HOLLYWOOD'S UNMARRIED HUSBANDS
Four Pages of Hilarious Star Caricatures by

Features by ELEANOR ROOSEVELT • LOUIS SOBOL

ETTA PALMER
New Listerine Tooth Paste with amazing Luster-Foam “Bubble Bath” cleanses teeth new, thrilling way... more penetrating... more thorough... millions choose it

You simply can't imagine how clean your teeth can be... how brilliantly they gleam... until you have used the New Listerine Tooth Paste, energized by Luster-Foam.

Luster-Foam detergent is an outstanding contribution to dental care... the energetic foe of decay. It is not a soap, yet it has far more penetrating power than soap. It is not a powder, yet has powder's effectiveness.

A tooth paste especially created to thoroughly cleanse the countless tiny pits, cracks, and fissures on the teeth... the “blind spots” between the teeth and at the gum line so frequently neglected in the past. These are the areas to which dull film clings, where germs breed, fermenting acids form, and where many authorities estimate between 75% and 95% of all decay starts.

Into some of these areas, ordinary dentifrices and even water seldom enter. But Luster-Foam enters them... especially created to do that very job.

That lively, aromatic Luster-Foam “bubble bath” (20,000 bubbles to the square inch) starts performing a miracle the moment brush and saliva set it off.

Dull film is whisked away. Food accumulations come off like magic. Dangerous decay acids are combated. Millions of decay germs are removed.

You scarcely feel this going on—all you know is that your mouth feels wonderfully alive and fresh, and remains that way for hours afterward.

Get the new Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam detergent, right now! It will bring you a new conception of health and beauty. At all drug counters, in two sizes: Regular 25c, and Big Double-Size containing more than 1/4 lb. of toothpaste for 40c—by all odds your best buy.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.
For afternoon wear, Betty Grable selects as her Essential Wardrobe a luxurious Seal Dyed Coney coat with softly rippled collar, a black crepe dress with gold embroidery and sash, black felt pill-box, black suede shoes, black suede pouch bag and black suede gloves. Betty Grable is appearing in Paramount Pictures.
Watch for a Merry-Goldwyn-Mayer Christmas! I'm feeling merry already, because I've got an Xmas gift that warms this old single heart.

It's a studio-full of letters from you and you and you (thanks to each of you) telling me you liked my personal column in last month's magazines and you want me to continue. Okay fans!

Well, here's real news! Remember my Christmas picture a few years ago—Charles Dickens' "David Copperfield" (who could forget?)...

A pre-Christmas gift, dancing Joan Ford will show you that she's learned new steps as the dancing bride in "THE SHINING HOUR." Plenty of helpers for Joan, among them Margaret Hayes, Robert Young, Melvyn Douglas, Fay Bainter. Quite a cast, folks. A picture, too!

Certainly started the festive season! The All-American rage now is "OUT WITH THE HARDYS", latest offering from your favorite screen Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and all the folks are fine, thank you!

I'll remember December" is a good one for M-G-M...and the New Year off to a happy start as those gay love songs, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy bring us their first musical, "SWEETHEARTS" in Technicolor, too!

said Christmas comes but once

I'll get a holiday package on the screen week of 1939 from Santa Claus—

Leo

PHOTOPLAY
On the Cover—Hedy Lamarr, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

Shirley Temple’s Last Letter to Santa—Drawing by Vincenti 9
This is probably the last Christmas she will write to him
Film Folk I Have Known 10
Eleanor Roosevelt
A distinguished lady talks about picture people she has met
Romantic Recluse 12
Gladys Hall
The private life of a public hero—Ronald Colman
This Year’s Love Market—Its Highs and Lows 14
Greta Palmer
A graphic record of Hollywood romances, marriages and divorces
Mama Is in the Movies Now 16
Louis Sobel
A famous columnist discovers a real Cinderella—Ellen Drew
It Pays to Be Tough 17
Ida Zeilin
Introducing John Garfield—a bright new luminary
Mother Goose Goes Hollywood 18
Walt Disney
Four pages of delightful caricatures from Walt Disney’s new film
Hollywood’s Unmarried Husbands and Wives 22
Kirtley Baskette
Domesticity takes on a unique form in this unconventional told
Civizing Saba of India 24
Katharine Roberts
The story of a jungle child in a modern world
Photoplay Fashions 49
Gwen Watters
Carole Lombard opens the pages of our 1939 fashion section
What Hollywood Is Thinking 59
Marian Rha
The second in a series of revealing answers to pertinent questions
Corrigan Lands in Hollywood 60
Edward Doherty
“Wrong-Way” Doug discovers all roads lead to filmrown
Lindbergh’s Movie Contract 61
Major Thomas G. Langlier
A fascinating untold story of America’s great hero
The Case of the Hollywood Scandal 62
Eric Stanley Gardner
A thrilling mystery reaches a climax of revenge and romance

The Camera Speaks:
“Who’s Behind the Glass?” 26
The “eyes” have it in Photoplay’s optical guessing game
Gay Blades 30
Young Hollywood has fun at the Ice Follies
Favorite Stories of Famous Children 32
Dixie Willson
A bouquet from a famous author’s new book
They Haven’t Changed a Bit 36
Here’s proof in these rare old pictures of a few modern stars
Khyber Pass, California 38
Kipling’s “Gunga Din” comes to the screen

Close Ups and Long Shots 6
Ruth Waterbury
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
Cal York’s Gospel of Hollywood 41
The Shadow Stage 44
We Cover the Studios 46
Jack Wade
Choose the Best Picture of 1938 64
Carolyn Van Wyck
PHOTOPLAY’S Own Beauty Shop 66
Boo and Bouquets 68
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood? 69
Movies in Your Home 70
A new department for amateur movie-camera enthusiasts
Close Ups of Hollywood Designers 72
Complete Cuts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue 87

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BRIEF REVIEWS

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

* INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL, THE—RKO-Radio

Hollywood puts an ignored finger at itself with Jack Oakie (in which he's good but just a bit heavy) and the happenings surrounding a falling star, Lottie Hall. Ruth Donnelly and Patsy Kelly put up a memorable and amusing festering. (Adv)

ALWAYS IN TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

Jane Withers, of course, is always in hot water and gets into deeper this time with a family who becomes his overprotective and can't take it. When they become stranded on an island with smugglers, Withers, with her usual hit, saves the crooks and brings her family back. (Adv)

ARKANSAS TRAVELER, THE—Paramount

With its simple, down-home, homestyle humor of an interesting printer, Bob Burns resemblance to W. C. Fields becomes even more apparent. Ray Byrd is the widow whose newspaper Burns saves from failure; Leon Dyer and John Beal are heart and laughing with yiddish기가 속임을. Family farce. (Adv)

ARMY GIRL—Republic

Madge Evans is the love interest and the title of this film. Otherwise it is not courageous enough to give us a picture of the boys in khaki at a military post. Juggling by Preston Foster, Neil Hamilton and William Tabbert, and the musical lead by Colleen H. B. Warner. Who goes on the mount? (Nov)

BAREFOOT BOY—Monogram

Let Junio R. and George Beesly to themselves to Tom Sawyer's vagaries about crooks and earnest brains, as the vapid dialogue and pale acting (after the second round) would make a patent broker at the wrong Monday. The kids composing the cast (Jackie Moran, Mary Jane, Beryl Hollywood) are magnificently chosen and do well. (Adv)

BLOW HEADS—Hollywood—M-G-M

Back at their old school, at Last but thirdly on the chick with a cleaver. Lasting, remaining in the trenches for twenty years and knowing the War has ended, returns to what he had hardly, married to Mango Connolly. The fun is immediately on. (Nov)

BOY MEETS GIRL—Warners

This cinema plus one, and Saboteur, Hollywood is as happy and believing a direction as the star play of the same name. Marking the return of Jimmy Cagney to the home screen, it tells the story of two screwball writers. With the added help of nature's cutout leading lady, we have the baby of a day's window. (Wire World) to build up a Western star. The millenium is left with the boy. (Adv)

BOYS TOWN—M-G-M

The factual story of the founding of a model community for problem boys is now being played by Monogram's E. F. Maclean. This depicts the triumphs of man's faith in Providence and human nature. Spencer Tracy gives a brilliant interpretation of Father Flanagan, and Mickey Rooney, in a change very against the inevitable Nellie. Hollywood should be proud of such a picture. (Rev)

BREAKING THE ICE—Principal-RKO-Radio

It helps tremendously to have five-year-old faggy-smirker Irene Darke melee her secret dream in the latest of Bobby Brown's singing picture, Bobby, at this scene a teenager, runs away from the collection of his latest intemperance. Delores Coates is literally smashing as Bobby's mother. (Adv)

CAMPUS CONFESSIONS—Paramount

Bette Grable, Eleanor Whitmore and Bill Henry, perennial college songsters, plaster around, but the big center about Hank Williams is a smart fellow who proves that acting behind any college curriculum. (Adv)

CAREFREE—RKO-Radio

The team of Rogers and Astaire is back, as light on their collective feet as ever. Foot to foot personified, Gardner is his patient. Over all these antics, and the best feature remains the crock has ever invented, wear the pretty blue melodies of Irving Berlin's latest show. Watch Gene Kelly put you in a gay mood. (Adv)

CHASER, THE—M-G-M

A swift minor comedy based on the ambulance-chasing racket. It's a pretty good shot but the situations are so funny you'll laugh anyway. Dumps all the bits are by the master, Lewis Stone for broken leg.--John Qualen, Nat Pendleton and Ann Morris support. (Adv)

CROWD ROARS, THE—RKO-Radio

Well, kids, here it is! Bob Taylor comes through as a comedian in this funny little tale of the prize ring which surrounds him with cracked knuckles, buttoned up on his shoulder. and Marjorie O'Sullivan, for whose love he finally gives up his heavy career. Directed by O'Brien. (Nov)

DESPERATE ADVENTURE, A—Republic

There's a lot of fun packed when Marlene Dietrich turns up in Paris and is the image of the "Siel girl" painted by Remo Naranjo. The picture is well made and everyone's going to get it, with Dietrich's reputation as lovely Marlene Dietrich, Naranjo is known as big. Don't break your neck. (Adv)

DOWN ON THE FARM—20th Century-Fox

Having the eminence of an X-Raying, the Foursome Family continue the attempt to cough Americans on the nerves and approval. At every one of the family's adventures on land and sea, the farm are endured by a commission, an election and various country activities. The question is what should amuse you no end. (The cast is as usual.)

DRUMS—Korda-United Artists

Another amazingly dramatic story of a British regiment on the North-west Frontier, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Ams of the Frontier they apparently looks is the lab of the cagoule whose whose friendships are bound by the humor of the ever so much. Herpin, who does the great work as the captain, Jeffreys, and Jeffrey Lynn, who is eminently "a discovery important. (Adv)

Farrell Young and Connie Bennett, mad zany of "Topper" fame, find that that realism and jolt don't jibe in Roach's sequel, "Topper Takes a Trip"

FINDS A CROWD—Warners

Erol Flynn emerges from his romantic cocoon to turn into a fine comedienne (theatrical) as a responsible-Irene, white-capping millionaires. Rondal Sallad is a top-flight newspaper woman on Pat Novak's paper. Olivia de Havilland is a giant daughter of Wall Street Walter Connelly. You'll find out who loves whom and, in the interim, you'll find terrific entertainment. (Adv)

FRESHMAN YEAR—Universal

This rather film has an unusual twist—a football game. Instead, it deals with a statistics group who decide "book is insurance," put on a show in order to pay off. Dean Dunbar is the cheer-jeol rooster, William Lundigan, the6 ICE border, Ernest Truex is good as the professor who goes jittering. (Adv)

FUGITIVE FOR A NIGHT—RKO-Radio

Deanna Durbin, in a week, is collected only a double bill, this rises no better than its aim. The story deals with a Hollywood studio, Frank Alexander, a his brother, is a singer, and the love affair of his hero, Eleanor Lynn. Not much here to cheer over. (Adv)

GARDEN OF THE MOON—Warners

The Garden of the Moons is the famous Concerti Grande at the Ambass-ador Hotel in Los Angeles, but the resemblance between that upper room and this picture is slight. It involves Pat O'Brien as the back-billed major and Johnowl as the landlord whose love for Marquette Lindsay precipitates many a battle. Good comedy, good music. Good. (Adv)

GATEWAY—20th Century-Fox

Starting out as a sincere portrait of various types of immigrants who land in New York, this gets intensified into a shabby huck- siewod. Arleen Whelan is the Irish lass traveling to America, Don Amore is a woe correspondent, Ennis Berne, a social worker and Gregory Ratoff, a phonetic Russian prince. They get to Ellis Island, thought! (Adv)

GIRLS ON PROBATION—Warners

The lives of two girls, June Bryson and Sheila Bromley, ran a close parallel as one takes the straight road, the other the plebeian path, yet both land in petition. Attorney Ronald Reagan finally unites the two with his case, whose denouement becomes enigmatic. Humor and interesting. (Adv)

GIRLS' SCHOOL—Columbia

A drossentication of the trend of a poor soul girl (June Shirley) in a rich millhink school. No story is the mean. Nish Romney, Jr., the sympathetic plumber, Kenneth Howell the poet, something slipped here. (Adv)

* GIVE ME A SAILOR—Paramount

Matthew Ruy's first film as a glamorous girl turns out to be very hilarious—the funniest scene being Marilla's efforts with a mud pack. She is not escaping away from sleepwalks very fast. She lover Jack Whittington, but Jane loves Betty Grable, and Bob Pope loves Marilla. They all get off as sisters. (Continued on page 88)
"LET THERE BE A GREAT LAND, BRAVE WOMEN—AND BOLD MEN TO GUARD THEM!"

From the rocky cliffs of Newfoundland to the western slopes of the Yukon—sweeps a wild-hearted empire of rushing rivers, plains and towering peaks. Guarding this vast dominion—a handful of red-coated heroes maintain their tradition, "Get your man!"... Now, for the first time, the epic story of the Royal Canadian Mounted is told in living colors... told in the beat of love-torn hearts and glory of brave rash deeds!

**Heart of the North**

*In TECHNI-COLOR*

With a big cast
Directed by LEWIS SEILER
Screen Play by Lee Katz and Vincent Sherman • Based on a Novel by William Byron Mowery • A First Nat'l Picture

*January, 1939*
ENTER ... EVENING, 1939

a beguiling mode,
rich in silver

Evening, 1939, sweeps in with trailing velvet ... head regally high ... hair sleekly "upped" ... shoulders and arms gleaming with silver ... Federal Silver Fox. Federal is the perfect complement to the new after-dark mode. Beautifully frosted and thickly, silkily furred, it dramatizes your costumes. And the name, stamped on the leather side of the pelt, insures lasting loveliness. Insist upon Federal Fox; it is featured by smart stores, everywhere.

FEDERAL SILVER FOXES * HAMBURG, WISCONSIN
SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S LAST LETTER TO SANTA

DEAR SANTA:

Every year I write you a letter and on every Christmas you've always remembered what I ask for. I know it's not nice to ask for things but I've decided that telling you what I want might save you a lot of trouble. So this is a sort of shopping list and if you have time to get around to me after taking care of all the other little girls I'll be very glad if you take this list along.

But there is something I have to explain first. It is about last year. I didn't mean to play a trick on you. I just wanted to see you, Santa. Just once. That's why I put the bell on the toe of my stocking and hung it by my bed (instead of the usual place on the mantel) so I'd be sure to hear it. But I didn't. You filled it without ever making a sound—with those candy nuts I love so, and little glass figures for my collection and the small silver tea set. Remember?

And maybe I'd better explain about that stocking too. Mine isn't very big. Sonny and I've always remembered what I ask for. I know it's not nice to ask for things but you can always use some extra things on Christmas. I hope you don't mind because I'd like to use it again this year.

