

"Now how can I be the best dressed woman in Hollywood," Kay once snapped to an interviewer, "if I 'cast six dresses a year." And that's quite true. She buys them in New York and under no conditions will she be photographed in them. They belong to that sacred private life. Her house also belongs to her private life. She will not allow the studio to have a "home sitting" of it. In fact she permits them and the Press, to enter it as rarely as possible. It's a charming, small frame house, in a quiet section of Hollywood, and is simply and tastefully furnished. She lives there alone. The last time I saw Kay Francis she was at the smart cocktail party where Merle Oberon gave before leaving for England. Kay wore a rather dowdy sports coat and no hat. Hardly the Best Dressed Woman.

It is said in the market place, by those who pretend to be in the know, that Kay Francis is one of our richest movie stars. When she is ready to retire she will be so financially independent that she can thumb her nose at anybody. The Francis weekly stipend from Paramount and Warners has not gone into Beverly Hills estates, Duesenbergs, yachts, race horses, furs and star sapphires. On the contrary, it has gone into annuities, trust funds, bonds and similar little kick-knacks. Yes, for a pretty girl Kay has been very intelligent.

Though "society" to her finger tips she has always refused to live according to the Hollywood tradition. When all the other Glamour Girls go mad for Duesenberg Rolls, and town cars Kay buys a Ford, and not very often either. She drives it herself. Her one bit of jewelry is a wrist watch, which she sort of excuses by saying that it's a handy little gadget. She has beautiful clothes of course, though not the most expensive, and very few of them.

She usually gives one big party a year and in that way pays off all her social obligations—the rest of the time she contents herself with small dinner parties of four or six. The past year she has taken very little interest in Hollywood's social whirl, as she usually goes to a friend's cabin at Lake Arrowhead for the week-ends when she is working, and as soon as her pictures are finished she dashes off to Europe. These European trips are practically her one great extravagance. She has chosen for her friends the cream of the social set in Hollywood—the Countess de Fresso, Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Dick and Jessica Barthelmess, Ronnie Colman and William Powell—and if she is of a mind to she can be one of the gayest of the gay party girls, provided of course that there are no candid cameras around to spy on her private life.

Her chief fault, people who work with her will tell you, are her moods. It seems that she can sink rapidly into the very depths of despair and despondency, and the further she sinks the more ill-tempered she becomes. When Miss Francis is in a mood the "hired help" of the studio keep their distance. But just to show you what a contrary personality she has Miss Francis is also one of the most thoughtful and most generous of the movie stars to the same "hired help." Her generosity is not accompanied by a fanfare of trumpets and banner lines in the newspapers. Her generosity, my dears, belongs to that sacred private life, and she is a deal of praying about before I could discover it.

Kay Francis may be Hetty Green to the jewelry salesman and the real estate brokers, but she's the Good Samaritan to many a bit of broken humanity.

And here's a believe-it-or-not for you and Mr. Ripley: Kay Francis who stands for all that is glamorous and languorous on the screen was once pushed about by the Mad Marx Brothers in a harum scarum flick called "The Cocoanuts." How times do change. Though she is one of the best read of the movie stars, she has a perfect passion for detective stories and never misses one of them. She is crazy about small animals and has a regular menagerie of dogs, with a marked preference for dachshunds and Scotties, as well as cats, gold-fish, canaries and a parrot. George Brent gave her a couple of pigeons but they weren't homing pigeons and flew away.

She got a job as a model for clothes once (before she went on the stage) but had to give up modeling because her feet were too small. Her feet aren't their big. Somebody once told her she had big legs so she is very sensitive about them—but they're really not bad at all. She has a perfect back. She is also very sensitive about that little trouble she has with her R's.

She has a keen sense of humor but often times has trouble telling a joke—somewhere or other the point comes out first, or else there isn't any point. She loves bridge and backgammon, isn't the athletic type, but plays a very good game of tennis. The last thing she did before leaving for Europe in December was to have her legal name changed from Katherine G. Miedzner to Kay Francis. If she intends to marry Delmar Daves it seems she would hardly have taken the trouble to go to court to secure a legal name change which marriage would speedily change again. But don't ask me— I know from nothing.
“Beyond The Shadow Of A Doubt”

[Continued from page 60]

She began with Pudgie. In memory of the dear old days at Ferndale High, Pudgie became her first convert. Sheer personal charm won Pudgie over.

Marion Gordon was a different problem. Mrs. Dean got Marion to agree to give her dancing lessons in the ladies’ lounge and established a friendship. In the case of Ephraim Allen, a disconsolate little musician who played first “second violin” in the Ferndale Symphony orchestra, Mrs. Dean, descended to sheer bribery. She invited Allen to give a musicale at her house, then suggested with emphasis that they had better discuss details after Mrs. Patterson was acquitted. By the time the jury was sent to a hotel for the night Mrs. Dean had possession of six votes for acquittal. When it came to practical politics, Mrs. Johnathan Ashley Dean was no slouch.

Yes, Mrs. Dean was no slouch, but also she was nobody’s fool. She knew perfectly well that six votes for and six against meant only a divided jury and not an acquittal. And it was complete vindication she wanted for Mrs. Romney P. Patterson.

Mrs. Dean did a lot of thinking while she was at the hotel with the rest of the jury that night. Morning came, but no solution. She was feeling rather doubtful when she met Pudgie at the door of the jury room next day. In his excitement at meeting his old schoolmate again Pudgie dropped his box of cough drops. Mrs. Dean picked it up. On the cover was a picture of two bearded gentlemen, Bush & Bush, the throat ease kings.

Two bearded men!

In a flash the explanation of events came to Mrs. Dean.

“Pudgie,” she cried. “How long since you’ve shaved?”

Pudgie scraped his hairy cheek apologetically. “I guess it must be two days, Skinny.”

“And if you hadn’t shaved for two weeks, Pudgie, would you look anything like this?”

“Maybe not quite as bad, but almost.”

“I’ve got it all, now!” she cried. “You were on the right track when you asked if the murdered man had shaved!”

With the assistance of her maid, Antoinette, and the bailiff, Mrs. Dean smuggled a note out of the jury room. It was to the chief of detectives and asked him to learn at what hour Thomas Jeffrey returned home the night of the murder. Jeffrey said it was two or three minutes after ten-thirty, but was it?

Then she and Pudgie concocted a scheme. It was a perfectly unethical scheme, en-

Rochelle Hudson, who is lavishing her youth and beauty upon “That I May Live.”

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tirely contrary to the rules and regulations for juries. But, my dear, what did Mrs. Dean care? She began it by demanding that the jury be taken to the scene of the crime. If they could prove to her that Ronnie Patterson could arrive home, undress, take a shower bath, dress again, all in the space of seven minutes as Clara Simpson testified, she promised to change her vote to guilty and she was sure Mr. Beaver would switch his vote, too. Won by this promise, the majority of the jury voted to try the experiment.

Of course Judge Prime didn’t know all this, Henry Prime would have put a stop to it mightily quick, as Mrs. Dean very well knew. Mrs. Dean took care of that by kidnapping the jury. The jury traveled in her limousine while Judge Prime and the two witnesses, Thomas Jeffrey and Clara Simpson went in police cars. Mrs. Dean’s chauffeur managed to lose the other cars and the jury found themselves in a suburb known as Hope Valley, which was the business enterprise of none other than Pudgie Beaver when not doing jury duty.

There was a model demonstration bungalow in Hope Valley, completely furnished. Pudgie had had all the advertising signs removed and when they told the jury this was the Patterson bungalow, nobody knew that it was not.

“Now,” said Pudgie impressively, “we intend to show you that Mr. Patterson could not have entered the house, removed his clothes, taken a shower, dried himself, put on his pajamas and robe all within seven minutes after his arrival as the maid claims.”

“And just who is going to carry out this ridiculous experiment?” snorted Mrs. Botonley.

Er, I think if Mr. Smith—” Pudgie began hopefully, but Mrs. Dean cried, “Oh, no, Pudgie! You’re going to be the guinea pig. You start from the lawn here, run into the house, run upstairs, take a shower and we all will follow and time your every action—”

“But Skinny!” Pudgie’s voice was a wail.

“I took a bath last night and—well, it’s like taking a bath in Macy’s window!”

“Pudgie Beaver!” Mrs. Dean looked stern.

“This is a question of life and death—But Skinny, you’ve never seen me in a shower!”

“PUDGIE!”

Pudgie gave her a despairing glance, read no relenting in her, and with set, ready to begin his race against time.

When Judge Prime got to the real Patterson bungalow and found the jury had been kidnapped he was furious. Police cars with the judge and witnesses raced to Hope Valley. They arrived in time to see Pudgie Beaver dash into the model demonstration house, fully dressed, and after him. Judge and officers followed them upstairs.

The jury was crowded into a bedroom. Mrs. Dean was holding a watch. In one corner, behind a screen, was Pudgie, tossing his articles of clothing into the air.

“Here goes my rest and now my tie—’Five more minutes to go, Pudgie’—”

“My shirt!”

“Four and a half minutes to go—”

“My shoes—”

“What’s coming over here?” roared Judge Prime.

“My pants, Your Honor!”

“Here, Pudgie. Three and a half minutes—”

Judge Prime turned on Mrs. Dean, “Virginia Ashley Dean, you will please explain—”

“Be quiet, Henry. You’re not in your old court room—”

“Skinny, here goes my shorts!”

In a second of tenseness something white flashed through the bathroom door. The shower roared. Pudgie yelled as the ice water came down. Then he added, “All right, Skinny. Come in. The shower door’s closed.” The jury rushed pell-mell into the bathroom.

“Virginia!” Judge Prime demanded. She turned on him coldly, “It’s nothing to make all this fuss about, Henry. We discovered that Jeffrey lied about the burglary alarm. He fooled the police by representing himself as his cousin.”

“Why on earth should Mr. Jeffrey impersonate his cousin?”

Pudgie’s head thrust out above the top of the half door to the shower. “Because his cousin was dead,” he said through chattering teeth. “Jeffrey murdered him and took back from the hunting trip. He had to make people think Patterson was alive to prove his own alibi—”

“Then that’s a lie!” Jeffrey shouted.

“Oh no, it isn’t.” Pudgie shouted. “When the burglar alarm trapped you, you bribed the maid to help you out!”

“Nonsense! I left my cousin’s house at 10:51.”

“Did you, my dear?” Mrs. Dean smiled. She turned to her maid, who had just arrived with an answer to the telegraphic message she had sent the detectives, Judge Prime read it with her. Thomas Jeffrey had not returned home until 11 and the strength of that night ordered Jeffrey’s arrest on the charge of murder.

The bathroom was riotous with emotions.

The mystery had been solved. The guilty man was in the woods. Little Mrs. Patterson was proved guileless. And Mrs. Dean had escaped in time.

Pudgie’s head and shoulders protruded above the shower bath door. He looked like a size life sculpture done in soap and half finished. His face was one vast, white blob, his eyes completely covered.

“Skinny!” he shouted. “Hey... Skinny! I see a thing!”

But Mrs. Dean didn’t hear him. Everybody was talking at once and she was enjoying her triumph.
PICTURES
ON THE
FIRE

[Continued from page 37]

forbid I'll never forget the kick I got out of seeing it on the stage. Alfred Lunt was Clarence, Glenn Hunter was Bobby, Roberta Arnold was Cora and Mary Boland was Mrs. Wheeler. Now, we have Roscoe Karns as Clarence, Eleanore Whitney as Cora, Johnny Downs as Bobby and Spring Byington as Mrs. Wheeler.

I have no fault to find with Roscoe Karns as Clarence. I'm not even sure he won't be better than Lunt. But, holy good God! Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney in two roles that could be so well. And Paramount, with Mary Boland under contract, putting Spring Byington into that part. Miss Byington is one of my favorite actresses but anyone who knows anything knows she's not right for that part. It'll probably turn out to be a second-rate picture when it should be one of the year's best.

Clarence has just been discharged from the army. He was a mule-driver. He can't get work. He is hearing disconsolately against a taxi when Mr. Wheeler (Eugene Pallette) comes out of his office, mistakes Clarence for the taxi driver and orders Clarence to drive him home. His home is a bedlam. His wife is nuts. His daughter is always in love with a phony and threatening to commit suicide if they don't let her have the man of her choice. His son has kissed the maid and the maid is threatening to sue him for breach of promise if he doesn't make an honest woman of her. They all fall heels over head in love with Clarence and all he did was fix the hot-water heater.

"I like your new suit, Clarence," Eleanore raves on. "You always did seem an awfully peculiar kind of soldier."

"That's what everyone keeps telling me," Karns admits.

You can see for yourself, it makes no sense. But if you liked "Three Cornered Moon" (and who didn't), if you got any fun out of "My Man Godfrey"—if you chuckled over "It Happened One Night"—then see "Clarence."

That about winds us up at this studio and, except for Spring Byington playing

A scene from "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."
Robert Montgomery, Joan Crawford and Frank Morgan making the well-known stage play into an up-to-date picture.

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Mayo Methot, Lola Lane, Isabel Jewell and Bette Davis in "Marked Woman," a picture of lovely girls—with a gangster menace.

the Mary Boland part, I'm very well pleased with things over here, so we'll now turn our attention to——

Warner Brothers

I've never known this studio to be busier than it is today. First and foremost, of course, there is Mervyn LeRoy's first production on his own. It is called "The King and the Chorus Girl" and is from an original by Norman Krasna—and of all people!—Groucho Marx. I can remember when Norman used to work in the publicity office at Warner Brothers and escort me about the sets. Now he wears a camel's hair overcoat and pulls down $2,000 a week. Life is so wonderful, as I remarked last month anent Harry Hamilton.

Joan Blondell is the chorus girl and everybody who knows anything knows that no one can play a chorus girl like Joan. Fernand Gravet (Mervyn's new European discovery) is the king who is bored with being a king and who slips away to Paris to live with Edward Everett Horton and Mary Nash. I can remember, too, when Mary was a big star in New York and so was her sister Florence. And I can also remember taking Florence to the Claridge one night and wondering next day how I was going to eat the rest of the week, although, I hasten to add, it was my own fault because Florence, understanding soul that she is, said, "Don't spend more than you can afford, I'd just as soon go to a hamberger stand."

All of which, of course, has nothing to do with the case in point, which is that King Gravet is inclined to do too much elbow bending, so, when he shows an interest in Joan, Eddie and Mary engage Joan to enter upon a professional romance with Fernand and keep him sober. The only trouble is, he falls in love with her and asks her to marry him. She tells him she can't—that she's already engaged to an American architect (Alan Mowbray). To lend credence to this surprising story she produces her pseudo-fiance, who is in reality a waiter at a restaurant. Fernand bears up heroically while she's with him but, as soon as they're parted he goes to the restaurant and gets himself blind drunk. Of course, it has to be the restaurant where Alan works. Next day Joan is on the king's yacht telling him goodbye—and you should see the costume she tells him goodbye in. A little thing of her own but, boy, howdy! I mean to say it will knock your eye out—when Alan is announced. He comes in with a hat and coat.

"What do you want?" Fernand demands ungraciously.

"You left these in our restaurant last night, your majesty," Alan says. "I heard you were silling today and as there was a wallet in one of the pockets which I thought might contain some valuable papers, I brought them to you. Service with a smile is the motto of our restaurant," giving him a sickly smile.

"Oh, Donald," Joan breathes, "you're here!" She turns to Fernand. "This is Donald—my fiance. I asked him to stop by for me."

"How is your grandmother?" Fernand inquires with mock solicitude.

"My grandmother?" Alan repeats in amazement.

"Yes," says Fernand. "In Brussels."

"You remember your grandmother—in Brussels," Joan interrupts hastily, stressing the "Brussels" and vainly hoping Alan will catch on she's told Gravet a whopper.

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"I haven't any grandmother," Alan spills the beans.

"Oh," Joan sympathizes. "Well, it had to happen, I suppose, and everything happens for the best. And, anyway, you were expecting it, weren't you?"

You can imagine that Alan is quite bewildered by all this and he doesn't know quite what to say.

"You'll never know what you've done for me, Donald," Fernand assures him, slipping him a bill. "Take this."

"Thank you, your Majesty," Alan beams and turns to Joan. "And thank you, Miss Ellis, for all you've done for me," he finishes.

"Can you swim," Gravet demands of him suddenly.

"I don't know, your Majesty," Mowbray says. "I've never tried."

"Well, you'd better go now if you don't want to learn," Fernand snaps, at the end of his patience.

"Cut!" yells Mervyn and turns to me: "This boy (indicating Fernand) is going to be a sensation. You watch. And he isn't going to be a sensation that the studio makes. I'm not letting them ballyhoo him. I'm going to let the public discover him."

Good boy, Mervyn. I think more stars have been ruined by studios trying to force them down the public's throat than such tactics have ever made. And I believe you're right this time. I think Gravet has what it takes.

But that dress Joan has on, That is really something. And Joan, too, let me remark in a loud aside, also has what it takes.

"Marked Woman" stars Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart and features Isabel Jewell, Lola Lane, Raymond Hatton, Mayo Methot, Rosalind Marquis, Eduardo Cianelli and Teddy Hart (the little guy in "Three Men on a Horse").

Apparently the girls live more by their wits than their labors and Mr. Cianelli is a gangster of some sort lurking in the background. He must be on the make for one of the girls. It's morning but Lola and Mayo are in evening gowns. Bette is in a red crepe wool dress of an outmoded style and Isabel is in a bathrobe. They're talking of this and that and Isabel is keeping her own counsel and looking like the cat that swallowed the canary all the time.

Suddenly Lola catches sight of her expression and does a double-take.

"And just where did you disappear to last night that makes you so snazzy?" she inquires.

"I spent a very charming evening with Mister Manning, (Cianelli)," Isabel replies loftily.

The news is like a bombshell. Even Mary (Bette) hasn't known about this. They all stare at her (Isabel) in mingled surprise and disapproval. Lola gives a significant, foreboding grunt as though the wind had been knocked out of her.

"Umph!" she says.

Isabel starts to flounce out of the room but Bette follows her. "You're a fool, Emmy Lou," Bette states.

"Don't kid yourself, Isabel flares. Just then there is a loud knock on the door and Hart comes in with a suitcase almost as big as he is. He puts it down on the floor, extends his arms and beams impartially on them all.

"Girls—good morning," he greets them.

"Don't you believe in knocking twice?" Mayo wants to know.

"Don't you believe in paying once?" he counters.

"Not!" says Lola promptly.

And the scene is over. "Hiya, toots," I begin to Lola.

"Can't stop," she says, grabbing her coat and hat and bearing it. "I'm late for court now. I'm getting my divorce today."

---

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"Orchids from the one and only man! The girl never lived who didn't thrill at the thought.

But there's one girl who can never have this thrill — for men avoid her.

She is the girl who is careless about herself; who has allowed the disagreeable odor of underarm perspiration to cut her off from good friends and good times.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since perspiration odor is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

---

"No Orchids for Her!"

---

"Mum" helps is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness,
Far be it from me to stand in the way of a divorce so I shake hands with Isabel and tell her she looks like a sixteen year old kid in that bathrobe (which she does) and I leave.

I am walking along, thinking heavily, when suddenly an absurdly turked through mine. I look around and there is Anita. "What happened to you?" she asks.

"Wh-why," I stutter, "you were working and I thought I got through. Nothing, better hurry. Nice bracelet you've got on," I add hurriedly hoping to change the subject. "Where'd you get it?"

"You know blamed well where I got it," she grins.

And then it all comes back. Tom Brown gave it to her when they were all in all of each other. It's a double gold chain and a lot of little bangles with the name of a picture and date on each. Every time she saw what Tom said was good performance he'd have the name of the picture and the date they saw it engraved on a bangle and hang it on the bracelet. I examine it closely. All the pictures are old ones.

"You must not have given any good performances lately," she said.

"Lovers once but strangers now," Anita murmurs or, at least, that's what I think she said.

So the ragging continues all through lunch with me on the receiving end of most of it, because Anita can dish it out, too.

After lunch, there being nothing more to see here except what I don't care about and "The Prince and The Pauper" which I'll tell you about next month, I go on over to---

20th Century-Fox

THERE are five pictures going here. One of them—"Nancy Steele Is Missing"—is on location. The next one "On The Avenue," starring Richard Hold, I'll tell you about next month, too.

But—now we come to "Seventh Heaven." James Stewart is playing Charlie Farrell's old role and Simone Simon is playing Janet Gaynor's. I just have a hunch that Jimmie is going to be every bit as good in this new version as Charlie was in the old one.

You may not remember it's the story of a girl (Simone) who lives with her sister in an attic. The sister beats her with a blacksnake and keeps her in a state of constant terror. The girl who lives in an attic is always looking down. Jimmie, a sewer worker, lives in an attic and is always looking up.

Simone flees from one of sister's beatings, meets Jimmie and he takes her home with him.

They are just coming in. There is very little furniture—a bed in an alcove, a few chairs, a chest of drawers, a table with a gas plate on it and some cocking Janet Gaynor. Through the window the moonlight streams—and the reflected lights of the city.

"First, you must come here," Chico says, leading her to the window. A plank on the window sill leads across a narrow open space to the attic. H's attic. He has six flights up from the street. All around are other attic's inhabited by Chico's friends. Beyond it all is a panorama of jumbled roof-tops and far away is the dome of St. Coeur, Lights blink in the windows. It is breath-taking.

"If you work in the sewer all day at night you are close to the stars as you can," Chico explains. Then he points to the plank: "That's my back door."

Diane has climbed all the way up below. She moves back suddenly and as she does so she dislocates a flowerpot which falls to the street with a crash. Some people who are yokels ask what it is. Ignoring it, frightened, she shrinks further back. But Chico steps bravely out on the plank and looks down into the street.

He waves his hand.

**SILVER SCREEN**

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**SILVER SCREEN**
hand in contemptuous dismissal of the people.

There is a lot more to the scene, as he tries to teach her to overcome her fear of everything. I look on entranced.

But eventually the scene is finished. The spell is broken and Jimmie comes over to shake hands.

"Just saw your friend Fonda," I announce.

"Well, hello!" Jim asks, and then, without waiting for an answer. "We're all going out there for a party on Washington's Birthday and help his new daughter celebrate. We don't know which of us will impersonate George."

"I know which one won't," I state, eyeing Jimmie scathingly.

"I guess I can make up, can't I?" Jimmie mutters sulkily.

As I said, the spell is broken so I proceed to another stage where "Time Out for Romance" (isn't that a swell title?) is working.

This one has Claire Trevor and Michael Whalen in it. I think Claire is an adventurer. Mike is driving a car in a caravan out to the West Coast. I've forgotten what happens but he sneaks Claire into the car—which is strictly against the rules.

She has evidently been telling him her story because he says indifferently, "But haven't you any relatives anywhere?" "No one," she answers dramatically. "That's why it means so much when people are kind to me—like you've been."

"I'd like to give you a lift to the coast but I can't take the chance," he says un- easily. "You understand?"

"Why, certainly," she smiles. "You've been more than generous already."

"Got 'ny money?" he asks, even more uncomfortably.

"Oh, plenty," Claire replies ingenuously.

Arthur Treacher, in the latest of the "Jeeves" series, introduces a new type of alarm clock.

"Two dollars and sixty cents."

There is a lot more to the scene. Before it's finished he has loaned her $10 which she promises to repay with interest—and does. But what kind of interest Mike never dreamed.

"How's the house coming?" I ask Claire.

"Oh, swell," she breathes ecstatically. "The living room and dining room are the only rooms really finished but I'm having a marvelous time picking out the rest of the stuff. It's all I really live for."

"Another dream of mine blasted," I comment.

"What did you say?" Claire asks.

"Nothing," I respond disconsolately and wander on to the next set which is another of the "Jeeves" stories featuring Arthur Treacher.

Evidently Mr. Treacher has made quite a night of it. He is asleep in bed. Efforts of his valet (George Cooper) to rouse him having failed, Mr. Cooper puts a rooster on the foot of Arthur's bed. The rooster's crowing wakes him. He looks up, sees the rooster and thinks he has the D.T.'s.

Picture-making is a funny business. Even the roosters have voice doubles. The rooster on the bed doesn't crow at all. It is another rooster off-scene that crows. When I ask why, the rooster's owner explains that the one that does the crowing is a fighting cock and all he has to do is see another cock and he crows. The one on the bed is a fat shot who, apparently, isn't bothered about anything.

"Well, why don't you put the one that crows on the bed?" I inquire.

"The other one is better looking," is the reply.

That's all there is here so we'll junt over to—

M-G-M

A DAY AT THE RACES" has finally started shooting again but I've already told you about that, so we'll turn our attention to—

"Parnell." This is a story of the great Irish statesman (played by Mr. Clark Gable), and his fight to get Home Rule for Ireland. It ought to be a great picture, except that I'm so sick of costume pictures I could gag every time I see a pair of side-burns. However, that's merely a personal reaction and this was a sensationally successful play.

The scene I see is one of the most important in the picture, but it is a political harangue and there's no sense giving you the dialogue since I can't tell you everything that leads up to it. Suffice it to say that the one and only Myrna Loy is Gable's heart's desire in this picture and the unwitting cause of his downfall.

Marcels Dressings
Do you keep tabs on yourself? Most physicians agree that regular habits of elimination and proper diet are best for health and beauty.

If more than one day goes by, give Nature gentle aid by taking Olive Tablets. Originating as the formula of a practicing physician, it has become one of America's best known proprietaries.

Keep a supply of Olive Tablets always on the bathroom shelf as a reminder to the whole family not to let more than one day go by. Three sizes - 15¢-30¢-60¢ - At all druggists.

“Captains Courageous” starring Spencer Tracy and Freddie Bartholomew is still on location so that leaves only “The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.”

This time Joan Crawford is playing Mrs. C. But Joan isn’t working today. Neither is William Powell. Neither are Frank Morgan, Nigel Bruce, Jessie Ralph or Benita Hume.

But Robert Montgomery is. And Phyllis Claire.

The scene is one of the most beautiful ever built. It’s like one of those old English gardens you see in pictures. A lily pond with a fountain at the back. Walks bordered with gladoli and peonies. On the porch are Bob and Phyllis. He is smoking a cigarette.

“Come on,” Phyllis urges, linking her arm in his. “They want you to play.”

“Sorry,” Bob demurs. “I forgot to bring my planes.”

“Idiot!” she laughs. “They’re playing a game of questions and answers and there’s one I want to ask you.”

“Am I in love with Mrs. Cheyney?” Bob anticipates soberly.

“How’d you know?” she demands.

Because,” he says, “you’re the first one to ask me ever since we got here. As everybody is expected to contribute something to a weekend party, my contribution is this—I think I am.”

“To what extent?” she persists.

“I don’t know,” sadly.

“What are the symptoms?”

“I’ve suddenly developed a liking for little children,” he confesses.

“Umm,” she says quietly. “That sounds like the real thing.”

Pals (Continued from page 40)

instruction the study of what literature she thought would be beneficial to the advancement of his career. Freddie accepted all this, but through his own initiative undertook the arduous task of learning to write. For some years now he has turned out stories, keeping the screen ever in mind.

For one so young to have pursued this activity as long as he has, proves that Freddie is no ordinary twelve-year-old youngster.

Observers long have noted that, unlike the majority of young stars on screen, Mickey doesn’t spend his time when, not actually before the camera, in play but in sitting beside the director, or near him, and watching him direct. While other boys are pitching balls, or engaging in some form of sport, Mickey steadfastly refuses to leave the set and devotes his entire attention to the wheels of production.