WHAT I want more than anything, Santa (even more than a double-folding sleeping bag and one of those jiffy tents) is another Jimmy. O I know it will be hard to find and you will have to look all over because Jimmy was the dearest baby doll in the world. He went to Honolulu with me and he was so good. But on the trip we took last summer I left my Jimmy sitting in the car right in the sun when we went to the Grand Canyon. I never should have done that because my dad locked the car and it got pretty hot. When we came back Jimmy's cheeks were cracked. The paint had run onto his little white rompers and when I picked him up he lashe's fell out. I just could not help crying. My dad sent him back to the doll hospital in Hollywood but they couldn't fix him. When I got home I buried my Jimmy in our backyard and Mary Lou Isleib (she is my best friend and stand-in) (Continued on page 50)
America's most distinguished lady
brings you an intimate glimpse
of the picture people she has met

SOMEWHERE in a paper not long ago I saw
the following question: "Are actors and
actresses the same in real life as they are
on the stage?" It set me thinking, for, in the
course of my life, I have known a good many
artists of one kind or another—actors, actresses,
musicians, painters—all akin in the love they have for their art.

They spend their lives trying to give the world pleasure through this art. As far as actors and
actresses are concerned, whether on the stage or
in the movies, I doubt if any of them would like
us to think that they were the same on the stage
as off. Success, in their profession, requires that
they create for us the illusion that they really
are the characters which they portray and that
those characters are alive and playing a part in
real life for the time that we follow them on the
stage.

Those whom I have known off the stage, how-
ever, frequently carry into their real lives some-
thing that is reminiscent of their stage tech-
nique. Others are so entirely different that you
can hardly see any resemblance to the person
you saw in such and such a part last winter, or
in some picture last night.

The first great actress I ever met was Eleonora
Duse. While the others talked, I stood shyly
and devoured her with my eyes. She was the
most beautiful and fascinating-looking creature
. . . but I must stop talking about the past and
tell you a little about some of my acquaintances
in the movies who can be called contemporaries.

JEAN DIXON, of course, is a friend of some
years standing, a charming, cultured woman
who speaks French like a native, is a great
reader and who has had the great advantage
as a youngster of working for a while with
Sarah Bernhardt. These memories she cher-
ishes, as I cherish having seen the same great
actress playing in "L'Aiglon" when I was in
Paris as a schoolgirl.

Three years ago, I began to meet some of the
very young Hollywood stars who were kind
enough to come to Washington to appear at the
various Birthday Balls given on the night of my
husband's birthday.

The first year, Ginger Rogers stands out as a
charming personality: the next year there were
more and I saw them at lunch. They were Mr.
Robert Taylor, Miss Marsha Hunt, Miss Maria
Gambrelli, Miss Mitzi Green, Mr. Frederick
Jagel and Miss Jean Harlow.

First these guests were taken to greet my
husband in his study; then we ate in the state
dining room. I confess I asked them, with some
trepidation, if they would like to see more of
the White House, wondering how much they
would care for historic interests. Jean Harlow
and Robert Taylor seemed to be considered first
place by the others, but they all expressed a
keen desire to see all there was to be seen.

We went through the White House from gar-
ret to cellar and over to the executive offices as
well. The colored staff was agog with excite-
ment and, on the third floor, Robert Taylor was
held up and begged for his autograph, which he
very generously gave. This only happened to
him, however, because he lagged behind and I
was not there to protect him.

I THINK I must also tell you that Marie Dress-
ler, when she spent a night with us, was told by
her maid how great was the interest of the staff
below stairs in her visit.

Before she started out with the President and
me in the morning to help unveil a monument,
she spent an hour in the kitchen, greeting everybody and signing autographs for them with that friendly manner no one else ever quite has been able to imitate.

Marie Dressler is gone and so is little Jean Harlow, but I will never forget the letters both of them wrote me, so filled were they with appreciation of what the White House means to American citizens. Perhaps an actress has to be a little more sensitive to atmosphere than the average person, but true it is that these two expressed it as few of our guests have done.

Looking at little Mitzi Green across the table, it was hard to realize that she was only sixteen and on her way to musical-comedy success in New York. One little incident I shall always remember. As we came into my husband’s office, one of the girls said: “I wish we had told the President how glad we are to be here. Let’s sit in his chair and leave him a message.”

They wrote the message and one by one all of them, girls and boys alike, sat in his chair and signed it.

This past January, another group was with us and this time most of my children were at home, so they had plenty of young people to entertain them. At lunch with me were Miss Patricia Bowman, Mr. Joe E. Brown, Miss Louise Fazenda, Miss Maria Gambarelli, Miss Janet Gaynor, Miss Ann Gillis (the ten-year-old star), Mr. Glen Gray, Mr. Richmond B. Keech, Mr. Tommy Kelly (aged twelve), Mr. Anthony Labriola, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Mr. Ken Murray and Miss Eleanor Powell.

Pretty Eleanor Powell made two of my daughters-in-law extremely jealous, or so they pretended, and I noticed that my boys were extremely anxious to act as guides through the White House. They usually hang back when any such suggestion is made.

They all returned, after their tour through the House, to my sitting room, Franklin, Junior, remarking, “We think perhaps you (Continued on page 83)
Photoplay turns back the Hollywood calendar to bring you the marital mergers and tangles, the Blessed and not-so-Blessed Events in a bulletin that's town talk

BY GRETTA PALMER

September, 1937: Saw the birth of a new Photo play. The following months have brought record-breaking events. So the editors mark the close of its first fiscal year with these hilariously vital statistics. Romance opened strong, with marriage quotations giving the market a bullish trend. Announcement of the marriage of Miriam Hopkins to Director Anatole Litvak, early in the month, marked the beginning of the broad upswing. Cupid Common soared when Alice Faye and Tony Martin were wed. Other issues responded: Luise Rainer, in a statement, assailed bears who sold short her marriage to Clifford Odets, the playwright. The Tyrone Power-Loretta Young interests were reported firm, although a nervous tone prevailed over the Tyrone Power-Sonja Henie collaboration. Stork rallied with the new Gary Cooper-Veronica Balfe issue.

October: Marriage held firm, in spite of bearish interest in the Clark Gable ménage, with rumored participation by Carole Lombard. Hearts advanced when Francis Lederer wed Margo, showing strong foreign interests in the Domestic Hearts' market. Rumors of a rise in Garbo-Stokowski, formerly unlisted, were denied by the company involved. The Virginia Bruce-David Niven romance sagged. Conflicting rumors on the Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck amalgamation confused observers.

November: Romances soared, with a firm undertone of wedding bells. The market for the month closed strong. Jackie Coogan's marriage to Betty Grable, Betty Furness' to orchestra leader Johnny Green and Alan Curtis to Priscilla Lawson were pivotal points in the latter half of the session. Public participation was marked. Traders and usually authoritative sources rumored new listings and the gossip tape lagged behind events. The new Tyrone Power consolidation mentioned Janet Gaynor. The Ginger Rogers-Playwright Robert Riskin deal attracted attention. Carole Lombard and Clark Gable were bracketed for a sharp rally. Robert Taylor's European interests included Barbara Stanwyck, according to London and domestic tipsters.

December: Matrimonial shares reached year's high when Virginia Bruce and Director J. Walter Ruben brought out a new and eagerly received gilt-edged debenture. The Hearts' Exchange reflected sentiment. Continued upswing raised Romance averages to new highs on the year's movement. Early in the month several matrimonial issues were retired: Leopold Stokowski changed his listing and tape symbol from Husband to Divorce.

Gloria Holden released her holdings in Harold Winston. There was profit-taking in Stork Preferred by the firm of Henry Fonda and Wife. Garbo denied plans for a Stokowski merger. Well-informed observers reflected coldness towards Lupe Velez-Weissmuller shares. Nervousness was expressed by the tape on the Clark Gable-Lombard company shares.

A broadly bullish tone prevailed, with Cary Grant-Phyllis Brooks and Loretta Young-Joe Mankiewicz moving briskly.

January, 1938: The New Year's Marriage Market opened sluggishly, with little support. The Stan Laurel wedding on the opening day was bullish, but general nervousness prevailed. Volatile issues, such as Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck, remained unchanged. The Lily Damita-Enroll Flynn romance encountered resistance. The Stork Market showed an improved technical position. Stork Preferred announced four new listings when sons were born to Allan Jones, Bela Lugosi, Arline Judge and Bing Crosby. A daughter born to Claude Rains made this the outstanding month for stockholders in the Baby Commodity Market.

February: The Hearts' Exchange opened with little volume and scant outside participation. Traders were inclined to be bearish and Romance moved sluggishly. Certain observers profited on the downside with the announcement of Fay Wray's separation from the writer, John Monk Saunders, and Walter Wanger's divorce from Justine Johnston.

Valentine Common sagged sharply, in the dullest session of the year. News of Stokowski's sailing to join Garbo brought only a faint response.

March: The month opened with a bulge in Love, but Matrimony attracted few bidders. The Kay Francis engagement to Baron Eric Barnekow brought some public participation. Babies were bullish, with Bob Burns' new son attracting interest.

The Stokowski-Garbo issue moved sidewise, with conflicting rumors arousing uneasiness among gossip-brokers. The Tyrone Power-Janet Gaynor bond remained firm. Hands-Holding received some support from the increased activities of the A. C. Blumenthal and June Lang interests.
April: Romance continued to lag, with many shares striking the low for the year on the Hearts' Exchange. Gossip-brokers were reluctant to take a position and the specialists' book showed few offerings. The tape reported bearish developments in Matrimony Preferred when Herbert Marshall, handsome star, was sued by Eddy Brandt for alienating the affections of Mrs. Brandt (Lee Russell).

Eternal Triangle responded with a brief flurry of interest, but the Love market remained disappointingly stagnant for the session as a whole. Infant Commodities attracted interest with the birth of a daughter to Doris Warner and M-G-M producer Mervyn LeRoy.

May: The Hearts' Exchange continued its recent listless tone, with few offerings. Shorts were vindicated when Luise Rainer and playwright Clifford Odets announced their separation early in the session.

Hearts advanced on a narrow front with the rumor of a rise in Melting Glances, Inc., sponsored by the strong Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel interests.

Slight gains were reported at the Fox lot, with Sonja Henie and Richard Greene said to be participating in Besting Hearts Preferred. Usually reliable sources did not authenticate the rumor that large interests were watching this issue.

June: Hearts advanced with a sharp rise and shorts scurrying to cover their positions. Love encountered little resistance in the almost perpendicular return.

All matrimonial issues shared in the most rapid upturn in months.


The strength of the movement was reflected among the Rumors, where Richard Greene was claimed on behalf of three important shareholders: Arleen Whelan, Loretta Young, Sonja Henie.

Bidding for the favors of the young British star sent his stock soaring to remarkable new highs for the year.

July: The Hearts' Exchange held its gains this month, in spite of a rapid turnover as reflected in the Frothot Tone and Richard Arlen separation reports. The latter was unexpected and caused gloom among Heart Throb dealers.

A general optimistic tone, however, prevailed. Trading in Matrimonial shares was brisk, with the Claire Trevor-Clark Andrews marriage leading the movement. The rise was reflected in the Lee Tracy wedding. Liz Grey Chaplin's recovery was marked, with announcement of her participation in Matrimony. Preferred. The Mary Lou Lender-Delmer Daves nuptials attracted the attention of traders and insiders considered the marriage of Carole Lombard's secretary, "Fieldsie," to Director Walter Lang significant.

Foreign holdings were depressed by reiterated attention to the affairs of Sigrid Gurie, hailed as deriving from Norway but actually originating in Brooklyn. Her divorce from Thomas W. Stewart and the Zita Johann-John McCormick split caused Foreign Hearts to lag, but they recovered during the session.

Romances shared in the month's recovery, along with Matrimonial shares, on a broad front. Hepburn stock broke through the old high, with rumored association with Howard Hughes. The Michael Whalen-Ilona Massey participation caused a flurry and much out-of-town interest was reflected by the rise in Romances, based on the Simone Simon-Gene Markey rumor. The Loretta Young status continued to interest Exchange heads: her adoption of the George Brent directorate was said, though not authenticated, to be distressing to the Tyrone Power interests.

August: The market held its gains, in spite of considerable speculation on the downward. Bears' raids were reflected in the precipitate decline of the Jack Oakies' Matrimonial listing. The suspension of Velez-Weissmuller Maritials had been predicted by all the insiders and caught few gossip-traders short. Foreign shares were easier, with Michael Brooke (the Earl of Warwick) splitting, two for one, with his former Countess. Other declines were shown in the Ann Sheridan-Edward Norris marital status; the Vera Steadman-Martin Padway listing dropped the symbol Mrs. on the tape.

The Blue Chips, however, firmly adhered after their recent sharp rise and, in some cases, continued their advance. Marriages rebounded when Humphrey Bogart, twice divorced, and Mayo Methot, once divorced, were merged in a new corporation. The Sylvia Sidney-Luther Adler amalgamation sent Marriage shares to a month's high and caught many oldtimers unprepared.

Marital Tangles reflected the rumor that Dorothy Lamour, wife of Herbki Kay, seemed somewhat interested in a new merger with Randy Scott. At least, the two were seen here and there at the different dine and dance spots.

Dividends showed revived interest. The Ronald Coleman-Belita Hurrey stock soared on the rumor that consolidation of their interests had already been quietly arranged. The Janet Gaynor-Adrian situation was regarded as very bullish by experts downtown. Incorporation papers were said to have been drawn up between Arleen Whelan and Richard Greene, whose stock had been one of the most actively traded on the board in recent months. Hints that he had been managed by a pool were discounted by authoritative sources on the Exchange.

The rise in Hearts and Marriages was reflected (Continued on page 75)

LOVE MARKET... Its Highs and Lows
MISS TERRY RAY sat in the frantically cluttered cubicle I call my office and blurted out, "Oh, yes. I'm married. Why, heavens, I've got a little boy—Skipper. He's three-and-a-half."

The mild-mannered young gentleman who had accompanied Miss Ray to the office blanched. He thrust out a hand as if in shuddery disapproval. "T-t-tell him," he spluttered, "how you are really a Twentieth-Century Cinderella and—"

"Oh," murmured the girl. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that about Skipper—should I? May I have a cigarette, please?"

But she didn't sound too sorry—except, perhaps, for the nice young publicity man who looked woefully forlorn and let down at the awfulness of the revelation.

It was no hardship talking to and looking at the slim, pulchritudinous young matron who no longer is Terry Ray but listed on the Paramount pay roll as Ellen Drew. Since her nice press notices, earned after the critics surveyed her in "If I Were King," Ellen has become a Personality and the studio emirs are currently polishing up that precious wand, one wave of which transforms talented little girls into stars, with all the billing and salary concomitants, option pickups and exploitation flurries that keep a cinema notable in allegedly high spirits—and amply filled purse.

Personally, I think this Cinderella business is overdone. Every little girl who once went to high school and whose father was not a banker or senator is a Cinderella girl as soon as she lures a stage or screen contract and I, for one, am pretty bored with the description—and don't believe it anyway.

I wouldn't call Ellen Drew a Cinderella-girl. In fact, I won't. She is a trim-bodied, clear-eyed, self-reliant young woman with a keen mentality who is beginning to cash in on her assets. Neither her father nor her mother was ever connected with the stage nor was either abnormally interested in what went on behind the footlights. Nor, for that matter, was Ellen until someone in the Parker High School in Chicago thought the little girl with the green-blue eyes and the chestnut brown hair and the rather mellow voice was just the sort of girl who ought to show her school spirit by appearing in the school plays.

Ellen Drew, who was Terry Ray, was born in Kansas City, November 23, 1915, which proves to the mathematically inclined that she is twenty-three years old. The family moved to Chicago when Ellen was of high-school age. Two years later, her education was brought to an abrupt curtain when her father and mother parted and the girl decided she ought to go to work.

She told the employment man at Marshall Field's department store that she was eighteen, which she wasn't because she was only sixteen; but he believed her and every week thereafter she received a pay envelope with fourteen dollars in it.

Six months later she moved over to Grant's 5-and-10 where she sold jewelry and baby clothes and earned as high as eighteen dollars a week. Occasionally, she went to a movie, but she did not sown over the current leading men or develop a hunger to dress and look like the prevailing feminine stars. As a matter of fact, she admits if you asked her quickly who was her favorite, she would have to answer almost as quickly, "I can't remember."

Friends were heading toward Hollywood by automobile and Ellen was invited to go along. She had lost her job at Grant's during an efficiency curtailment and work was scarce in Chicago. There was a tentative promise of a job in Hollywood. So she went—and the promise was fulfilled. Ellen Drew, pretty and ambitious, became a salesgirl in Brown's Confectionery on Hollywood Boulevard, not a pebble's throw from Grauman's Theater. Salary, twenty dollars weekly.