During the past few years certain directors, knowing his desire to be one of them, have taken the time to explain their reasons for doing a bit of action in some particular manner. W. S. Van Dyke, especially, has taken Mickey under his capable wing, and whenever the lad has appeared in one of his pictures has been known frequently to ask him how he would direct a certain scene.

Separated following the completion of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Freddie and Mickey joined forces again in "The Devil Is a Sissy" at Columbia pictures. In "Captive Courageous," renewing their discussions of the future. Each now is more intent than ever in arriving at his goal.

Howard Greenberg of California, Freddie, only twelve years old, has reached so momentous a decision regarding the future, you ask? How can he know his mind sufficiently well to realize that he will or will not do in years to come?

I can only repeat that Freddie Bartholomew is no ordinary lad of twelve. He possesses the mind of one wise far beyond his years and his reasoning powers have been developed to an extraordinary degree.

At home, he is especially interested in anything imaginative, particularly in trying to fathom the principle of radio, but sooner or later he invariably turns to either reading or writing. His tutor claims he possesses a natural gift of oratory and that he will speak before no boy has he ever known, and, judging by the style and tone of his compositions, he is determined to realize his ambition to be a writer.

Fascinated by the stirring dramas he hears over the air lanes, his active mind sets to work in trying to adapt them to the screen.

“Very often, I will listen to a serial for several nights, then take up the thread of the plot from there and write my own
"Fascinating!"

...Men Say of These Three Stars

... wouldn't you like to have others say this about you?

DISCOVER how you, too, can have appealing loveliness with color harmony make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood make-up genius.

New Lip Make-Up

"Your lips will have an alluring color," says Claire Trevor, "if you use Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in the color harmony shade for your type. Moisture-proof, it gives the lips an even, lasting color." Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, 50¢.

Max Factor, Hollywood

ROCHELE HUDSON in "WOMAN-WISE" (Max Factor) in "ON THE VENUE"
CLAIRE TREVOR in "15 MAIDEN LANE" (Max Factor) in "THE LAST SLAYER"

Silver Screen 91
Publicity Dodgers?

(Continued from page 32)

full column on Dan Capit.

The Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone marri-
age was in the worst tradition. It wasn’t
their fault—the publicity offices cooked up
or brewed every detail of the story. Though
they wanted to be married quickly and far
from observers, Joan and Franchot sought
privacy at the Astor Hotel, of all places.
Here again, Love with a capital "L" had mosed into the publicity
orbit, and while it was good publicity for
M. G. M., it was a sore one for Mary Pick-
ford and Buddy Rogers, on the other hand,
proved that such a situation could be
handled gracefully and tactfully, without
offending the cameramen and newspaper
interviewers. They posed for pictures, sub-
mitted to interviews and then retreated to
privacy, which was a gesture wish to be
grateful for. Margaret Sullivan and
Henry Fonda, once married to each other,
showed equal desire for privacy when they
were married to others recently. Miss Sullivan
slipped away between shows to marry
Leland Hayward, the manager of
Katharine Hepburn; Fonda, quietly and
without any fanfare.

In 1906 cases out of 1,000, I have found
that the Hollywood stars prefer the under-
tones to the overtones of publicity. This
is doubly true for the major personalities. They are con-
gaged in a business which places a high
premium on personal publicity.

The answer was simply to partially that
when major stars leave New York they
are on a vacation. They want to get away
from any suggestion of their work, and it
is hard, working a season, despite the glamour
that attaches to it. Publicity is a re-
member of labor, so they avoid ballyhoo.

Not very successfully, as a matter of
factly. Claudia Drucker, last summer in
New York, told me that in three days
she had had appointments for forty-six
interviews—magazines, daily papers, sun-
dayicals, and home contacts. Each of these
interviews is a potentially powerful
enemy, to be treated nicely for fear of rubbing them the wrong
way, so it remains a tacit and gracious
ness as well as a physical ordeal. They must
dine at the homes of certain big officials of
their company. It is not boring, but it is
better not to offend the biggies.

Once these interviews and social obliga-
tions are out of the way, a female star
must pose for picture fashions for what
ever publications have been contacted by
the home publicity offices. If it is an
M. G. M. star, there will be at least one
appearance on Station WHN, controlled
by Low’s. The powerful newspapers
of the country must be catered to. If they are
running a contest or a promotion show at
the moment, the movie critic has a right
to feel offended if the visiting star does
not at least take a bow. As a result, the
movie queen is visiting Broadway does not have to seek publicity, because
it seeks them out, and eventually, after
they have discharged all the jobs which
on the schedule, they want to be left alone.

Clark Gable, on every New York ap-
appearance, has kept himself out of the glare
of publicity. I have been lucky in recent
years in Broadway night clubs, apparently
enjoying himself most when he is hidden
at a table in the middle of the house. I
know he is certainly not enjoying himself when frenzied women
storm his car outside a New York theater,
debutante, she in a gown and almost
off her clothes off her back. I played a week in
Baltimore vaudeville shortly after Clark
Gable had played there with the Ritz
Brothers. Loew district manager, Bill

[Not透ated]
Saxon, was telling me the incredible things that had happened to Gable while he was in the Maryland city. Police reserves had to be called out at the railroad station on his arrival to guard him from being saved in half by the girls, who later invaded the floor of his hotel. Gable switched to another Baltimore hotel, signed his name as "Goldberg" on the hotel register and went back and forth to the theater all week long, without attracting any attention in the hotel lobby.

I asked Loretta Young once if she minded signing autographs for her fans: "I only mind the first one," she said, and then explained what she meant. "If any of us in the movies could withdraw to a secluded spot and sign ten or fifteen autographs, that would be perfectly all right. But the autograph-seeker grabs you just as you're going into a theater, or a restaurant, or on Broadway. Now just as soon as you start signing an autograph, the trouble starts. People passing by immediately stop, their attention arrested. In a moment, instead of one autograph seeker, you have hundreds milling around you. As the crowd grows, taxicabs pull up to the curb to see what is going on. If you are entering a theater, with a party of friends, you feel like a perfect fool, honestly. You don't like to tell the autograph-seekers to run away, because that will hurt their feelings; yet, on the other hand, your friends can't go into the theater until you join them, and the crowd blocks the entrance so completely that other theater-goers are strolling and muttering."

It is for this reason that when the Hollywood stars arrive in New York, they prefer the Colony Club, El Morocco, "21," the St. Regis and the Plaza Persian Room. In these places, they are never bothered by autograph hunters and they are never introduced from the floor. When they go to the Hollywood, the Cotton Club or the Paradise, they must certainly be introduced and spotlighted. They generally effect a compromise, however, by asking the Masters of Ceremonies to accompany the introduction with a request to the other diners not to besiege them for autographs. This never works out happily, as, once it is learned they are in the place, it is every man and girl for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.

Fred Astaire does not spend a great deal of time in New York proper on his infrequent trips east. However, he told me that on his first trip back to Manhattan after his initial picture, he hadn't realized how intense was the enthusiasm of movie fans. "I went up to Saks to do some shopping," he recalled, "and a woman came up next to me, stared in my face and shrieked: 'My God—he dances with Ginger Rogers.' In a minute, women were running from all over the store to look at me and I never felt so silly in all my life. I had been a dancer all my life around New York, and nothing like that ever happened. One picture and I was a freak attraction." The genuine modesty of Astaire finds excellent reflection in this typical reaction.

Yet, despite the fact that in 99% out of 1000 cases the movie stars behave themselves quietly along Broadway, they must never be careful, because their slightest mistake will be red-lettered. Constance Bennett took a terrible rapping because she arrived late at a Broadway theater, and had to stumble over a quarter of a row of sulky knees to her seat. "There were fifty other people just as late," Miss Bennett protested, and not without reason, "but because I was from the movies, I was held up as a horrible example. They said I was disrespectful to the cast-mates!"

As a matter of fact, I had dinner at the home of some friends, the dinner was served late and I couldn't get very well up and leave the table before my hostess." Sylvia Sidney has been rapped for wearing dark glasses around New York. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of New Yorkers wear dark glasses without being abused for it. She is a movie star and as such evidently is fair game for any criticism. Herbert Marshall apparently enjoys himself thoroughly in New York, attends plays and parties, and yet never attracts attention by any personal absurdity. Jimmy Cagney, Marvis Le Roy, Lewis Milestone, Robert Montgomery, Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson drop into town frequently and behave normally. There are hundreds of fights in Broadway night clubs, but because he was from the movies, Johnny Weissmuller was pilloried because he was on the outskirts of a scrap that resulted in a black eye for a naval lieutenant at the Stork Club. Actually it wasn't his fault, but names make news.

No, I'm afraid that as a reporter, I must conclude that left to their own devices the picture stars mind their own business very successfully when they come to Broadway. I see them all, and the net impression is that they do not seek publicity, but that, on the contrary, it seeks them. Only when the publicity offers of the various companies step in and propose "stunts" for the visiting stars, do they get into trouble. For these publicity stunts are always in bad taste. The stars themselves always display good taste, and on Broadway, at least, they can match their public lives with that of any man, or woman.
RECENTLY a picture was shown in New York which created quite some excitement. It was "Salon," an Austrian film, and was really delightful to see. The theatre was well-filled and you could sense the wave of joy that went over the audience. That picture reached into our emotional nerve centers and stirred us all. We felt happy to be alive; we tingled to jump in the sport. The comical fellows on the screen would be surprised to know that they won a place in our hearts. It was a skiing picture, not of jumping exhibitions, but with a story—a comedy. Mountainsides covered with snow, and skills like wings!

There was no well-known star featured, but a star doesn't always make a picture. There was in this picture the essential of screen entertainment—and that is motion. It was a love story, but even that didn't matter. The secret of this screen success lies in the beauty of the scenery and, also, it is due to the fascination of seeing in action a new and thrilling sort of life.

Austria is going in for skiis, Ski trains leave New York for the mountains of New Hampshire every week-end. Skiis, and the costumes necessary for this sport, are on sale everywhere, and after seeing this picture we can understand the reason.

Pictures deserve success that have the excitement of movement, and that also awaken in us love for youth and health and the glorious sport of living—forgotten perhaps in the routine of our daily grind.

"See "Salon," then get your skis and find yourself a mountain. It's colossal!

There is another picture to help on the new fad. It was made in the Austrian Tyrol by Hannes Schneider, the world's champion skier, and shows, as one of its features, three skiers leaving a grapevine design miles long on the side of a snow-covered mountain!

Much of our pleasure in seeing foreign films may come from the fact that we do not understand the languages used, so they have for us "silent" picture charm. We enjoyed the reality of "Janoisk" and the natural beauties of the mountains of Czecchoslovakia, but we did not enjoy scenes of hazing and nightmarish doings of torture.

Which brings us to the fact that pictures that have pleasant emotional turmoil and suspense like "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town," last year's best picture, give us the most pleasure.

"That Girl from Paris," the new Lily Pons' picture, has imagination, marvelous comedy, singing that is wonderful, and, through it all, high entertainment values.

So there is, to this year's credit so far, one delightful evening for the millions of movie fans.
GLAMOUR? She has it... and good sense, too

Claudette Colbert
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "Maid of Salem"

She keeps her complexion exquisite—guards against Cosmetic Skin—with this simple care...

"USE COSMETICS? Of course I do," says lovely Claudette Colbert. "But I always use Lux Toilet Soap!"

9 out of 10 other lovely screen stars use this famous soap. Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, thoroughly removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use Lux Toilet Soap before you renew makeup during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed. "Soft, smooth skin is very important to charm!" says Claudette Colbert.
My compliments on your very good taste, sir

for the good things smoking can give you

Chesterfield Wins

Copyright 1937, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
REFRESHING AS A SHOWER, THIS

Beauty Bath for Teeth

Exotic New York models use only Listerine Tooth Paste to keep their mouths alluring, their teeth bewitching

Fragrant, satin-soft, milky white... such is the solution that sweeps your mouth and teeth when you employ Listerine Tooth Paste as your beauty aid. It's as refreshing as a shower!

Why don't you emulate the lovely women of studio and screen, who know beauty aids as few women can? Why not have your teeth looking their best? Change to Listerine Tooth Paste today and see what it will do for you. You will never regret the change.

There's a Reason

Listerine Tooth Paste was planned by beauty experts, working in conjunction with dental authorities. No other dentifrice contains the rare combination of satin-soft cleansers that do so much for teeth. No other tooth pastes contain the delightful fruit essences that give your mouth that wonderful dewy freshness, that cleanly sense of invigoration.

Do not take our word for it; let this wonderfully safe dentifrice made by the makers of Listerine prove itself.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube · 40¢
Regular size tube, 25¢
JEAN: Last year she couldn’t get a date—now look at her!
MARGE: Somebody must have told her what her trouble* was.

*There’s nothing like LISTERINE to check halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault

Forgotten Women
by DORIS KAY

I see them every day... dozens of them... women—young women—who are simply forgotten in the social scheme of things.

They are seldom invited out and when men do call they rarely call again. When a frantic cry goes out for a fourth at bridge or when someone is needed to fill in at a dinner party, they are usually the last person the hostess thinks about. Why is it? Not because they are dull; I’ve seen many a witty woman who didn’t get around much. Not because they are plain; some of the prettiest young girls are the least popular. Not because they are fat or old; I’ve known women heavy as trucks and grey as beavers but still greatly sought after. What then is the reason?

Nine times out of ten, these forgotten girls are not fastidious about the condition of their breath—and if there’s one thing for which others drop a woman or a man it is halitosis (bad breath).

How silly a woman is to permit such a humiliating condition to exist when the fault can usually be remedied so easily and so pleasantly with an agreeable deodorant such as Listerine Antiseptic used twice daily as a mouth wash.

Silver Screen
ONE OF THE GREAT PICTURES OF ALL TIME!

THE MOST EXCITING PICTURE SINCE "MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY"

Again—as in the stirring "Mutiny"—you live the roaring drama of men against the sea. You share the struggles, the heartaches, the laughter of courageous souls who leave the women they love to dare the wrath of the angry waves... men in conflict with their destiny enacting the most thrilling story the screen could offer. A brilliant triumph that takes rank with the greatest pictures M-G-M has given you!

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture Directed by VICTOR FLEMING

RUDYARD KIPLING'S

captains courageous

greatest story of struggle, adventure and life!
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COVER PORTRAIT OF SYLVIA SIDNEY BY MARLAND STONE
"You're Telling Me?"

Tell The World What You Think And Start A Riot.

Romney Brent and Elisabeth Bergner in "Dreaming Lips"—whatever these are.

stead of making love as a he-man does who wants to win a wife. Yes, I am speaking of "Born to Dance," but other musical comedies have the same failing. Pardon me, Jasper, my smelling salts. And was the tour through a model house by Ettore and Jimmy supposed to be a hot scene? It had nothing to do with the plot and bored me stiff.

"We may pick the theatres at a musical comedy, but it is because we hope each time that there will be, besides music and dancing, a good story."

"You can't whistle a story!"

"After Jack Benny had radio under control, he easily put himself over on the screen," writes Jerry Manfred of Weehawken, N. J. Jack found that the same personality which rang the bell on the air waves was just as warmly welcomed in the pictures. Perhaps there will be a revival of humorous pictures now that a leading man is available.

Jack to the rescue.

"I wonder if the readers of the letter page know of a sales record that is now in the making? I am in the music department of a big store and I know," writes Lester Roper of New York, N. Y. "The 'Pennies From Heaven' song has already sold 500,000 copies and may hit 500,000 in the United States alone. This is very nearly the record for a film song.

"While these figures prove the catchy quality of the song, it may also be said to establish the loyal way that Bing Crosby's fans turn out for his pictures, stay home for his broadcasts and pay money for his songs."

When Bing sings he practically starts an industry, including clerks, composers, printers and paper makers. His next picture, "Waltziki Wedding," will put a grass skirt on every Crosby fan.

Speaking of song titles and picture titles, Madeline Ham of Cauuchati, D. W. H., says: "A compliment to 'Three on a Match,' the picture that RKO announces. Isn't that an intriguing title?" Good enough for the Title Guaranty Co.
how to play the hot trumpet in Panama in 4 easy lessons

"Listen, Carole, till you've heard Old Maestro MacMurray play 'I Hear a Call to Arms'... you just haven't lived..."

"Okay, Fred. You're wonderful all right. I never heard sweeter notes. But cut it out, will you, before you break my heart."

"Arrest him, gendarme! Si, senor disturbing la peace with sis instrumento... more hot playing an si senor quick start a revolution!!"

"Yeah... some hot trumpet player you are. Here you get Carole in a worse jam than you did in "Hands Across the Table" and "The Princess Comes Across."

CAROLE LOMBARD
FRED MACMURRAY
"SWING HIGH SWING LOW"

with Charles Butterworth, Jean Dixon, Dorothy Lamour, Harvey Stephens
Directed by Mitchell Leisen
A Paramount Picture
HAIL HIS ROYAL HIGH (DE HO) NESS!

Filmdom crowns a new king of romance! ... as an international idol comes to the screen in the mirth-packed story of a democratic ex-King on a rollicking hunt for a Queen of Hearts to share his throne of love!

WARNER BROS.
REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE AT THE COMING-OUT PARTY OF THE FAMOUS CONTINENTAL SCREEN STAR FERNAND GRAVET IN HIS FIRST AMERICAN APPEARANCE IN MERVYN LEROY'S PRODUCTION THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL

With JOAN BLONDELL
EDW. EVERETT HORTON
Luis Alberni • Mary Nash
Alan Mowbray • Jane Wyman
Kenny Baker and Others

Story by Groucho Marx & Norman Krasna
R.S.V.P. Your Favorite Theatre

See a real French revue with the world's loveliest mademoiselles singing those reigning hits of the air by Werner R Heymann and Ted Koehler "FOR YOU" "ON THE RUE DE LA PAIX"
Lovely Gertrude Niesen, Singing Star in "Top Of The Town," Inspires This Contest.

In her dancing-est musical picture
HEAD OVER HEELS in LOVE
With two new dashing leading men. Songs by Gordon and Revel. You just can't afford to miss it.
Coming to your favorite theatre
A Production

Can You Think Of A Song Title?

The idea of a song is expressed in the words of the title. The refrain of the chorus is usually the same as the title. If you can put down on the coupon two titles that suggest amusing songs, touching songs, love songs, or any other kind that appeals to you, you may win one of these prizes.

You do not have to write the music or the words of the song or chorus. Just write the song title and Universal Pictures Corporation, sponsor of this contest, which is looking for interesting ideas for its new musical, will do the rest.

A song to be popular must be easy to understand, and express something to each one of us personally. Write two titles of this nature and you will stand a good chance to win. In "Top of the Town," Gertrude Niesen sings "Blame It On The Rhumba," "Jamboree" and "Where Are You?"

Can you think of some cute ideas like that?

Win One Of The 57 Prizes With Titles Straight From Your Heart

The next musical films that Universal Pictures Corporation will produce are rich in romance and theatrical atmosphere, and songs will be required for all of them. Can you write song titles that will inspire the song writers and win you a prize? All that you have to submit in this contest are two titles that arouse interest. Some of the characters in these new films, which may help to suggest song titles to you, are a business man in love, an heiress, an oil man and people connected with the theatre—and don't forget that love songs are always popular.

"I've Got To Be Kissed" is a song from "Top of the Town." Can't you think of some cute ideas like that?

Capitalizes Your Sentimental Side And Let Your Humor Have Its Fling—And Win!

USE THIS COUPON TO SEND IN YOUR ENTRIES

(Write Plainly)
TITLE NO. 1

TITLE NO. 2

Submitted by

Street

City

State

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So effective is Pepsodent that, in tests on 500 people, Pepsodent users had fewer colds and got rid of colds twice as fast! What's more, Pepsodent is "the thrifty antiseptic." For it lasts 3 times as long, makes your dollar go 3 times as far.
Lighter Meals Are In Order At This Season Of The Year.

By Ruth Corbin

This is a good time to try out your favorite seafood recipes. There are many excellent ways of preparing fish aside from baking, pan frying or boiling. Of course, these regulation methods cannot be improved upon with such fish as trout, mackerel, bass and others of this type, but the following dishes either with left over, canned or starting with the raw fish itself, are delightful and tasty departures for the woman who likes to add variety to her meals. With these I have included a few salad and spaghetti recipes which are nice accompaniments to seafood.

BOILED FISH WITH EGG SAUCE

2 or 3 lbs. haddock or cod
2 tbsp. salt
1/2 tbsp. pepper corns
1 bay leaf
1 sliced onion
1 stalk celery
2 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. flour
3/4 cup fish stock
3/4 cup evaporated milk, Borden's
Minced parsley
1 hard cooked egg

Wash fish and wrap in a piece of cheese cloth or parchment paper. Place on rack in kettle, cover with boiling water, add seasoning and simmer 20 to 30 minutes. Lift out carefully, place on hot platter, remove skin and serve with egg sauce made by blending butter and flour, adding stock and milk and cooking, stirring constantly until sauce thickens. Season with salt and pepper, add egg and serve.

SALMON TIMBALE

In the top of a double boiler blend 1/2
1/2 cups milk, 1/3 cup dry bread crumbs and 3
thbs. butter; cook 5 minutes. Add 1 cup
drained, flaked, canned salmon, 1 tsp.
mixed parsley, 2 slightly beaten eggs, salt
and cayenne pepper to taste. Line buttered
individual molds with pimento; fill 2/3 full
with salmon mixture. Set in a pan of hot
water, cover with oiled paper, bake 20 to 30
minutes in slow oven, 350° F. Serve with a
shrimp or mushroom sauce or with none at
all. Serves 6. This is a very decorative dish
when it comes to the table.

FISH FILLETS, GREEN OLIVE SAUCE

Cover fish fillets with boiling water, add
a few sprigs of parsley, small piece of bay
leaf, a few slices of carrot, celery leaves,
salt and pepper. Simmer about 20 minutes.
Remove fish to a hot platter and keep hot.
Strain liquid to use in sauce, made as fol-
lows:

4 tbsp. butter
1 cup fish stock
2/3 cup sliced olives cut in strips
2 tbsp. flour
1 tsp. lemon juice
Salt and pepper

Melt 2 tbsp. butter and blend in flour. Add fish stock gradually and bring to boil-
ing point, stirring constantly. Add rest of
butter, a little at a time. Add lemon juice,
olives and seasoning. Pour over fish.

Two of the nicest and most unusual
salads I have ever found are given below.
They will make a success of any meal.

SPINACH AND TUNA SALAD

1 cup fresh, finely chopped spinach
1 small onion, minced
Lettuce
1/3 cup French dressing
1 cup finely chopped Tuna fish
Sliced olives
Parsley sprigs

Prepare spinach and pour French dress-
ing over it. Allow to stand one-half hour in
refrigerator. Mix in onion and Tuna fish.
Serve on lettuce and garnish with slices of
sliced olive and sprigs of parsley.

SPAGHETTI SALAD

1 package spaghetti
2 bell peppers
2 eggs, boiled
1 cup grated American cheese, Kraft's
2 medium size potatoes
2 very small onions
1 cup celery
1 can pimientos

Hellman's Mayonnaise
broken spaghetti in inch length pieces, boil in salted water. Dice potatoes and boil. Cut bell peppers, celery, eggs and onions and pimientos in small pieces. Mix all ingredients with Mayonnaise and cheese and serve on lettuce leaf. Sprinkle grated cheese and paprika over top.

Today it is smart to serve a mixed green salad and here is a combination hard to beat. Take young dandelion greens, water cress, pale lettuce leaves and circles of tender radish. Make your dressing of 2 parts of the best imported olive oil, 1 part Crosse and Blackwell's cider or tarragon vinegar, a little salt, a bit of sugar and the heel of a thin clove of garlic rubbed with oil and tossed about during the mixing and 2 portions—or less—of good Roquefort cheese crumbled into bits. Mix and toss well and serve over the greens.

SMELTS (Russian Style)
2 lbs. med. size smelts
1 cup dry white wine
Juice 1 lemon
6 oz. mayonnaise
1 cucumber
Clean smelts, place in shallow pan, add white wine and lemon juice, cover, bring to a boil and simmer about 3 minutes. Remove from pan and arrange on a cold platter. Continue boiling liquid until only about 1 tbsp. is left; add this to mayonnaise. When smelts are cold cover with mayonnaise and garnish with cucumber salad. This is a new and delightful way to prepare smelts.

If you have ever been faced with the problem of stuck fish these three will be a welcome addition to your recipe files. They add just the proper touch and are easy to make. Black Butte Sauce is made by taking 2 tbsp. of cream and cooking in a frying pan until light brown. To this add 2 tbsp. finely chopped parsley and 1 tbsp. vinegar. Do not cook more than 1 minute. Anchovy Sauce is made by blending 1 tsp. anchovy paste with 1/2 pint plain white sauce in a small sauce pan and heating. Sour White Sauce is made by boiling 1 pint milk, 1 shallot, 1 tsp. mixed herbs, salt, pepper, bayleaf and 3 peppercorns. In a second pan melt 2 oz. butter and stir in 1/2 cup flour. Cook but do not brown. Add hot milk mixture and stir until it boils, then simmer 15 minutes. Strain through a fine strainer and reheat.

A Picture With Another Name Would Be Better—Maybe!
TITLES:
The Old
And the New
"Escadille" (Paul Muni) has been changed to "The Woman I Love"
"Man In Possession" (Robert Taylor) has been changed to "The Personal Property"
"The Stones Cry Out" (John Howard) has been changed to "The Doctor's Discovery"
"The Rubber Bandits" (Edward Arnold) has been changed to "The Toast of New York"
"The Last Slaver" (Warner Baxter) has been changed to "Slave Ship"
"Miss Customs Agent" (Constance Worth) has been changed to "China Passage"
"When Love Is New" (Virginia Bruce) has been changed to "When Love Is Young"
"Person to Person" (Robert Taylor) has been changed to "Girl Overboard"

LITTLE "COAL MINES" IN YOUR SKIN!

THAT'S WHAT BLACKHEADS REALLY ARE!

Here's How to Deal With Them

By Lady Esther

Those little black specks that keep showing up in your skin—do you know what they really are?

They're nothing more than little "coal mines" in your skin!

They're imbedded dirt—dirt that has found its way deeply into your pores.

This dirt isn't easily removed, as you know, or you wouldn't have blackheads.

Like Black Little Candles In Your Skin

This dirt is stiff and waxy. It's a combination of fatty waste from the body, dust, soot and dead skin cells.

It forms little plugs or wedges in your pores that stop them up and make them larger and larger.

It's the blackened tops of these wedges that you see as blackheads.

These waxy wedges must be dissolved to be removed. That's the only correct and scientific way to deal with them. You can't just moisten them. You can't just loosen them. They must actually be dissolved.

When dissolved, they can be removed with a simple wiping of the face which is the right way! When you try to squeeze them out or steam them out, you do more harm than good. You destroy delicate skin tissues and make tiny scars in your skin. Not only that, you make the pores still larger so they can collect still more dirt.

Dissolves Waxy Dirt

Lady Esther Face Cream deals with this waxy dirt in the scientific way. It softens it—dissolves it. It makes it so soft that a very light wiping of your skin takes it off.

There is no tiring of your skin, no stretching of your pores.

When your pores are completely cleansed of the plugging matter, blackheads automatically disappear. Also your pores automatically come down in size. Responding to Nature, they reduce themselves to their original, invisible smallness.

I'll Pay for a Test!

Let me prove to you the soundness of the Lady Esther Face Cream method. Just mail me your name and address and I'll send you a par- size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

To hasten results, use up the whole tube at one time. Put on one application of the cream after another. Leave on each application for 5 minutes before removing. The whole job will only take 15 minutes.

Notice how soft your skin is after this clean ing. That shows you are softening the dirt within the pores—dirt that has probably been there for months or longer.

As you continue the daily use of Lady Esther Face Cream, you make this waxy dirt softer and softer and more and more of it comes out. Finally, your pores are relieved of their long-standing bardact.

Clean Pores Become Small

As you relieve the pores, they come down in size. They become smaller and smaller each day, until they have regained their original smallness and you no longer can see them with the naked eye. You can almost see the improvement taking place in your skin.

Act Now!

But start proving this to yourself at my expense. Mail coupon today for your free par- size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream.

SILVER SCREEN 13

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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Address.
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Note.
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Please send me by return mail a par size tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream and also all free shades of your Face Powder.

FREE
Sweethearts who might as well live in glass houses... their kisses crash the headlines and their nights of romance sell "Extras" in the morning! When they thrill... the world thrills with them... and so will you! — especially over Tyrone Power, the new star sensation of "Lloyds of London" in a role even more sensational!
LUISE RAiNER and Clifford Odets have evidently decided to be Hollywood's most unconventional married couple. They are to have their own separate domiciles so that when they are working they can concentrate on their respective careers. If Odets wants to work late at night or early in the morning, as playwrights have a habit of doing, he doesn't have to worry about disturbing Luise, who, on the other hand, can act all over the house when she is in the throes of a picture without upsetting Odets. This was last tried by Claudette Colbert and Norman Pouger and didn't seem to work out so well after six years. But in the case of Fannie Hurst and her husband it has worked beautifully for over fifteen years.

LI LI DESTE, who co-stars with Edward G. Robinson in "Thunder Over the City," an English picture, is a little uncertain in her use of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Recently signed on a contract by Columbia in Hollywood she told the publicity department, "One thing I cannot do. I positively cannot climb."

KENT TAYLOR is showing his favorite fan letter around Hollywood. It reads, "Dear Mr. Taylor—I saw your last picture six times. You were marvelous. Please send me an autographed cushion."

WELL, there's just no telling what some people will do. One of the waiters at the Brown Derby is so movie-star mad that he buys all the star-used tablecloths from the restaurant for his collection. Among his pet exhibits is a tablecloth with a drawing of a cow by Tyrone Power, another with an impromptu joke hastily written down by Eddie Cantor, a game of tit-tat-toe between Joe E. Brown and Arthur Treacher, the first two lines of a poem by Robert Taylor, and a stock market ticker drawn by Ben Bernie.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND has won exactly twenty-five inter-fraternity beauty contests staged at various colleges and universities throughout the country. Fifty million freshmen can't be wrong.

WHEN Alice Faye was asked by an interviewer what 1936 had taught her, Alice answered: "That love is news." Which is pretty smart of Alice. She and Tony Martin are still in the clutches.

WHEN Kay Francis returned to Hollywood after her recent European ramble she brought her friends dozens of hand-made Tyrolean dolls, beautifully out-fitted, and each doll is equipped with an amazing yodel. By the by, Kay returned to Hollywood a whole month before she had to start a picture, something she has never done before. Is Europe slipping?

TURN about is fair play, says Hollywood. Margaret Sullivan up and married Katherine Hepburn's best boy friend, so now Katie gets Maggie's Broadway play "Stage Door" to star in for RKO. It is generally conceded by the wise guys of cinema city that that little commotion in Chicago over Howard Hughes, the record-breaking aviator-producer-playboy, might just be a bit of publicity to help put Katie's play ("Jane Eyre") over. Publicity or not, we wouldn't be knowing, but we do know that Hughes has flown Hepburn East in his plane several times and they are quite pally.

And you've heard by now, we rather imagine, that Miss Sullivan is going to present her agent-husband, Leland Hayward, with an heir.

JEAN HARLOW will wear her enormous star sapphire in "Personal Property." It's only 152 carats, and guaranteed to be the biggest star sapphire in Hollywood. A present from William Powell.

SUNDAYS never find Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor in Hollywood. At the crack of dawn they are off for Barbara's ranch in San Fernando Valley where she and Marian Marsh are breeding horses to sell to racing stables, Bob and Barbara like to ride, though "nothing fancy" says Barbara. But right now they are doing more painting than riding—there're miles and miles of fence to be painted. At the end of a Sunday on Barbara's ranch Bob looks more like an old cowhand from the Rio Grande than he does like Miss Garbo's Armand.

ANN SOTHERN is the first in Hollywood to receive a gift from that strange collection known as Surrealist art, recently exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. Ann's gift was purchased for her by her husband, Roger Pryor, on one of his hurried trips to New York, and features a group of loosely related objects, which include a whiskbroom, a hatband, the whisker of a cat, and a gilded thumbtack. The painting is appropriately titled "Sensation a la Mode and Ann has placed it in the cellar where it will not upset the servants.

WHEN Dick Cromwell returned from Europe he brought with him Suzanne Eisenfield's "Extract," an oil painting which he purchased in London and now regards as one of his most cherished possessions. And so, with his own new portraits of Katherine Hepburn as Mary of Scotland, Katharine Cornell as Juliet, and Garbo as Camille, Dick recently held a combination showing and cocktail party at his hillside home, with everybody having much fun except Dick himself who had just had his tons operated on.

THERE is a great flurry of house-building going on in Hollywood now. People who have never owned a house before all of a sudden want to be landed gentry. Ginger Rogers is one of the latest to build, and bought her property from Harold Lloyd on the top of Beverly Crest. Her house will be a typical farmhouse, she declares, with nothing Hollywoodish about it except a tennis court and a swimming pool.

THE color scheme of Garbo's new dressing room is quite a departure from the drab gray and brown she has always preferred. This time she has chosen red and white and her furniture is modernized French. Maybe she is going to be a gay girl after all.
Vanity. Vanity, all is Vanity, sighs Rembrandt (superbly played to the teeth by Charles Laughton) as he paints another picture of himself in the final fade-out of England's magnificent production based on the life of the Dutch Master. This remark was not very original of Rembrandt, it had been said many times before by better authorities, and it certainly has been said many times since. It seems to be rather generally conceded that whatever "all" is, all is Vanity. But non-conformist that I am I now raise my thin piping voice in protest. All may be Vanity in your town, and in yours, and in Mr. Rembrandt's, but in Hollywood all is not Vanity, no, my children, all is Emotion.

That is the unique characteristic of Hollywood. It is an emotional town. Everything is based on emotions. I suppose it's because the place is all cluttered up with a lot of artists, an emotional race at best, who have just enough of the divine spark in them, and just enough of the ham, to make them go completely nuts at the drop of a hat.

In the world outside of Hollywood success for a girl, I am reliably informed by some Eastern people I met at the racetrack, consists of a fine husband, a beautiful home, a family, and money in the bank. The big moment in her life then is that occasion when the realization comes that some of these desirable heights have been taken. But the big moment in the life of a Hollywood glamour girl rarely has anything to do with a husband, a home, family, and money in the bank. Perhaps if you have nothing else to do right now, and pretend you haven't because I am very sensitive, you might find it interesting to investigate with me the big moments in the lives of a few of the more glamorous stars, viz., Janet Gaynor, Bette Davis, and Jean Arthur.

"The biggest moment in my life," Janet told me on the set of "A Star Is Born," in which picture Janet goes comedienne again and plays a movie star. "The biggest moment in my life was the night of the world premiere of Seventh Heaven"—May 8, 1927. I'll never forget that date—at the Carthay Circle Theatre in Los Angeles. The big thrill for me, and it was a wonderful sensation, came at the end of the picture when the audience, as one person, expressed its approval of the production with thunderous applause. I knew then that the picture was a success, and, in a vague way, I realized what it would mean to me and my future on the screen.

"The first time I saw the stage production of Seventh Heaven in Los Angeles I was eager to play the part of Diane. The idea..."
began work on the picture, directed by Frank Borzage, it was like a dream come true.

"But that night at the Cathay Circle will remain forever the highlight of my life. There I was—an unknown player—and to feel that I had really won a niche for myself on the screen, at last, was an experience that comes but once in a lifetime. While I felt the greatest elation, I also felt thankful and extremely grateful to everyone concerned in the work—and I still do!"

Janet, you perhaps don't know, was assigned to the role of Diane without ever having had a test for the part. Frank Borzage went on the set of "The Return of Peter Grimm" one day when Janet was making a scene under the direction of Victor Schertzinger. As Kathie, she was seated at the piano playing a composition for Peter in a sequence where he is ill, and as she played and smiled, the tears were in her eyes. Borzage was so impressed he spoke to producer Sheehan about the little Gavert girl. Incidentally, for the Gavert girl, this was one of the first times in pictures that a girl had smiled through tears, and so famous did it become that for months afterwards they referred to the performance at the studio as "doing a Gavert."

Later on, when the great director Murnau came to Hollywood to direct "Sunrise" for Fox, he ran off "Peter Grimm," among other productions, with a view to selecting his feminine lead, and believe it or not, he was so impressed with Janet's "smiling through tears" scene that he immediately demanded her for his picture. "Sunrise" was six months in the making and Borzage waited nearly a year before Janet was available for "Seventh Heaven," but he showed you just how much he wanted her. "Seventh Heaven" was released before "Sunrise," so many people have thought "Seventh Heaven" was made first. Janet came very "Seventh Heaven" with all the priceless knowledge of screen acting which she had gained through her long association with Murnau, whom Death claimed about five years ago in an automobile accident on the Malibu road, en route to Santa Barbara.

Getting fired is rather an emotional experience. But getting asked back by the same company that fired you with a big raise in salary is even a more emotional experience. Most girls have the chance to feel this exquisitely pleasant sensation either in Hollywood or in the outside world, and I didn't need those Eastern people at the racetrack to tell me that. It's been a pet ambition of many of us all along to have Jean Arthur actually experienced it, and she admits that it was a grand and glorious feeling, in fact she's selected it for her big moment.

As you probably know, some five years or so ago Jean Arthur was under contract to Paramount but the only kind of roles she ever got to play were sweet little ingenues. "It was nothing but a prop ingenue," said Jean. "I either had to register fright, very prettily of course, while Mr. William Powell uncovered the murder, or else I had to smile sweetly in the background while Clara Bow, Dick Arlen, Gary Cooper and everybody else on the lot did things. And they laughed at me when I suggested that I might like to act sometimes too!"

When her contract expired Paramount failed to show the slightest interest (this is the equivalent of being fired in Hollywood), so Jean, pretty sure about the whole thing, packed her bags and left for New York with a nix-to-you to the cinema. Despite New York's objection to movie trained ingenues from Hollywood, Jean, after she had had time to nurse her wounds, had no trouble at all in getting herself cast in "Foreign Affairs" with Osgood Perkins and Dorothy Gish. The play was well received by the critics, and so was Jean. After that she played in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head," "Twenty-five Dollars a Week," and "The Curtain Rises." Her thrill with Hollywood sort of disappeared by then, she decided to take herself a vacation with her family on the coast. While here Columbia induced her to sign a contract with them and after her appearance in "The Whole Town's Talking" with Eddie Robinson, Hollywood sat up straight and took notice of the little Arthur girl who used to smile so sweetly while Mr. Powell.

(Cont. on page 72)
Girls They Won

The Bachelor/ Have Their Pick
The Girls B

The flowers were O. K. but the romance did not blossom.

(Right) The girl knew what she wanted but she got the air.

This story actually began the night one of the nicest kids I know swung himself into the living room of his home where four of us—including his mother and father—were playing bridge. And it made us feel not nearly so Older Generation as we thought we were when he confided a problem.

"What does a girl expect when you date her?" he asked, giving the ottoman before the fire a vigorous kick. "I've been saving up two weeks for tonight. I got her a smooth corsage and took her dancing at that new place on the Shore Road. But she started to peel the minute we got in... Didn't like where the table was—well, I can't afford to give the head waiter a couple of bucks for a table right on the floor. She didn't like the music—and told me how much better the band was where she went last week. She didn't like... oh, why go on? Say, what's the matter with girls? Why don't they give us a break?"

"And yet I'll bet you take that same girl out again," the lad's father said, doubling my six spade bid.

I'll take that bet—anything you say. No sir, that noise like a chicken after a worm was me scratching Isobel off my list.

And, although it was no time to think of anything but how to play that little slam doubled and vulnerable, I began to think about this Isobel. I thought about how she was going to feel when a lot of boys started scratching her off the list and her evening dresses hung in her closet quietly going out of style while she wrote letters to good old Bee Fairfax asking why she wasn't popular any more.

There are many Isobels in the world, plenty of girls who think that their presence—no matter how grudging—is all that is required of them when a lad takes them out. And at the risk of being accused of sedition to my own sex I see the lad's side.

After all, he puts up the money for the date, he makes the plans, calls for you and brings you home. It seems to me that no matter what happens you get the best of the bargain. So it's as little as you can do to make the evening a pleasant one.

But, instead of being a traitor to my sex I'm a philanthropist (or I decided then and there—we went set two because of my thinking about Isobel and her kind—that I'd go straight to the source and find out from Hollywood's most fascinating young bachelors just what they expect from the girls they date—how a girl should behave to make herself popular.

When all the material was gathered I discovered that opinions differed. So the best way for you girls to apply Hollywood male psychology to your own case is to know what type of boy is taking you out, find his prototype among Hollywood men and in that way you'll know how to behave to get dates.

Robert Taylor speaks from long experience, and some bitterness. He has dated some of the most charming girls in town—Irene Hervey, Cecelia Parker, Janet Gaynor, Eleanore Whitney and now, of course, Barbara Stanwyck. I think you can look at Bob (and apparently that's what hundreds of thousands of girls throughout the country are running to the nearest picture emporium to do) and tell he's no cheap skate. That's right. Today Robert Taylor shows a girl a grand time because he remembers those gaunt, hungry days when he and Irene Hervey did the town on about fifty cents.

Now Bob can afford the Troc every night. But it really doesn't matter about the money. A boy pays a girl a nice compliment...
When he takes her out and it's up to her to show some appreciation.

Bob Taylor, like his brothers-under-the-skin from Maine to Mexico, wants appreciation, too. "It burns me up," he said, slapping make-up on his handsome brow. "To bring a girl a couple of orchids that I've carefully selected, that I've gone to the trouble of having made up into a nice corsage, and then have her take them as if they were some tired old geraniums, saying in that bored voice, 'Oh, so nice of you. Thanks.'

"I think girls do that to impress you, to make you think they're used to having a truck load of orchids drive up to the house every day. Maybe they've got some cockeyed notion that they don't want to 'spoil' a man. But nobody is spoiled by a little enthusiasm and appreciation. It doesn't hurt her to break down and thank a guy for the flowers he brings."

It's pretty hard to think of anything else but him when you're talking to Bob Taylor, but I forced myself to think of Isabel and the corsage my young friend took her. They weren't orchids. (Only rich boys like Bob Taylor can afford such flowers.) But the cost of the corsage doesn't matter. The attitude is what counts. Soap weed and camillias, graciousness is expected.

Bob doesn't like a girl who talks too much. She should be dressed neatly and with taste but never in a flashy manner. And he, along with every other man in the world, hates to see his girl make up in public.

Bob's girl must be a good sport (that describes Barbara Stanwyck all right) and more interested in him than in the place he takes her to. He can't abide the demanding type. In other words, the petty gold digger can do her parading in another stream.

It infuriates Bob when the girl says, "Oh, let's not go there —nobody will be there. Let's go where the crowd is."

"That's like a glass of cold water right in the face," said Bob putting in some cold water with the grease paint. "Maybe I'm wrong but when a girl pulls that I get the idea it's not me she likes but a lot of other people. Oh yes, she must be a good dancer."

Eleanor Powell seems to think that Jimmy Stewart is just about right as an escort. A lot of others think so too. Jimmy isn't handsome, in the strictest sense of that none too strict word, but he has charm and humor.

"When I date a girl," he said, "she's got to be ready for anything. She's got to be as crazy as I am. Maybe that's because I am nuts but I say what's the use of a date unless you can forget every trouble you ever had and cut loose. When a girl isn't game for anything, when she doesn't feel like getting up from a table at the Troc and going to the beach to ride roller coasters then I say it's spinach."

There's another question that I think the girls would like to know about. I took a sort of straw vote on the matter not only from the Hollywood bachelors but from other attractive lads not in the picture business.

Suppose your date wants to kiss you when he takes you home. Well, what of it? Is that any reason for getting on your high horse and roller skates and saying, later, "Now honestly what does he expect?"

If he's a nice, attractive young man who isn't going to take advantage of a kiss (and certainly if you're smart you can tell what sort he is after a couple of hours in his society) then that's so wrong about it?

Girls make a lot of unnecessary fuss over a good night kiss. To most decent lads it's a fairly casual gesture of friendship and
Melvyn Douglas Has Never Surrendered His Freedom. Long Term Contracts Do Not Interest Him.

By Gladys Hill

Melvyn Douglas is a thief. He steals applause and critical acclaim and he either tosses them to the dogs or over the back fence.

He is, in a word, a picture stealer.

For about once every year, for some time past, Melvyn appears in a picture and immediately the hair rises on the Hollywood head and all of the best adjectives are tossed out. There are mutterings of “A new star has risen! Gable and Cooper and Flynn had better look to their laurels! Watch this man Douglas!” And then the hair flattens down and all there is to watch is Melvyn Douglas’ dust. For the man himself is gone.

This has been going on and on until it has attained the proportions of a mystery which should be solved.

Think back and you’ll understand what I mean.

He made “As You Desire Me” with Garbo—and Hollywood prophesied the rise of a new star. Yet nothing happened.

He made “She Married Her Boss” with Claudette Colbert and this time, said Hollywood, there could be no doubt about it. Douglas had “arrived.” He was all set.

The death of handsome male stars was to be lessened by one. Claudette, they reminded themselves, had proven herself a “lucky star” for the men who played opposite her. Look at what happened to Charles Boyer, Fred MacMurray and Clark Gable when they were teamed with Claudette... stardom for the first two, the Academy award for Clark.

But no. For, again, Douglas picked up his tent and, like the Arab, stole silently away. He made “Mary Burns, Fugitive” with Sylvia Sidney. He made “The Lone Wolf Returns” with Gail Patrick. More recently he made “The Gorgeous Hussy” with Joan Crawford, “Theodora Goes Wild” with Irene Dunne, and has just finished “Women of Glamour” with Virginia Bruce, and will soon be at work on “Angel.”

Together with Marlene Dietrich and Herbert Marshall, it was when “Gorgeous Hussy” was being previewed that an eminent critic whispered to me “Am I crazy or is this Melvyn Douglas taking the picture right home in his pocket with him?” And I answered “He’s gone home with it.”

So what? Will he remain in Hollywood? Will he, figuratively speaking of course, bedeck himself with the jewels he steals, with the fame and fan fervor he has earned? Or will he, yet again, vanish from the scene and the screen, reject the fruits of his triumphs?

I put the question up to him frankly. I said, “You steal the jewels. What do you do with them? Don’t you want them?”

“No,” answered Melvyn Douglas. And his gray eyes, his strong nose, his tanned skin and resolute mouth bespeak a man who might well steal the jewels, find them paste and reject them.

He doesn’t look like an actor, this Melvyn Douglas. He looks as though he might be a surgeon, a prosecuting attorney, a mining engineer, a diplomat. A man of strong mind and strong hands, relentless courage and a fierce integrity—that is Melvyn Douglas.

“So you don’t want all this?” I said, waving a hand around the de luxe dressing room suite on the Columbia lot, taking in the stacks of fan mail, the piles of photographs waiting to be autographed, the packets of press clippings on “Theodora,” the rows of costumes hanging in the wardrobe, the make-up boxes, the whole purple panoply of stardom.

“No,” said Melvyn Douglas again, “not if I have to have it at the price of something I want much more—my own integrity.

“I am a fortunate man as I see it. But I suppose I might be considered an unfortunate man, as the world sees it. I am fortunate because I don’t want anything Hollywood can give me one half so much as I want the inner satisfaction of doing what I believe in doing. I know this sounds phoney, fine talk for the sake of talking. But I am entirely sincere about it. I mean it.

“Perhaps I can clear up the ‘mystery’ as you call it, by telling you something about myself—something of which I have never spoken before.

“I was born in Macon, Georgia. You know, that stronghold of conservatism and iron-bound traditions. “My father was a Russian. His name was Edward Hesseberg. He was a well known concert pianist and composer. My mother was Lena Schackelford of Kentucky, of Scotch and English descent. Making my brother and me, then, half Russian.

“I had a lonely childhood. We were always on the outside of things. People didn’t take us in. We had to develop resources within ourselves. And we did.

“I stayed much alone. I wanted to be a poet. I figured that a poet need not be dependent on worldly contacts. A poet could sit secluded in his attic and put his heart on paper. Paper would not reject his heart and all its feelings. I thought of Byron with his club foot, the sickly Keats, the ostracized Shelley—yes, no doubt of it, my place was with the poets.

“I read omnivorously. I learned that it’s what a man is within himself that makes for happiness or the reverse. I learned that the acclaim which the world has to give is not one-tenth so important as what the man is within himself. I learned that lesson early. I believe it still.

“I had to be self-sufficient, you see. I had to believe that the world of ideas is more vital than the world of people. I did believe that. And I still do. I played John Randolph in ‘The Gorgeous Hussy’ with deep conviction because I am kin to him in that I, too, would sacrifice favour and even love for an ideal. I have the makings of a fanatic.

“I had to store up treasures within myself. I knew then, as I know now, that these are the only treasures which are indispensable.

“I gained a sort of contempt for what my neighbours thought or did or had to say about me. It wasn’t important what anyone thought about me so long as what I thought about myself was all right.

“This,” said Melvyn Douglas, “is the real story of me, the whole story of what I am today and will continue to be tomorrow.
and tomorrow. It was born in my blood; it was bred in my bone, it grew with my growth. I took the name of Douglas, when I began to have some success on stage, for obvious reasons," smiled Melvyn. "The name of Hesselberg would not lend itself to electric lights. I have some legitimate right to the name of Douglas. For during my childhood my mother told me grim and exciting tales of the 'Black Douglas' of Scotland from which clan she was descended.

"When, at first, I wanted to be a poet my mother and father objected. My father used subtle influences to persuade me to his calling. He saw to it that I attended all of the better concerts; walked, so to speak, with Brahms and Beethoven and Mozart and Wagner.

"My mother, on the other hand, took me to court as often as possible so that, whenever a big case was being tried, I might hear famous attorneys pleading, cross-examining. "This friendly tug of war between my parents was good for me. It strengthened and emphasized my determination to be only what I wanted to be, to do only what I wanted to do. It has stood me in definite good stead here in Hollywood. For when agents and producers are advising and cajoling me to do those things in which I do not believe, I am, again, the small boy who, at a concert, said to himself, 'No, this is not for me!... who, in court, thought, 'No, no, I do not belong here!'

"I spent my boyhood in various schools about the country and one school year in Germany. My father was on tour, you see, and the family went with him. This also contributed to my isolation, socially. I couldn't make many real friends. We didn't stay long enough in any one place. I had very little spending money, few indulgences. And so I have never developed any taste for luxury. I watched my father doing the thing he loved best in the world. And I saw that he was satisfied with very little because he was doing the thing he loved."

"It was when I was in school in Toronto, Canada, that I made my first attempt to run away from what I was doing. I tried to join the army via the Scotch Highlanders. I lied about my age. But I didn't get away with it. My parents found me and, firmly, took me home again."

"It was while we were in Lincoln, Nebraska, later on that my father, being director of music at the High School there, was asked if he would have any objections to his son appearing in the school drama. No objections forthcoming. I appeared in several high school plays. My first appearance on any stage was as a Hindu in The Little Princess."

"But again I ran away. Then, as now, that inner voice, that prompter, call it what you will, urged me, saying, 'Enough of this! Get out! Get away! Escape.' And that time I succeeded. I enlisted and spent the war years in a medical corps at Fort Lewis, Washington. And there I developed a tremendous admiration for medicine. I thought of entering medical school when, if ever, the Armistice should be signed."

"But after my 'honorable discharge' from the Army I was visiting in Chicago and there ran into an old acquaintance—an actor who had starred throughout the Middle West—who had seen me in school plays. His name was William Owen. He prevailed upon me to join his school of acting. I did. I was given personal coaching, did parts in plays produced and, later, Owen organized a repertory troupe to play the Middle West again. I learned the later, that his real reason for organizing the troupe was to give me an opportunity to gain actual stage experience.

"This was in 1910. We did Shakespearean productions. My first professional role was that of Iago in 'The Merchant of Venice.' And for the next eight or nine years, I toured and did Shakespeare. I spent two years with Jessie Bonstelle. Later, in Madison, Wisconsin, I owned and managed my own company. I was doing well. Gaining a reputation. Making money. Everything was going so smoothly. Suddenly, I got what the poets would name the 'call,' what the lawman would call the 'itch.'—I dreamed of the bank the few thousand dollars I had borrowed, some money I was making, paid off my company and went around the world. I threw it all overboard, the years of work and training, the name I was beginning to make, the money I had saved."

"Sounds a little fantastic, doesn't it?" laughed Melvyn. "But if you want to tell you the whole truth about myself I must tell you the deepest truth in me which is that I've never been satisfied with what I am doing or its no go and I go. And big money, glamorous fame and recognition do not satisfy me unless I know these things are soundly backed up."

"It wasn't until 1928 that Broadway and I finally got together, and I played the part of Ace Weathers. Later, Clark Gable played that part later on the screen."

"I made several plays—'The Silver Cord' with Laura Hope Carpenter; 'Emeralds' with Tav Bainter; 'The Command To Love,' 'The Comeback,' 'Tonight or Never' and the 'Madam.'"

"The last named marked the biggest milestone in my life. It was the last play David Belasco ever produced. And starring in it was Helen."

[Continued on page 6]
Every Year Hollywood Harvests The Young And Ambitious Beginners.

Believe it or not, talent, real talent, is scarce! This is what every motion picture studio is discovering as the search for new stars goes on at a frantic pace. The tremendous demands made by the screen, the stage and radio, during the past few years, have sent scouts scurrying into the world's by-ways looking for personalities that will please the entertainment public. The screen offers the greatest test; it requires a combination of peculiarly exciting qualities to win favor and be developed into popular star material.

Selecting a cast has become a herculean business and the big shots, such as Gary Cooper, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Pat O'Brien, Joan Crawford, Herbert Marshall, Jean Arthur, William Powell, and others of this brilliant group, would each have to be quintuplets to fill all the roles offered to them.

There's another reason why it is necessary to unearth new talent. Time takes its toll and the scintillaters of today may be slipping tomorrow; producers must be ready to replace them. The screen joins the historic cry, the King is dead, long live the King! When a star's light begins to fade, few wait for the curtain to fall, they quickly change their allegiance to a new idol. Fame goes that way.

What is it that makes a player click and become a cinema star? No one knows. The best answer seems to be personality; that mysterious, individual essence that lifts one person from the surrounding throngs and places him among the stars. The very exclusiveness of personality intensifies its power; you either have it or you haven't. It is definitely something that is born in one. It may be developed or it may be stifled, but it can never be created.