The girl became a bit more movie star and (Continued on page 70)
IT PAYS TO BE TOUGH

BY IDA ZEITLIN

At five o'clock on the day "Four Daughters" was previewed in Hollywood, a young man slipped into the theater. He was short and black-browed, blunt features lighted by a pair of fine dark eyes. He found himself an obscure seat in the gallery, sat through two features once and one newsreel twice.

At seven or thereabouts he produced a sandwich from his pocket and munched it, the faint crackle of waxed paper drawing scowls from his neighbors. You might have gathered that a certain surreptitious air about him arose from the knowledge that all along he'd planned to eat a sandwich where none should be eaten. You'd have been wrong. He was simply intent on hiding out in the crowd.

At five, few would have recognized him. At ten forty-five—he sat slouched in the darkness for half an hour after the preview was over—it was a different story. A star had been born. Or, since Mr. Garfield frowns on the word star, a luminary. For a change, movieland was cheering a young man who could never have posed for a collar ad—cheering not a face, but a performance. Autograph-hunters, wise in the ways of their prey, nabbed him as he tried to sneak through the side door. Still unaccustomed to his movie-given name, he signed "Jules Garfield."

"Waddaya mean, Ju-leez?" snorted one indignant youth. "Ain't you the guy wuz ina pitcha name o' John Garfield?"

"That's my grandfather," explained the harassed Garfield, and fled.

He'd gone to the preview to take notes on what he did wrong. By arrangement, Roberta, his wife, had sat downstairs. He preferred to be alone with his agony. "I'll twist my own fingers instead of yours," he'd promised.

He'd been warned against Hollywood previews. But then he'd been warned against other aspects of Hollywood and found his fears to be groundless. "I expected the worst and got the best—a swell part, a director who directed and still left me free to make what I could of Mickey Borden, plenty of good parts lined up so I don't have to moulder. No, I'm a Hollywood booster—so long as they don't star me. Anyway," he grinned, "I've got my sixty-day stage clause. So what can I lose?"

It was the stage clause that postponed his arrival in Hollywood. Movie scouts had been after him for a couple of years.

"No contract," said Garfield, "without a clause that says I can go back to the stage on sixty days' notice."

"You're crazy," they told him, "giving up all that dough. The theater's dying."

Garfield's answer, undistinguished by logic, was nevertheless effective. "You're dying," he

(Continued on page 76)
With a twinkling eye on Hollywood's pet stars, Walt Disney turns the pages of Mother Goose's familiar nursery rhymes to create a brilliant new film—with results pictured exclusively in Photoplay.

"Any resemblance of characters herein portrayed to persons living or dead is purely coincidental," Mr. Disney assures us; but, unless our eyes deceive us, that's satchel-mouth Joe E. Brown who's just done a hot truckin' number with Martha Raye. Joe won by a kiss—see the outline on his face?

Old King Cole (Hugh Herbert) was a merry old soul, a merry old soul was he; he called for his fiddlers and he called for his bowl, but when the bowl was opened, the soup began to quack. Woo, woo, woo, it's not Mother Goose—but it is Donald Duck.
The King's Jester (frozen-faced Ned Sparks), with cigar in mouth and stick [topped by Ed "The Perfect Fool" Wynn] in hand, sees nothing funny in the King's entertainers, so—"Woo, woo, woo, off with their heads..."

"My fiddlers, goody-goody-goody..." gleefully cries Old King Cole as Groucho, Harpo and Chico put in their appearance as Fiddlers Three. They tune their fiddles, get ready to play, then, in typical Marxian manner, break them over their knees.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall—much to the merriment of that smug little Charlie McCarthy who has aroused the ire of W. C. Humpty-Dumpty Fields by heckling, "Hah-hah-hah—lovely day—lovely day—what a beautiful sunrise—or is that your nose?

I-want-so-much-to-be-alone Garbo has her wish gratified when she plays "See-saw Marjorie Daw" with Robinson. "O.K., Babe, you asked for it," says Eddie, as he teeters from his end of the totter.
Along comes Oliver Hardy, the Pieman whom Simple Simon meets at the Fair. Simon pulls a pie from the middle of the pieman’s wares without disturbing the order of the stack. But when Mr. Wise-man Pieman tries it, what happens to the pies never occurred in any volume of Mother Goose.

CONTINUING MOTHER GOOSE

The Little Boy Blue, sleeping under the haystack while “The sheep’s in the meadow and the cow’s in the corn,” turns out to be “Bad Man” Wallace Beery, who proves he can blow his horn just as well as he can tote a shotgun.

Nimble-footed Fred Astaire is a star member of the large and famous brood who “lived in a Shoe.” When they put on a show to help out their poor dear mother, kiddies Edna May Oliver, Mae West and ZaSu Pitts are trumpeteers who, with Cab Calloway and Fats Waller, offer a mad and merry finale.
Rub-a-dub-dub. Three men and a maid in a tub. Bold Captain Bligh (Charles Laughton) is "at sea without even a compass." Mariners two and three are Manuel (Spencer Tracy) and his too, too refined "leetle fees," Freddie Bartholomew. Little Bo Peep (La Hepburn) moans for her lost sheep.

Out from behind a large pie pops Little Jack Horner. He neglects to "stick in his thumb and pull out a plum" in his haste to sing, in the inimitable Eddie Cantor manner, the tuneful "Sing a Song of Six Pence, a Pocketful of Rye, Four and Twenty Blackbirds baked in a Pie."

Fraught with drama is the tragic situation of poor Little Bo Peep Hepburn, who, scanning the horizon, recites dolefully and with perfect diction, "I've lost my sheep—really I have. I can't find them anywhere—really, I can't. They were such lovely sheep—really they were."

Two of the musical children belonging to the Old Lady Who Lived in the Shoe are piccolo-players Clark Gabble, who keeps time with his ears, and dignified George Arliss who toots away on the saxophone.
"Just friends" to the world at large—yet nowhere has domesticity taken on so unique a character as in this unconventional fold

BY KIRTLLEY BASKETTE

E VER afternoon, for the past three years, a little meat market on Larchmont Avenue, near Paramount studios in Hollywood, has received a telephone call from a woman ordering a choice New York cut steak. Sometimes she orders it sent to the Brown Derby, sometimes to an apartment penthouse on Rossmore Street, sometimes to the studio. Wherever George Raft happens to be dining.

The woman who sees that George Raft has his favorite evening meal, no matter where he may be, is Virginia Pine. She is not George's wife, although there's little doubt that she would be if George's long-straggled wife would give him a divorce.

Carole Lombard is not Clark Gable's wife, either. Still she has remodeled her whole Hollywood life for him. She calls him "Pappy," goes hunting with him, copies his hobbies, makes his interests dominate hers.

Barbara Stanwyck is not Mrs. Robert Taylor. But she and Bob have built ranch homes next to each other. Regularly, once a week, they visit Bob's mother, Mrs. Brugh, for dinner. Regularly, once a week, too, Barbara freezes homemade ice cream for Bob from a recipe his mother gave her.

Nowhere has domesticity, outside the marital state, reached such a full flower as in Hollywood. Nowhere are there so many famous unmarried husbands and wives.

To the outside world Clark Gable and Carole Lombard might as well be married. So might Bob Taylor and Barbara. Or George Raft and Virginia Pine. Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard. Unwed couples they might be termed. But they go everywhere together, do everything in pairs. No hostess would think of inviting them separately, or pairing them with another. They solve one another's problems, handle each other's business affairs. They build houses near each other, buy land in bunches, take up each other's hobbies, father or mother each other's children—even correct each other's clothes—each other's personalities! Yet, to the world, their official status is "just friends." No more.

Yet George Raft, a one-woman man if there ever was one, is as true to Virginia Pine as a model husband would be. He has been, for three years. He has just bought her an expensive home in Beverly Hills. Recently, when they had a slight tiff, George took out some other girls, but was plainly so torch-burdened he could hardly stand it. He has never seriously looked at anyone else. Nor has Virginia.

Consider the results—strictly out of wedlock.

Before they met and fell in love, George was the easiest "touch" in Hollywood. He made big and easy money and just so easily did it slip through his fingers and into the outstretched palms of his myriad down-and-out friends. George, who came up the hard way, still has a heart as big as a cantaloupe melon and as soft inside. But he is more careful with his money now. He invests it—and well.

Before he met Virginia, George's civic interests ventured little farther than Hollywood and Vine, the fights, and a few of the hotter night spots. Now George Raft has his finger in a dozen Los Angeles business ventures and community interests. He is a solid citizen.

Before George and Virginia teamed up as a tight little twosome, George gloried in flashy, extremely-cut clothes. His suits, always immaculately knife-edge creased, had trousers with the highest waistlines in town. His coats were tight across the shoulders, narrowed extremely at the waist. His shoes were narrow, pointed and Cuban-heeled. He was Mister Broadway.

Virginia talked him into seeing Watson, one of Hollywood's most exclusive tailors. What's more, she talked him out of the theatrical clothes and into a more conservative taste.

All this is called "settling down." It usually happens to people after they've been married. Only George and Virginia still aren't married. He lives at the El Royale Apartments and Virginia lives in another building up the street. They just go together. But she orders his meals. And he spoils her little girl to death.
No real father could be more infatuated than George with Virginia's five-year-old daughter, Joan. Nor would you call George the perfect picture of a family man, either. He has already paid up an insurance policy that will guarantee Joan a nice little stake when she is ready for college. He seems to lie awake nights planning something new and delightful to surprise her with whenever he sees Virginia, and that's usually all the time.

One of the stories the salesgirls still tell down at Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles' swankiest store, is about the day Virginia and little Joan came into the shop. Joan spied something she wanted right then. But Virginia, wishing to impress upon her daughter that a person isn’t always able to have what he or she likes in this world, said, “But, Joan, you can’t have that. You haven’t the money to pay for it.”

“Oh, that’s all right,” stated Joan in a loud, clear voice. “Just charge it to George Raft.”

When Bob Taylor docked in New York from England and “A Yank At Oxford,” he waited around a couple of hours for a load of stuff he had bought over there to clear customs. Most of it was for—not Bob—but Barbara Stanwyck and her little son, Dion.

They’ve been practically a family since Bob bought his ranch estate in Northridge and built a house there.

Northridge, itself, is an interesting manifestation of how Hollywood’s united twosomes buy and build together. It lies in a far corner of the San Fernando Valley, fairly remote from Hollywood, all of fifteen miles from Bob’s studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. No coincidence can possibly explain his choosing that site, pleasant and open though it is, right beside Barbara Stanwyck’s place.

Barbara was there first. With the Zeppo Marvows, she established Marwyck Ranch to breed thoroughbred horses. She built a handsome ranch house and moved out. Bob Taylor had never been especially interested in either ranch life or horses until he started going with Barbara. But witness how quickly their interests—deep and expensive, permanent—merged when Bob bought the knoll adjoining Barbara’s Northridge ranch. Marriage couldn’t have worked more of a change.

Another “almost perfect” domestic picture—Barbara Stanwyck (top, with her son Dion) and Robert Taylor. Interests—deep, expensive, permanent—merged when Bob bought the knoll adjoining Barbara’s Northridge ranch. Marriage couldn’t have worked more of a change.

(Continued on page 74)
THOSE who saw a very small, half-naked brown boy making an oversized elephant do exactly as he wanted him to in the picture called "Elephant Boy," released just a year and half ago, might have been somewhat surprised to meet a young fellow named Sabu Dastagir on his recent visit to these United States. Even seeing his new picture, "Drums," was no preparation for the Sabu that came into a drawing room at the Ritz-Carlton, shortly after a giant Sikh guard who wore his beard rolled up in a hair net had waved us toward a chair and said, "Pliz—down-set!"

We down-set with our backs to the door and our attention was riveted momentarily on another large uniformed Sikh, minus hair net, who stalked across the room and, it being one of those chilly autumn days, pointed an electric fan straight at us and turned it on full blast.

Then, almost as though he had sprung out of the carpet, there appeared a slim, brown-skinned young fellow in a gray English-cut suit and scarlet turban. Mercifully, a sudden wide smile turned this poised young person into the well-remembered little boy, Sabu.

We hadn't heard him come in. He seems to enter a room as noiselessly as he ever moved about a jungle. Thoughtfully, he ordered the fan turned off. He spoke to the Sikh in his own language, but, turning back to us, lowered his voice and, indicating both guards, said, "I think they know more English than they say.

You know, they have been in England longer than I have." Then he added, "But who learns a language faster, a grown man or a boy?" A boy, of course. "Yes," said Sabu, "because a grown man—he always wants to go in the evenings and have a good time at night clubs. A boy can work." His own English is very good and has surprisingly little accent.

"Do you need much guarding?" we asked, looking back at the colorful Sikhs. Sabu grinned and we suggested, "Of course, they are very good decorations for a visiting picture star."

"I ought not to say that," observed Sabu sagely.

It is pretty evident that the great change in Sabu is due not merely to the fact that he has grown ten inches in height since he made "Elephant Boy"—as youngsters of his age are bound to do—or that, instead of the scant cloth tied about his middle like a relic of infant days, he is now wearing coveted long trousers. That rollicking Hindu child with his occasional strange small dignity has grown into a poised young cosmopolite, sharing interests in common with such stars as Ann Sothern and Fredric March (above, left).

Sabu, the little Hindu lad of "Elephant Boy" and "Drums" fame, has grown into a poised cosmopolite, sharing interests in common with such stars as Ann Sothern and Fredric March (above, left).

(Continued on page 80)
Epitome of aesthetic Hollywood: English Madeleine Carroll, wife of London's Phillip Astley; co-worker, in "Cafe Society," of Paramount's Fred MacMurray; and chief cardiac disturber of males the world over.

Walling
"WHO'S BEHIND"

The "eyes" have it here—or they will, after you've worked this special Photoplay optical guessing game and spotted the wearers of the dark glasses.

P.S: they take their glasses off on page 84.
HE GLASSES?"
Youngest of the "lucky MacDonal-ds" of Philadelphia — Jeanette, the redhead, whose voice has awed gaping grammar-school audiences, Broadway musical critics, commercial connoisseurs of Hollywood. A-I member of the West Coast "team-sters' union" by right of her persistent partnership with Nelson Eddy of M-G-M's "Sweethearts," she defied conventions over a year ago by being married—in pink—to another man and, as Mrs. Gene Raymond, has been seeing a rose-colored world ever since.
The "half and half" Merle Oberon, international by birth and profession, who, by a special film pact, emotes eight months for American Goldwyn, eight months for English Korda. The Lady now of Goldwyn's "The Cowboy and the Lady," the erstwhile "Queenie" O'Brien Thompson of Australia confirms her heritage by talking like an Englishwoman, wearing clothes with a French flair, stating with American frankness that someday she'd like to marry and have six children, "three for each side of the table."
Joan Crawford gets a professional change by troupers Shipstad and escort Romero.

Style interest centered in Janet Gaynor, wearing "new personality" clothes designed by her rumored fiance, Adrian.

Dolores Del Rio, Best Pupil of the evening, with J. Walter Ruben and wife Virginia Bruce.

The merry young skates of Hollywood flash their stuff after the opening of the Ice Follies—which solves the Great Movie Mystery as to why, on a certain "morning after," half of filmtown took their meals standing up.
show, celebrities donned skates at the Pan

awards were: a laurel to Betty Grable and

deposite page) for endurance; to Charlie

bro (top), for honest endeavor; to Joan

of the troupe), for "catch on quickly" to

palm to veteran Mickey Rooney (above

for his ice tricks, which made professionals

remaining nonchalant of his sartorial effects
CiA?

Dolores Ethel Barrymore, the eight-year-old daughter of Dolores Costello and John Barrymore, is as lovely as a bit of rare lace or a portrait you have put away in lavender and lemon verbena. On the day she was asked her favorite story, she wore a short-waisted, puffed-sleeved, ankle-length frock of shadow-pink organdie with a sash of dusty blue baby ribbon velvet. She is called Deda, and her favorite story is the story of Honey Bear because of the old bear’s sunny disposition, consideration of which would materially lessen her fears if ever she found herself lost in the woods!

During the past twelve months, Dixie Willson has personally called upon forty of America’s most illustrious children to ask each of them two questions: first, his favorite story; second, his reason for the choice.