Last year marked the discovery of Robert Taylor, Errol Flynn, Frances Farmer, Eleanor Powell and James Stewart, all of whom have become established favorites, and as this is the season of prophesying, let's do a little on our own. I believe that Tyrone Power, Jr., Doris Nolan, Sonja Henie, Tilly Losch, Wayne Morris and Dorothy Lamour will be the cream of the present crop and destined to reach the top during the next twelve months. Why? Because each of these players clicked decisively in their very first picture. They stood out as distinct personalities, focusing attention and stirring the imagination to such an extent that they are receiving, literally, bushels of fan mail.

While differing widely in background, temperament and talents, these young players are linked together by a bond of similar experiences, consisting of training since youth, dogged determination, and courage—a sublime sort of courage that nothing can break.

There's Tyrone Power, for instance. He captured rave notices in his first two pictures but the great moment came when he was chosen to play the leading role in "Lloyds of London," the ambitious Twentieth Century-Fox production. As the romantic young idealist, Jonathan Blake, he passed beyond the probationary period entirely, displaying the magnetic quality that skyrocketed him to instantaneous stardom. His portrayal was amazingly sincere,
The Crop

By Claude Cheatham

Sonja Henie is the Olympic Skating Champion and a screen success as well.

Three days are pleasant for Wayne Morris, and even the to-morrows seem under control.

Dorothy Lamour emerged from the jungle as a princess, and now the future is a royal road.

London," this shy, imaginative boy is keeping his head and going right along in the business of scoring again in his new pictures, "Love is News," and "Cafe Metropole." His romantic appeal is definite. With a soft, well modulated voice, eyes that are warm and sympathetic, Tyrone is every woman's sweetheart and may become the screen's next Great Lover.

Up to now his emotions have been stirred only by ambition and rosy dreams, but today he frankly admits he is in love with sweet little Sonja Henie. Whether this romance will ever reach the wedding bells stage is a question; both are very young and both are just starting on promising careers. They go everywhere together, frequently accompanied by Tyrone's pretty young mother and Sonja's parents, and it is a gay five-some that attends football games, picture previews, and even the bright night spots.

Doris Nolan is another prize package, clicking in her very first film, "The Man I Marry." Hearing the applause, Universal studio signed her to a long-term contract and rushed her into the leading role of the elaborate musical extravaganza, "Top of the Town," and now she's emotion opposite John Boles in "As Good As Married." It is all very exciting. Yet back of this sudden success are years of hard work, sprinkled with discouragements and heartbreaking delays, but Doris is blest, not only with ability, but with a buoyant, joyous disposition and has taken every knock squarely on the chin. She allows nothing to get her down, her persistence overcomes every hurdle.

Born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1916, Doris early determined to become an actress and has never wavered from this plan. She appeared in school plays, she studied acting and everything pertaining to the theatre, became associated with the famous Provincetown Theatre, and made her first big hit in the leading feminine role in "The Late Christopher Bean," at the Clifton Hollow Theatre, in Poughkeepsie, New York.

It was here she took a screen test, was sent to Hollywood under contract to a leading studio but for some reason was never put into a picture. [Continued on page 70]
Sylvia Sidney

It has long been an unwritten law among the writers of Hollywood—we fondly refer to ourselves as writers though from time to time disappointed movie stars have expressed grave doubts—that stories about Sylvia Sidney should be written not with the tongue in the cheek but practically half way down the throat, causing sighs, sobs, choking noises, and a definite inner contemplation.

Just as we must be awfully gay and cute when we write about Lombard, frightfully chic and deeer when we describe the goings-on of the Misses Hopkins and Dunne, and overwhelmingly superlative when we give our all to Dietrich and Garbo, it seems that when our typewriters go rat-a-tating two hundred and fifty words to a page about Sidney, we must become as tense, as emotional, as turbidly tragic as the last act of an Ibsen drama.

How many times, how many, too many, have we written "that lonely child of sorrow"... "that sublime emotional force"... "that brooding sadness which surrounds her like a wall"... and don't forget "poignancy," that's a swell Sylvia Sidney word.

Now I'm sure I don't know why we should go so grandiloquently beautiful and sit over Sylvia—except that she is the greatest emotional actress on the screen today, and it's probably just our way of showing great respect and admiration for her art. But Ibsen's last acts, with people rushing out into the night to destroy themselves, always bore me, and Sylvia doesn't, and even though she is the greatest emotional actress on the screen today I see no reason why she shouldn't be written about in a swing tempo.

The close friends of that "lonely child of sorrow" utter up little prayers continually that Sylvia will never become involved in a murder mystery. It will take no Hercule Poirot, no Philo Vance, no charming Mr. Nick Charles, to discover that Sylvia was the mysterious woman in black who dined in the late Mr. So-and-So's apartment the night a bullet lodged in his brain. For once Sylvia has dined any place, once she has even sat at any place for a few minutes, the rankest amateur in the slumber racket can establish her identity.

Sylvia is one of those nervous people who just cannot make her hands relax and the moment she sits down her long slender fingers reach for something to tear up. She specializes on small packets of paper matches—first she will shred all the matches, putting them into a pile, and then she'll shred the cardboard covering. When the matches give out, bits of paper will do. If you are a tidy soul and Miss Sidney drops in for tea you'll just hope and pray that she will bring her knitting.

But what she does to those matches is nothing compared with what she does to the bread at the dinner table. Sylvia will not eat the soft part of the bread, only the crusts, so she immediately digs out all the middle—if she sees you watching her she gives you that famous crinkly smile and simply says, "I have been a proper girl all my life, now I do as I please." There was that famous Russian dinner party in Hollywood once—black bread was served in the Russian tradition—where a distinguished actress fresh from the British shores, and naturally ignorant of the manners of Sylvia Sidney, suddenly looked down during the flaming shashlick and shrieked, "Mercy, bugs!"

When Sylvia is in Hollywood—she always goes to New York between pictures—she lives in the very smart Colonial House where she keeps an apartment, most

(Above) Sylvia at the time she played her first stage role—"Prunella." (Below) Little Sylvia at the age of six.
attractively furnished, which consists of a living room, dining room, kitchen, bedroom, dressing room and library. Here you will find hundreds of books, none of them "props" and none of them with elegant de luxe bindings, but all of them with the pages cut and slightly muzzled from reading. Don't ever start a conversation on literature, music, or art with Mrs. Sidney unless you are definitely capable of holding your own.

In the very smart Colonial House live other movie stars who do not want to be bothered with a house, and also rich people from the East who get a big kick out of writing the folks back home: "Guess who lives in the apartment above ours? That adorable Sylvia Sidney! Isn't it thrilling?" But I regret to say that it is only thrilling during the first few weeks—just wait until Sylvia starts walking! Then the poor rich people from the East wonder if it hadn't been better after all to take the apartment under the nondescript Joneses, not nearly so exciting, but at least more restful. For that "sublime emotional force," "that flame of genius that burns within"—or maybe it's just those fifteen cups of coffee she drank during the day—will not let Sylvia sleep. So when she can't sleep she walks. Back and forth, back and forth, for hours on end. "I can think of more things I should do at two in the morning," says Sylvia, "so I just get up and walk around the apartment while I try to solve my enormous problems. What problems? Oh, whether I shall call up Waifer (that's her boss) or wait and let him call me up. Big things like that." And then she gives you the crinkly smile again.

By the time eight has come along Sylvia has been up so long that she feels that the day is nearly over, orders her lunch, and begins to call up her friends, of whom Gretchen Messer, Para- mount fashion editor, is probably the most long suffering. She always says politely, "Did I wake you?" but before you can say, "You certainly did," Sylvia has started chatting away like a debutante at her debut ball.

She also has the amazing habit of suddenly going someplace, like Havana, London, or Newark, without telling anyone of her departure. But at five or six o'clock some bleak dawn she will call her friends and inform them of her whereabouts. Last Christmas, for some reason, she went to Quebec. So before sun-up Christmas morn she called up people with dreadful hang-overs in Hollywood and gave them this: "Did I wake you? Merry Christmas, I'm in Quebec. Oh, you know Quebec. Canada—Quintuplets." When they got around to asking her what she was doing in Quebec she merely laughed and hung up.

The location at Big Bear of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," which was just a pain in the neck to the rest of the cast, was seventh heaven for Sylvia. While the other actors and working crews were snarling and griping because they had to get up before five to get the best results with Technicolour Sylvia would spring out of bed, build her fire, break the ice in the water pitcher, down five cups of coffee and be on the icy set as chipper as a meadow lark. It was on this location that Sylvia spent her honeymoon.

Although she has never been a problem actress—she is adored by studio grips, hairdressers, directors and publicity departments because of her thoughtfulness, cooperation and entire lack of temperament—nevertheless our little Sylvia was definitely a Problem Child. A Problem Child being, of course, a child whom adults fail to understand. She was born in New York City on a humid August morning in 1916.

Her parents lived in the populous Bronx district and just by sticking her head out of the door little Sylvia with her grave green eyes, black lashes and heart-shaped face could have had dozens of little playmates, but it was so evident to her distressed mother that her child did not care for the friendship of children. Neither did she care for dolls.

"School will fix all that," said Bea Sidney, hopefully, and as soon as Sylvia was old enough she was sent to kindergarten. She spent exactly one hour in a little red chair making pictures with a piece of chalk, then she got up, went to the coat room, put on her hat, and started for the door. "But school isn't over, dear," said the teacher. "I want to go home," said Sylvia (she might have grown up to be Garbo and home she was with a vengeance); that lack of deter- mination is still a distinct Sidney character.istic. When she wants to do anything she does it.

Of course there were other schools for Sylvia, plenty of them, but she never liked school because she felt she was always being imprisoned. When she was about nine she staged the first sit-down strike. She had been sent to a private school, to see if that would make her more sensible, and at dinner every evening of course the kids were served bread and butter. Sylvia has never been able to stand the taste of butter, and at home her mother and father never insisted upon her eating it. One of the teachers determined to break her spirit by forcing her to eat butter on her bread, so every evening at dinner she found a new piece of bread and butter added to the portions she had left [Continued on page 65]
Voices In The Upper Air

(Left) Wallace Beery has the famous seriousness of a comedian. (Right) When Joan Crawford goes on the air her experience gives her poise. (Below) The screen popularity of Clark Gable gives him prestige on any program.

The greatest performance Joan Crawford ever gave? You movie fans can win bets on that one, because Miss Crawford's outstanding performance wasn't registered on a movie set, or in a night club. She achieved it, this epic performance, in Studio No. 1, of the Columbia Broadcasting System, on Madison Avenue, New York City, and there is an interesting story woven into it, which will give you a fresh slant on the trampling courage of this youthful veteran of the screen.

She had been engaged to appear on the Monday Theatre of the Air program over the C.B.S. network. Harris Kirk, who was then the program director for this particular feature, tells me he didn't know exactly what to expect from the screen's glamour girl. He feared that she'd be temperamental, perhaps a trifle superior to this new medium of entertainment. But, at any event, he looked forward eagerly to meeting her, no matter how unpleasant the ordeal subsequently might prove. To his amazement, Miss Crawford came in somewhat shyly and diffidently, "I don't know much about this," she told him. "And I wish you fellows would help me out." She couldn't have hit on a phrase with more magic in it, because from then on, everybody in the studio was in her corner. What they had learned from experience was hers to be tapped, and I dare say that no broadcast ever went through the C.B.S. channels marked by so much genuine cooperation.

There was only one thing Joan insisted upon. She said that she didn't feel comfortable in her high-heeled shoes, and wanted to know if it would be all right to take off her shoes and work in stocking feet. Kirk assured her that this would be perfectly all right, so she walked over to a chair, exposed a dazzling flash of silken calf and returned to the mike. "I'd better get you a rug to stand on," suggested Kirk, but it developed, after the rug was placed in position, that as she shifted her weight the rug skidded on the floor. So Kirk put another rug over it and then crudely stitched them together with the sort of pins you occasionally see in horse blankets, huge things that might easily disembowel a horse, instead of holding his

(Above) Edward G. Robinson has a "personality voice." (Right) Loretta Young broadcasts, but alas, television isn't ready yet. (Upper right) The inimitable George Burns and Gracie Allen, everybody's favorite comic team.
George Raft at a radio mike delivers the goods. (Extreme left) The voice of Fred Astaire rivals the popularity of his dancing feet. (Below) Charles Butterworth, a comedian in any medium!

Kirk was at her side the minute they went off the air. Hastily he extracted the blade of the pin, and called hurriedly for a page boy to bring iodine and a bandage. From that moment on, C.B.S. had a new conception of Joan Crawford, and woe betide anyone who steps into any studio where Kirk is working and starts rapping the Crawford girl. He says it was the most thrilling exhibition of courage and showmanship he has ever seen, and radio has seen a lot of famous movie personages and world celebs under pressure.

Radio spent a lot of money to bring these movie stars into your parlor. Clark Gable's $6,000 fee for a single guest appearance is tops, according to advertising agencies familiar with the money actually paid. Marlene Dietrich and Joan Crawford would rank second, in the neighborhood of $5,000. I asked one of the bigger New York advertising agencies what they would pay for a single radio appearance of Greta Garbo: "For her first appearance, we'd give her $10,000." That is an interesting index to Garbo's continued popularity, because Mac West asked $10,000 from radio, and nobody offered to pay it.

N.B.C. and C.B.S. attaches have their own memories of broadcasts in which movie stars participated. Clark Gable, arriving cast with two pairs of shoes, showed up at the studio with two LEFT shoes. Autograph hunters had swiped the right shoes. Lionel Barrymore gave them nervous prostration. Supposed to arrive for a Thursday rehearsal, he arrived Saturday and blamed it on bad flying conditions. His story was that he took a train, but later investigation proved that if he'd taken a train, as he said, he wouldn't have arrived until Monday. The radio moguls never have been able to decipher that mystery. Jack Oakie halted at rehearsals for radio on his eastern appearance. After three rehearsals, he grumbled: "What are you guys going to put on—a radio program or a road show?" The memory of his failed attempts and jackets still makes C.B.S. attaches reach for smelling salts. Bob Montgomery is voiced by radio veterans as the most entertaining of all studio guests, a good-natured guy who doesn't take himself seriously. Zasu Pitts, in order to get to the mood for her broadcast, rode up and down town all afternoon in the subway. All of them react differently but all confess that the microphone terrifies them.

Hollywood stars boldly barge into New York City, unflinchingly face the battery of newspaper reporters, fearlessly sit down at boring dinner tables, gallantly meet the scurried ranks of screen magazine scribblers, unhesitatingly date the Broadway autograph hunters to pull the clothes from their backs—but when they enter the hushed broadcast rooms of the New York Studios of N.B.C. or C.B.S., that tiny microphone, scrupulous and mute, gives them the jitters.

John Barrymore, a veteran performer, was not immune to the microphone fright that overshadows the greatest names and personalities in flickers. He had rehearsed diligently and well at the advertising agency, but when he walked into the broadcasting studio, he took one look at the metallic little filter through which he was to address his passionate speeches, and said: "Gentlemen—I am not a cowardly man, and I have looked into the eyes of death and shrunken to size in these theatres, but there is something so completely impersonal and so sneeringly eloquent about the microphone that I feel an immediate urge for a drink." The studio attendants were not astonished at the request, for the drink was produced immediately. John Barrymore bulldozed by a microphone because these movie stars who are grabbed for a single guest appearance in New York are said to have had a great deal of radio experience.

There is a tension and an unnatural hush in a radio studio that is well-calculated to unsettle the most greenhorn. The program director, with his eye glued to the clock and his arm ready to signal that you're on the air, has something of the eerie qualities of the man of Robert Elliott, the tall, gaunt man of mystery who periodically visits Sing Sing to pull the switch that-electrifies those sit-down strikers who sit in the electric chair. The metallic grinnness of the microphone adds to the suggestion that there is deep-seated hostility in the immediate area. The hushed, staring audience that is so unlike any other audience, adds to the performer's uneasiness. The lynx-eyed men in the control room, looking out through their glass windows, as if they were about ready to discharge the bolts of electricity which they subdue or intensify, become fantastic figures if you have a vivid imagination. Small wonder then that Barrymore asked for a drink.

When the movie stars reach the N.B.C. or C.B.S. studios in New York, they not only are conscious of these physical depressants, but there is a more important reason for their discomfort. The movies, which permit takes and retakes of any scene if a performer makes a mistake, is no more possible in the studio which demands that the first performance must be letter-perfect. The radio, unlike the movies, offers no retake. A performer

(Continued on page 73)
LOVE IN A HIDEAWAY

Ann Sothorn and Don Ameche play the parts of the impetuous lovers, Millicent and Peter, in this fiction story of "Fifty Roads to Town," a 20th Century Fox Production.

O
er a crude mountain road a very pretty young girl with a will of her own was limping on her way out of the fiery pan into the fire. Or, to dress an old figure of speech in words more appropriate to the occasion, Millicent Kendall was leaping out of the frigidaire into the wintry blast.

It was cold up around Hogback Mountain. The last leaves of summer scattered before a wintry blast. The last tourists of summer had departed weeks ago. The resort hotels had closed; the summer cabins stood dark and empty. That delightfully rural section of New York state was curling up for its long winter sleep. The road that Millicent traveled was certainly the last one that any girl in her right mind would choose to travel alone, carrying a heavy suitcase tucked under her arm.

She glanced fearfully over her shoulder as she stumbled along. Every snapping twig and strange, sly noise of the forest was a fresh alarm that made her hurry faster. The mud that squashed over her silver sandals was half frozen. The wind lashed about her bare legs and flapped the skirt of a silk nightgown that draped her shivering body. Over the nightgown she wore a sports coat. She had pulled a jaunty soft hat over her lovely hair. That was all the wardrobe she had time to assemble when she ran away from home to marry the man she had set her heart upon.

Millicent's papa was a cyclonic captain of big business. He didn't often say no to her, but when he said she could not marry LeRoy Smedley, a night club manager, he meant it. When Millicent said to him that she was going to marry LeRoy, she meant it, too. When an irresistible force meets an immovable object one is apt to discover a girl like Millicent limping along a desolate mountain road clad in silver sandals and a silk nightgown and looking anxiously over her shoulder.

What Millicent feared to discover leering over her shoulder was the fate of an irate motor cop. He had hailed her for speeding on the state highway, he stepped on the gas. He pursued. There was an unfortunate moment when she knocked his cap off and ran over it. Chased by the cop she darted up a side road. At the end of the side road was a resort hotel just closing its doors. While she clutched to use the telephone and notify the lonely bridegroom in Rochester that she would be late, owing to cop trouble, the irate cop caught up with her and seized the car. Millicent kept on running away, but now on foot.

She was thinking a whole lot less about her romance with LeRoy Smedley and a lot more about her chances of finding a cabin when, suddenly, she found one.

It was a substantial affair built of logs. It had an impressive rough stone chimney from which smoke was pouring. Peering in she could see a fine fire on the wide fieldstone hearth and a room filled with easy chairs and a comfortable couch; walls covered with trophies of the chase, a radio, a phonograph, electric lights. Millicent flattened her cute little nose against the window and heaved a mighty sigh of relief.

She was hesitating when the waterfall ceased, the joyous caroling ended and a naked young man backed out of the bath, grooping vainly for the towel he had left ready on a chair.

Millicent watched anxiously. He kept gropping in the wrong direction. Soap had blinded him.

"Right behind you," she prompted and clapped a hand to her mouth, embarrassed by her daring.

The stranger leaped as leers the wild tarpon when pined by the harpoon. He snatched the towel and cleared his eyes of soap. When he saw his visitor was a young lady he draped himself hastily, but when he turned about he was holding a pistol and he looked as if he might fire it.

"I didn't expect you so soon. Step over to the fire." He meant business. She obeyed. "You have a legal document," he snapped.

"Well, have you?" Now she understood. A detective! One of the park her father was sure to set on her trail. "Yes," she agreed faintly, her hand clapping the marriage license she had obtained in New York.

"The pistol in the fire?"

She glared at him. She would not! But that pistol meant business.

With a sob she tossed her ticket to romance into the flames. "You needn't think you've stopped me," she muttered. "I'll get another one!"

"By the time you get another, I'll be so far away they'll never find me."

"Find you!" What did he mean? As heaven was her witness she had not wanted to find him . . . or ever would. "You're working for my father, aren't you? You're trying to stop me from marrying LeRoy Smedley aren't you?"

His answer was a burst of laughter. "What are you doing here?"

She demanded. "We won't go into that now." His manner was firm.

"Well, now that you've spoiled everything," she said bitterly, "I'll be going . . . and spoil a few things for you."

The pistol waxed promptly. "Oh, no you don't," he snapped. "You're staying."

"But why?"

"Because," said the young man patently, as one whose sense of an inferior intelligence, because if I let you go, you'll talk. And I'm wanted by the police."

"So that was it! He was a gangster! This was his hideout!"

Millicent stared at her with fresh understanding. It looked like a luxurious hideout. And he looked like an unusual gangster. Not bad looking. Rather intelligent and with a suggestion of a nice sense of humor which he displayed at the moment. "I'll bet you're hungry," he shouted. "Let's see what there is in the kitchen."

He had been dressing while they talked. Now he appeared from behind the couch. He knelt before the chair where she sat and deftly removed one silver sandwich from her loof. "Just so you won't take a notion to run away," he explained sweetly.

In the cupboard they found caviar, hearts of artichokes and saltpine crackers. There was also a carton of tins of rattleback meat on a top shelf but they voted against that. Peter Nostrand—that was the gangster's name—set the table.

The summer camp of which both had helped themselves uninvited contained all the little refinements in the way of china and glassware. The reprint of artichoke hearts and caviar looked impressive.

In honor of dinner Millicent changed her clothes at last. In her hurry she had put on only an evening dress in her bag. It revealed a great deal more of the original Millicent than the nightgown had, but it was the best she could do and Peter's eyes said that he appreciated it.

28
The Lonely Cabin In The Mountains Sheltered A Run-away Girl And A Stranger Trapped By Beauty.

By Jack Bechdolt

The roaring fire on the hearth made the room warm, but the blood in her veins was icy cold with terror. Dangerous Dutch Nelson! Sure and well bred he seemed to be, but Peter Nostrand was Dutch Nelson the killer . . . and she was spending the night with him, alone in a mountain cabin!

Dinner was done. Peter looked at his wrist watch. 

The hours had slipped by with Milliecent's company to speed them. Time for bed.

She was stretched on the couch. The firelight flickered on her face, glowed in her dreaming eyes. His voice broke into her meditations. "There's only one bedroom, you know. Tell you what let's do. We'll gamble for it—"

He explained to her the match game. Each player had three half matches. In his hand he hides one, two or three, or none as he chooses. Then each guesses the total number of matches Peter won.

"I wish you'd take the bedroom," he sighed, "you'll be more comfortable—"

She smiled at him from the couch. "I'm very comfortable here—"

He turned on her with a snap. "Get into that bedroom," he said and to her surprise she found herself rising to obey. "Who'd ever believe an American girl would ever take orders from anyone but a foreigner," she murmured amazed.

He whirled on her. "What are you mumbling about?"

She raced for the bedroom door. He reached it as she did, just for the moment, lulled by his pleasant manner, his sense of humor, his courtesy, she had forgotten that this was Dutch Nelson, gangster and killer. Now she remembered!

One hand on the door, she turned to face him, a badly scared girl who was trying to look nonchalant.

His face was threatening. His hand was in the pocket where he had slipped the pistol. Now it pressed something into her hand . . . the pistol!

"Take good care of that," he said, "it's the only one I have." He closed the door between them.

Milliecent, leaning against the door to regain her normal breathing, heard him turn away at last. "Goodnight," he called softly. [Cont. on next page]
"Goodnight," she answered just as softly. Morning sun flooded the kitchen of the cabin. Millicent was alone. Peter had de- parted her of one slipper to make sure she didn't get away, then had gone rabbit hunting. He was tired of caviar.

She was splashing water over the dishes when she heard the kitchen door open and inquired without looking, "Did the mutton hunter lay any ferocious rabbits?"

"Got one," answered a strange drawl. "But he ain't very fee-rocious."

She whirled about to discover a tall, gangling newcomer in overalls. Ed Henry, a wandering native of the district. He was dangling a burlap sack in which was something he couldn't identify, "Mornin' Ma'am," he grinned.

She flew to him, her eyes beaming.

"Will you help me get away from here? There's a man here. He threatens to shoot me if I try to leave. He's a gangster!"

Feller's got a gun, you say?"

"Yes. He's not here now. He went out to shoot rabbits."

Ed Henry chuckled appreciatively. "He'd better have a license!"

Sheriff'll give him hell if he catches him shooting rabbits without a license."

"Will you please listen to me," she screamed. She poured out the details slowly. Ed Henry began to take it in. Girl looked like she was scared, all right. Feller was a gangster, and he'd locked her slipper in his suitcase. Ed considered it, got an idea and began to search the suitcase for her slipper, finding a bottle of good Scotch that inspired him. "Mornin', Ma'am," he grinned. He had just found the slipper when Peter returned without a rabbit, but still in possession of the gun.

"I reckon I'd better get going," Ed said uneasily. "I'll make 'em believe I'm the one you're workin' about—"

"You'll stay," Peter said. "You'll stay until I'm ready to let you go. I didn't ask you to come here."

Baffled and furious Millicent turned on him, "You've just about sold yourself on the idea that you're the seven wonders of the underworld, but I'm through being scared—"

Just then the burlap bag that stood beside her feet gave a distinct wobble. She jumped back with a wild cry.

"I hit it with a stick," Ed Henry explained. "Guess I just stunned it."

Out of the open bag hopped a large cottontail rabbit.

"The poor little thing!" Millicent cried indignantly. She was cuddling the rabbit in her arms.

"I was figuring to eat it for supper," Ed sighed with genuine longing in his voice.

"And so you shall," Peter agreed. "I'm sure well all enjoy it."

"But where's the rabbit got to?"

They saw Millicent just emerging from her bedroom. "Where's the rabbit?" they chorused.

She put her finger to her lips, "Shush! It's asleep!"

Ed Henry shook his head in discouragement. "Had my face all set for rabbit," he mourned, "but shoots, when a girl tells you you can't have somethin' in this country, you just got to get along without it!"

Ed was right. They dined again that night on good view of the proceedings from her coach. It was like watching an agile competitor in a sack race. Peter's perseverance was equalled only by his modest observance of the conventions. He would keep that blanket swathed about him and when he got his mittens on the gun he was stubborn to turn her face to the wall to hide her chortles. In furrious silence Peter
**King Comic**

Jack Oakie Rules The Screen World Of Humor And Pictures Are Better If He's In Them.

By Virginia Wood

Jack is a born comedian. He comes by it naturally and his success grows steadily. Laugh that off! still not quite as sure of himself as he would have you believe from his wise-cracking, what-do-I-care attitude. To this day, Jack presents a little having anyone find out what a sensitive, mental softie he is, but I discovered it quite early in the game, so he can’t fool me. I know him too well.

Rummaging around in the old files at the studio the other day, I discovered some things about Jack that even I didn’t know. I ran across a questionnaire—one of those biographical sheets each player is obliged to fill out upon being signed to a studio contract. Let me give you a thumbnail sketch of the Jack Oakie you’d never suspect behind all the wisecracks.

His favorite fiction author was Theodore Dreiser and Eugene O’Neill his favorite playwright. Victor Herbert was his favorite composer. “An American Tragedy” was his favorite novel, “The Student Prince” his best-liked musical, and of the operas he preferred “Carmen.” Kipling’s “If” was his favorite poem and the greatest moment in his life was “when he received a letter from his mother.” He also went on to say that he liked a man who looked him directly in the eye and preferred a woman to be modest.