Forty portraits, with autographs, and twenty of the chosen stories retold, are to be found in one of the most interesting and unusual books of the fall season, which made its bow on November, the first, called “Favorite Stories of Famous Children,” published by Henry Holt.

Herewith we present a bouquet from the book’s pages; a bouquet of those children who reflect Hollywood and in whom our readers will have an especial interest.

Captions by Dixie Willson

A child’s favorite story is more than just . . . a favorite story. Because one day it will be the memory of a certain armchair by a certain window, gray rain over a certain November garden, the eyes or the voice you love to remember best of all. So to have found that favorite story when you are yet as young as Johnny-jump-up in April is to have found one of the rarest treasures you will ever possess. As expressed with enchanting seriousness by Helen Hayes’ seven-year-old daughter, Mary . . . “Your favorite story is one of the very most importantest things you ought to decide because it’s going to be one of the things you want to save for your children.”
Sandra Burns, who has just turned four, is the sweetest punctuation in a day for her mother, Gracie Allen, and her daddy, George Burns. She can’t quite toss off an autograph, but she’s perfectly certain about her favorite story, which is “Peter Rabbit,” because he is always doing exactly the things she likes to pretend she is doing herself.

They don’t come any finer, at fourteen, than young Paul Whiteman. And since he’s always liked the sea, his favorite story is Dana’s “Two Years Before the Mast”; and with a reason typical of a straightforward American boy, “I always put a lot of faith in Santa Claus,” says Paul, “and then I found out about it. Ever since then, the things I like are the things I know are real.”

The favorite story of six-year-old John Barrymore is Andersen’s “Snow Queen,” and for the following sound reason: It is such a good story that they made a play out of it, and it was such a good play that he was taken to see it, and, since a play happens at nighttime, this enabled him, in addition to the thrills of the play itself, to find out for the first time in his life what the real moon and stars and night look like.

Leslie Howard, Jr. possesses that quaint charm which is the inheritance of all English children. Quite English, too, is her love of horses. She has owned them and has ridden them ever since she can remember. And so her favorite story is the tale of a horse; the story of Hildebrand... “Such a jolly ridiculous beast,” says Leslie, “that I’m sure it will always be my favorite story because I never can quite finish laughing at it.”
Father of two—Don Ameche, leading young Benedict of the film colony. Personable possessor of a Coast-to-Coast name, he wins celluloid sanction in Fox's "The Three Musketeers" by his smile, radio royalties by his "Sunday night" voice, Hollywood's homage by reason of his "take a chance" technique.
Mother of two—Joan Blondell, good wife at heart, actress at will, tomboy by nature; the shining light of Warners' "Love Bites Man" and of the fourfold Powell ménage.
Those two supreme quick-change artists—Time and Hollywood—missed their mark in these twelve cases. Some rare old pictures of a few modern stars prove—

THEY HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT
1. WILLIAM POWELL: What every smart sheik should know, or Turkey-Trotting your way to a lady's heart—as done by Bill Powell ten years ago. The Fred Astaire of '28 in a desert comedy presents a certain likeness to his wackier roles today—eh, Watson?

2. MAY ROBSON: Many times a grandmother and more recently a great-grandmother, she looks younger every year. Left, as she was in 1907 in "The Regimentation of Aunt Mary." This screen mother doesn't believe in sparing the rod and spoiling the star!

3. MIRIAM HOPKINS: Seen here in a middy blouse, she was almost as cute as she is today in mink! At this time (fifteen years ago), she thought she'd be a dancer, signed later for a ballet tour. Luckily, she was saved for films by a last-minute broken ankle.

4. LIONEL BARRYMORE: Now called the greatest living actor, he's been in the spotlight for fifty-nine years. Eighteen years ago in "The Copperhead" (above), his piercing eyes were as familiar as they are now. Time changes everything but the Barrymore profile.

5. FREDDIE MARCH: Time and March—but Freddie has the march on time, for he hasn't changed in ten years! In 1928 (above), when he did his Barrymore stage take-off in "The Royal Family," John was there and roared! Footlight fever is still in Freddie's blood!

6. ADOLPHE MENJOU: The same mustached Menjou seventeen years ago—when he suffed his way to stardom with Valentino in "The Sheik!" A $35 flivver and a $1,000 wardrobe did the trick. The flivver was paid for—the wardrobe, a walking ad for a tailor!

7. ALAN HALE: Some villains have all the luck! Twenty-five years of scoundrelhood have won Alan fame and fortune. Where there's a movie there's a menace: the Hale pictured here began in 1914 with the typewriter. Flickers came and went; Alan always prospered!

8. FRED MACMURRAY: Vocal boy before he made good; but even in 1924, Fred (right) had plenty of sax appeal. After tooting his way into a band, he went West—but the movie moguls were tone-deaf! Later, scouts "discovered" him touring on Broadway.

9. GARY COOPER: Twenty-one years haven't changed that lop-sided grin. The anti-glour boy himself, bursting with pride over his first hard-won motorcycle, when he was long, lean and seventeen in Helena, Montana. Today he rides a Goldwyn saddle!

10. CHARLES RUGGLES: Fifteen years ago, he was rolling 'em in the aisles as the "Battling Butler" of '23—the same solemn stuttering Charlie (left), and his gags packed the same hearty laughs. Usually on a spree in his film roles, he's really a quiet, soft-spoken fellow.

11. GENE RAYMOND: Ruffle him up today and this is the way he'd look—as he did in 1923 in "The Potters" when his stage name was Raymond Guion. His new leading lady (and missus), Jeanette MacDonald, now fixes his neckties—and we'll bet they stay tied!

12. WALLACE BEERY: A slippery fellow in 1914, his villainous career began over twenty-five years ago. Hissed and booed then for this mustache and wicked curl, bad-man Beery is today one of the screen's most lovable rascals—but he looks the same as before!
Kipling’s East is Hollywood’s West in this celluloid version of the blood-and-thunder ballad, "Gunga Din"
On California's Himalaya-like Mt. Whitney, RKO's George Stevens is directing a major production battle, the majestic scope of which may be judged somewhat from these stirring scenes. It is the film saga of Gunga Din, native hero of the Kipling poem on the British conquest of India. By means of a loud-speaker and telephone system, Director Stevens jogs up musketeers Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.; keeps Gunga Din (Sam Jaffe, top) in action; lines up Highlanders, white-skinned, and Hindu Thugs, brown-skinned—by wholesale spray-gun action. Relaxation from the battle fray consists in more personal and pleasant direction of the Fairbanks-Joan Fontaine romance.
SHINING MOMENTS

—Joan Crawford and Margaret Sullavan... in that spectacular M-G-M presentation, "The Shining Hour," a film to merit the public's cheers... in the arms of their respective screen husbands, Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young. Featuring two glowing girl breadwinners, top stars of a top-budget picture.
Come wind or rain, earthquake or hurricane, Mrs. Grundy's precocious offspring brings you the latest gossip on the flicker-folks.

Solo Act—With Reason

Are you free, white, twenty-one and can you date a beautiful girl any night in the week if you choose?

Well, lucky you. It's more than two famous screen stars, James Stewart and Tyrone Power, can do.

One evening last week at the Beverly Brown Derby, Jimmy Stewart sat alone having a solitary dinner. Across the way sat two young ladies from Idaho. They were unable to swallow a bite—just sat watching the handsome young actor.

"Just think," one said to the other, "of all the thousands of girls who would give their eye teeth to be eating dinner with Jimmy Stewart and yet here he is alone." Finally, one of the girls could bear it no longer and sent over a note saying, "Couldn't you get a date tonight?"

Jimmy grinned back but said nothing.

"It isn't a question of getting a date and certainly not with Jimmy," Ty Power said, when we told him of the incident. "It's a question of having a date and facing embarrassment for both you and the girl. It's got so I never step out the door with a young lady, even an old friend, that our marriage isn't predicted by Hollywood. Or some romantic question is attached to it, at least.

"You can imagine how any girl feels when she's faced with these constant explanations and embarrassments. So, like Jimmy, these days I either trot off alone or go everywhere with my mother, sister or friend who I know understands and won't mind."

Comment on Miss Davis

We've said it before and we say it again: Hollywood is small-town to the core. And like every other small town, it has its favorite drugstore. At Schwab's, neither elaborate nor unusual, can be found, at most any hour, a movie celebrity at the soda fountain.

Here Robert Taylor, perched on a fountain stool, eats many a solitary dinner.

And of course one is bound to hear interesting tidbits as the coca colas fly hither and yon.

For instance, Bette Davis' chauffeur, waiting for a package at the drug counter, met another chauffeur also waiting.

"What goes on up at your house?" the second chauffeur asked.

"I don't know what it's all about," Bette's chauffeur sighed, "but I can tell you this: I never knew two people to love each other as much as Miss Davis and Mr. Nelson. I just can't understand it."

Thoughts on Deanna

Hollywood is amused at a story about Universal's young lady wonder—Miss Durbin.

It seems an extremely self-assured and sophisticated chatter-writer lunched with Deanna at the studio one day recently. All briskness and efficiency, the writer assumed command of the situation and proceeded to talk. Gradually, however, the writer became less and less voluble until finally, around desert time, there was a complete change in the situation. The writer, her tail feathers plucked for a fare-thee-well, was listening quietly to sensible and adult observations delivered by Deanna.

"It was the way she looked at me," the writer said afterward, "with those clear penetrating eyes looking through me and that little half twinkle thrown in for good measure. I've never been rendered so unsure of myself in my life.

"I wonder what she really thinks of me," the writer sighed.

Finis for Garbo?

Anything can be overdone, even in Hollywood, and all this secrecy surrounding Garbo has finally overreached itself.

When Garbo returned to Hollywood after her long European sojourn, one of the star's few friends phoned a friend of hers.

"Look," she hissed in the phone, "Greta will be here tomorrow, but I dare not name the time or place of her arrival. I must keep it secret for a while."
For once, Carole Lombard was on the receiving end of a practical joke. When her birthday rolled around, the crew of "Made for Each Other" threw a party. Her present?—a mule, whom "Missy" promptly christened Scarlett and added to her menagerie at home.

"Why?" queried the friend. There was a sudden sputtering and stuttering over the wire. "Because it is Greta. She is coming!" "Yes, but who will care?" was the next question. "Who will be bothered or what will it matter?"

The receiver went up with a slow click; you see, the friend was right. It didn't really matter much to anyone in Hollywood, anymore.

Concerning Four Nice People

It's the life of Riley for the Jones and Young families of Hollywood. When Mr. and Mrs. Bob Young and Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones decide to do a bit of sight-seeing, the four hop into Allan's trailer and are off for whatever place offers the most excitement.

Partners in a riding academy, Bob and Allan are the best of friends and so are their wives, which makes it pleasant when the evening hops must be cooled in the trailer for the evening meal, or housekeeping duties divided between them.

Card games or good old-fashioned singin' bees are the entertainment between hops from rodeos to the races or the shore.

Nice people, these Jones and Youngs!

Hank Fonda, out stepping with one of the prettiest wives in cinema circles. But don't get ideas—it's his own First Lady.

"I'm Married to Ronald Colman!"

Benita Hume, the English actress who married Ronald Colman, is considered Enigma Number Two in Hollywood; her famous husband being the top winner in the know-little-about group of people.

"So few people know her," is the usual Hollywood cry, "I can't say what she's like."

But old Col knows. After a friendly chat we discovered several things about the lady.

To begin with, she's dark haired, vivacious, frank and honest and is just as thrilled over marrying the prize catch of Hollywood as any girl should be.

"I wake up in the morning and think to myself, 'It can't be. It just didn't happen.'"

Her accent is charming. Her sense of humor (and she's English), keen as a razor.

She was quite the big star in London, with all the fun, fans, thrills and excitement that go with that very important status.

In fact, after one jamboree in which she and Noel Coward were brought together head on by clamoring fans, she declares Mr. Coward, his collar wilted and hair awry, looked at her and said, "Isn't this disgraceful? I wouldn't do without it."

In Hollywood she spent sixteen months in a row making an M-G-M Tarzan epic. "I made a great deal of money—oh, a lot," she said. "But nearly everyone had forgotten me in the meantime.

"And then after Tarzan, for some reason, nothing happened. Every picture I was scheduled for fell through or the part didn't fit. Suddenly I found myself using up all the money I made on Tarzan. After The Last of Mrs. Cherry, I didn't make another picture. Ronnie, of course, can afford to stay off the screen a whole year. He's so well established. But I'm not.

"Even my part in The Cowboy and the Lady" was eliminated from the story and there I was again.

"I can't say how happy I was to go into Tippie's Bad Boy at the Circus! You know, after a while one's confidence gets undermined and presently I found myself wondering if all my London success was about anything. I got to thinking maybe I wasn't an actress at all."

Her blue eyes laugh as she talks. Her best friends are Heather Thatcher, the English actress, and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, the former Lady Ashley.

In fact, Benita accompanied the Fairbanks on their round-the-world honeymoon as far as Tahiti.

"I was engaged to Jack Dunfee when I arrived in Hollywood first," she confided, "but that was broken off.

Two and two make four—and four of the nicest people in Hollywood are the Allan Jones and the Bob Youngs. Why? See what Cal says about them.
"Sewing, eating and arguing are my favorite sports," she says, her eyes twinkling. "Of course, I like swimming, boating and riding, but I do love sewing, eating and arguing.

The sewing came about after I stood for all the am Tiger satisfaction from Heather and Sylvia I could bear as they sat knitting or sewing away with such a satisfied look. So I took it up and I'm even smugger than both of them together."

She doesn't dare wear her hair atop her head. "I'd grow pompous right away," she explains, "sweeping my hair up with a gesture of elegant pompousness." But she does put it up in curlers at night to get the right curl in her short bob. "I've moved into Ronnie's Beverly Hills home, cats, dogs, birds and all. And it's too wonderful. I can't believe it yet."

"I'm really married to Ronnie Colman!"

High Lights and Low Lights of the Month—

The rift between George Raft and Virginia Pine grows wider and wider, while the love between George and Virginia's little girl grows stronger and stronger...

Clark Gable, attempting to master the art of tap dancing for his role in "Idiot's Delight," doesn't know an electrician hid on a high rafter of the sound stage to watch Clark, who permitted no watchers. And the electrician became so convulsed at Clark's awkwardness he nearly fell headlong at the actor's feet...

After two years of courtship, Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward are saying their "I do's"...

Charlie Chaplin's threat to play Hitler in his next picture has the town a-twitter...

People are wondering about that sudden weariness in Ty Power's eyes. Could it be just physical exhaustion that has so changed Ty, taken the sparkle from his eyes—or is it some deeper reason?...

The love story of Jack Oakie is more hectic than any he has ever played on the screen. Jack was so in love with his estranged wife, he escorted her home from every party and they sat for hours before the house talking it over. Mrs. Oakie's answer was—a reconciliation!

It's a Paramount Parrot

Claudette Colbert is having, not servant problems, but servents' animal problems in abundance these days. Claudette has a cock, a jewel, so to speak, who owns a parrot that Claudette's two dogs can't stand. So she's had to have a cage built way at the back of the yard for the bird who, when he wants to come visiting at the house, calls loudly for "Miss Zaza," and then insists on being brought in personally by the star herself.

Stork News

It's baby season in Hollywood with the long-legged bird the most popular celebrity in town. Over on the Metro lot, Maggie and Maureen, the two "Sullivan" girls (only Maggie spells her with two a's and Maureen goes individual with an "O") are discussing daily the problems of movie mothers. Maggie, wife of Leland Hayward, is expecting her second child and Maureen, wife of John Farrow, her first baby.

But Al Jolson isn't letting anyone get ahead of him. Al, with one adopted son, is searching for a set of twin boys to carry on the name of Jolson.

(Continued on page 63)
AFTER a series of mediocre vehicles, Shirley Temple's studio has given her, in this gay little picture, the perfect formula for her growing-up talents. A little girl in a swank seminary, she is brought back to New York because her father, architect Charles Farrell, has been hit by the depression. His return to the big time depends on the repentance of a flint-hearted old finance-mogul who is holding up industry; and, of course, Shirley, through her naive charm, brings the old fellow around. Romance is between Farrell and Amanda Duff; entertainment is provided by Bill Robinson, Bert Lahr, Joan Davis and Cornelia Otis. The film is frankly childlike in theme, but Shirley is very cute and very capable. Nice to see Charles Farrell again, too.

**ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES—Warner**

**ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD—Paramount**

**SUBMARINE PATROL—20th Century-Fox**

**JUST AROUND THE CORNER—20th Century-Fox**

THIS is by all standards the best picture with a crime motif since "Scarface." It has compelling power, breathless suspense, pace and excitement and a kind of gross beauty. The fine cast, capably directed and abetted by superb photography, find the well-written script an opportunity to give memorable performances. It's the story, told without compromise, of two boys of the New York slums; one grows up to be a great criminal, and that is Jimmy Cagney. The other becomes a priest—Pat O'Brien. Cagney reappears in his old stamping grounds to find his pal, O'Brien, basiy trying to reform the neighborhood. The greatest problem of all is a group of kids—the Dead End brats, of course—who are following in Cagney's lethal footsteps. They generally blight the good name of American adolescence, basing their actions on a hero worship for the gang crooks of our day. Cagney takes the boys out of O'Brien's hands and gives them tips on how to be more successful as thieves. Meanwhile, he strong-arms his way into the town's leading racket and with him talks, for romance's sweet sake, another of O'Brien's conquests, beautiful Ann Sheridan. At last, the priest sets militantly out to clean up the town. He wins Cagney's fight to the finish, and it is. Cagney gets the chair and it is here that he is called upon to do a fine thing: he must die 'yellow,' so the kids won't respect him— or crime—any more. Cagney's performance is swell, but he is given all the meat: O'Brien grabs off honors with his perfect work in a difficult role.

ANNUALLY, for the past few years, Paramount has toured an "Artists and Models" epic at you and you have responded with pretty much enthusiasm. This time you've good reason; the '38 edition has pace, a multitude of gags, a cast in top performing condition and enough story to keep everything rolling. Jack Benny plays the theatrical managing producer who is stuck in Paris with his troupe of girls. By sundry books and crooks he keeps them one step ahead of the gendarmerie, so that part of the time the gang are locked in a hotel room and part of the time they are hiding in a couturier's shop. Here, of course, is the opportunity for the fashion show, which is a feature of each "Artists and Models" installment. The story is centered about Joan Bennett, an American heiress visiting Paris because her fiancé, a diplomatic attaché, is there. She hates the quiet life—after all, she came from an oil town—and when Jack Benny, thinking she's also a down-and-outs, offers her the help she accepts. Thus, with the gang of singing and dancing beauties, she runs from adventure to adventure. Her pop comes chasing after her and the troupe adopts him, too, believing him to be an old guy on his uppers. Real trouble comes when Joan covers part of the French collection of Josephine's crown jewels and Pop borrows a piece to have it copied.

Benny, as usual, has good patter, which he delivers with his incomparable timing. Mary Boland, the Yacht Club Boys and others supply comedy. The fashions are spectacular but impractical.

During the World War America had a group of little wooden ships—called "The Splinter Fleet"—which, unsung, sent sailing over the seas in search of enemy submarines. Most of the time it was nip and tuck, with the submarine having the edge, naturally. Well, Twentieth Century-Fox has told the story of the "Splinters" in this film of a rich man's son, Richard Greene, who joins the Navy and is assigned to one of these little boats. The crew is composed of men from all walks of life, green and untutored. A sea captain in disgrace, Preston Foster, has been demoted to command of the ship after court martial and decides to regain his reputation by blowing up the very worst Hun submarine of them all. Thus the poor crew, who had thought they had a snap setup, are forced into heroism. Of course, Greene is shown the error of his snobbishness and, of course, there's a girl: one Nancy Kelly, new but beloved of her studio. She's the daughter of a freighter's captain. The captain thinks Richard is a no-good playboy—which, until War tests him, is true. For your information, there are two great suspense scenes in this movie, each highly exciting. The rest is background.

Mr. Greene is likeable and good-looking; Preston Foster steals the piece with a really fine performance; George Bancroft—as Nancy's father—does his work with understanding and good will. Miss Kelly herself is not pretty, but her bony Irish face has an interesting quality. She shows promise of being a good actress.
**THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH**

Angels with Dirty Faces Brother Rat
Artists and Models Abroad The Citadel
Suez Just Around the Corner
The Mad Miss Manton Men with Wings
Submarine Patrol Grand Illusion
Sweethearts Young Dr. Kildare
The Great Waltz The Young in Heart

**BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH**

James Cagney in "Angels With Dirty Faces"
Pat O’Brien in "Angels With Dirty Faces"
The Dead End Kids in "Angels With Dirty Faces"
Jack Benny in "Artists and Models Abroad"

Eddie Albert in "Brother Rat"
Jane Wyman in "Brother Rat"
Rosalind Russell in "The Citadel"
Robert Donat in "The Citadel"
Ralph Richardson in "The Citadel"

Shirley Temple in "Just Around the Corner"

Preston Foster in "Submarine Patrol"

Jeanette MacDonald in "Sweethearts"
Nelson Eddy in "Sweethearts"

Minnie Dupree in "The Young in Heart"

**GRAND ILLUSION—World Pictures**

WITHOUT a battle montage or blonde spy, set in the drab surroundings of German prison camps, this foreign import is one of the finest of war films. All types of men in uniform are thrown together—each one contributing an important part in building up a tragically honest picture of the human side of war. The performances of Jean Gabin, middle-class realist, Pierre Fresnay, idealistic aristocrat, willing to sacrifice his life that his comrades might escape, and Eric von Stroheim, disillusioned German officer in command, are only a few of the excellent characters.

French director Jean Renoir has borrowed the Impressionistic technique of his painter father. Emotions are suggested rather than sharply defined and the result is a restraint which will fascinate you.

**THE GREAT WALTZ—M-G-M**

To the thrilling strains of the waltzes he composed, the story of Johann Strauss, the great Viennese musician, has been brought to the screen with all the color, verve and drama which crowded his life. Fernand Gravet brings great understanding and humaneness to his portrayal of Strauss, while Louise Bainer as his self-sacrificing wife is superb. Miliza Korjus, newest foreign import, sings like the proverbial lark and completely won over the preview audience with her magnificent voice. The music is one golden shower of melody featuring such favorites as "Tales of the Vienna Woods" and "The Blue Danube." Among the supporting cast Lionel Atwill and Hugh Herbert are conspicuous. Julien Duvivier earns his place among top directors for this.

**SWEETHEARTS—M-G-M**

Victor Herbert's music, as melodic as the color tones in which this extravaganza is filmed, sustains a familiar story here. The newest of the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy pictures is a welcome addition to the list of their successes. It has beauty, charm and great production and, in addition, a masterly blending of yesterday's light-opera technique with today's ultra-modern tempo.

In the story, Nelson and Jeanette are sweethearts celebrating their sixth wedding anniversary and also their sixth year as stars of a Broadway play named "Sweethearts." Into this tranquil bit of happiness comes Reginald Gardiner, agent from Hollywood, who attempts to steal the pair for the movies from stage producer Frank Morgan. When it appears they are about to accept, playwright Miacha Auer steps in with a bit of plotting that not only stops the Hollywood plans, but causes the team to separate. Jeanette and Nelson go their separate ways until Auer's machinations are uncovered and Morgan confesses his part in the story. There is a happy quality about the entire piece which may be sorely needed amid the deluge of bleak pictures with a message which Hollywood has produced lately and, as a result, you will remember especially the blonde manner in which both Jeanette and Nelson handle their assignments. Neither has ever been in better voice. You will appreciate the work of little Terry Kilburn who plays Jeanette's brother and you will like Florence Rice as the faithful secretary. Director W. S. Van Dyke is to be congratulated.

**THE YOUNG IN HEART—Selznick-United Artists**

"The Gay Banditti," a novel by I. A. R. Wylie, introduces a wonderful family, who trot gaily about the world hunting for people to cheat. Mr. Selznick has made it all into a picture and, with the exception that one is rather flooded with whisky, he has done a good job.

Roland Young is very well cast as the Pukka Sahib, "late of the Bengal Lancers," who in reality was born in Canada and learned about Sahibs from his rôle in a roadshow. There could have been no choice but Billie Burke for Mammy, the vague, unmoral pretty mother. Janet Gaynor and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are the offspring who busily do their duty by searching out heirs and heiresses. At least, they do until the Riviera police find them out. Then, as they are on their way to London penniless, they meet an old lady. Miss Ellen Fortuna. There's a train wreck and the banditti save the old girl's life. In return she asks them to stay with her in London. The rest of the story is that of the gradual decline and fall of the banditti into sentimental and honest ways, due to Miss Ellen's good influence. The Sahib gets a job selling super-cars; Doug, Jr., gets a clerk's position and his immediate superior is Paulette Goddard. This, by the way, is Miss Goddard's second picture and, although she has a cut-and-dried part, one still feels she has not sufficient warmth. Doug, Jr., gives the best performance of his growing Hollywood career. Minnie Dupree is very sweet and sincere as Miss Ellen and Richard Carlson does a nice job. (Continued on page 81)
E UROPE may be all worked up about what Adolf Hitler will do next. But as far as Hollywood and the rest of the world are concerned, the future activities of another tough little terror with the same initials are a darn sight more vital.

That's why we skip the million-dollar epics on our monthly set tour to check first on one Andy Hardy and the prospects of peace and quiet in the movie world. They're not so hot, we might as well tell you at once. But what can you expect with Mickey Rooney tangling with bucking broncos, cowpokes, red-eyed steers—and deadly little Virginia Weidler?

"Out West With the Hardys," we understand, doesn't make Mickey Rooney feel very happy about the whole thing. Never before has Mickey's professional dignity taken such a tumble. M-G-M has hired little pig-tailed Miss Weidler to make Andy look like twenty cents in every manly department of the Wild West, including riding, roping, shooting and even bragging.

Mickey claims such a humiliating breakdown will ruin him with adoring adolescents the world over. His shining car, fancy wardrobe, football prowess and truckin' ability, says Mickey, have made him hot stuff with the high-school kids. He doesn't want to be exposed!

As usual, "Out West With the Hardys" contains three distinct stories: Lewis Stone's business deal, Mickey's boastful shenanigans and Cecilia Parker's romancing. In each picture one of them gets a break. This time it's Cecilia's turn. Mickey's chief picture chore is to get progressively skunked by Jake (Virginia Weidler), the little ranch girl.

We watch Mickey writhing on the spot as Lewis Stone, in checked shirt, boots and sombrero, accuses him of abandoning Jake to the coyotes. Usually Mickey is smoothness itself—he never forgets a line—but suddenly in the middle of this scene he bursts out with a loud guffaw.

The cameras stop immediately and everybody looks Mickeywards, completely astonished. "What in the world is the matter, Mickey?" asks Lewis Stone.

"Haw, haw!" chortles Mickey, pointing to Gordon Jones, the male lead and Cecilia's heart-beat. "His stomach growled at me!" That breaks it up for everybody, including us. We cool off on the "Ice Follies" set next door.

"ICE FOLLIES" aptly demonstrates a new trend in movie-making that we find growing in Hollywood, spurred, no doubt, by the shortage of pictures. That is, shooting pictures before a cast, or even a story is ready. A trim little fancy figure skater named Bess Ehrhardt seems likely to have one of the dramatic leads as well as the skating lead, with Joan Crawford as the star of the picture. Bess, shapely and more on the pretty side than Sonja Henie, glides, as the prima ballerina, through a graceful number on a vast indoor rink inside a Metro sound stage. It's a startling set. Giant Indian totem poles with brilliant thunderbirds tower over the ice and brightly painted tepees line it. The skaters whirl like golden birds in glittering Indian costumes. They can think of everything for the "Ice Follies," it seems—except what to use for a story.

THINGS are very different, however, with Robert Taylor and Wallace Beery on the "Stand Up and Fight" set. There's enough story in Bob's third he-manizing picture to satisfy anybody. Director Woody Van Dyke umpings it to us the minute we enter the big colonial-tavern set where Bob, in a high beard hat, stick and fawn-colored waistcoat is a sight—but hardly for sore eyes.

"Stand Up and Fight," says Woody, is the story of early scraps between stagecoach lines and the pioneer railroads. The locale, Western Maryland, has never been featured on the screen before.

This, believe it or not, is Bob Taylor's twenty-first picture part. It seems only yesterday that he burst so suddenly into big-time fame.

On the next set we visit, and the last place we'd expect it, we encounter hostilities and plenty of them. "Tailspin" at Twentieth-Century-Fox, a sort of feminine "Test Pilot," pits Connie Bennett and Alice Faye against each other in a bitter script rivalry for aviation honors and handsome Kane Richmond. As we enter they're telling each other off.

". . . selfish little heel!" cries Alice.

". . . cheap little chaser!" returns Connie.

Bop! Alice lets her have one. Smack! Connie retaliates with a roundhouse left. They mix,
Hank Fonda and Tyrone Power, the famous brothers in "Jesse James," come in for plenty of personal Zanuckian attention.

no holds barred, keeping up a running fire of choice insults. When the hair is all pulled, the clothes ripped and the breath gone, Roy Del Ruth, grinning wickedly, waves each to her corner with his "Cut!"

When the gals drop, exhausted, and the scene's in the can, Connie smiles wanly. "I hope I didn't hurt you?" she asks Alice anxiously.

"Oh, a few teeth and my spare rib—that's all," laughs Alice. They walk off arm in arm, smiling happily. The weaker sex—hey? Listen—neither Connie nor Alice has had so much fun in weeks!

Nancy Kelly is booked with them in "Tailspin," but she's not around. That's not hard to understand when we see her up the alley, a few stage doors away, giving Jesse James a farewell, ever-lovin' kiss before he goes to the jailhouse.

Nancy is Twentieth Century-Fox's new wonder girl. Only seventeen, she's just about the best actress on the TCF lot right now. The way Darryl Zanuck is spotting her in his biggest pictures spells only one thing—genuine stardom and right away.

For "Jesse James" is Zanuck's epic of the year, from the standpoint of filming time, money and personal Zanuckian attention. It will nick the stockholders for two of those millions the Hollywood people mention so casually.

Zoe (Jesse's lovin' wife, and also Nancy
Kelly) is in a clinic with Tyrone as the mke boom hovers close, just brushing their hair. The scene is a tender-moving picture, if you consider the headline facing Sam Goldwyn.

He had a contract with Heifetz at a fabulous price. Moreover, it had a time limit. The time limit was about to expire, but—here we go again—no story! So what we see is Jascha fiddling while Sam burns, but doing a very nice job of it, of course. Both Jascha and Sam.

What interests us most about Heifetz is a little thing we notice out of the corner of our roving eye. We always thought geniuses (or is it genii?) were strong silent men, individual, impermeable, harking only to the Muse. But after every take we notice Heifetz peering across the sound stage at a beautiful woman who sits quietly at his dressing-room door. It’s Florence Vidor, his lovely wife. If she shakes her head, Heifetz asks for another take. If she nods, he says “Okay!” Yes sir, it’s the little woman who says what—even to a genius.

Our next stop is Columbia, the Gem of Gower Street.

After Frank Capra makes a picture, Columbia usually relapses into a state of economy coma. But the instantaneous profits of “You Can’t Take It With You” has emboldened Harry Cohn into another immediate A. He’s shooting “There’s That Woman Again,” a sequel to “There’s Always A Woman,” with Melvyn Douglas again a private detective, driven to exasperation by an active but adlepted spouse. Joan Bondell did the first one with Melvyn, you’ll re-member. But this time, when Columbia touched Warners for the loan of Joan, they said they could use her themselves. So Virginia Bruce got the nod.

Judging from the antics of Virginia and Mel-vyn on the set, they shape up nicely as the top screwball comedy team in town.

AROUND the corner, at Paramount, we run into a real-life situation, on the face of things irrational as the plot of “There’s That Woman Again.” The first set we visit, “Ambush,” taken from the Liberty Magazine serial, features Gladys Swarthout without a song to sing! What’s more, it’s straight action melodrama, jammed with wild rides, gangsters, cops, bank robbers, kidnapings, and gunplay. Now who would have thought a Metropolitan opera star would ever end up in a picture like that? The only explanation we can offer is that Hollywood is currently selling opera talent short.

Paramount is also busy with “King of Chinatown,” “Say It In French” and “Tom Sawyer, Detective” all rolling at once.