Which strikes me as being a pretty good insight into the character of this tap-dancing comedian upon his arrival in Hollywood—idealistic, homesick but determined. Because even in those days, Jack had only one idea in the back of his head and that was to be a comedian.

You all know how Jack was fired from his first job as a messenger boy in Wall Street because he “clowned too much.” He just wasn’t cut out to be a business man. That quick wit and ever-ready quip just didn’t go over. In one rapid jingle he got himself a job back-stage in a theater and was taking tap-dancing lessons so he could team up with Lulu McConnell, which eventually led him to a nation-wide tour of the country in vaudeville, and then to Broadway.

And can that boy dance! I recall one evening when I was dining at the Coconut Grove with a party of friends. Jack was there with his mother. He came over to the table and asked me to dance. And to say I was swept off my feet is putting it mildly. I found myself floating around that floor like I’d never done before and doing the most intricate steps in the bargain.

That reminds me of Jack’s mother. Leading the sort of lives they did, what with Jack’s father dying when he was just a punk young kid, Miss Offield and her boy had been more than ordinarily close. So it’s small wonder that Jack missed her so much when he had to leave the music hall world called Hollywood. And the very first thing Jack did, when he was assured that Paramount was going to take up his option and regarded it the same as the old apartment near the studio, Jack has always felt that nothing was too good for his mother and even though he had to economize for weeks thereafter, her Christmas present was the best money could buy.

Well, time went out and came the advent... [Continued on page 67]
The Stars, In Spite Of Their Fame And Funds,
Have To Submit To Many Restrictions.

YOU can't talk about politics or go on a trip or play polo—or jump horses.
You are requested not to discuss controversial subjects of any nature. You'd be
forbidden, for instance, to hold forth your cherished opinions on Mrs. Simpson, the
Duke of Windsor, President Roosevelt, the Supreme Court, strikes, or even the state
of things in Russia, Spain, or Kalamazoo, Mich.

It is unwise to strike up friendships with casual acquaintances, write letters to
strangers except in the most guarded terms, or invite your own close friends to the
place where you work.

You can’t get married, order lunch, take a drink before dinner, give a party, go
on a diet, or even let people know how happily married you are without first con-
sulting half a dozen people to find out if it’s all right.

These are not the by-laws of a penal colony or the rules for young ladies in Miss
Finchley’s School for Girls. They’re just a few of the unwritten laws of Hollywood,
and all our best picture stars obey them religiously—or else!

Having worked behind the scenes in a publicity office, this writer can tell you that
while some of the rules may sound silly, they’re dictated by sound common sense. If
a producer is bringing out some tough-looking hombre in a gangster role, for instance,
he isn’t too anxious for the public to find out that he’s really a gentle soul—
like Boris Karloff, or has the jitters every time a gun is thrust into his hands for
picture purposes, like Akim Tamiroff or

"YOU
CANT
DO
THAT!"

By
Mark Dowling

Arranged, as tactfully as possible, for Ann to be gownéd in pretties of their own choosing, even off-
screen, and she blossomed forth immediately as one of our most
effectively dressed women?

In some cases, the don’ts are dictated by the stars themselves, just as if their official
guardians couldn’t think up enough re-
strictions. Gary Cooper will not be photo-
graphed in his own living room—it’s much
too grand, and might tear down the public
conception of him as a homespun hero!

Carole Lombard, believe it or not, has
to curtail her love of party giving. When-
ever she does give one, it’s so original and
so much is printed about the affair that
more than one party a year might make our Carole seem too frivolous for public
fame!

Polo, on the other hand, is strictly for-
bidden by studio heads because of the
danger involved. Paul Kelly can’t play any
more since one ill-fated afternoon, when he
was riding on the same field with Gordon

Boris Karloff has a happy
home life, but the studio has
something to say about that.

Jack LaRue.

Similarly, because producers
think you like to see them "true
to type," Anita Louise and many
other girlish ingenues are for-
bidden to smoke in public, and
Anita, in order to keep that
erethereal charm, must not gain
weight. It’s in her contract.

Victor Moore, on the other hand, must
keep his tummy up to certain proportions
or his career is over, so stufing at meal
times is compulsory for this popular
comedian.

Even more drastic are the rules for-
bidding stars to tinker with their own
faces. Jean Harlow staged a near-battle
with studio officials before winning the
right to go brownette. Douglass Mont-
gomery isn’t allowed to shave off the
mustache he grew for a role in "Thunder." It’s becoming.

Feminine stars, in many cases, can’t even
rush out to a nearby shop and choose any
little frock that hits their fancy. Carole
Lombard must be dressed by Travis Banton,
see Paramount designer, or not at all. Joan
Crawford and Jean Harlow, except on rare
occasions, wear the creations of Adrian of
Metro.

The soundness of this policy is proved by
the case of Ann Harding, whom writers
once called “mousy” and even downright
frumpy. One interviewer, scheduled to meet
Ann outside a certain theater, waited half
an hour for the star and then departed in
a huff, never guessing that the plain looking
woman waiting beside her could be a
glamorous movie queen! Then the studio

Ann Harding always repre-
sents the studios, and so they
take great interest in her ap-
pearance. (Above) Dick Pow-
ell may drive a car, but not a
pony—it’s in the contract.
Westcott, the rising young actor who was killed, Dick Powell and Gene Raymo...
BURGLARIOUSLY speaking, she's an inside job. That is to say—with all due apology where fair exchange is no robbery—she thinks inside, she feels inside, she acts inside.

Outside, Frances Farmer is the last person in the world you'd take to be an actress. She puts on no airs, and when it comes to putting on clothes the plainer the better. Hollywood hasn't touched her, not even laid an enamelled finger on her. She wears her nails as God made them. Her face restores a slipping faith in soap and water. There's no trace of make-up, no lick of lipstick. She's appallingly clean. And she looks, with all her fair-haired, blue-eyed charm lighted up by clear intelligence, like a business girl.

"I've always worked," she tells you simply.

Somehow, you know this. But there are other things about her you don't know. You can't, for the life of you, associate her with either the faintly purple roundness of the dance hall singer or the waxen purity of the fluty daughter she played with equal conviction in "Come and Get It." You find her to be just an earnest young woman. But, with hearty remembrance of the first of her dual roles, you hopefully ask at the cafe, to which she has led you, if she will have a cocktail.

"Would it seem funny," she wonders, "if I had tea and toast?"

Well, it just goes to show you can't believe everything you see in the pictures. Good old Lotta, for example, tossing off a drink with one hand and putting a knock-out drop into Barney's with the other. Evidently it's all in the day's work. All the more reason, then, to get right down to work.

"We were very poor," she frankly tells you, "so I had to work my way through school. That was all right. I didn't mind so long as I got what I was after, an education. While going to Washington University in Seattle I did all sorts of things. For one, I was a waitress. That meant getting up at six in the morning to get on the job. It made a pretty long day, for at night I was an usher in a movie theater thirty-six cents an hour. Then there were a few things on the side that helped out. Occasionally I'd do an advertising skit on the radio and get three dollars for fifteen minutes. Now and then I was also a model. In the summer I worked twelve hours a day at Mt. Ranier as a waitress for twenty-five dollars a month. In that way I kept going.

She pauses to break a bit of toast, while you sit there and marvel at her confirmed industry.

"Oh, that was nothing," she assures you. "The only thing that tired me at all was being a balcony usher, which kept me running up and down stairs."

Still, you imagine, she must have stopped long enough to look at the screen from time to time and possibly get an inspiration for the work she now is doing so strikingly. But she shakes her head, with: "No. The only picture I remember seeing there was one in which Herbert Marshall asked, 'What is love?' Then he proceeded to answer the question, whereupon Connie Bennett said, 'Thanks for the truth, bitter as it is.' I nearly fell out of the balcony."

Her laugh, quiet as her voice, gets the right-of-way through tea and toast. Choking down your own unholy mirth, you surprise that the observant usher may have [Continued on page 62]
(Left) Barbara Stanwyck, a modern beauty with a leaning toward strength instead of weakness.

Ward Bond has a gift of masculine menace. He's going places.

Binnie Barnes, resplendent with a corsage of orchids.

(Left) Sally Eilers and James Dunn, always successful together, in "We Have Our Moments." (Below) Victoria Hopper and Clive Brook in the English drama, "Scotland Yard Commands."

Helen Vinson in "Love in Exile."
SHOWERS OF NEW SPRING PICTURES

Errol Flynn in the famous Mark Twain story, "The Prince and the Pauper."


(Above) Beverly Roberts, Warren Hull and Jean Muir present the modern problem, "Her Husband's Secretary."
The Art of Lying

Cary Grant and Grace Moore in "When You're In Love." It is the unsmiling kind of love that counts. (Below) Joe E. Brown in "When's Your Birthday?" sings with emotion for Suzanne Kaaren, even to his little finger.

(Below) Fredric March and Janet Gaynor in "A Star Is Born." The picture is in color. They use their great skill to tell the story of an ambitious girl in Hollywood.

(Below) Roscoe Karns and Charlotte Winters in "Clarence." Comedy lies close to intensity and Roscoe puckers too much.
"Men Were Deceivers Ever."

On The Persuasiveness
Of Screen Lovers Depends Our
Belief In The Plot Of The Story.
Every Adoring Glance Must
Testify To The Charm Of The
Leading Lady.

(Left) Henry Fonda
and Annabelle in the
picture, "Wings of
the Morning," which
was made in Eng-
land. (Below) Ralph
Bellamy and pretty
Ida Lupino in the
merry play, "Weather
Or No."

ACTORS have specialties. Some glower
about with baleful and cruel glances,
filled with high-powered menace,
while others, with grimaces and gestures,
register their dumb consternation—all in
the interests of comedy. It is the lovers,
however, who must reveal the surge through
their systems of the ennobling, uplifting
and transforming power of Love. If the
audience does not believe in the sincerity
of their passion then all is lost. The most
devastating passion seems only mechanical
and, alas, kisses smack of hypocrisy.

Every girl comes to understand the charm
of a modest maiden yielding, and, thanks
to the screen, no gay Lothario whose line
is a trifle crude succeeds in awaking the
heart of a girl who has learned about love
in the temples of the movies.
English girls wear country clothes with assurance and grace, and Nova Pilbeam, the lovely starlet, is no exception. Tan herring bone tweed flecked with color fashions this suit detailed in red suede. The jacket has "shooting" pockets and there is a culotte skirt. Her scarf is a combination of red, tan and brown silk.

(Left) Irene Hervey favors a black crinkled crepe tunic frock, boasting an infinitesimal white satin collar, and belt and buttons of cut steel for her first "without-a-coat" costume. All her accessories are black.

(Left) A 1937 version of the tailored suit model which has become a classic in American fashion annals, is worn by Rochelle Hudson. Although the material is pre-war twill, the color is the flattering new stone-blue. Her accessories are in a deeper blue.

NOW that winter has gone with the wind, our thoughts turn to practical street clothes that will take us through days of brilliant sunshine, with just a passing nod to sullen skies, without which no normal Spring would be complete.

When planning your wardrobe it's a good idea to look farther afield and remember that the suits and coats and frocks that are seasonable now, can be put to just as good advantage in late August and early September when summer is on the wane and the chill in the air makes frivolous linens and silks in pastel shades inadequate and lacking in chic. Barring the hats, all the costumes shown here would nicely answer this double purpose.

You can't answer the enchanting call of Spring without a new hat. (Above) Mary Carlisle goes a-partying in a beguiling black shiny straw with a "come hither" veil with chenille dots. (Next) Rosalind Marquis' pill box is of black belting ribbon with a nosegay of old-fashioned flowers set at the front, and a sapphire blue velvet band tying in a bow at the back.
How To Greet Those First Lovely Days When The Air Is Like Wine And Nature Beckons With A Smile.

(Below) The "classic" felt, good any season of the year, is sponsored by Barbara Stanwyck in beige trimmed with brown grosgrain ribbon. (Center) Three versions of the effective new sailor hats, which should prove a boon to all girls who loathe off-the-face models. Bette Davis' is of carnelian hued milan, with rhinestone clip and matching velvet band. Carl Hughes and Olivia de Haviland like the turned down brims, the first of black milan with Scarlett Green ribbon trimmed crown, and the second of grey felt with contrasting navy blue ribbon and veil trimming.
IN HOLLYWOOD THEY CALL IT WORKING

An autograph collector gets to Gary Cooper and asks for a signature, while George Raft looks on and laughs. They are together in "Souls At Sea."

Being Active Before The Cameras Is Only A Part Of A Movie Player's Life.

Lionel Barrymore studies his lines for the next scene of "Captains Courageous."

Lola Lane rehearsing dialogue with Humphrey Bogart for "Masked Woman."

Shirley Temple finds amusement with her director, William E. Seiter.

(Left) Buddy Ebsen brings his lunch. His dancing forbids his eating very much, anyway. (Right) Between scenes, Carole Lombard kneels on the floor as she talks with Charles Butterworth.
Cameraman Karl Freund discusses "angles" with Clark Gable on the "Parnell" set.

Dick Powell and Madeleine Carroll read and converse about pictures, pictures, pictures... then go back to making one.

Producer Balcon (left) and Jessie Matthews at a conference in an English studio.

Just imagine! Betty Furness knitting on a sweater between shots at M-G-M.

Few realize the hours and hours of preparation and rehearsal required to make each scene of a picture. Almost every visitor finds the cast waiting for something. The delay may be due to the cameraman. He may be changing the position of a lamp, or the property man may be checking over details. Usually the cast is patiently waiting the call to go on the set.

It is all a part of picture making.
THE making of pictures is not only an art but a job demanding long hours and endless patience. The players have to be fit and in a mood for make-believe, and, of these requirements, good health is most important. Every day the tennis courts ring with the sound of their play, for that is the way to health. They splash in the pools and work in their gardens to keep their beautiful figures always ready for the all-seeing camera lens.

But when night comes the stars and players meet to laugh, to dance and to talk studio gossip.

Day is the time for players to work at pretending and Night is the time for sincerity and friendship.

(Top) Virginia Weidler with her scooter and Benny Bartlett on skates play hard and fast.

(Above) Rochelle Hudson on "Silver King," her new bike—it is silver-plated.

(Below) Martha O'Driscoll in a gay printed cretonne swim-suit.

Judith Barrett wearing a delightful three-piece play-time ensemble. Bluebirds and ships a-sailing! (Below) Eleonore Whitney in a tennis suit consisting of white linen shorts and turquoise blue angora jumper.

(Right) Virginia Bruce in a scene from "When Love Is Young"—it's the spirit of Hollywood's night spots.

(Below, right) Elissa Landi among her roses.
The Curfew Tolls: The Knell of Partying Day—Only in Hollywood It is A Call To The Gay Dinners And Social Gatherings Of Old Friends.

(Above, right) Irene Dunne, Allan Jones, Anne Shirley, Harold Lloyd and Irene Hervey (Mrs. Jones) at Gene Raymond's party. (Below, right) Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power, Jr., attend a premiere of “Camille” in Palm Springs.

(Above) A snack of turkey offered by Paula Stone intrigues Jack Oakie, the gourmet of Picturasville. (Below) Mr. and Mrs. Boris Karloff and Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason at the Brown Derby celebrate the Karloffs' return from England.

(Above) Edward Arnold, Glenda Farrell and Walter Connelly at a Bel-Air soiree. (Below) Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald, Loretta Young and Eddie Sutherland make merry.
Candid Camera Shots Taken When The Players Are Out Of Pose.

How do you think Loretta Young gets covered with mud when the script requires it? Simple as rolling off a log.

Camera Catches

(Above) California had snow on the orange trees, and even the screen stars were chilly. So the property man fixed up a stove (in foreground). (Right) Virginia Weidler up against a sit-down strike for more bones.

(Above) Trench do take any chance! He is body for Jane and Jane quite safe.
A RAVISHING REVOLUTION IN SCREEN REVELRY!
Startlingly New! Daringly Different! Screamingly Funny!
The Biggest Stars of Tomorrow in the Picture of Today!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S

TOP OF THE TOWN

Busy With Entertainment!
George Murphy • Doris Nolan
Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff
Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan
Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer
Mischa Auer • The Three Sailors
Peggy Ryan • Gerald Oliver
Smith • Jack Smart • Claude
Gillingwater • Ernest Cossart

LOU BROCK • RALPH MURPHY
Associate Producer • Director

Songs You'll Rave About!
"I Feel That Foolish Feeling"
"Coming On" • "There Are No Two Ways About It"
"Blame It On The Rhumba"
"Fireman Save My Child"
"I've Got To Be Kissed"
"Top Of The Town"
"Where Are You?" • "Jamboree"

CHARLES R. ROGERS • Executive Producer

Many A Player Knows What Not To Do To Keep In Character.

In a make-believe world, the actors go through vicissitudes and many dangers, meeting each new and controlling circumstance with the appropriate emotion. The feeling of reality grows as the natural human emotions are registered, and the audience comes to believe in the genuineness of the incident as the character switches from the boldness of frenzy or grief to more subtle reactions prompted by emotions less obvious. For example, doubt may appear to steal into the mind of the character if the actor simply turns the eyes from side to side slowly.

If the eyes of the actor look into the lens, the veil is torn, and the character instead of being in the setting of the story, suddenly seems to be looking right at you. Then the illusion is shattered and the make-believe ends.


(Right) Jessie Matthews and Robert Flemyng show British control in "Head Over Heels in Love."
Brent mournfully shed his overcoat and muffler and followed Miss Louise onto the raft.

Berkeley turned to a couple of workmen who were standing nearby with buckets of water.

"Douse 'em," he said.

The workmen started toward the end of the pier. Brent saw them coming with their water buckets.

"Hey, wait a minute!" he protested. "What's this? You can't jump into the Pacific without getting wet, can you?"

Berkeley inquired. "Well, no," agreed Brent. "But couldn't we pretend like we've been sitting on the raft long enough to dry out?"

"Nope. It won't do. Charlie Wimminger, who is playing Cappy Ricks, is on his way out to rescue you in a speed boat. You wouldn't have had time to dry out."

"Oh, well..." Brent spread his hands in surrender and held his breath while the workmen dumped a bucket of water on him. They were a little hesitant about subjecting Miss Louise to the same treatment but she told them to go ahead and merely gave a little shriek as the previously warmed water struck her.

"O.K., George," Berkeley shouted. "Take Anita in your arms and kiss her. Then look into her eyes for a moment and kiss her again. Then kiss her once more, quickly. We'll flash a light on you like the spotlight of a speed boat then and that will be your cue."

The camera rolled and the scene started.

"Action!" yelled the director. Brent kissed Miss Louise, looked at her for a moment, then kissed her once more. As he started to kiss her the third time, a big artificial wave struck the raft and he lost his balance.

"Cut!" shouted Berkeley. "What's the matter, George?"

"It's rough out here," replied the actor.

"Try it again," directed Berkeley.

Brent and Miss Louise repeated the action, but the director wasn't satisfied.

"Once more," he yelled.

Again the players went through the scene.

"Pretty good," acknowledged Berkeley, "but I think we can get a better one. Try it again."

This time the director was satisfied. He told the players to come ashore and they were pulled in. Wet and shivering they approached the camera while wardrobe men and women wrapped heavy blankets around them. And that was the strange beginning of Hollywood's latest romance.

The Gossip Writers Have Told You That Anita Louise And George Brent Are Aflame—But Here Is The First Story Telling You How They Met . . .

By Francis Heacock

Complete On This Page
On The Sound Stages Many Movies Are Taking Form; You Will See Them At Your Theatre In A Few Weeks.

I often wonder if there'll ever come a time when I'll be lucky enough to find only one picture going at most studios and none at some of the others. I wonder and wonder and a jeering voice from out of the nowhere sneers, "Lucky Day!" Until that lucky day arrive, I can only do my duty and talk to you with me to—

R- K- O

Instead of the one picture I had hoped to find going there are gobs of them—but gobs. There is the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers picture, tentatively titled "Stepping Toes," but I'll tell you about that next month because neither of them are working today.

"The Sky's the Limit of New York," and I'll tell you about that one now, although it's just starting. It stars Robert Arnold, Frances Farmer, and Cary Grant. You'll recall the first two in "Come and Get It."

Andrea Leeds is a temperamental French actress and Frances is her maid. Arnold and Grant are both on the make for Andrea. They're always tangling over something—Arnold and Grant, I mean. When she goes out with Cary, Eddie, getting a glimpse of Frances, suggests she put on some of Andrea's clothes and make a night of it with him. After some coaxing, Frances lets herself be persuaded and we pick them up at the Astor House dining room. They're really going to town when suddenly Frances looks up and sees Andrea charging towards them, her face like a thundercloud.

"Here she comes," Frances whispers in terror.

Eddie laughs and reaches into his pocket, "I got some ammunition," he consoles her.

By this time Andrea is at their table, with Cary in tow of her, grinning like an ape.

"You make a fool of Fleurique, eh?" Andrea screams, snatching a bunch of grapes off the plate and drawing back her arm preparatory to letting Frances have them in the face. Cary grabs her arm and takes the grapes away. She glares. "I ain't a look and returns to the attack. "You steal my clotheng, eh?" she screams.

But just then Eddie takes another bunch of grapes off the plate and offers them to her. "Throw these," he suggests.

She matches them out of his hand and is just about to hurl them when she notices a yellow backed bill stuck in between the grapes.

"If you don't want to throw them, eat some," Eddie advises. "They'll cool you off wonderfully."

Andrea can't take her eyes off the money, "I heen I lend you my gown for tonight," she says sweetly to Francis.

And then Cary takes charge of things.

"Well, now that we're all friends, let's get together," he suggests in his best con man way.

"Cut!" calls the director.

"Hey!" Cary yells catching sight of me.

"You must have gone out of your way to keep from mentioning me in your 'Medals and Birds' this year."

"The editor must have cut you out," I explain. "I'm sure I gave you a bird."

"Why, you—" Cary laughs snatching up another bunch of grapes, but by that time I am well out of the door and on my way to the next stage.

"The Woman I Love" is in work here. This one stars Miriam Hopkins and features Louis Hayward. Likewise, and too, this is very near the beginning of this picture. Hayward is a young officer in the French Escadrille. The night before he is to leave for the front he goes to a Paris theatre. He meets a beautiful young dame who later introduces herself to him as Denis LaValle (La Hop).

A German air raid interrupts the performance. Miriam is knocked unconscious as the audience and players stampede for the basement. Hayward manages to drag her to the orchestra pit where she regains consciousness after a little.

"Are you all right?" he asks.

"Yes," she smiles. "Thanks, Where are we?"

He plucks the strings of the harp standing beside them. "From the looks of it, we might be in heaven," he answers, "Actually, we're in the orchestra pit."

"Are you on leave?" she goes on.

"No," he admits after a slight hesitation. "I haven't been to the front yet but," enthusiastically, "it won't be long now. I only hope it won't be over before I get there."

"Would that he so terrible—to miss it all?" she queries, a little mockery in her voice.

"It would have been terrible—if I'd gone up yesterday instead of tomorrow," he answers with a disarming smile. "I'd have missed you."

I wanted to say "hello" to Miriam whom I haven't seen since she returned from abroad but you can't go bustling up to a girl who's just been trampled and knocked unconscious so I say "hello" to Hayward instead.

On the adjoining stage I find a picture going called "Wings of Mercy," featuring John Beal, Jane Walsh and Phil Huston.

"Get off the set," Beal yells catching sight of me.

"I know Johnny is kidding but the company doesn't and they all stand gazing at me."

"If you can't come to see my bride and me in our house, you can't come on the set," he shouts at the top of his voice.

"Ssh, Johnny," I shout back. "Somebody will overhear you."

"Everything was so quiet and peaceful around here until you came on the set," Lew Landers, the director, butts in. "Why is there always turmoil wherever you are?"

"I guess it's because I have such a dynamic personality," I admit modestly.
"Well, park your personality in that chair, will you, so we can get on with this scene."

So they start the scene. It is an operating room, Dr. Beal is performing an operation for appendicitis on Phil. They're old friends so he only gives Phil a local operation and Phil watches with a great deal of interest—as you can imagine. Both of them are smiling at something John said in the last scene.

"How am I going to hold this pose if you make cracks like that?" Phil asks.

"You should see the crack I just made in you," John comes back.

"How about my taking a look?" Phil wants to know because he would probably be the first man who ever saw his own insides.

"You can admire yourself later," John tells him.

"I only wanted to see if you'd carved your initials on me," Phil explains in an injured tone.

"I tried to carve a picture of a propeller," John informs him.

"Well, anyways, I know now how a Thanksgiving turkey feels," Phil grins.

"I don't know why I should have to listen to complaints about our service," John squelches him. "How do you want this—hemstitched or buttonholed?"

"What! No zippers?" Phil mocks.

"There's a neat piece of embroidery," John says, handing the needle and thread to the nurse. "Take good care of this guy and no matter how much he yells, don't feed him steaks."

"Yes, doctor," she smiles.

"Cut!" Lew orders.

"You know, Mr. Beal" the nurse, who is on loan from one of the hospitals and who is making her picture debut and finale in this one scene, suggests, "when you hand me the needle if you'd look at me instead of Mr. Huston I could get a better re-action when I say, 'Yes, doctor!'"

And she's serious, too.

John explains politely that the director had instructed him to look at Phil.

"The movies are sure wonderful," he says to me. "When the Group Theatre produced 'Men in White' they studied for months how to hold the knives before they would give a performance. I had a good o'clock call this morning and by 9:10 I practically had Phil's appendix in a bottle."

"How many times have you removed it so far?" I query.

"This was the third," John tells me.

Next we come to "China Passage." This features Constance Worth (an Australian actress making her American debut in this opus), Vincent Haworth, Leslie Fenton and Gordon Jones. It's about a diamond theft. Most of the action takes place on board a liner going from Shanghai to San Francisco by way of Honolulu. There are more murders than you can shake a stick at. Jane is a customs agent working incognito and Haworth is a soldier of fortune who had been hired to deliver a missing diamond to a Chinese war lord. I can't give you the entire plot but another suspect has just been found dead—poison in her whiskey glass—by Haworth and Miss Worth.

"Why don't you give it up, Jane?" Haworth turns soberly to Constance, "before something happens to you. Your drinking theory sounds pretty wild, anyway."

She seems to find something peculiar in his attitude. She glances toward the liquor cabinet and her eyes widen. The door to the cabinet is open and inside can be seen a tray with one glass on it. "Tommy, go to Captain Williams and explain everything," she orders, suddenly businesslike. "Have him round up Dr. Feng Tu, Anthony Durand, Harvey Dinwiddie and Philip Burton. And I want you here, too."

"What do you want me here for?" he asks suspiciously,

"I just couldn't get along without you," she replies evenly.

He looks at her peculiarly, turns and quickly leaves the cabin. She goes to the liquor cabinet, picks up the highball glass, using a handkerchief to avoid blurring any fingerprints that might be on the glass. She holds it up to the light. Faintly visible are a set of fingerprints!

"For Pete's sake!" a voice at my elbow hisses.

I look around and there's Gordon Jones.

"Look," he says, "how about going down to San Diego with me for a couple of days when I finish this picture, I know a lot of people there and we can have some fun."

"I don't think I'd better," I object. "I'm on the wagon and you know how it is when you go visiting."

"Invitation's withdrawn," Gordon snaps.