A constitutional weakness for Mark Twain’s Tom and a desire to see Hollywood’s latest pair of Cinderella kids take us at once to the “Tom Sawyer, Detective” set. Billy Cook as Tom and Donald O’Connor as Huck have the biggest chance of their young lives to turn into child stars, if they cash in on their luck. Billy is the son of a Stanford University chemistry instructor. Billy’s mama gave him the choice of learning to act or washing dishes. He chose acting and took a hit on the radio. Donald is a lucky theatrical kid Director Wesley Ruggles discovered one night at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles. They got the jobs when Paramount couldn’t persuade Mickey Rooney and another young name star to fill the bill.

There’s just time to lamp Olympe Bradna in “Say It In French” before we leave the Par-amount lot, so we duck in dangerously close to a red shooting light where Ray Milland, Olympe, Irene Hervey, Mary Carlisle and Janet Beecher are throwing French fast-talk around so furiously we get a little dizzy.

“Tom Sawyer,” as you might imagine, Rich man’s son Ray marries a French cutie in Paris and brings her home, only to find his family have arranged another marriage for vital business reasons. So he poses Olympe as the maid and gets engaged to Irene Hervey. Having your wife around the house playing housemaid can be a little awkward at times and that’s where the fun comes in. Especially when Irene catches on and helps out with the grand illusion.

The main attraction on “The Say It In French” set, to us, though, is Janet Beecher’s blue hair. Jan is only a woman in Hollywood with sky-blue tresses. In all stories, a mistake once when a beauty operator spilled some blueing on her head. Janet thought she was ruined for the movies. But to her surprise, she photographed a lot better. And she’s kept it that way ever since! But don’t go round dipping your coiffure in the inkwell—it might not work on everybody.

UNIVERSAL hasn’t anything new to show us this month, but we hustle out to the San Fer-nando Valley anyway and on to Warners where one of the most interesting pictures of the month is just starting. We catch “Dark Victory” on its opening day.

“I can hardly wait to get into this one,” Bette Davis, the star of the picture, tells us. And Bette was the girl who said in control: they were working her too hard at Warners!

“Dark Victory” is the story of a modern woman who faces blindness and death, conquer-ing the fear of both by love and courage. Bette plays the rich girl who marries ambitious doctor

(Continued on page 69)
—pretty as a picture in a romantic gown of pink slipper satin like this one worn by Bette Davis, soon to be seen in Warners' "Dark Victory." Tiny cartridge pleats release the fullness of the skirt, joined to the fitted bodice at a low waistline. The clever pleats hold in the soft fullness of appealing puffed sleeves. The gown was selected from I. Magnin, Hollywood.

—or greet it in regal mood in a sophisticated gown of green and yellow gold lamé (right), chosen by Myrna Loy, M-G-M star, vacationing at the present time. The exquisite styling of the gown, also selected from I. Magnin, Hollywood, reveals alternating treatment of the dual-tone lamé, both in the horizontal-tucked bodice and in the chic sunburst-pleated skirt.
For opening day at the Santa Anita Races Bette Davis, star of Warners' "Dark Victory," chooses this dressmaker ensemble of soft rose tweed. Square carved wooden buttons close the jacket which tops a long-sleeved frock of identical tweed, trimmed at the neckline with a matching velvet bow. Note that the softly shirred blouse is joined to the skirt at a high-curved waistline. Bette's high-crowned rose felt hat with badger brush trim is a Galer creation. The costume is completed with shoes and bag of brown alligator. This ensemble and hat were selected from the French rooms of the May Company, Los Angeles.
Lucky the lady who can follow the sun and escape dull wintry days in sport clothes such as these. Adrian designed Jeanette MacDonald's slack ensemble (opposite page) for her to wear in M-G-M's Technicolor production, "Sweethearts." Easy fullness distinguishes the action sleeves of the black linen shirt which buttons to a round neckline and tucks into the corset waistline of the white linen slacks. Jeanette's sombrero is of white baku with a black linen bandana crown. Her gauntlet gloves, striped in red, lend a dashing color note. Picturesque clothes like these give fashion interest to Palm Springs' play spots, such as Smoke Tree Ranch, El Mirador, Del Tahquitz and The Lone Palm.

For resort wear M-G-M's Myrna Loy chooses a casual coat of heavy natural linen with patch pockets and roomy sleeves, designed by Kornhandler of Los Angeles. Front panels curve at the shoulders, the line followed by the curved revers. Miss Loy's hand-woven green and natural straw hat from the Bahamas ties under the chin, coolie-fashion, with multicolored raffia streamers. Beneath, Miss Loy wears a white silk jersey frock with front panel and sleeves of apple green and white print designed by Dolly Tree (sketch above). Ensembles such as Miss Loy's are often seen on the terrace of the Arrowhead Springs Hotel, California's famous spa.
Midseason hats put all the emphasis on face value. June Gale and Lynn Bari, of 20th Century-Fox's "Samson and the Ladies," pose in perfect examples of this trend. Lynn (top) wears the Byron "Sweetheart," which makes the most of your mouth. Try a brim turned up steeply over a crown leveled off like a kepi and a dramatic veil drawn over all to call attention to your glamorous lips.

June Gale (top, center) models the Roxford "Lucky." To emphasize the dimple in your chin, pull on a severe tailleur shaped to your head in back. Roxford styles this chic hat with a pinched crown smartly stabbed by an antiqued gold dagger.

Lynn Bari also wears the Byron "Duchess" (above, left). It dramatizes your eyes. Experiment with the effect of a brim pulled down not too sharply but far enough to cast fascinating shadows over your eyes. Note the fur pompon that underscores your coat trim.

June (left) models the Roxford "Show-Off." This hat plays up your profile. Outline your face against soft felt, with a high-sweeping brim and crushed suede band to match your eyes. These hats may be had in a wide variety of colors in the leading department stores.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U.S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades. Address your letter to—

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary, Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York, New York.
Jean Rogers, petite 20th Century-Fox player who will soon appear in "Inside Story," models three stunning Jeanne Barrie* evening gowns that you will find in the leading department stores throughout the country. You will look as fragile as a Dresden doll in this empire gown of cyclamen chiffon (above). The softly draped bodice, caught with an antique jeweled brooch, is of cyclamen, violet and orchid.

Gold glitters on the wide suede corset that joins the sunburst pleated skirt to the picturesque "V" neck, short-sleeved blouse of Jean's Schiaparelli blue crepe dinner gown (above, center).

A sparkling rhinestone girdle defines the waistline of Jean's black chiffon dinner dress with short, full sleeves and deep "V" neckline (above and left). These lovely holiday gowns may be purchased in all sizes and a wide variety of colors.
A heavy crepe frock, topped by a smart fur coat, is an essential wardrobe requisite for wear this month. Mary Carlisle chooses such an outfit in the chic color contrast of violet and black. Her crepe dress, in two shades of violet (the blouse is of lighter hue), is worn with a seven-eighth length black coney fur coat which boasts broad shoulders and a collarless neckline. Mary's eight-button gloves are of deep violet—her bag, shoes and hat, cunningly contrived of felt and velvet, are of black. Edith Head designed Mary's dress for her to wear in Paramount's "Say It In French"
WHAT HOLLYWOOD IS THINKING

The second in a series of the frankest answers film stars ever gave to a set of questions. Photoplay dared them to tell what is in their hearts. The dare was taken.

BY MARIAN RHEA

Is Hollywood so busy it does not have to consider the world outside studio gates? Is Hollywood so ambitious it will not stop to contemplate problems which have nothing to do with picture-making but everything to do with modern social welfare? Is Hollywood so egotistical it cannot look beyond self to a broader horizon of affairs political, economic and religious?

In the following article, the second of two setting forth the results of a remarkable dare which Photoplay made to Hollywood, is to be found answer to each of these questions.

"We dare you, Hollywood," Photoplay said, "to forget motion pictures and tell us what you think about the fundamental problems of life as it is being lived today!"

Hollywood accepted the challenge. Last month, through means of a questionnaire circulated by Photoplay among a large and important percentage of the four hundred stars and other players under contract to the various studios, and upon the promise of anonymity, it told frankly and honestly what it thought about such problems as romance after marriage, chastity before marriage, love adjustments of all kinds.

This month, through the same means, it speaks its mind with equal forthrightness concerning child rearing, sterilization, social theories, world affairs and religion. And, as you shall see, Hollywood neither is so busy, so ambitious nor so egotistical that it cannot use its head actively and for the most part, wisely.

Photoplay's first question in this second phase of its inquiry was: "Do you, or will you, refuse to have children because of an unstable future?"

In answer to this, fifty-one per cent of the women said no—several of them a vehement no, their decision definitely colored by their religious scruples against birth control for any reason.

"This is just an excuse to practice birth control," one actress wrote, flatly. "I believe that parents with children usually can find ways to provide for and take care of them."

"I should take a chance on the Lord providing for my children—sided, of course, by myself and my husband," said another young matron.

"If everyone waited for conditions to improve before having children, the human race would die out. There always has been something wrong with the world!" said a third feminine star in support of having children regardless of political and economic hazards.

On the other hand, "Yes, I believe it is unfair to bring children into the world unless there is a better prospect than at present that they shall survive. Poor little things, they don't ask to be born!" declared one of the feminine advocates of birth control because of a doubtful future.

And, "I refuse to produce cannon fodder," wrote another, an important star, married but childless.

Of the women refusing to have children under these circumstances, two-thirds were married. Of those in favor of having children, regardless, two-thirds were unmarried.

A considerably larger per cent of the men—eighty-four per cent—believed this modern world safe for children.

One wrote: "Our ancestors didn't worry about every little thing!

"We are getting too pleasantries about this and that, these days. I say go ahead, have your families, do the best you can by 'em and let nature take its course!" declared another. A large majority of men belonging to this school of thought were unmarried.

Of the sixteen per cent refusing to have children because of unsettled conditions, all were married and many of them gave danger of future wars as the reason for their stand.

"I was a soldier. I wouldn't raise a kid to be the same for all the tea in China!" announced one, vehemently.

Photoplay's second question was: "Do you advocate sterilization of mentally unfit persons?"

To this, eighty-seven and one-half per cent of the women and ninety-four per cent of the men said yes.

"Certainly I believe in it!" wrote one feminine starlet, still in her 'teens. "My father was a disabled American War veteran and most of my life has been spent near army hospitals, where the need for stopping perpetuation of hereditary disease of body and mind cries out on every side!"

"Emphatically, yes!" said another. "This talk about violation of personal rights is a narrow and selfish attitude which should have gone out with witchcraft and snake doctors."

One feminine dissenter said, however, that such is the miracle of modern medicine that the unfit person of today may be cured tomorrow.

While endorsing sterilization in greater majority than the women, the male supporters were, in the main, pretty cautious about it.

"Yes, but with strong legal safeguards," said one young star.

"Yes, but only when there is absolutely no chance for improvement," was the vote of another.

Most of the small percentage of men who declared themselves against such a measure said they thought it too final and irrevocable to be arbitrarily enforced upon society. "Why not examination before marriage, instead, and prevention of marriage among the physically and mentally unfit?" several suggested.

Turning, then, to a question which was once upon a time the center of considerable con-

(Continued on page 82)
CORRIGAN LANDS IN HOLLYWOOD

"Wrong Way" Doug lost his direction on another path, only to discover that all roads lead to filmtown

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

DOUGLAS "WRONG WAY" CORRIGAN. He flies to California and lands in Dublin. He flies toward Dublin, across the briny deep, and lands smack on a moving-picture lot in Hollywood.

He puts a couple of candy bars and a five-cent package of cookies into the pockets of his leather jacket, gets into his silver ship and makes a three-point landing on the silver screen.

He's the first important Hollywood star to crash the movies in a plane. And though he's making his first—and maybe his only picture—it is probable he will prove a box-office star.

Doug Corrigan had three ambitions when he was a little boy. One was to be a pitcher for one of the major league teams. Another was to be a locomotive engineer. And the third was to become a moving-picture actor.

He lost his direction on all three of these paths, got lost in the clouds and went the wrong way. But he got to Hollywood just the same. He didn't realize that all roads lead to Hollywood.

He fell and broke a leg when he was a child in San Antonio, Texas. He went to work selling papers shortly after that. His father had deserted him and his mother, his little brother and sister and Doug had to help out, so there wasn't much time for playing baseball.

He learned, in a desolate moment, that a man had to be a fireman and shovel coal into the engine for hours at a time before he could become a railroad engineer. He realized he could never do work like that. He was too slight. His leg bothered him too much. And he had no ambition to throw coal on a fire so many hours a day. So he gave up the idea of becoming an engineer.

His mother kept a roominghouse in San Antonio, but after the war conditions were bad. It was hard to make a living keeping roomers. So she went to Los Angeles with her children, hoping to find conditions better there.

Doug had turned his face toward a moving-picture career even before he arrived in Hollywood.

He had seen moving pictures, quite a few of them, in the days before his father left. And he had one big shining idol. Douglas Fairbanks, Senior.

Doug Corrigan's real name was Clyde Corrigan. He was named for his father. He changed his name after he learned that his father would never come back.

"My mother never quite forgave my father," he said. "She didn't even want to hear his name mentioned. My name was the same as his and, naturally, every time she heard my name, she thought of him. It was she who decided I must change my name."

Doug thought of a lot of names, but when his mother casually mentioned Douglas Fairbanks, the boy didn't have to hesitate any longer. He's

(Continued on page 86)
$1,000,000 for one picture was
the offer made to America’s greatest hero, who accepted, and then—

BY MAJOR THOMAS G. LANPHIER

SUPPOSE you were in your twenties—and in Hollywood.
You had never acted before—not even in a high-school drama. You had not had so much as a screen test. You didn’t know whether you’d photograph. You didn’t know whether you’d be able to act at all. You already had a career in which you were interested and in which you seemed on your way to success.

And then they pushed it into your hands: A contract. A very fat contract. To do one picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation.

To make it even more enticing, the picture was to be a history of the industry you had turned to for your career.

For this one picture, you were to receive one cool million dollars in cash and ten per cent of the gross receipts of the film.

Would you sign the contract?

Easy, now. This is no fantasy invented to amuse you. It’s the story of an incident that really happened. It’s the story of a lank, blond-haired young man and a moving-picture contract. If the young man signed the contract, he became worth more than one million dollars.

That young man was Colonel Charles Augustus Lindbergh, freshly returned from his epochal New York-to-Paris flight and in Hollywood, at the moment, on his good-will trip around the United States.

Young Lindbergh did what, I think, you would have done.

He signed the contract. It was a contract with William Randolph Hearst to make a picture of aviation from its beginning down to his historic transatlantic hop.

While in Los Angeles, Lindbergh was the guest of the movie colony at Hollywood. Because of his tremendous popularity, numerous offers to enter the movies were made to him. He rejected all of them, until Mr. Hearst offered him this million-dollar contract to do an aviation spectacle for M-G-M.

Lindbergh signed that contract. But, though he had committed himself in writing to make the picture, it was never made. Had it been, America’s hero might, conceivably, have become, overnight, the greatest box-office attraction in the history of the film industry. And Charles Lindbergh’s whole future might have been drastically changed.

Instead, but here is what happened.

On Lindbergh’s return to New York, his friends learned what he had done. They felt he was making a mistake by branching away from his chosen career—aviation. Though Lindbergh
THE CASE OF THE
HOLLYWOOD SCANDAL

Murder will out—and so a thrilling mystery
reaches a climax of revenge and romance

BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

author of "The Case of the Shoplifter's Shoe"

I was plunged into the mysterious case of the Hollywood scandal when the secretary to lawyer William Foley was injured in a hit-and-run accident. As Mr. Foley's new secretary, my first duty was to execute a secret legal contract between talent promoter Frank G. Padgham and one Carter Wright; my second, to deliver the contract that evening to an address where Foley and Padgham would meet me.

I found the house unlocked. There was no answer to my "hello." As I stepped into the hall, I became conscious of a thumping noise upstairs. Investigation proved that it was Bruce Eaton, my favorite movie star, bound and gagged. Quickly, I released him. On the pretext of getting drinks to steady our nerves, he disappeared.

In reaching for my brief case, I found a key which had apparently fallen from Bruce's coat. Pocketing it, I started for the stairs. It was then that I discovered a man sitting at a desk, his head slumped over. He was—dead! Suddenly, without warning, every light in the house went out.

I groped for the stairs. A bell shattered the silence. Mr. Foley and Frank Padgham, I thought with relief. But it was Padgham—alone. I explained what had happened—about the dead man and the lights. I didn't tell him about Bruce Eaton, however. Padgham suggested that I wait in his car while he investigated. Halfway to the car I remembered the brief case which I had propped against the wall when I opened the door to Padgham. I ran back and got it.

At the corner drugstore I tried to telephone Bruce Eaton. He wasn't listed in the phone book, so I called his agency. I impressed upon them the importance of Bruce Eaton's calling me in the morning at the law office of William Foley. As I was returning to the house, an automobile swung around the corner. It was Mr. Foley. Hurriedly, I climbed into the car and told him my experience. He instructed me to go back to the drugstore and ask the clerk to notify police headquarters.

When I returned, I handed the brief case to Foley. He opened it, then looked at me with questioning eyes.

The brief case was empty.

MORNING papers brought the first definite information about what had actually happened. Carter Wright, chauffeur to Charles Temmler, had been found murdered in the Temmler home. I was the subject of an intensive search. When I arrived at the office, I discovered that my desk had been rifled and my notebook taken. Before I could tell Mr. Foley, Frank Padgham came in and, while he was closeted with Mr. Foley, Bruce Eaton called. We made a luncheon appointment, at which time I was to return the property I had found.

During the morning, a woman in the late forties came sailing into the office and announced herself as Mrs. Charles Temmler. She explained that Carter Wright had stolen a key to a safe-deposit box at Las Almiras in which her husband had legal papers. It was important for her to get the contents of that box. It was registered in such a way that whoever had the key had access to the box. She wanted Foley to get the key from the coroner. He refused, of course, and Mrs. Temmler left in high dudgeon. It was then that I realized the full importance of the key that I had found the previous night.

When I met Bruce Eaton, he apologized for his behavior of the previous evening and then asked abruptly, "How about that property of mine? You have it?" I started to hand the key to him and then, in a bantering tone, I told him he would have to identify it. To my amazement, it wasn't the key he asked for, but—his stickpin!

During luncheon Bruce told me the whole story of his part in the previous night's affairs. Woodley Page, an old friend of his, was being blackmailed. Charles Temmler had obtained possession of some incriminating letters; his chauffeur, Carter Wright, had stolen them; Frank Padgham had been delegated to get them back; Bruce had gone to the Temmler house to protect the interests of his friend; there I had found him, the victim of an unknown assailant.

When he had finished, I pushed the key across to him and told him about the lockbox. A shadow fell across the table—it was the detective who had interrogated me in such a suspicious manner during my first day in the office. He reached for the key but Bruce held fast. A scene ensued. I rushed for the phone to tell Mr. Foley of this latest encounter.

When I returned, the detective was gone and Bruce suggested that we leave immediately for Las Almiras. There was a lone cashier in the bank and Bruce had no difficulty in getting access to the box. After what seemed an inminable period, I heard him slam shut the door of the box. At that moment a car slid to the curb—a police car. I called to Bruce to hurry. The banker became suspicious and I saw him reach for his gun. As Bruce rushed out, the officers were rounding the corner. The cashier pulled the trigger but the jar of the recoil jerked the gun from his hand. As he stopped to pick
it up, I grabbed the letters and dropped them into a lunchbox on the counter.
The officers poured through the door. "The jig's up," the sheriff said.

BRUCE EATON stepped forward and said, "I'll take the entire responsibility for this."
The man with the big hat answered, "Oh, you will, will you?"
"Yes, this young woman has nothing to do with it."
The bank cashier said, "Don't let them fool you. It's a well-planned holdup. They put on the act together and..."

One of the city officers interrupted, "Good Lord, that's Bruce Eaton, the actor!"
"Actor nothing," the bank cashier protested. "They tried to hold me up. That man's no more Bruce Eaton than I am. He's a stick-up artist. If they hadn't jerked the gun out of my hand, I'd have had them. But one of them knocked the gun out and..."

One of the city officers laughed an interruption, "Bruce Eaton isn't going around sticking up banks."
"I tell you they tried to stick me up," the cashier protested, doggedly. "This man walked into the bank and, while I was waiting on him, this woman came in and stood at the counter. I asked him if she was with him and he said he'd never seen her before. Then when you gentlemen drove up in your car, she started yelling at him and ran around behind the counter. I figured she was handing him a gun. I knew right then it was a stick-up and yelled at them to stop. She kept right on coming and..."

The sheriff's cold eyes fastened mine in cynical appraisal. "How about it?" he asked.

I said, indignantly, "I was simply trying to get the man's autograph. You can imagine my surprise! I dropped in here to try and cash a check. I noticed someone was back in the vault with the cashier. Then I suddenly realized who it was. Do you think I'd pass up an opportunity like that? Why, when I go back and tell my roommate about having been in a country bank at the same time Bruce Eaton was there, her eyes will stick out a foot. Naturally, I wanted his autograph. I felt, under the circumstances, he wouldn't hesitate about giving it to me."

The officers exchanged dubious glances. I could see that the cashier's excitability and his hysterical gunplay were putting him on a spot. Bruce Eaton said, calmly, "Well, it's been rather an exciting experience, Miss... what's your name?"

"Miss Bell," I said, "Claire Bell."
"It's been quite an experience," he said, smiling. "I've had autograph hunters pursue me before, but never under quite such unusual circumstances. Perhaps, if you're going my way, you'd care to accept a lift back to Los Angeles?"
"I'd be delighted," I told him.

(Continued on page 77)
Each year Hollywood watches for PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Award. Once again our readers are invited to select the winner. Vote now!

This is the nineteenth time we have asked our readers to vote for "The Best Picture of the Year." We know you will vote with your usual enthusiasm and judgment for the picture produced during 1938 which, to your mind, had the most superb story, casting, direction, acting and photography. We will then present to the studio which produced that film the most distinguished award in the motion-picture business, PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal.

Despite the acrimonious controversy that has raged this year about pictures and picture personalities, no one can honestly say that the studios, particularly in the last six months, have not earned the right to say in truth, "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment." It is well to remember, however, that you, the public, are judge of what is a good picture. Here is a way to register your opinion ... Do you want to cry at the movies? Do you want to smile and forget there might be a world in which laughter comes but seldom? Do you want homespun stories that dramatize the daily lives of us all ... or do you want high-spirited tales of knights in shining armor toting off their lady loves in a shower of arrows? Do you want scenes of hurricane, fire, flood and wind to sweep you off your feet? Do you want musical comedies, opera, dancing delights or crime stories? All these you have had this past year. If you vote for the picture you liked in 1938, the producers will know what type of picture to make in 1939.

As no one can remember all the pictures he saw during the past year, we list below some of the outstanding ones. Speak, of course, does not permit us to list all the fine pictures, so, if your particular favorite is not here, vote for it anyway.

There are no rules to this contest. You either fill out the ballot printed here for your convenience, or write your choice on a slip of paper and send it to the Gold Medal Editor, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd St., New York City. Each and every vote is carefully counted; the picture that wins the most votes wins the Gold Medal.

This shining medal (a facsimile of which appears above) is a symbol of achievement, and as such is valued by all the Hollywood studios. There is no board of judges. You are the judge and the jury. What was the best picture of 1938? You know. Vote for it!

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1929 "HUMORESQUE" 1921
1921 "TOL'ABLE DAVID" 1922
1922 "ROBIN HOOD" 1923
1923 "THE COVERED WAGON" 1924
1924 "ABRAHAM LINCOLN" 1925
1925 "THE BIG PARADE" 1926
1926 "BEAU GESTE" 1927
1927 "7TH HEAVEN" 1928
1928 "FOUR SONS" 1929
1929 "DISRAELI" 1930
1930 "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT" 1931
1931 "CIMARRON" 1932
1932 "SMILIN' THROUGH" 1933
1933 "LITTLE WOMEN" 1934
1934 "THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLLE STREET" 1935
1935 "NAUGHTY MARIETTA" 1936
1936 "SAN FRANCISCO" 1937
1937 "CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"

OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1938

Alexander's Ragtime Band
Adventures of Marco Polo
Adventures of Robin Hood
Adventures of Tom Sawyer
Algiers
Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse
Angels with Dirty Faces
Arkansas Traveler
Bikini
Bordeaux's Eighth Wife
Boy Meets Girl
Boys Town
Bringing Up Baby
Brother Rat
Buccanneer, The
Carefree
Catalina, The
Cowboy and the Lady
Crime School
Crowd Roars, The
Dawn Patrol
Drums
Four Daughters
Goldwyn Follies, The
Girl of the Golden West, The
Guacho Din
Happy Landing
Having Wonderful Time
Holiday
If I Were King
In Old Chicago
Jezabel
Joy of Living
Just Around the Corner
Letter of Introduction
Lord Jeff
Love and Hisses
Love Finds Andy Hardy
Mad About Music
Mad Miss Melba
Mannequin
Man to Remember, A
Marie Antoinette
Men with Wings
Merrily We Live
Of Human Hearts
Rage of Paris
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Room Service
Screen Angel, The
Sing, You Sinners
Sisters, The
Slight Case of Murder, A
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
Swashbucklers
Submarine Patrol
Suez
Test Pilot
Texana, The
That Certain Age
Three Loves Has Nancy
Three Comrades
Toot, Toot, Whistle, The
Toy Wile, The
Valley of the Giants
Vivacious Lady
Wells Fargo
White Banners
Yank at Oxford, A
You Can't Take It with You
Young in Heart, The
Yellow Jack

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHAININ BUILDING, 122 EAST 42ND STREET,
NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion-picture production released in 1938.

NAME OF PICTURE

NAME

ADDRESS
**Paging Mr. Chamberlain**

Don't believe all the Hollywood feuds exist only between the fair sex; oh, no. Two of movies' hushest villains have maintained a pout at one another since the days when Barton MacLane and Charlie Bickford were actors on Broadway.

Fortunately, the two never came into contact until the Universal picture, "The Storm" (and what a fitting title), and then things happened.

The script called for a fight and each husky be-man threatened to annihilate the other.

The publicity boys looked forward gleefully to the fracas as a great source of ballyhoo, but the studio itself, a little alarmed at the enmity, feared trouble. So the scene was called for a Sunday.

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**Mystery of the Month**

All of a sudden, and out of a very clear sky, Hollywood husbands are behaving themselves for the cameramen. Hither, husbands of famous stars did a quick fade-out when the boys, headed by own Hymie Fink, would approach pictures.

Then came a swanky premiere. First to appear was Myrna Loy with her dashing husband, Arthur Hornblow. "Won't you pose with Miss Loy once?" the cameraboy asked, me as a routine question.

But imagine their amazement when Mr. Hornblow very readily agreed walked back to his car, holding Loy's arm, so the boys could get view of their walking in.

In fact, one photographer was so surprised to load his camera was almost too overcome to sho Ant picture when Mr. Hornblow offers make the walk from car to to the entrance all over again.

Encouraged, the boys next Mr. Griffin, husband of Irene Dunne. almost always eludes the photographers To their complete amazement. Griffin consented, graciously posing the boys several times.

Courage mounting still further photographers decided to crack hardest problem of all—Dr. Joel man with his wife, Claudette Colbert. Having permitted Dr. Pressman to theater without asking for permission, they now trudged down the aisle seat.

"Sure," he smiled, "go ahead. It was almost too much.

The cameraboy are wonder. husbans have decided to turn new leaf, once and for all, over it was just a good night for all.

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**Every Dog Has His Day**

When it came to selecting a dog to play with her in "Dark Victory," Bette Davis went to the hat for her favorite pooch— a setter belonging to her sister—not one of the show dogs, you understand, but her own sister claims it was the scruffiest dog in the kennels. And since the canine has never worked before camera, everyone is looking for some fun—except Bette's sister!

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**Russell Touch on a Resolution**

Rosalind Russell, whose English-made film, "The Citadel," is a great hit, is still groggy over the British methods of movie-making.

"After Hollywood, where one talks pictures twenty-four solid hours in a day and to the exclusion of all else, I found the subject strangely ignored after working hours," she says.

"I wonder if I did that scene just right today?" I asked an English co-worker one night at dinner.

"Oh, by the way," he answered, "what about the tennis matches at Wimbledon next week? You're going, aren't you?"

At first, I tried to talk shop after hours to everyone on the set and get in return discussions of English gardens in the spring or the possibility of war. So I finally gave up and, strangely enough, most of my physical tiredness and nervous tension disappeared.

"I've returned with a new resolution no talking shop after working hours. Not even to myself. I don't care how lonely I get."
Loretta Young was very firm about her beauty resolution. She said, "I resolve not to wear my hair up no matter how many other women do so or how many hats are made for it. I'm going to stick with the hair-do that looks best on me because I think that the really chic woman is the one who studies her personal requirements and enhances them."

Hollywood is about evenly divided on the subject of hair up or down. Many of the stars compromise by wearing the long bob during the day, dressing it high for evening. Gloria Stuart, for one, likes the "upped" hair-do and finds it most becoming. Her beauty resolution concerns it, too, because she thinks that earrings are almost a necessity to take away that "bare-faced" look, so she's going to increase her collection of earrings.

Loretta's statement that the smart woman is the one who sticks to her type at all times was borne out by several other stars, too. Barbara Stanwyck is one who says she won't be swayed by the current craze for furbelows. "I'm the tailored type, I can't wear anything fancy. I just look overdressed and I feel silly, so all my clothes are going to be very simple and plain. The only fad that I do yield to is the fad for tricky jewelry. I love costume jewelry, but I shall show restraint even in that. One interesting piece is enough. If I'm wearing a tailored suit, which I generally am, I wear a simple lapel ornament; or a lovely necklace with an evening gown."

Rosemary Lane has decided also that she will not be swayed by the decrees of fashion. "If they aren't becoming to me, and I feel that I don't do justice to them, I'm not going to take them up. I'm just going to be honest and natural and, at all times, myself. But don't get me wrong—I'm going to give every one of the new whimsies a try, to see if they will be becoming on me. But if they're not, then nothing doing." Anne Shirley's going to try everything new, too.

At least once a month she's going to try a new make-up or hair-do because she feels that only by experimenting can a person discover what's most becoming to her.

"From past experience I know better than to make the kind of resolution that ties me down to a daily task," said Joan Blondell, when I asked her about her resolutions, "because I'm thoroughly unhappy until I break it. But I do resolve to change my personality several times during the coming year. To me, the whole secret of beauty is change. A new appearance may not be a vast improvement over the old, but at least it's different and it buoyed up the spirit. A girl who neglects changing her personality gets stale mentally as well as physically. So I'm going to vary my hair style, my type of make-up, nail polish, perfume. I'm even going to change my toothpaste and mouth wash so I'll start the day with a completely different taste in my mouth."
If you get bored with yourself at times, let your resolution be to do something about it. Experiment with new makeups, change your hair style and make yourself over into a new person.

A new make-up is even better for your morale than a new hat, so take yourself in hand because you can be just exactly whatever you want to be—if you'll just take the time and the trouble.

Ginger Rogers doesn't overlook the importance of perfume in her beauty resolutions. "I like delicate and elusive fragrances rather than heavy musty odors and I'm going to collect a lot of different scents this year. I already have several perfumes but I don't think you can have too many because you should vary your perfume with your clothes and your mood of the moment."

Anita Louise is going to form the habit of spraying her hair with fragrance for evening, because she's found that this method of applying perfume is the most lasting and the least obvious.

"Malted milk three times a day," sighed Joan Fontaine when I approached her.

"I'm practically wasting away to a shadow, and that's my way of gaining weight. I'm so busy remembering to drink it that that's probably the only resolution I'll find time to keep."

Gale Page is another girl who considers beauty quite a "weighty" matter. I know that's bad, but I really couldn't skip it.

"I resolve this year," said Gale with grim determination in her voice, "to keep a daily watch on my weight and do something about it the minute the scales tip an ounce in the wrong direction."

When Gale started her movie career the first order she received was to reduce because of the camera's deviltry in adding poundage. So she did it by stringent diet and exercise. All very well and good, but, when she made a trip to Chicago, she put all the weight back on and had to go through the same stringent routine when she returned to Hollywood.