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Miriam Hopkins and Louis Hayward in "The Woman I Love."

Paul Muni is co-starred with Miriam.

You're bad enough when you have a couple of drinks but you're worse when you don't."

"Gosh," I whine. "I try so hard to make everybody happy and all I get is abuse."

The expetive Gordon shot at me is not one he learned at home—nor in the Hays office either. As I said before, this is not my day at R-K-O so Iwend my way to—

Columbia

FAN MAG FANIA is in rare form today so my spirits begin to lift a little and when I learn the first picture we're to see is "Weather or No" featuring Ida Lupino and Reginald Denny they lift some more. But alas and alack, when we get out to the set there is a sign, "Positively no visitors on this set."

"Humph," Fannmag Fania murmurs. "It says 'Positively.' That's bad. But you wait here and I'll see."

So she goes in and presently she comes out again—all smiles. "Come on," she says, "Miss Lupino and Mr. Alfred Greene, the director, are making a special dispensation for you."

"Miss Lup—Mr. Greene are—", I start stammering. Me, being kept off one of their sets! Ha!

We get inside and pretty soon Ida and I

[Continued on page 76]
There Are Some Players In Pictures Who Avoid Swank And Are Happiest When They Can Go Hunting.

The virile streak has hit Hollywood's star set! The screen's fashionables, forever looking for fresh thrills, have all of a sudden discerned that they've been suppressing a fundamental instinct all along. They've found the peerless hobby is hunting.

It's bye-bye to the blase Boulevard, with the great outdoors spectacularly in. Dawn is again the start rather than the end of the perfect day. Boldly stalking wild beasts and birds is more of a kick than a dozen Tom and Jerrys. Encourage a Hollywood male and he'll bring home a specimen of nature in the raw.

Airplanes whisk the ambitious alar: Fred Astaire flew to Mexico for a deer and returned with—ah, a turkey!—his only kill. Now the better heart-throbs fit custom-made guns into the curve of their shoulders, instead of pretty profiles. Jaunty expeditions are begun immediately after a picture is previewed. A glamor girl who plucks a duck—when skinning it is the latest method—is passé, Franchot Tone tips Joan Crawford. Because Hollywood is always so delightfully dizzy, Wallace Barry hunts in tremendous style while Clark Gable, the parlor panic, rattles out of town in an old Ford. Wonder of wonders, Taylor is no longer the only trophy the local ladies think of. Yes, even the movie women are out to prove what a man they are!

I find Lombard, the luxurious, roughing it. She has stopped collecting sapphires: jewels reek of last month's artificialities. Carole is fast becoming a crack shot with the gun Gable brought her specially from New York. He and Barry are teaming up for the big timbers of Idaho shortly, to bag more mountain lion. Carole, not to be outdone, swears that when she finishes her next epic she's going to pack up Fieldsie, her loyal Girl Friday, and stage a safari to Idaho that'll be a sensation. Gable can't call her a sissy! She needs a divine bear rug for her boudoir—black, because all white is common, don't you think? And, by gun, she'll shoot it herself. (I have secretly advised Fieldsie to tuck in a cannon, just in case.)

The tall tales you hear in Hollywood of the village's mighty hunting spree have been duly sifted. The clique graded. Unquestionably Wally
Fred Stone is a devoted hunter. He is delighted that he did not shoot his dog.

Beery and Fred Stone are matchless. Gary Cooper and Clark Gable are Numbers Three and Four. Gary being the one actor who's plunged into Darkest Africa.

If you want a superb duck dinner, invite Robert Taylor himself. He'll actually bring the duck, personally grounded. Bob is a novice, but he's caught on zippyly. It's wise to join a duck club. Who do you suppose showed him the ropes? None other than Clark Gable, who can be this regular even to his closest rival. "Clark took me to his club in the Antelope Valley," Bob says. "I thought he was very irked with me when we got behind the blinds to shoot. He kept calling, 'Get down!' Every time he yelled, I'd crouch more; I was practically ready to settle on my stomach and I felt a fool when we quit to go inside for hot coffee. I apologized for being so dumb and Clark gasped, 'Why, I wasn't bawling you out. I was hollering at that stupid guy who kept standing up and scaring the ducks away!'"

The more time and money you have, the higher your rating is liable to be. Wally Beery has lengthy vacations between films; he never drinks or gambles or parties and so believes he's justified in spending what he pleases for the finest in hunting equipment. After his most recent characterization was on celluloid he was gone six weeks. He flew to Boise in his own new airplane, and his chauffeur had been sent on ahead to meet him there with his tommy gun wagon. In it were groceries, balloon-silk tents that withstand snow, a portable electric plant for light at night, and Wally's favorite guns.

A splendid shot, Wally saws fancy automatics. He never traps, incidentally. The two of them adventured up the Salmon River to almost unexplored districts. When he returned, aglow with renewed vigor, happy as a kid, he had a mountain lion, a bear, and an elk and a moose. Since then he's purchased a couple of hundred forest acres there in Idaho, replete with wild game. This patch of primeval paradise is a three-day journey by mule pack from the nearest road. Wally will be able to fly directly to his own landing field in seven hours, clear from Hollywood.

It's not true that Mrs. Cooper objects violently to Gary's hunting. She merely figures that the eighty trophies he garnered in Africa, plus his reminders of his youthful excursions into the woods of Montana and his relics from his later lion hunts in the Kibabas Forest of Arizona, shouldn't be mounted in every room in the house. So Gary has given in and consolidated, as it were.

I never tire of listening to his African experiences. He won't talk about love, but he will open up on this great chapter in his life. He regained his health when he made that trip.

"I stood on a hill and looked over the Serengeti plains, the most marvelous hunting grounds in the world. There were herds on all sides towards three horizons, a hundred thousand wild animals literally within sight! I flew four thousand miles up the Nile from Cairo in four days, the guest of friends who have a farm on the very border of the wildest country. A quick glance down at the pyramids and King Tut's tomb and further on we skimmed over wild elephants. We hunted in autos—that was surprise one.

In Africa horses are at a premium. But there aren't highways by any means; we simply jogged over trails. There were five white folk and twenty blacks, and I had seven guns. I bagged an oryx, a lesser kudo, and two gazelles before I began to be lucky with lions. To my amazement, I came upon one lion in the act of eating a lion cub it had killed. Fortunately, when it charged at me I got it within [Continued on page 59]
The Good Earth

A Film That Digs Deep Into the Roots of China

At last, after many months of arduous preparation, "The Good Earth" is ready for release. I am happy to report that the picture brilliantly embodies all the elements which made Pearl Buck's story of China a much beloved best seller of the last few years. If you loved the book, and if you have read only one did, you will go quietly and pleasantly mad over the picture, which was conceived and produced by the late Irving Thalberg, and stands as his greatest achievement. You will be thrilled to the core by the superb photography and sound effects—the swarming of the locusts is so terrifying that it surpasses the earthquake in "San Francisco." Then there is the exodus of the famine stricken people of the North to the fertile fields of the South, there is the frenzied revolution in the city followed by the hysterical looting of the rich palaces, and the great winds and rains that lash the wheat and rice, bringing agony to the homesteads of the farmers.

Photographed in sepia and magnificently directed by Sidney Franklin, all these scenes are unforgettable, and unforgettable, too, is the beautiful performance of Louise Rainer in the role of O-lan, the self-sacrificing Chinese wife and mother—we don't have to look any further for next year's Academy Award. Rainer's emotional portrayal of O-lan will simply tear you to pieces, for the sincerity and honesty, she has managed to do what few Hollywood stars ever do, she has completely submerged her own glamorous personality in the character of this simple and devoted wife.

The story relates the events leading up to this frenzied mob hysteria. Claudeette plays a beautiful Puritan maid who loves a bit of lace on her bonnet and a gavotte in the woods with a handsome man even though the elders of the church disapprove heartily. In a friend's fishing shack she meets Fred MacMurray, a gay, devil-may-care rebel from Virginia with a price on his head, and it is in loyalty to him that she cannot save herself when she is accused of being a witch. During her nerve-racking trial scenes Claudeette proves once again that she is a great dramatic actress, and her emotional plea for justice will tear you in pieces.

The supporting cast fairly crackles with fine performances. Bonita Granville plays again a malicious, neurotic child whose legs start all the trouble. Dominated by her are little Virginia Weidler and Bennie Bartlett. Giving authentic portrayals are Madame Sul-Teh-Wan as a negro slave, Harvey Stephens as the village doctor, Gale Sondergaard as his jealous wife, Beulah Bondi as the frustrated wife of stern elder Edward Ellis, Sterling Holloway as a conceited sailor, Pedro de Cordoba as a fanatic instigator, and many others.

Wings of the Morning

The Sport of Kings—40th Century-Fox

Here's a treat for you horse lovers! The English Derby (and don't forget to say darby) done in Technicolor for the first time. And there are no doubts about these locations being authentic for the picture was made in England and Ireland, and that beautiful countryside for once in its life isn't Chino, California.

The story concerns the intermarriage between a gipsy queen and an Irish nobleman. The husband is killed and the gipsy wife goes to Spain to reappear fifty years later with a beautiful great-granddaughter. The rest of the very charming and casual plot relates the romance of the granddaughters with a young Canadian interested in horses.

Henry Fonda plays the Canadian and looks mighty handsome in Technicolor. (It was while he was in England making this picture that he met and fell in love with the present Mrs. Fonda.) A Latin star named Annabella, who is quite easy on the eye, plays both the gipsy queen and the great-granddaughter.

Outcast

A Splendid Drama of Misdirected Revenge—Paramount

This picture carries on the good work started by "Pity" and followed up recently by the powerful "Black Legion." It, too, hits hard at bigotry and intolerance and never once pulls its punches.

Warren William plays a young doctor who is falsely accused of the murder of his best friend's wife. It is proved that she died of an over-dose of a sedative and he is acquitted, but his friend still believes him guilty and in revenge ruins his career.

The doctor then settles in a western town and becomes the close friend of lawyer Lewis Stone. He again works up a good practice, when suddenly the sister of his former friend appears to carry on her brother's revenge. But, after talking with lawyer Stone and doctor William, she finds that she has done the doctor a great wrong—and they fall in love.

Then an ignorant and hateful woman (Esther Dale), who becomes jealous of her
Don't let Blackheads...Large Pores...Blemishes spoil your looks!

Fight them with rousing UNDER SKIN treatment

MEN get the difference at a glance! Blackheads, blemishes, even coarse pores make the prettiest girl into a "plain Jane."

Well, you don't have to be plain!

Those little faults that dot your skin are easy to reach. They start just underneath!

Begin today to use the rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment. It tones up faulty oil glands—chief cause of blackheads and blemishes. Livens circulation. Invigorates the under tissues, so your outer skin will be clear...fine textured...flawless! The fresh unspoiled skin that makes people say "Pretty girl."

Do this twice daily...Here's the simple Pond's treatment hundreds of women follow. It's easy to do.

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions, wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—briskly. Rouse that faulty underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, unblemished skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and powder goes on beautifully.

Miss Virginia Harris says: "I've learned to fight hateful blackheads and blemishes with Pond's Cold Cream. It keeps pores fine, too!"

Mrs. Arthur Richardson

...granddaughter of the late G. OLIVER ISSELIN..."I depend entirely upon Pond's Cold Cream to keep my skin clean, smooth, and free from skin faults. I use it night and day. It's indispensable."

Do this regularly. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. And the places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 715-CD, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 2 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c for postage and packing.

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City ____________________________ State ____________________________
small son's love for the doctor, in a moment of fury tears out the breathing tube which has been inserted in her boy's throat by the doctor for no fatal illness. The boy dies, William is blamed, and rablerousers begin their dirty work.

The picture is terribly tense here, as the mobs gather tolynch William and his sweetheart. The lynching is averted at the last moment by Lewis stone's magnificent pleading with the monkeys for the life of his doctor-friend.

Produced by Emanuel Cohen, it is a highly dramatic picture that will rouse you right out of your seat. When Moe is splendid as the girl who falls in love with Warren William, who, incidentally, gives his best performance in this picture.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND ESCAPES
OUR FAVORITE DETECTIVE DOES A COME-BACK—Paramount

BULLDOG Drummond's back again. And that's good news to all the mystery story lovers who like to have their sleuthing done with a bit of British finesse. This time Ray Milland, who is likable, plays the English detective who knows not the meaning of the word fear.

Driving along the moors one foggy night Drummond runs into a masked man, and meets a damsel in distress. With his pal and co-worker (Reginald Denny) and his impecable vales (E. E. Clive), Drummond finds that the police and Scotland Yard while he captures one of the cleverest crooks in England.

Heather Angel is lovely as the damsel in distress and Porter Hall (I have never forgiven him for shooting Gary Cooper in "The Plainsman") makes a first rate menace all done up in Mediterranean beard. Sir Guy Standing plays the police commissioner with delightful humor.

A DOCTOR'S DIARY
THE MEDICAL PROFESSION UNMASKED—Paramount

INTRODUCING John Trent, who once piloted a TWA plane from Kansas City to Los Angeles for a living and who was "discovered" several months ago by Producer Ben Schulberg on one of his planes trips East. And, judging from the raves of the studio, John "Trent of the Rambou" is now and well on his way to becoming the next Gable.

For his celluloid debut Trent is cast as a poor resident doctor in a very rich and hoylty toity hospital, where it seems that physicians' false ethics and money grabbing take precedence over the welfare of their patients, particularly their charity patients.

An operation, delayed three days because of the silly whim of a wealthy patient, causes a child's blood poisoning. A charity case, to lose the use of his right arm.

His frantic mother succumbs and Doctor Trent sick to death of hospital cli choffers to testify on behalf of his friend, but it is all straightened out in the end when Trent bargains with the hospital. He changes his testimony if they will allow him to return to the hospital to continue his experiments on a serum for infantile paralysis. Another operation is performed and the child is saved, successful this time, so that everyone comes out right.

There's a love story, of course, with Doctor Trent and Sylvia Sidney, that bit factor's daughter in favor of a nurse who got fired for speaking her mind. Helen Burgess is excellent as the nurse and so is Kio Clark, who plays the beautiful violinist. George Bancroft and Sidney Blackmer are splendid as doctors. Yes, we of the Hollywoods think that Mr. Schulberg has really found something there in the personable John Trent. But what the medical profession will think of Mr. Schulberg's exposé is something else again.

MAMA STEPS OUT
ONT LAST FLING—M-G-M

HERE'S the antique one about the middle-aged wife who leaves her husband and takes her Dowdworth husband to Europe to absorb old world culture. Guy Kibbee plays the husband who leashes art and culture and can hardly wait to get back to Fort Wayne.

Alice Brady is the flatty wife and of course she gets swamped in gilgos and is pretty glad to get back. But Fort Wayne, too. Beuty Furness and Stanley Morner, as a couple of typical Americans, look after the love interests, Miss Thatcher, Ivan Lebedeff and Gregory Gay, are all decadent Europeans. The last time you saw this plot it made a better picture.

READY, WILLING AND ABLE
A MOST ENTERTAINING MUSICAL—Warner Brothers

ANOTHER of the famous Warner Brothers musicals all dressed up with delightful, singable music and excellent gags. The dance routines are good, too, though I don't like dancing on typewriter keys (where will they dance next?) even when Ruby Keeler does them. And she will.

The story concerns a couple of impoverished young song writers who finally manage to get backing for their newest musical comedy provided they can get Jane Clark, a popular London torch singer, to play the lead. Ross Alexander and Lee Dixon, the song-writing team, then go out for her and through the bungling of a dodgy hawk, they get her name on a contract. But it turns out to be another Jane Clark, an American girl returning from Europe. The backing is withdrawn when it is learned that Jane Clark isn't the Jane Clark, and the rest of the highly hilarious picture deals with the efforts of all involved to get the real torch singer to come to America and play the part.

Ruby Keeler, as the American Jane Clark, is very ROBERTA and Ruby Keeler before, handling her comedy lines extremely well and doing beautifully, Ross Alexander, as the song writer who falls in love with the new Jane, is quite keen and his boss is indeed most regrettable. Louise Fazenda, who has a scene in which she does her Shakespearean repertoire, will have you in hysterics.

YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE
A TRAGEDY WITHOUT GLAMOROUS TRAPPINGS
—United Artists

DOOR Sylvia Sidney, she never gets away from the Big House—either she's behind bars or else she's in love with a guy behind bars. This time it's the latter and the guy is Henry Fonda, and he has been sent to prison three times thru his own fault.

On his third release he and Sylvia are married, and he gets a job and is determined to stay small. But Fate is against him. He is framed in a daring bank robbery, and the murder of eight men. Sentenced to the chair, he contrives an ingenious and fail-proof get out of the chair plan. When he kills his only friend, the prison chaplain. Sylvia joins him and they live like hunted animals for weeks. Mercy, how they suffer. He has a habit of helping out the death of his friend. They are both shot down as they reach the border.

This is what is called a strongly emotional drama of legal injustice—but I think you will agree with me that Director Fritz Lang (he who directed "Fury") pilled it on a bit thick this time.

SILVER SCREEN
seventy yards of myself!

"But," grins Gary, blue eyes a-twinkle, "my supreme moment wasn't with those cats. It was with a master costumer that likes to pop out of the tall grass, a rhinoceros. The first thing you learn about hunting is to be certain the wind blows from the animal towards you; otherwise it'll snuff you and you're it. Well, this rhino caught us short and flashed thunderingly at the tree behind which I jumped. Afraid? I'll say! I couldn't budge! But it miscalculated and snapped the tree, four feet from me, in two. A rhino on a rampage is speedier than a race horse, but it required a quarter of a mile to slow down and realize it had missed!"

Errol Flynn has a reservoir of anecdotes, too. Often he had to hunt to exist when he was basking it in New Guinea. I prefer his episode of the stolen wild sheep. For two days he and four companions hadn't eaten; the cut-off through the mountains had been a serious error. Then some one of them shot a tiny wild sheep—they cut for it and Errol drew the high card. He skinned it and hung it up, then big-heartedly called forth for half an hour to assist the others who had a notion wild pigs were in the offing. When the famished Flynn got back a wild animal of unknown residence had devoured his dinner.

Hollywood victory has allowed Clark Gable to hunt. Until he was a success in pictures he was too busy searching for jobs to have the opportunity. Now he even has a coat of a caugur he shot! He has a hideaway in an isolated sector of the Arizona mountains, bunking there with a backwoods family in their log cabin. They don't dream he is a celebrity and pappy democratically seers the genial visitor from the city to the most fruitful ranges. Clark's had his last year's Valentine reconditioned (the white Ford roadster of ancient vintage that Carole Lombard gave him) and, painted an inconspicuous black, it's good enough for him. A buddy who runs a garage has shown him what to do if he has any mechanical calamities among the lone pines, and so in the tumble seat he totes an assortment of spare parts. He asked an M-G-M prop man to accompany him on his most recent trip.

At a premiere recently Deanna Durbin received star honors.

Of course, target practice is the initial move towards becoming one of the gang now. Dick Powell has propped bull's eyes against his hedge and is scoring notably. Kelly Keeler is being taught how to hold a rifle so it won't knock her silly. Paul Kelly has invented two systems which work, for they've turned his wife into a veritable Annie Oakley. He can hold a how shot right on his home farm, which is colossal convenience, and so he's concocted a how throw, a trap which tosses an imitation dove into the air. Also, he's designed paper deer screens of true size and these he frames with bushes. "Most deer are killed within a hundred yards," he explains after

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**Silver Screen**  
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you jokingly inquire if you’re to be blindfolded and advised to pin a tail on to his pseudo deer. “By standing over there and practicing you’re preparing for the real thing.”

Irvin S. Cobb and Leo Carrillo are sailing next month for Singapore to go lion hunting with the fabulously wealthy Sultan of Johore. A Danish doctor has insisted that Gable be his honor guest on his game-filled estate. But studio schedules are the reason for the popularity of hardy quarries. Guns are taken on location if there’s a possibility of sniping in spare hours. There are wild bear on San Clemente Island, two hours’ yachting distance from Hollywood. Deer are extremely plentiful in California and within easy drives. But deer hunting is different in that the hills are covered with mesquite and scrub oak and you use binoculars from a height, to spot your deer, rather than tracking them. And if you’ve decided venison is too dry you’re not taking it off the stove soon enough. Chalk that up to Glenda Farrell. Elythia Knapp dons shorts and a bra top when she goes after a covey of quail in the warm Imperial Valley—putting S. A. into the sport!

The first time you tug out eager for action you may have unanticipated thrills. Victor Moore escorted his young son to a duck festival in Mexico. The child bagged the limit and daddy, funny man, got one. However, Victor won a rattlesnake in his bed in camp. Carol Hughes, on the verge of pressing the trigger at an elusive quail, had a hunch. She dropped her eyes. A rattlesnake was poised to strike at her! But she had a boy-friend in tow and it all demonstrates that a maid should not venture forth alone. Carol’s ambitious for cougar, but Bette Davis, who accompanies her husband up into the High Sierras, promises to scream fiercely if a lion so much as materializes across the widest canyon and the deepest river.

Craig Reynolds is back from duck-deviltry in Montana. Wading up a stream with a cham, he happened to turn around. His pal was stock still, obviously terrified. Craig ran to him and then stared up at the bank. Too. A huge black bear (you could have snagged this one easy as anything, Craig, you waited) was neatly up his hind feet, his paws up for a spring. With no shot of bear caliber, the lads ran like you-know-what and—praise be, this was an indifferent bear. “Buck fever” attacks amateur hunters. The appearance of a buck momentarily paralyzes them and they haven’t enough sense to shoot. Donald Woods invested in the swankiest of outfits and hired North to Mount Lassen. He was so shocked when a big buck paused for a bow that he stepped backwards hastily, and onto a skunk. Warner Baxter can beat that, however. A movie magazine scribbled him about the deer in Colorado. So Warner remembered his trap-shooting prowess, bought all the equipment everyone suggested, and then when he saw his deer he became so excited he not only didn’t shoot but he slipped between two boulders and broke his leg! He had to be, carried for miles and is just recovering from limping.

Sceptic Hugh Herbert, who’ll take a Morris chair any day, was pestered by Guy Kilbee about this hunting craze. Eventually Hugh weakened, though he didn’t feel he should. A day and a half’s driving and four of them were at June Lake. It was freezing. It thundered outside and in the cabin the three jolly hunters snored so that Hugh couldn’t get a wink of sleep. Early in the morning he crept out and paid an idle boy $75 to drive him to Hollywood that very instant.

Be sure you secure your hunting license before you follow in these famous footsteps. An average gun will cost around $15; but one built to your measure by a master gunsmith will be about $50. And remember I told you: if you’re charged by a ramhunting lion, Gary Cooper says to aim just back of his shoulders.

Should you flop and have to feel your friends, be smarter than Ralph Bellamy. He rose at dawn at Palm Springs day before yesterday and drove a hundred and fifty miles to an asserted quail paradise. He was willing to give this gag a whirl. He fired away four hours—in vain! But he had eighteen, illustrations guests waiting to dine with him; warezly he sneaked into a butcher shop in the desert town and bought eighteen quails. He ordered his cook to sprinkle a few bits of shell in the birds, casually. He’d thoughtfully scooped up a pocketful of buck shot. There was considerable hazing for Ralph’s prowess until several stellar guests bit into samples of shell in their mashed potatoes!
Eluding Stardom

[Continued from page 21]

Gahagan who is now my wife. It is characteristic of Helen, it is indicative of the fact that we are akin, that she married me when she did, against Belasco's advice, knowing, as she did, his dislike of his stars marrying while in production.

"Then, a little later, I made 'Tonight or Never' for the screen, with Gloria Swanson. This play, then, was my debut into matrimony and also my debut on the screen.

"Both Helen and I feel exactly the same about life and about the way it should be lived. Neither of us will do what we do not believe in doing. Neither of us care for fame or money so much as we care for our own integrity. We have a young son, Peter Gahagan Douglas, aged two, and we want to make his future secure, of course. But not too secure. We want to give him a heritage which is more valuable than inherited wealth—indepenence, the right to carve out his own destiny with his own hands and brain.

"We believe that living life vitally and deeply is more important than walking any treadmill, even an engine carpeted treadmill for a princely wage. The richest tapestries are woven of many threads and many colors. We want to make our life that kind of a tapestry.

"We get, Helen, and I, a kick out of many contrasting things. We both have a reverential admiration for the late Eleanor Duse, for instance, but we also admire profoundly the antics of W. C. Fields and Jimmy Savo. We're keen about Shakespeare (she read him aloud to the other) but we admire him not because he's a 'classic' and should be admired but because he's lustful and eloquent and alive, though dead. We follow the 'skippy' cartoons faithfully. We're mad for symphony concerts and nut sundae. We read Dostoevsky and Shelley and The New Yorker. We play tennis and bridge and Michigan rummey. We like to live in New York, Hollywood, Northern Italy, Pekin. We don't want to own a house anywhere. People don't own homes, the homes own them. We have two dogs, a Scotty and a Cocker Spaniel and they are our only real responsibilities and ties. We have to 'arrange about them' whenever we want to pick up and go. Peter, of course, gets picked up and goes with us. He and I are going to fly to New York at any moment now, to visit Helen.

"We see all the good pictures and study performances. I like old coats and trousers and can't stand conventional suits that 'match.' I always notice the hands and the eyes of people I first meet. They tell the tale. I have to have seven hours' sleep a night to feel fit—it's a good life, this, united Melyna gravely, "If you squeeze it hard enough and get out the essential juices.

"When I first came to Hollywood I made too many pictures in too brief a space of time. I wasn't satisfied with what I was doing. I had a good contract with good figures written upon it. I tore it up, figuratively speaking, and went back East, for a play or two. I directed Helen in 'Moor Born,' a play about two Bronte sisters. When I've 'disappeared' or 'run away' I have, really, only disappeared from the Hollywood scene.

"I've made a few pictures I've liked. But I've left Hollywood after those pictures because there were, at the time, no other pictures available that interested me. I could have 'made pictures.' I could have made money. That isn't what I am after.

"I have signed a contract with Metro-

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DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone . . . inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty Mon. to Fri., 12:15 p.m. E. S.T., over WABC-CBS.
Goldwyn-Mayer, I signed it after a long period of contract-postponing on my part. Because I've never felt that contracts were my meat. I'm also under contract to do two or three pictures a year for Columbia when and as they want me. I hope it works out. It all looks good. If it is, I remain. If not I shall seek release from contracts and Helen and I will take another of our belated honeymoons. We've had one or two already.

"I think, really," said Melvyn over the last of our cigarettes and tea, "I think that I've performed vivisection upon myself, taken myself apart so that you may see how I tick. The 'mystery' you see, is really no mystery at all. For, reduced to simple terms, I am merely a man who will do only what satisfies him, that's all."

An Inside Job?

[Continued from page 34]

noticed reactions of audiences which since have proved of value to her as an actress. But again her head goes horizontal and her words follow suit.

"When I started going to the university my mind was made up to be an actress. I majored in drama and took part in debates just to get used to an audience, more or less. I always thought of it in relation to the stage, never to the screen. But I was in deadly fear of an audience from the time I took part in a school play. Most kids begin with elocution lessons, but I started right out of the blue. What I was afraid of was being mediocre. Before my first attempt I had hysterics for six hours.

My state of mind was largely due to my experience as usher in a movie theater. There I developed a complete hatred of audiences. Their comments made me realize that to them playing on the screen was not at all a matter of acting, but wholly one of personality. I never heard them speak of anything but the looks and the clothes of the actors and actresses. "As I was interested in acting, their remarks made me feel utterly hopeless so far as the screen was concerned. I've always had a reverence for the theater. It never entered my head to make any money out of acting. As a matter of fact I was almost horrified, when I got my Paramount contract, at the thought of being paid for something I had always wanted to do."

You are puzzled at Miss Farmer's financial indifference, in Hollywood of all places, until she explains:

"If it were only for money I wouldn't be in the picture business, because money in itself doesn't mean anything to me. Once a girl gets into pictures she may feel this to be the easiest way to make money, provided people like her personality, and maybe it is. But what she's doing isn't acting, it's merely cashing in on her personality. The same is true of a man. But a woman is emotionally equipped from birth for acting—which a man isn't. This makes such a
big difference that it seems to me a man has to work harder to get anywhere on the screen. To a woman exhibitionism—in itself really a part of acting—is natural, if she is paid for it she's just that much ahead. But this doesn't mean she's an actress. It simply means she gets a break.

Granting as much, you assume that this most candid young woman across the table from you had to get a "break" before she could get her heart's desire.

"Mine was an accident," she discloses. "In Seattle I happened to win a newspaper contest which gave me a free trip to Russia. Most of my six weeks there I spent at the Moscow Art Theatre seeing acting such as I had never seen before. It wasn't acting, it was reality. Real people were doing real things. I shall never forget one actor. Through a long scene, with others talking, he sat silent at one side of the stage, almost in the wings, just staring at a letter which had brought him tragedy. Yet he seemed to be the only person on that stage. Now that was acting. It was acting from inside, with thinking and feeling behind it, the only kind of acting that really counts. But I don't think it could be done on the screen, with all the distracting cutting back and forth of scenes. It needs, most of all, the warmth and feel of flesh-and-blood. Yet, curiously, it was through that Russian's acting that I got into pictures. In New York, on my way back, I told a friend about it. My enthusiasm captured his interest, so much so that he arranged to have Paramount make a screen test of me. Odd how things come about. If that hadn't happened I don't know what I'd be doing now."

What you know is that Miss Farmer is doing more than any other comparative newcomer to the screen, especially since her flesh-and-blood Lotta in "Come and Get It."

"I've known women like that, worked with them," she tells you much to your surprise, "but it took me some time to find just the right one. Finally, I found my model for Lotta in a Hollywood beer parlor. Unless you go to places of that kind, you can't believe that people of that sort exist. One night I went with my husband (the singer, Lieb Erickson, likewise in pictures) into a place on Highland Avenue—and there she was, I knew she was right the moment I spotted her. Then she spotted us. We were so busy listening to her song and watching her gestures, both suggesting an amateur Mae West, that we hadn't ordered anything. Noticing this, she came over to our table, asking, 'What's the matter with you poor kids, broke? Just to see what she would do, we let her think so. 'Don't let it worry you if you're down on your luck,' she said. 'Even when the sun has its ups and downs.' Sifting into a chair she called to a passing waiter, 'Hey, Siegel, bring three beers—and don't let them collar one on to death!' She was pretty right, but a good sort, and I liked her immensely. When I told her we were married she was touched by the romantic idea of husband and wife being out on a lark together."

"I didn't tell her it was work that had brought me there. In her sentimental mood she began reciting poetry. Then she said she wrote poems herself, and reaching into the neck of a pathetic evening gown she drew out several scribbled on the backs of bills of fare. They were like Eddie Guest's, all about the home. She asked if we were keeping house and, told that we were, gave me several recipes—good ones, too. I gave her our telephone number and address, and she said she was coming up to the house and cook dinner for us. But I never heard from her. Sad, those people."

Sad as the Lotta taken bodily from that beer hall and brought to the screen, years and all. But proving years and all, taking time off for the daughter apparently had meant nothing to Miss Farmer, whose age might be..."

"Thirty-three," she lets you know, "I imagined Lotta to be between thirty and thirty-five, and her daughter about eighteen. It was the mother who interested me, not the girl. And in playing her the important thing was the woman's background. It must have been rather like that of the Hollywood beer parlor singer, whose old-fashioned name seemed to have come out of

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originators of various types of blackmail plots. Some stars may—and do—suffer from restrictions forbidding the cup that cheers, especially in public places. This includes visits to night spots and other party Zoom outs, and applies especially to Hollywood's younger generation.

For the glamorous queens, on the other hand, sophistication is sometimes compulsory. Bette Davis, nothing if not original, taboos for herself anything smacking of domestic science. Neither she nor Loretta Young can let their public know anything about their activities at home, or in the kitchen.

Children, marriage, and happy home lives were once forbidden for glamorous stars, but Norma Shearer courageously smashed that taboo when she had a baby and still retained popular favor. But even now, such male stars as Joel McCrea, John Boles and others prefer not to have their younger stars photographed.

Strangely enough, too much emphasis on a happy home life is now taboo for such stellar lights as Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone and Lili Damita and Errol Flynn. It divorce comes along, and we've learned to expect it from even the most devoted couples, the lover-dovey stories would be backfire and make Joan and Lili look foolish.

Taboo-makers were thrust in a quandary when Hollywood acquired a brand new racetrack at Santa Anita, right in their own back yard. Should gambling be banned? Joe E. Brown worked out the problem for himself. He owns race horses, but minimizes the betting angle. Nobody cares how many stories are told about his Sunday visits to his four-footed pals with pockets laden with

lavendar. When she told me it I wanted to cry. Of course, women of her type change, so I was careful not to play Lotta too much on the sentimental side. I had to keep in mind the life into which she had drifted, for all her reactions depended on it when she was told that Barnye had gone away to marry another woman. Now it struck me that the natural thing for her to do in that situation would be to get drunk. But Samuel Goldwyn wouldn't allow it. To him all women in pictures are virgins, no matter what their environment, and he solemnly assured me that it wouldn't be nice for a virgin to get drunk.

She smiles indulgently, then adds: "So that part of my work went for nothing. But I'm not discouraged. I'm going to keep on trying to do real things. I want to do them on the stage when I've finished my six-year picture contract. In the meantime I realize I must make the most of my Hollywood work."

And, taking her at her word, you realize this Farmer in Hollywood is making hay while her sun shines.

Frances came to our attention first in 'Rhythm on the Range' and, in spite of the fact that her rôle was slight, made a forcible dent in our memory, so that when she came along a little later as the tragic Lotta we already knew and liked her. Now, when we see her again as 'The Toast of the Town,' it will be like welcoming an old friend. Considering that she's a comparative newcomer to the screen, her record is—to use an old Hollywood bromide—phenomenal.

"You Can't Do That!"

[Continued from page 33]
sugar, but Joe E. keeps mum on his winnings or losses when Nellie and Dobbin leap from their starting posts. Any mark of sophistication is "out" for Joe E.

Probably the most embarrassing "can't" for picture players is the one that forbids inviting their best friends to watch them on the set. We're thinking of one lovely opera star and her vitriolic remarks when her house-guests, a Lord and Lady from abroad, were forbidden to visit her dressing-room on the set after she personally invited them. "No visitors on Sound Stages" is an iron-clad rule. Even a titled nobleman may sneeze—and ruin the sound track!

These are just a few of the restrictions placed upon the thoughts, actions and speech of your movie favorites. Hundreds of others could be mentioned, proving the life of a screen sweetheart is just one "don't" after another. Even celluloid villains must be "men without countries," since the tiniest foreign lands grow indignant when unsympathetic characters are represented as being of their nationality.

And even when she's retired to the privacy of her own boudoir, a glamorous star still suffers under a taboo as she reviews the doings of the day. Can you guess it? Of course! She is not permitted to keep a diary!

Poets have sung thousands of words to the charm of an evening in Paris...painters and musicians have been inspired by its loveliness...But it remained for Bourjois to bring its charm and beauty to you in the romantic perfume of all time...Charming women have the power to mould their destinies, to make the romantic things they want to happen come true...A sure way to win charm for yourself and thus to invite romance is to wear the perfume that charms...Evening in Paris, by Bourjois.

Projections

[Continued from page 25]

from evenings before. Finally she felt that she was being walled in by bread and butter, suffocated by it, her fury increased, her mother was called, and Sylvia went back to public school. She still doesn't eat butter on her bread, or on anything.

When she was fifteen, and a pupil at a Brooklyn high school, Sylvia decided that she could wait no longer to start that career that she had planned for herself ever since she was old enough to know what a theatre was. Her parents had realized for five years that they had a talented daughter, so when Sylvia announced quite definitely that she was through with school
her father gave her a check for a hundred dollars, the enrollment fee in the dramatic school of the Theatre Guild.

With a hundred and fifty others Sylvia began studying stage technique, which included everything from lighting effects to selling tickets at the box office. At the end of eight months there were only twenty left. Winifred Lenihan was the only girl of daring genius, and the organization listed as sponsors such brilliant and progressive names as Helen Westley, Philip Moeller, Ryan Fontaine and Alfred Lunt.

Sylvia was given the title role in "Prunella," the Guild School's graduating play, which proved the delight of the 1935 Broadway season. The play was sent on tour with Winifred Lenihan in charge, and naturally Miss Lenihan had to have discipline, and naturally our little Miss Sid- ney couldn't take on Mary Lea Harriet from little Lenihan, any more than she could from her former school teachers. Sylvia stayed out till past eleven one night and Miss Lenihan fired her from the troupe.

"I don't care," said Sylvia to herself and knew she was lying, "I can get jobs by myself." But no one would give her a job. At sixteen she decided she was a failure, and was wondering just how to end it all, when to her surprise she landed a job in "The Challenge of Eve" for which she was supposed to receive a weekly salary of one hundred and fifty dollars. She decided that instead of poison she would buy herself a powerful drug and play out exactly two weeks, and Sylvia had an unpaid fur coat on her hands.

Sylvia's plays after that had a habit of opening and closing rather abruptly. She attracted a deal of attention in "Crime" in which she played a whistful rôle. "Crime" you may recall had in its cast several other young people who were destined to become famous in Hollywood—Kay Francis, Chester Morris, Kay Johnson and Douglas Mont- gomery.

Then came stock in Denver where she played opposite Freddie March for fourteen weeks. From there she came to Hollywood on a Fox contract but her first picture, "Through Different Eyes," was far from being successful. Deciding that she was a failure once more, Sylvia returned to Broadway to empty the dumps. Soon afterwards she was cast as "The Good Girl," opposite Paul Kelly. The play was a hit and Sylvia was an overnight sensation. She now had movie offers mad for new faces (particularly faces that could talk) at that time, so it wasn't long before B. P. Schulberg had signed Sylvia on a picture contract to replace Clara Bow, the "It" girl, who was retiring from the screen.

When "City Streets," her first picture on her new contract, was released Paramount discovered that they did not have another Clara Bow, but an entirely new personality, a dramatic star of great emotional ability. At twenty-one Sylvia's name was on the marquee of nearly every theatre in the world. Accent! Renewed! Wealth! Advotion! So what Sylvia continued to lead the same kind of life she had always led, calling herself a failure one minute and a success the next, depending upon her mood. Sylvia, making few if any enemies, she only wants a few friends, working hard because it is part of her, and rebelling against all forms of imprisonment, chil chi conventions, and people with hatreds. She is now under contract to Walter Wanger, has re-}

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DOING his bit to aid the state motor vehicle authorities to cut down reckless and dangerous driving, Gene Raymond has put a governor on his car which will not permit him to travel on the highways faster than thirty-five miles per hour.
of talking pictures. Jack became more popular than ever. He was rushed right from one picture to another, "mugging" his way to fame. And as he progressed he had one idea in mind—to be a good comedian. Unlike most comics, Jack has never aspired to do serious roles, although Ernst Lubitsch has always maintained that he would make a marvelous tragedian. With which expert opinion I heartily concur. But no one has ever been able to convince Jack himself that he should do "dramedy," as he calls it. "A touch of dramedy here and there is okay," he'll tell you. "But can you imagine Oakie killing the people in black tights, whistling 'Wherefore goest thou, big boy? That's swell for a lean and handsome guy like Leslie Howard, but not for Mr. Oakie's favorite son."

Funny thing about Jack, You're always discovering things about him. Of course, it's only recently that anyone has ever been able to get him to say a serious word about anything at all. I remember spending a whole afternoon on the set with an interviewer several years ago, trying to get him to seriously answer one question. We had a lot of fun and he gave out plenty of wisecracks, but he never did answer that question.

During this interview we were sitting up at the bar in the new Oakie home, currently referred to as "Slippery Jack's Joint," Jack stood behind the bar, mixing drinks and drinking coca cola. That's his favorite beverage, nowadays. There was something different about Jack, it struck me. For one thing, his sweat shirt of the old days was gone. In its place he wore a good-looking white polo shirt, brown tweed coat and tan trousers. A white carnation was in his buttonhole—out of the garden, we were informed. Incidentally, it's his favorite flower.

"I was just wondering about how you study your lines," I began. "Do you really study them at home, or what's the procedure?"

"Well, you know," he said thoughtfully. "I've always found I get along better if I never see a script until I get on the set. All I want them to do is tell me what the scene is about and I say my own lines spontaneously. It seems to me the trouble with most people is that they're afraid to be natural on the screen. Of course," he grinned, "the script girls have a lot of trouble with me. They never can find out where I'm at because I don't say the things they've got written down there. But when a director knows me, he usually lets me say what I want. Sounds better to him than something they've written for me. I can act better when I can be myself. Just toss the lines out to the audience and let 'em fall where they may. When you study them too much or take them too seriously, you lose that spontaneity."

A scene from "Stepping Out" with William Brisbane, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. What? No dancing!

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Silver Screen 67
"What about dramatic scenes, like in 'Fast Company' when they pull that dummy mine on you when you're talking to your mother? I wanted to know. And the time in 'Stolen Harmony' when you find out that Judith Allen is in love with Bing Crosby instead of you and the swell scenes in 'Shoot the Works!' and 'Call of the Wild'-didn't you rehearse them, either?"

"Nope," said my favorite dramatician firmly. "I just got 'em to tell me what the scene was like, then I did it. Bring them to their throats and make 'em cough it up with a laugh," I always say."

We got to talking about Jack's latest picture, "That Girl from Paris". "I told Campana's Italian Balm..." "That Lily Pons—she's swell!") Jack enthused. "She's just a picture up on the mantel she gave me. Cough, it was swell, cough, it was swell, working with her. She didn't care how much we gagged in the picture. Remember that line of mine—'Kill the People? Well, she wanted to know what it meant. When they were shooting the scene where she leaves the show to go to the Metropolitan they were stuck for a line for her to say. I suggested my line—just for a laugh. So she said it, and boy, did it get a laugh when she said 'Kill the pig' with that funny accent of hers!"

Just then Venita came in—you know, the new Mrs. Oakie. She'd been shopping. Buying needs for frozen desserts and an apron for the cook.

We walked across the lovely red brick pavements of a swimming pool, and into the sun room.

I sort of had to leave. They're nice people, those young Oakies.

"Did you see my Christmas present?" Venita called after me after I had said goodbye. "Look at it as you go out. It's in the driveway."

And sure enough, it was. A long, slim black car with white sidewalls on the tires. Nice enough, if you ask me. But probably not too good for the Oakies at that, if you ask me, too.

Girls They Won't See Again

[Continued from page 10]

nothing more. If you give it any other interpretation by wild protestations then you can put down the results as yours own fault.

And that's not my opinion. That's what the most popular bachelors in Hollywood say about it.

Erik Rhodes loathes a girl who likes to gossip. "The type that pans more attractive girls is found in every town," he told me while nonchalantly smoking his cigar with a riding crop (and it wasn't a prop either for Erik is a real horseman) "but it seems to me, particularly in Hollywood, there are dozens of little black swords, who sit at a table and give the works to all the celebrities present."

"You should hear that type. 'Look at that old battle-ax over there,' she'll say. 'Why, my dear, her face is so wrinkled they have to photograph her through a Navajo blanket.' That gets 'em down."

"But I certainly don't like a ga-ga girl. That 'mama-what-is-been' stuff is out with me. I like a certain amount of sophistication, but no sophistication and not the superficial kind."

"What I try to do is to pick the right girl for the right place. If it's a dressy affair I take a girl who shows off well and looks grand. If it's a party where there is going to be a lot of liquor I take a girl who knows how to drink and when to stop. No man in the world can stand a woman who gets really tight."

"But the thing I can't take is the girl who puts lip stick on and then smears it off her finger on the napkin. Somebody else can date the girl after that—not me."

By the way, Katherine DeMille is Erik's idea of a swell girl who behaves exactly right under all circumstances.

You've probably seen candid camera shots of tall, dark and handsome young Johnnie Downs being hounded by such glamour belles as Elea-
more Whitney and Marshy Hunt. There's usually a big smile on Johnnie's face but that's a prop for the cameraman. Actually, they are running from Johnnie's head and they're not the figures the girls he takes out are cutting.

"For," said Johnnie, "he was more serious than he's ever been in the movies—to date a girl today means parting with too much hard earned cash. I don't blame the girls. I hate the scene. They're victims of it, but we men are worse victims."

"Did you ever stop to figure out what it costs a guy to spend an evening in a girl's company?” I said no, I hadn't."

"Well, it's between ten and twenty-five bucks. I ask you, isn't that too much?"

"So I say give me the good old fashioned girl who still labors under the impression that a good time can be had without all the modern trappings heaped on by scheming merchants. If a date means anything to a girl then cabs, flowers, expensive hotels, dancing and food shouldn't be necessary."

Young Owen Davis, Jr., is content if the girl friend just doesn't make a scene in public.

Owen is a swell kid. Ask Annie Shirley whether that's right or not. He lacks Bob Taylor's intensity and ferociousness when he's on a subject about which he feels deeply, but he has the most winning smile in Hollywood and a sort of bashful timidity that does things to the Great Mother Heart in every woman from seventeen to seventy."

"If a girl can't dance," Owen confided, "I'll crack a joke and say—well, I guess I'm pretty terrible myself and how about sitting this out and having a few laughs watching the other dudes. Gee, nothing more than much if you can have a lot of laughs."

"And doesn't anything make you mad? I probed.

"You bet!" (Oh, the kids have their opinions, make no mistake.) "It makes me sore as a sick cat to have a girl start a scene about the location of the table or the service we're getting. If I was going, I think some girls do it to show how clever and sophisticated they are. What they really show is just bad breeding. And anyhow, something is wrong if it's the guy's job to do the bawling out. It makes you feel like a dope in front of a head waiter for your girl to explain. Say, you're supposed to be the big he-man."

"Anyhow the whole idea of a date is just to have fun and be natural. And if a girl's got eyes and wants to be dated again she'll fall in with the man's mood. She'll watch to see what he likes and what isn't making a hit with him."

"Oh, I've along with most girls, I have a swell time."

They called him on the set just then. He was almost before the cameras when he came running back. "I forgot," he said breathlessly. "there's another thing that drives me nuts. I can't stand having a girl..."
Young Eric Linden is a different type from Bob Taylor, Erik Rhodes, Owen Davis or Tom Brown. The Hollywood night spots can go fall in the middle of a De Mille set for all Eric cares. His idea of an amusing evening is the Ballet Russe (and Eric knows how to pronounce it) a symphony concert or an intense discussion about books, poetry, music. Yet he knows how to order a dinner perfectly and never forgets to be gallant and courteous.

If you went out with Eric there's one thing you would have to be—and that's intelligent. And the thing you couldn't be—and ever get another date with him—is a petty gossip. Let a girl be catty toward another girl, let her repeat to him the latest hot rumor that has the town ablaze and—well—her telephone may ring again. But Eric won't be at the other end of the wire.

So there you are, girls—a little lesson in popularity. And it occurs to me that you boys should organize a small vote-of-thanks club for your Hollywood brothers who have been honest enough to give some silly girls the sort of straight-forward talking to they deserve.
THERE job she needs so badly. The job she worked so hard to get. And what makes it even worse, the job which she is so well qualified to fill!

The tragic part of it is that she doesn't know why she lost it. For employers will never tell a girl the real reason when it is a personal fault of hers.

Underarm perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in business or in social life.

And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid—
with Mum!

Quick and easy to use. Half a minute is all it takes to use Mum. A quick fingertipful under each arm—and you're safe for the whole busy day.

Harmless to clothing. You can use Mum any time, you know—after dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And another important thing—Mum doesn't interfere with the natural perspiration itself. Its work is to prevent the ugly odor of perspiration.

Remember, a fresh daintiness of person, free from the slightest trace of odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with Mum! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

LET MUM HELP YOU IN THIS, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy relief from worry about offending.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
Admitting he's a bit breathless over his sudden success, he told me, "My chief reaction is gratitude. I realize I got the breaks, I was in the front line when opportunity came, and it happened that each picture built right up to 'Kid Galahad,' which I've just finished. It couldn't have been planned more perfectly. I've a long way to go but believe me, nothing is going to stop me!"

The sixth on the list is the luscious Dorothy Lamour, born away down in New Orleans, a real southern heartbreaker. It was when she was five that she first proved a trouper, for she won a basket of groceries at a neighborhood theatre's amateur night, doing in the flying dance number.

Her climb to success has been a hard one. There were beauty contests that brought no rewards, there were months working as a model and also as elevator girl at Marshall Field's Department store in Chicago. Then, because she had a voice, she won a chance to sing at a popular hotel's celebrity night, and Herb Kay, the well known orchestra leader, immediately engaged her to sing with his organization. She remained with it for three years, then married Mr. Kay, to continue the contract for life. In the meantime, she became a radio star with the National Broadcasting System, singing on the Shell Hour. It was when her outlet over NBC was changed that Dorothy came to Hollywood, where Paramount scouts signed her to play the leading role in "The Jungle Princess."

Her unique beauty, with its mysterious, haunting quality, illuminated this Malay drama and she was hailed a star. Despite the hardships she encountered, such as wrestling with tigers and monkeys, jumping into icy lakes, living for weeks in a location camp in the high mountains, and walking some five miles a day in her bare feet, Dorothy's enthusiasm for acting never waned. She'll be seen next playing a prominent part with Fred MacMurtry and Carole Lombard in "Swing High, Swing Low," which will reveal more and more of the glamorous Lamour's abilities.

With a piquant face, a body beautiful, a certain sex appeal, a sweet femininity and a voice of unusual charm, Dorothy is on her way to garner many laurels.

So here are the six whom I believe will become topnotchers during the coming year: Tyrone Power, the lad who inherited a famous stage name, Sonja Henie, the Norwegian skating champion, Tilly Losch, a dancer from old Vienna, Doris Nolan, the determined, Wayne Morris, with his vibrant youth and infectious grin, and the radio singer, Dorothy Lamour. Each brings an intriguing, a "different" personality to view, each has the qualifications which stars are made. This is what the screen is crying for!

---

DENTYNE WAKES UP LAZY MOUTHS
...PEPS UP HALF-HEARTED SMILES.
You may still have your mother's charming natural smile. But today's soft foods may rob you of the fine healthy teeth and gums, the natural, easy smile of her generation, with it's hard foods that gave the mouth the exercise it needed. You can keep that mouth-happy smile the way other smart moderns are doing it... by chewing Dentyne. Its special consistency helps keep the teeth white, stimulate and harden the gums. And it gives those smile-muscles the workout they need to bring out the smiles.

A FLAVOR THAT MAKES CHEWING A REAL PLEASURE. Dentyne has a grown-up, educated taste that holds its flavor. It gives a substantial satisfaction that stays satisfying... as long as you chew. And it's all wrapped up in a package sensibly flat... exclusive with Dentyne...to fit snugly into your pocket or pocketbook.

---

DENTYNE DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

---

She had her Mother's smile

---

Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker are making a picture for Grand National. It is called "Two Shall Meet."
unraveled clues.

After "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," Jean was naturally the hit of the town. And then it happened, Cecil B. De Mille and Paramount were in a huddle over "The Plainsman," and there was only one person in Hollywood who could play Calamity Jane, and that was Jean Arthur. And, too, Paramount was quite naturally eager to team Jean with Gary again, after their terrific box-office success in "Mr. Deeds.

Jean Arthur was in a swell spot. The studio that had once dropped her without even so much as a "Pardon us" was now figuratively on its knees begging her to come back. Being human, Jean got a big thrill out of it. I do not know the financial deal she made with Paramount to do the picture but there are rumors to the effect that not only did she save her wounded pride, but she did all right towards salvaging her bank account. And wasn't she swell as Calamity Jane?

"The biggest thrill in my life," Bette Davis told me as she caught her breath between "takes" of "Marked Women," "was the night my mother called me long distance from New York and told me about the opening there of 'Of Human Bondage.' She told me how the audience had applauded at the end of the picture, and little scraps of conversation she had over-heard, and how proud she felt to be my mother. Then she read me the reviews from the early morning editions of the New York papers. I drank in every word. As I realized that I had made a definite impression with my characterization of Mildred, a new world seemed to open to me.

"Leslie Howard, when I was cast in the part, throve up his hands in despair. 'Can any American manage that peculiar Cockney accent necessary for that type of English girl?' He assured me that he had confidence in my ability to handle the role, but he had grave doubts about the accent. And if Mildred had a phony accent the picture would be completely ruined. I made up my mind I would master that Cockney dialect if it was the last thing I ever did.

"I asked an Englishwoman, familiar with the way such girls as Mildred spoke, to live in the house with me and watch my accent. Morning, noon, and night I worked on it—I even answered the telephone with it—and naturally I nearly drove my family mad. Poor Ham (Bette's husband, Harmon Nelson) walked out of the house more than once and swore he'd never come back until I stopped being Mildred. You have no idea how my family suffered. But Mildred meant everything to me. I was to sink or swim with Mildred.

"It was worth it, though, when I found that I had mastered the accent sufficiently to win the praise of those most interested, and Leslie was the first to congratulate me and to say that he was sorry he had doubted my ability. So, when the critics accepted me so graciously, and my mother read me some of the New York notices, I can truthfully say that up to that time nothing had given me such a thrill of sheer happiness—and nothing is truer than that sense of happiness which comes from acknowledgment of work that you believe to have been well done.

"Mildred was such an odd character—everything seemed wrong about her—and she did not seem to have one redeeming quality. People said I was a fool to want to play her, but she was a challenge to my imagination. I was fed up with the type of stories I had been doing and when the chance came to play such a character I jumped at it. I knew if I failed it might be the end of my career. That is another reason why I felt the thrill of a lifetime when I knew that I had run the risk of totally detuning my career and had come out with flying colors.

"If you want a second big moment in my life I think it was recently when I returned from that rather eventful trip abroad. After those awful months of fighting in the English law courts I found myself near New York harbor. I felt a wave of happiness surging over me, and a sense of great peace.'

Anna Sten gives a surprise party in a cafe and uses the microphone to greet her guests, while Ben Bernie provides the musical setting.
must put everything he has on one pitch and trust that it cuts squarely across the plate. The movie star is acutely conscious of this when he steps before the microphone, and he or she is not prepared for it. Radio has no private dressing-room. Whatever shoddy work is done is exposed to every living room in the country.

Loreta Young, when she broadcast in New York, was pretty nearly a nervous wreck. Only a telegram from her kid sister saved the day, a telegram that was delivered just before Loreta went to the mike: "Youth of country listening in. Toots, gaily wired the kid sister, "keep it clean.""

The humor of the warning to keep it clean stripped Loreta of all her nervousness and she turned in an excellent job. Fred Astaire, now a radio star in his own right, made his first radio appearance on the Rudy Vallee hour while he was playing in "Band Wagon." He and Adele Astaire sang, and the tremolo of nervousness was so pronounced in her voice that you could picture her mental distress at the ordeal. Lupe Velez made her first broadcast on my program some years back. As she finished her song, Lupe stepped back and quite unaware that the microphone could pick up her voice as she retreated from it, said: "That was lousy." There was a horrified silence from the C.B.S. engineers as the frank ad lib splattered out on the air, coast to coast.

Quite a few of the movie stars made their debut in radio under my sponsorship. Jack Benny, today the top man on the air, made his first appearance at C.B.S. on a program I was master of ceremony-ing for Gerardine. Benny, in that first program, used the same type of self-kidding humor that is the hallmark of his work today, so don't ever believe those who tell you that his radio success was the product of a script writer's cleverness. In his first program with me, he indicated the route he'd pursue.

Sonja Henie impressed the broadcasters as a nice-fat-cheeked girl. She showed up with her parents and they followed her all over the studio. Roland Young won a rating as a "right guy" in radio by his treatment of Donald Dickson, a new singing find. Dickson never had read lines on a broadcast. Young took him aside and coached him in delivery for twenty minutes and returned him with a 100 percenter.

George M. Cohan was so overcome by emotion when he was broadcasting his "Song and Dance Man" that the program ran one minute and thirty seconds beyond its allotted time. He evidently saw in the play a parallel to his own life and he was weeping openly when he came to the nostalgic passages. Jimmy Durante made his radio debut on my program; so did Jack Pearl and Alice Brady. I don't remember anything particularly significant about these occasions, save Miss Brady appearing just one minute before we went on the air. She explained casually that she had stopped to buy a cute dog she'd seen in a shop.

Gracie Allen, of Burns and Allen, doesn't have to be funny off the screen. On her last trip east, an autograph fiend halted her for an autograph as she was leaving the broadcasting studio: "Sign your name please, Miss Allen," said the girl, opening a book to two blank pages: "Which page will I sign?" asked Gracie seriously but the girl believed Miss Allen was cracking a joke: "How do you like that?" giggled the youngsters. "She doesn't even know what page to sign." This information, relayed to the other autograph seekers out near the elevator, produced a laugh.

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For Glazo's "Misty" polish tints are the most enchanting new colors that ever added to the gayety of nations...Misty Rose and Russet, Sunnan, Bisque and Cherry Red. Lovely as music, modern as tomorrow...see these new misty, smoky shades everywhere enhancing the allure of smart young hands...of the Finger-tips of Fashion!

But this practical generation loves Glazo for more than the beauty of its clear hues or subtle new "Misty" tints—they love it for its satin smoothness on the nail, for its proven "sunfast" qualities, because it resists thickening in the bottle. And, of course, for its budget-balancing 20-cent price—or the new large 25¢ size.

It's easy to be charming when you're looking your best. Choose Glazo for your Red-Letter Dates.

**GLAZO**

Silver Screen
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WITH A NEW POWDER SHADE!

A New Face Powder Shade May Give You a New Personality—a New Glamour—a New Charm!

By Lady Esther

You know what color in clothes can do for you, One color puts you out like a light. Another makes you look and feel your best.

But no color in clothes has half as much effect on your personality as your face powder shade. For this becomes a real flesh-and-blood part of you.

Yet thousands of women and girls are actually wearing the wrong shade of face powder. Every morning they commit beauty-suicide, right in front of their own mirrors. They quench their personality, destroy what ought to be their glamour and charm—with a dull, drab, dead shade of face powder!

Far better, I say, to use no powder at all, than to bury yourself alive under such a disguise!

Use the Magic of Color!

Yet for each of these girls and women—for you, too—there is a right shade of face powder. It won't subtract from your beauty. Nor will it leave you just as you were. No!

This right shade will add the magic of living, glowing color. It will flatter you, glorify you, create right before your eyes a new "you" that you never dreamed you could be!

The reason you haven't found this right shade long ago is probably because you've been choosing according to your "type"—a blonde should wear this, a brunette that. This is all wrong! You aren't a type. You're yourself. And how lovely that self can be—how vivid, alive and alert—you'll never know till you try on all five of my basic shades in Lady Esther Face Powder.

See for Yourself!

To let you prove this to yourself, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of cost.

When you have tried all five shades and have discovered the one that was made just for you, you will be instantly aware of many things. You will see a new glow, a new warmth in your skin. You will see a new beauty in your face, in line as well as color. You will see a new radiance about your entire person.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Your mere request on the coupon below brings them to you postpaid and free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, I will also send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(Free offer expires Jan. 31, 1937)

(You can paste this on a pony postcard) (32)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2062 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me a return mail liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder and a purse-size tube of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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SILVER SCREEN
WHERE THERE'S WINX
THERE'S ROMANCE

Eyes that men adore! Eyes that say "come hither, I'm a girl you'd love to know better"... these are eyes that have been made lovely by WINX Eye Beautifiers.

It is so easy to use WINX Mascara, and it makes your lashes long, dark and luxuriant in a charming natural way. WINX comes in solid, creamy or liquid form—it is harmless, non-smearing and tearproof.

Try the other WINX wonder-works too! WINX Eyebrow Pencil instantly beautifies thin or uneven eyebrows; makes them graceful and expressive. A touch of WINX Eye Shadow, gently applied to the eyelids, intensifies the color of your eyes, giving them a new and glamorous sparkle.

Start today to make your eyes more fascinating! You will find WINX eye beautifiers in drug, department and 5 and 10 cent stores.

SILVER SCREEN

76
Ida shoots me a dirty look. "No!" she says shortly. "Forgot to pay the rent?" I suggest. "No!" testily.

"Then why move?" I ask, determined to be helpful.

"The owners want to occupy it themselves, Mr. Nosembaum," she squelches me. With Ida gone there's no sense staying here so I move on to—

Paramount

If I'm cherishing a hope of finding things I want over here, said hope is soon disdilated. There are four pictures working besides one with Lynne Overman and Robert Kerns that it seems to have got lost. No one knows where it's shooting.

Irrelevantly I think of a song of a few years ago that went something like this:

"Go wash an el-pum dil
If you wanta do something big"

How the deuce could anything like a whole company of people get lost in the relatively small space of a studio?

Pondering over such inconsistencies I come upon the set of a picture called "Interiors Can't Take Money." And who—whom, I mean—do you suppose are playing the leads? Well, it ain't nobody else but Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea.

"Dicky" Bobbie Schnautz catches sight of me and completely spoiling a take.

"Who is that man?" the director asks Barbara in an ominous tone.

"That," Barbara answers succinctly, "is Dick Mook. And," she adds impressively, "a mighty fine writer, let me tell you."

And that, dear public, is just one of the thousand reasons I love Barbara Stanwyck.

While they're "lining up" I might as well give you the story. Joel is an intern. He meets Barbara, a steady worker, when she comes to the free clinic with a burn on her arm. Later he goes to a saloon with another intern who has been dismissed, to commiserate with him.

Joel sees Barbara talking to a gangster. Barbara is pleading with the gangster to tell where her money is. She lost track of the baby while doing two years in the penitentiary because one of her husband's accomplices crawled to her apartment to die. The gangster tells her it will cost $1,000 to find out where the baby is.

As they talk, Lloyd Nolan, a big-shot gangster, enters with blood dripping from his arm. He faints and Joel takes him into a back room and performs an emergency operation. Next day Barbara pleads with the gangster again and the time her call on him requires makes her late to work and she loses her job.

Joel drops into the saloon before calling on Barbara and is handed an envelope. Arriving at her apartment with groceries, he opens the packet and finds $1,000—found by Nolan for saving his arm. Barbara's eyes gleam with hope as she sees the dough but the hope goes glimmering when Joel tells her he must return it—that interns can't take money.

By this time they're sitting at the table. Joel is gorging like a starved man but Barbara is just picking at her food.

"You haven't known me very long," Barbara says suddenly. "If I were to ask you something—"

"Sure," Joel agrees, stuffing his mouth full and totally unaware of her nervousness.

"If I were to ask you," Barbara goes on slowly, because it's a tough thing to ask. These things all come too late. "But you'd know why and I can't tell you. Honest I can't. But, please believe me, it means more than anything in the world to me."

"What does?" Joel inquires, suddenly realizing her earnestness.

"That money!" she cries, risking everything. "Don't give it back. Lend it to me. Joel almost—but not quite—drops his fork.
in astonishment. "I'll pay you back," she continues, her voice mounting with excitement. "Honestly I will, I'll pay you $20 a week until every cent's paid!"

"That money has to go back where it came from—right away," he retorts, returning to his food.

"You must think I'm crazy, arguing like this," she persists in a low tone, "but the money doesn't mean a thing to you if you're going to give it back. And it doesn't mean a thing to me, either. It would, simply, "I could tell you what it means to me."

"It's like I told you a while ago," Joel interrupts. "Internes just can't take money. We agree not to when we get our appointments. It's because the patient who can't is entitled to an even break, too. Otherwise it would mean discrimination. Don't you see?"

"Sure," she agrees tonelessly, "I see."

"No hard feelings," he assumes. "Forget it," she admonishes him. They take the scene half dozen times because the script requires Joel to gorge and he can't stuff his mouth full and get it down in time to speak his lines.

I whittle off the end of a match and offer it to him in lieu of a toothpick but it seems leading men are not supposed to use toothpicks. It robs them of their glamour.

Everything I do or say today seems doomed to misinterpretation so I shake hands sadly and pursue my lonely way to the next stage.

"Waikiki Wedding" is shooting here. This is Bing Crosby's latest starrer. Remember "We're Not Dressing?" This is the same type story. It's about Bing as manager or owner of a circus which runs rampant in Hawaii.

(A girl (Shirley Ross) who wins a contest his company conducts, Martha Raye (her stenographer) and Bob Burns (its ring's pat). As Shirley is on her way to the boat to return to the States a sailor hands her a necklace, asks her to take it to San Francisco and give it to him when he leaves the boat. A policeman approaches, the sailor runs away and the natives are eying the necklace mysteriously. They are kidnapping Shirley when Crosby arrives and takes the entire party to his boat to settle the affair. It seems the necklace contains the stolen Pearl of Pecle and the goddess is very angry.

I get this far and pantomime it. I've lost all the rest of my notes on Paramount, with the dialogue. It's the first time in all my city set-towing experience such a thing has happened. It just goes to show I'm as human as stars are. It comforts me to think we have that in common, anyhow.

I get on to the next set where "High, Wide and Handsome" starring Irene Dunne is in work. She, her father (Raymond Walburn) and William Frawley are touring the country selling a patent medicine which is nothing but crude oil. Someone exposes them and the enraged townspeople burn up their wagon. Randolph Scott and his mother (Elizabeth Patterson) take pity on them and take them into their home to spend the night. Irene wakes in the morning. The sun is streaming through the window, though the odor of flowers comes through the window and life seems to be just about bursting. She gets off the divan where she has slept and I note that the heroine is one actress who really takes off her shoes and stockings when she goes to bed (in picture). I wander about, looking out and finds that other birds beside the canine are singing. So Irene bursts right into song with them. That is where Paramount comes in that number called "I Feel A Song Coming On" that Alice Faye sang in "Every Night at Eight." Unfortunately, they're not doing the re-

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From 16 to 60...

New booklet tells you what to do for wrinkles, pimples, enlarged pores and how to regain the bloom of youth.

Look out...those wrinkles, that crepey neck tells your age. Maybe a woman is only as old as she feels, but most people think she is as old as she looks. Why let your face show lines, pimples, blackheads, large pores, when there is now on the market a wonderful and simple treatment called Calmas French Face Conditioner which works wonders? It does away with face lifting, peeling or other dangerous methods. No clay or mud packs, no appliances, or exercises of any kind. SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW AND DIFFERENT, based on latest scientific findings in cosmetic research. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Women who have tried Calmas French Face Conditioner are amazed at the results, they call it a "Face Lifting without Surgery," others say it is the "enemy of wrinkles, pimples and blackheads." Send your name and address today and you will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE, a booklet telling all about this new treatment. Calmas Products, Dept. 19-B, 6770 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

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Prevents New or Tight Shoes From Pinching, Pressing, Rubbing

Apply this velvety-soft, flesh color, medicated, superior Moleskin plaster on Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Sore Toes and Tender Spots on the feet or toes, and you will have instant, safe, sure relief. Dr. Scholl's KUROTEx makes new or tight shoes easier on the feet; prevents blisters. Can be cut to any size or shape desired. GOLFSERS! Dr. Scholl's KUROTEx is excellent for preventing blisters on the hands, fingers and any part of the foot.

Sold at all Drug, Shoe, Department and 10c Stores. Send for FREE booklet on THE FEET to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., 211 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

New Secret of Clear Eyes

WINS THOUSANDS! Will he see red veins... or clear, bright whites? Thousands use EYE-GENE to clear eyes in seconds after late hours, overindulgence. Eyes look larger, more lustrous. New scientific formula; standardized, safe; money back if it fails. At all drug and department stores, also 5c & 10c stores.

EYE-GENE

By this quick, safe external method... or no cost.

Love many pounds safely, without drugs, limited diets or taking tablets! Take off extra unsightly fat at only three places where you want to reduce. Hundreds of celebrities in the last 5 years have lost slim, youthful-appearing figure this easy, harmless method of reducing. Guaranteed to the public.

PROFIT BY THESE AMAZING EXPERIENCES!

"I have lost 15 pounds in 2 weeks. I am, at last, happy." Elly, T., N. Y., Penna.


Money Guaranteed Act Today!

If you do not lose at least 10 pounds with the first jar of cream, follow directions, your money will be refunded at once. Write today for full half-price offer of Dr. Hatch's Formula Moulage Cream.

Send Cash, Check, or Money Order and send C.O.D. plus postage.

YOUTHFUL FACE AND FIGURE INSTITUTE, Dept. 50-B

Silver Screen

97
The first Century-Fox
[VE already told you of "Seventh Heaven.,
"Slave Ship," featuring Warner Baxter and Wallace Beery is closed so I'll tell you about that one next month. Likewise
"Wake Up and Live," starring Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Alice Faye and Claire Trevor,
but worse luck, there are still two other shootings. First there is "Dead Yester-

day." This is a cops and robbers story and you know what they are when you try
to go into the plot. All I know is the set is a hospital room. William Demarest is
in bed and the doctor (Sig Rumann) is there with him. In the room, I mean, not the
bed.
"And you say no one came near you?"
Rumann questions.
"Not a soul." Demarest replies. Then he begins to burn up, "Say," he demands,"
"were you trying to operate on another guy to take out my appendix? What kind of
...well, for the love of aw, get away from me!"

Just then the door bursts open and a nurse (Sally Blane), half hysterical, flies in
dressed followed by another nurse (Joan Davis who is not Duffy). I love this.
"Where is he?" she cries to Rumann. "Dr. Trigett, where is he? Is he all right?"
"Is who all right?" Rumann asks, puzzled.
"Allen Tracy?"
"Yes, Allen Tracy," Sally gasps.
Sally is so-o-o beautiful I'd like to stop

and chew with her and find out all about

her new baby but it's getting so-o-o late

and they go right into another take. So-o-o

I proceed to the next set.

The second one is "That I May Live" by

David Lanning. Rochelle Hudson,

Robert Kent and J. Edward Bromberg

are featured. Mr. Bromberg is known as "Tex." I can think of him as a lot of things

but somehow not as "Tex." However, there he is and you'll take him as "Tex" and like

him.

They've just driven up to an auto camp.

When the proprietor finds that Bob and

Rocky are not married he won't rent them

cabin. Finally he rents the cabin for

Rocky and Kent doubles up in the trailer

with Tex.

"It's no good," "Tex" Bromberg opines,
sitting on the edge of his cot, smoking.

Clothes today I don't believe their own

mother would know it. It's small wonder

King Louis XIX. The prank that has been
played upon him.

That being all there is at Warners, we'll
proceed to——

Be Wise...Alkalize!

Alka-Seltzer

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass

of water makes a pleasant-tasting,

alkalizing solution which contains

on analysis (acid acetyl salicylic

acid.) You drink it and it does two

important things. First, because of the

alkalizing, it brings quick, wel-

come relief from your discontent—and

then because it is alkali-

izing in its nature Alka-

seltzer helps correct the
cause of the trouble when associated with

an excess acid condition.

Personal to Fat Girls! — Now you can slim

down your face and figure without strict dieting or

back-breaking exercises. Just cut sensibly and
take 4 Marmola Tablets daily until you have lost enough fat—then stop.

Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same

element prescribed by most doctors in treating

their fat patients. Millions of people are using

them with success. Don't let others think you

have no spark and that your will-power is as

flabby as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours,

Silver Screen

"Great Guy" brought James

Cagney back to the screen,

and he got a rousing welcome

from the fans.

Make Lips Exciting

With Jungle Color

SUAVELY, lovely and sure in their pur-

pose, are the jungle reds of the ex-

quisitely pegan Savage lipstick. And

excitingly surprising is the expanse of

Savage Red. For Savage lends them a

warm mothsness...a tender softness...a

that is entirely new! Of course Savage

is indee; truly so. It slings arangery!

Tangerine Flame

Natural Blush Jungle

AVAKELIPSTICK

...STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE...

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczemas,

rashes, athlete's feet, eruptions, or other skin afflic-

ions? It will bring instant and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic

liquid.D.D.D.PRESCRIPTION. In severe cases—apply the

irritated skin. Clear, greenless and stable—dries fast.

Stop the most intense itching instantly. A 1/2

bottle, at drug stores, prove it—money back.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Lucky 7 DIAMOND

Gray Hair

Approved by Tint

Gray Hair

And Look 10 Years Younger

At Home—quietly and safely

you can tint those streaks of

gray to lustreless shades of blonde,

grown or black. A small brush

and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless.

Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot

affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting will

not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amaz-

ing speed. Easy to prove by taking a lock of your

own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at all drug or

beauty counters—always on a money-back guarantee.
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out Of Bed At Once-Karin' to Go
The Liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels, gas builds up in your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.
Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes these good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

M-G-M
A DAY AT THE RACES
with the Marx Brothers, "Maytime" with Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, and "Forsin" with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, I have already told you about.
Epsomade with Edmund Lowe and Madge Evans is not shooting today because Mr. Lowe has the flu. So there is only one left.
One of these is "Personal Property." Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor are the interested parties. Originally known as "Dorothy Montgomery" and Irene Purcell played in this and it was one of the grandest comedies of M-G-M ever turned out. Don't miss this. I see it is right at the beginning of the picture.
I have seen Jean in many costumes and many many many times. I have never seen her in anything approaching the gown she has on today. Not even in "Hell's Angels." It is white chiffon with but one (count it—ONE) shoulder strap. The other side stays up as best as it can and it does all right, too. Jean is looking what you might call positively radiant. She is hanging on the phone listening to some recital. Cora Witherspoon is giving her for cold. Cora is a tiresome, gossipy old woman and her daughter (Maria Shelly) is Jean's close friend.
"Oh, no, don't repeat it," Jean implores into the phone. "I'll remember. And thanks a lot. And about those tickets—"
The doorbell starts ringing and her maid, Una O'Connor, goes to answer it.
"Just the same," Jean goes on into the phone, "I'm afraid I have to go. That's sweet of you, I'll see you both tomorrow night. Don't forget. All right, All right. Goodbye." Then she hands over the receiver. She glares at it viciously and says, "Goodbye!"
Then she reaches for her cocktail but before she can touches them c eclectioned in. "The police! The police! Una screams in excitement.
"Fine!" Jean mobs, rising and forgetting her drink.
"Cut!" calls Van Dyke, the director.
"Hello," Jean says graciously, extending her hand to us.
Leaving me tell you, my fine people, it takes a real artiste to be gracious and nothing more in a gown like that.
And that at how this month ends—on the setting high C which I like to say: "Goodbye."

The CLOTHES' HORSES
Those designers have been selecting again! Orry-Kelly of Warner Brothers, Travis Banton of Paramount, and Edward Stevenson of RKO put their hats together not long ago and unanimously selected for the three best dressed women—Jeanette MacDonald, Claudette Colbert and Norma Shearer. The runner-ups were Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio and Gladys Swarthout.

Corns Come Back Bigger, Uglier—unless removed Root* and All
Don't take chances by paring corns at home. Corns come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever, unless removed Root and All. End that corn for good with this new, double-action Blue-Jay method.

Blue-Jay BAKER & BLACK
SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

A picture of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

—$1.260 to $2.00 a Year
Many 1937 appointments. Common duties include answering and delivering mail, and keeping record of all mail. Write immediately for free 32-page book with list of many positions and particulars telling how to get them.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. A205
Rochester, N. Y.

Silver Screen 81
LUISE RAINER’s great performance in "The Good Earth" was not marred by the desire on her part to appear, at least once, as the beautiful girl that she is. She really threw herself unreservedly into the part of the timid down-trodden cooie woman. The complete unself-consciousness of Rainer in the role was marvelous. She bent down, hiding her face, as the woman, O-Lan, would have done in life, completely disregarding the camera.

However, in humble lives it is the nobility of thought that moulds the faces of the poor into the outlines of loveliness. Because of this, Rainer appears at times transfigured and her face shines with true Beauty.

* * * * *

AND now to boast a little about this magazine, particularly concerning an important feature that will be in "Silver Screen" next month. We do not pretend to introduce you to Dana Burnet. You two have met before. You have read his stories in all the best magazines, you have seen his plays on Broadway and his scenarios on the screen. Dana Burnet now lives in Hollywood and his typewriter is going like a machine gun, capturing the important and colorful doings in the studios and lining them up against sheets of paper. All right! All right! We admit we are enthusiastic. We will leave the rest for you to discover for yourself next month.

How’s that, Dana? Is that editorial gusto, or what?

* * * * *

THERE is a war that never ceases. It goes on day and night in Hollywood—the scheming, blackguards of the underworld against the highly paid players of the studios. The story of the various scandals makes one realize the risks that are a part of the life of each popular star. Read Helen Louise Walker’s article on this subject in "Silver Screen" for May.

Also in the May issue, Elizabeth Wilson writes a "Projection" of Madge Evans that makes our well-loved Madge deeper than ever.

Did you think those perfectly proportioned girls just grew that way? Read about the many exercises that are used by the players to prepare their beautiful figures for the severe test of the summer beaches. It’s a Ben Maddox story.

The studios hum with activity and S. R. Mook listens to the din. He hears the voices of the directors and the banter of the actors. Read his survey of the new productions in the making in "Pictures on the Fire."

* * * * *

You don’t mind if we drop a hint?

E. R. KEAR

82

A MOVIE FAN’S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS
1. The dim-witted worker in "Black Legion"
2. Old
3. Loved by Don Ameche in "One in a Million"
4. Exclusively
5. The champion of "Come up and see me tommorow"
6. Weird
7. Now working in "The Prince and the Pauper"
8. One yielding an ax
9. Patrons of a restaurant
10. An American humorist
11. He portrayed "Daniel Boone"
12. Thoroughbreds (abbr.)
13. Buffalo Bill in "The Plainsman"
14. Public缺少 (abbr.)
15. Meadow
16. Associate of Arts (abbr.)
17. Ruby Keeler’s husband
18. A bear of burden
19. Within
20. Taurine
21. A three-road sloth
22. Direction of compass
23. Head coverings
24. An opera by Verdi
25. Measure of length (abbr.)
26. Beverage
27. One of the submarine divers in "Depths Below"
28. The twenty-third letter of Greek alphabet
29. "The Jungle Princess" (initials)
30. Parent
31. Life
32. North Western State (abbr.)
33. To whom Mirle Oberon scorns devoted
34. French article
35. Masculine pronoun
36. "Old Hunk"
37. The doctor in "Ladies in Love"
38. A very special friend of Robert Taylor’s
39. Royal Academy of Arts (abbr.)
40. Either
41. "John Meade’s Woman"
42. North River (abbr.)
43. Later in "Great Guy"
44. He recently returned to the screen
45. Requests
46. With George Brent in "God’s Country and the Woman"
47. Part of verb "to be"

DOWN
1. Hapalang Castile
2. Upon
3. The newspaper woman in "Smart Blonde"
4. Now making "Danger, Men Working"
5. Plural of that
6. Type measure
7. The pathetic widow in "After the Thin Man"
8. Personal pronoun
9. Handsome tap dancer in "Gold Diggers of 1937"
10. Approaches
11. The snobbish mother in "Rainbow on the River"
12. Sufrs
13. Lovely Universal player
14. Method of transportation (abbr.)
15. Tenen man of Charles Ruggles (initials)
16. The novelist in "Theodora Goes Wild"
17. Expression of sorrow
18. Jacob’s brother (bib.)
19. Shannon’s composition
20. Young girl
21. Spanish cooking pot
22. Cecilia Parker’s besne in "Old Huth"
23. The innocent prisoner in "We Who Are About to Die"
24. Radicals
25. Excellent in "You Only Live Once"
26. Sports reporter in "Woman Wise"
27. Square article
28. The hoisters in "Fugitive in the Sky"
29. Borders of the mouth
30. Bride of Clifford Odets
31. The faithful sweetheart in "We Who Are About to Die"
32. Wing-shaped
33. Pertaining to aeronautics
34. The fourteen year old star of "Three Smart Girls"
35. Secured images
36. To wander
37. Thigh of a hog
38. More unusual
39. A former world’s heavyweight champion
40. To wait for
41. Curved lines
42. Popular male player (initials)
43. Every (abbr.)
44. Country north of the U.S.
45. Pronoun

Answer to Last Month’s Puzzle

BY SCHILDRAKTA AD
OAPE TIRED RYE A
BGRALT LN CARGAN
BRENT WYATT LOGIC
VRELL ON NME
BOY CRAYE WOMENS
ABBDN CANELL LIT...

MEK ALE BOA ILSA
EARS NBA SNTS 3SA
CC ULRIC ON
HINDS MASH HENIE
EATION PAL ALMBR
I EYE U SAP
PAR CELEST EN
FRANCES D BRENNAN

THE CURED PRESS, INC., U. S. A.
HAVE you ever thought before of what this lovely screen star says? The charm that’s most appealing of all—perfect daintiness from head to toe—is a charm within the reach of any girl.

A regular Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will leave you refreshed—skin sweet—pores freed of hidden traces of stale perspiration by ACTIVE lather. Your skin will have a delicate, clinging fragrance that makes people want to be near you—even if they don’t know why!

Try the simple, inexpensive way Bette Davis has chosen to make sure of daintiness. She is one of many screen stars, famous the world over, who use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. You’re sure to find it works for you.
The beautiful Mrs. Spalding, shown on her husband's sloop "Hurulu," is a skilled yachtswoman. Her enjoyment of the sea illustrates her charming zest for life. She travels, she entertains, and smokes Camels—as many as she pleases. "Camels are so mild," she says, "they never get on my nerves. And everybody knows how they help digestion!" Smoking Camels sets up a natural, abundant flow of digestive fluids — alkaline digestive fluids — and thus encourages good digestion. At the right, Mrs. Spalding enjoys a late supper in Hollywood's Trocadero, whose host, Billy Wilkerson, says: "Camels are certainly the popular cigarette here."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia  •  Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles
Mrs. Powell Calter, Boston  •  Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Garber Costigelyc, Boston  •  Mrs. Anthony J. Dewar, Philadelphia
Mrs. Chiwii Dunboy Langhumor, Virginia  •  Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman, III, Baltimore  •  Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, New York
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Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand.

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS

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