That is the reason, she confessed, for the grim determination when she says, "Now I know a daily morning weighing is the only way to keep painlessly slim. And, so help me, the minute I'm over one hundred and fifteen pounds, I'll go on a buttermilk diet until I'm back to my standard."

Irene Dunne's fondness for driving in open cars all year round brought on her 1929 beauty resolution. "I resolve to do something definite about the depredations of the wind this year," she told me. "I'm going to use a moist foundation for make-up and when I come home from a ride I'm going to take off all my make-up with a liquid cleanser and then use a softening lotion."

"And I'm not going to forget to wear glasses in the car and bathe my eyes when I come out of the wind to prevent them from becoming bloodshot. I'm going to protect myself from overexposure to the wind."

A good tip for you to follow, too, because winter winds can be most unkind to your skin by drying it and causing little lines.

Bette Davis realizes that there is great beauty in serenity and she determines to relax more during the coming year. Ann Sothern, too, resolves to achieve the gift of relaxation and rid herself of the tenseness that is the usual result of motion-picture work. Here's how she's going to do it: "I will rise half an hour earlier and arrive at the studio in a leisurely manner. I will not rush home and I'll take a short nap before parties, premieres or lengthy social events of any kind. Every two weeks I will spend the greater part of a day in bed, reading or just resting."

Joan Bennett, too, knows of no better aid to fresh, vital appearance than relaxation and serenity and she's going to abolish callisthenics and find more time to play tennis and badminton and go swimming.

She's going to get a lot of sleep and worry less and laugh more, and stay out in the open air as much as she possibly can. That, from the standpoint of health, as well as beauty, is one of the wisest resolutions any woman can make.

Penny Singleton says she wants to form the habit of using two powders. The blend of two shades, one darker than the other, gives the skin a depth of tone and is more lasting. The first powder should be the lighter shade and the second in a deeper tone, giving warmth to the skin.

Try it and see if you don't get a better effect, too.

Both Phyllis Brooks and Olivia de Havilland are resolved to improve their walk and their posture. "I'm going to study ballet dancing all through the coming year," Phyllis said. "My mother thinks I've too much of an athletic stride for the screen. As a matter of fact, she occasionally refers to it as a 'lope.' I know this would never do when I come to that super-scene that's sure to find me descending a marble staircase swathed in ermine. So I'm getting ready!"

Olivia's experience in recent period pictures who's tired her back, and she's sure some costumes has taught her how necessary it is to walk gracefully and have a correct carriage at all times. "In 1930," she said, "I resolve to bicycle an hour each day. I bought a bicycle this year and was surprised to learn how much cycling can do for one, besides being a lot of fun. It's my favorite form of exercise and daily cycling is the best thing in the world to insure a graceful and correct posture at all times."

"So, no matter how tired I am, every single day, for one hour, I'm going to bicycle riding."

"To make regular use of a mild beauty mask before I go out evenings," resolves Wendy Barrie. "This is as important for young faces as for any because it stimulates and freshens the skin for special occasions when one wishes to look one's best."

"And I'm not going to hurry my make-up. I'm going to take plenty of time to use a beauty mask and be sure that my make-up is on evenly and smoothly."

And we can't forget the importance of using a good hand lotion every time you wash your hands and of remembering to smooth a softening cream into your elbows as consistently as you use it on your face.

Resolve, too, always to wear a fresh make-up. Keep some cleansing cream and facial tissues in your desk at the office so you won't have to keep adding new make-up on top of the old. Try always to have a supply of fresh powder puffs on hand.

Soak your fingernails in warm olive oil two or three times a week to soften the cuticle and keep your nails from splitting. And resolve to brush your hair every single night to keep it soft and shining. You'll find that this is definitely a most effective compliment-catcher.

And I hope that 1930 will be the brightest and happiest year you've ever had; that it will bring you new loveliness and charm and, most of all, your heart's desire.
FINK IS FINE

JUST a word of complete approval of your fine magazine and its lack of sticky gossip and fan-lure.

Your photographs are always excellent—which means Mr. Hyman Fink must be a whiz at the shutter. I, too, am a picturist of sorts and am interested in all points of photography. That short bit about photography advice by Mr. Fink should be enlarged into a department in your magazine. My job is to photograph portraits and activities of the students at this college for American Indians, the only college for Indians in the world.

I'm positive that any advice from Mr. Fink would be worth while. Why not think it over? Incidentally, I'm thinking of enlarging my attic, in order to find more room to store away Photoplay, which I have bought for years.

EDMUND C. SHAW, Bapene College, Bapene, Oklahoma.

We appreciate Reader Shaw's praise and trust he will be pleased to see the new department, "Movies in Your Home," on Page 70. This will be an occasional feature and any camera addict should find many new pointers which will be helpful.

P. S.—Mr. Fink is a whiz at the shutter.

EASY COME, EASY GO

Yes, Hedy Lamarr is gorgeous and glamorous, but can she act? All she did in "Algiers" was look alluring in close-up after close-up and certainly that's easy enough with her glorious face. Of course, one must admit that she reacted nicely to Charles Boyer's passionate glance, but who wouldn't? No, unless Hedy can prove that besides her haunting loveliness she can also act, she will be doomed to failure, for the public is tired of "gymnast girls" and their eternal posturings and poses. Dietrich lost out and Garbo's appeal is certainly on the wane, so if Miss Lamarr has nothing to offer us but her exotism, she too will fade into obscurity, for, to be an actress, one must be more than just "a thing of beauty."

MARGARET LENWORTH, New York City.

Hedy Lamarr's next picture will be "I, Take This Woman" with Spencer Tracy and Walter Pidgeon at M-G-M, the studio which lent her out to Walter Wanger for "Algiers." The director is Frank Borsage, the man who was responsible for Janet Gaynor's sensational work in "Seventh Heaven" in 1927—the picture, you recall, which really made Miss Gaynor a star. As for Miss Lamarr's acting, it is hard to judge from one picture. Shall we give her a chance?

RULES FOR WRITING TO A STAR

I've long enjoyed your magazine and look upon you as a true friend. I am a star's secretary, which is why I must regretfully withhold my name. I know a crop of fan-mail writers appears and I'm sure that many of them need a few pointers. Here they are: please write legibly—print the name and address if your handwriting isn't legible—and don't squeeze your name and address into one small corner. What a blessed relief it is to see a typewritten letter turn up.

Please don't write five-page letters, if your handwriting isn't legible. Please write in ink. Some letters come a long way and are so pencil-smeared when they arrive at the studio they are practically illegible.

Please put your address on the letter itself and not refer the reader to the envelope.

Please write a letter, if possible, and not a card. The cards come in with postcards all over the back and front and often it is impossible to make out names and addresses because of this.

Please don't ask the star to do you a favor. He can't get you a job, nor can he get you into the studios to look around, much as he would like to help you. Don't pry into his private life, tell him all your troubles, or ask for his home address.

Most of the mail is very nice and interesting and both my employer and myself enjoy reading it, but some of it isn't, hence this letter. Thank you for your time and trouble.

PRIVATE SECRETARY, Hollywood, Calif.

DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE

Since the early "nickelodeon" days, I've been an avid moviegoer. I've seen two and sometimes three pictures a week. I'm quite in accordance with the slogan "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment"—but, now I'm through. When the double-feature nuisance came into being, I began shopping for my movies, only to find that this necessitated either a 5:30 dinner, hurriedly eaten (in order to be at the theater by 6:10), or losing a couple of hours' sleep because the second show wasn't out until midnight. Then came Bingo, under the various titles of Screeno, Bank Night, or what-have-you. That, I could avoid and did, but it meant that I often missed a picture I very much wanted to see. But now an even more deadly menace is rearing its head—stage shows, and theater managers have the effrontery to tell you (and right in the midst of the "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment" campaign) that they are trying to bring back vaudeville.

I don't want vaudeville; I don't want Bingo; all I want is one good picture an evening. So, I'm through until theater owners and managers get back to the fundamental purpose of a motion-picture theater.

GRETCHEN MANNING, Pittsburgh, Pa.

This brings to mind another problem—that of change of titles. After the studio has exploited pictures for months under one title, it is confusing, to say the least, when one keeps looking in the newspapers for a picture to come to town, only to find out it's been in town the week before under another title. Has this bothered you? If so, can you think of a solution?

(Continued on page 75)
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

John Payne in "Wings of the Navy"

[Continued from page 48]

George Brent, finds she has one year to live and spends it spurring him on at the expense of her doctors. It's the least role Bette has ever attempted, next to 'Of Human Bondage.'

We sat on the sidelines with Bette while George Brent struggles through the opening-day jitters in an all-male doctors' scene. After a series of disheartening breaks before the camera, George says, "Excuse me, gentlemen, I'm sorry." Then he gets up off the stage and sits in his chair, alone and mad at himself. Nobody can help him; it's just one of those opening-day things.

He'll be all right after a while.

We can't resist asking Bette how about her personal future, especially since her separation from her husband, Harmon Nelson, took place between "The Sisters" and "Dark Victory.

Very frankly she tells us there's absolutely no other man and no other interest unless it's her work. And the biggest effect the split-up has had so far is a deeper devotion to work. "I live it now," says she.

"And that's no figure of speech." It's true. Warners gave Bette Kay Francis' gregarious bungalow, where Kay bowed off the lot. So, when the marriage division happened, Bette moved into the studio bag and bagpipe! Now, during the filming of "Dark Victory," she eats and sleeps there. And the two other Warner stars are getting the same idea.

Paul Muni is moving into the studio for his next picture and a few others, too, are following Bette's lead.

It's a great idea, but we hope it doesn't spread all over Hollywood. Where would there be room for all the swimming pools?

And now we will look over the stars in the radio studios. With NBC opening a brand-new bigger and better apple-green broadcasting studio at Sunset and Vine and Columbia's new plant keeping the air crackling a block down the street, Hollywood is now in radio for keeps—and vice versa.

The air is full of stars and the stars are full of—well, call it eloquence. At any rate, where one Hollywood program failed to return to the studio, three new ones popped up. The Radio scene shifts around quicker than a Notre Dame backfield and what do we have? We do.

For one thing, we have Bill Powell running Hollywood Hotel and the best news item of the month is that Bill's health is standing up better. He likes it, it likes him. His friends are urging him to give up making movies entirely, to concentrate on radio, have more fun out of life, live to a ripe old age and make just about as much to put in his piggy-bank.

Charles Boyer has taken on Tyrone Power's dramatic spot on the Woody Woodhouse. What's more, Charles is carrying on the Power tradition of orchids for the leading men in the cast—Gill Patrick, Olivia De Havilland and Maureen O'Sullivan have got 'em so far. The best remark we ever heard about Boyer was romantic little Radio extra's spin—"That guy," she heaved, "has menace in both eyes." His voice is the same way. Better all the time. He leaves the air in a few weeks and Ty comes back.

Bing Crosby's return from Bermuda deserves a paragraph. Bing left for the island with twenty-five trunks. He came back with thirty-five. He bought everything in the joint, including British walking shorts for his whole band. Now you should see 'em—even more than Mounta"n J. Scott Trotter! On Bing's first return program he set the mike at getting a vivid map of the Caribbean and the Atlantic Ocean for a shirt. It scared Bob Brown's head off in Hawaii, where he's vacating now.

Lux Radio Theatre, like the brook, runs on songs. They hear the right music from the right microphones, the best scripts, the biggest stars—and C. B. De Mille. C. B., incidentally, was steering most of the radio steadies in his next epic, "Union Pacific.

"We caught the Lux air edition of "Seven Veils" the other night and saw Jean Arthur and Don Ameche run over and stick their noses in a piano in the middle of the show. Did he know we were underneath? They talked through the piano strings for that echo effect you heard.

Along Radio Row, the Hollywood Headlines are these:

Texaco Star Theatre is a solid hit, but suave Adolphe Menjou can't help truckers' truck-driving songs.... Eddie Cantor's next Deanna Durbin may be Betty Jaynes.... Gracie Allen came back from New York with a trunkful of sw rey hats.... Claire Trevor's new husband, Clark Andrews, is producing her air show, "Big Town." He and Eddie Robinson wrangle old college songs at rehearsal—it's funny.... Fanny Brice is on the war path for people who spell her name "Fannie."... Every week Frank Morgan and Fanny do the same thing as a meager accomplishment by Meridith Wilson, and the minute "Good News" goes off the air. You miss it, but the audience gets a good laugh.

Joe E. Brown was burned up all last fall because his new show came out on Saturday and he couldn't watch his son, Joe L., do his football stunt with the U.C.L.A. team.... Frances Langford, who's tiny, got ten pounds more fat and saasy on her honeymoon, while Jon Hall, a moose, faded to a shadow. He's at every Hollywood debut, believing because they're still very much in love....

Bob Young and Allan Jones have recently had a fight, but their show, "Air-Sto lid"—Air-Railing stables from those radio comedy-plugs on "Good News." W. C. Fields never gets off after a job or removes his Mack truck during the whole "Hit Parade"—Grover Jones, the movie-writing fellow, is doing the script for Rosalind Russell and Jimmy Stewart on "Silent Theatre."... Jimmie Fidler will break a Broadway record when he goes overseas both for NBC and Columbia any day now.

Dorothy Lamour is now third in record playing over the air. The Chase and Sanborn hour did it. First is Bing Crosby; second, Nelson Eddy.... Jean Harlow sketches everybody on the "Doctor Christian" show.... Edgar Bergen is rhumba-mad. A brave gentleman, for he used to be afraid of the other night and invited all his girl friends—Andrea Leeds, Anita Louise, Nancy Carroll, Lew Ayres, and his wife, Grace McCarthy, by the way, now has a tailor working overtime sewing him up a new wardrobe for practically any occasion you can think of.

But the best for the last—the Judge Hardy Family will soon be on the air—intact. Their plans go through Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer may put Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone, Cecila Parker and all those others, in scenery and a typical Hardy escapade. And how would you like that?
Mama Is in the Movies Now

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

MOVIES

A new Photoplay department—giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

BY JACK SHER

ALL of a sudden this country has become camera-conscious. Every time you stick your face out of the car now you're pretty certain that your head is going to be snapped at the neckline and recorded on film for posterity. Every day more people are buying sound and silent motion-picture cameras and projectors. Consequently, Photoplay proposes to devote space in this and future issues for you who are taking part in this film industry.

This month we are reviewing some short films, giving you news on equipment and telling you where you can purchase these things. Next week, we will give you advice from expert directors and cameramen.

We are lucky in being able to start off during a month of plenty, and when we say plenty we mean that this month is packed with late pictures for 16mm which have never been on the market before.

First on our list is a football short, nicely put together and breathless, a Castle Films production, entitled "Football-1928." In this film are action shots from all the big games which have been played so far and it will be a swell help to you in recording games in the future. It's in one reel and cheap, too.

Pathagreens have just released two "town studies": one, "Dynamic New York," the other, "Historical Washington." Both of these one-reelers are beautiful photographic jobs, particularly the New York film, which surpasses anything we've ever seen Hollywood take of Bagdad On The Subway. This same company has proven that a film can go educational and still keep you on the edge of your seat with their one-reeler called "Millions of Fish." It's a study of the sardine industry from sea to plate. These three films are in both sound and silent editions.

If you are looking for news on cameras and are interested in getting a very unusual picture, have a look at the first full-length picture made specifically for home consumption, "Pinnochloa," a film by an amateur in Hollywood named Bresler. Bresler's second eight reel 16mm is also almost finished. It's called "The Return of Rip Van Winkle." You'll probably be able to get it soon after you read this.

POLITICALLY speaking, there is some exciting stuff on the market, too. Castle Films are releasing a film called "Germany Takes Over." Garson-Kay-Facts have just released those splendid films produced by Frontier Films, "Heart of the Movies," the film of the German woman, which rents for $10. "People of the Cumberland," which is $7.50, "China Strikes Back," which rents for $10. Garson also is releasing for rent the one reelers, "Germany Invades Austria," for $1.00, and "Austria Vanishes," for $2.00; the Gilbert Solod film, "Towards Utopia," for $5.00.

The Christmas season is the time to stock up on the excellent cartoons which are old but good. Eastman Kodak has the Disney "Silent Symphonies"; Gutlohn and Film Exchange, as well as Bell and Howell, have a large stock of Christmas shorts. All at very reasonable rates. Castle has produced a special holiday short called "Christmas Cartoon." It's better than the usual run of film of this type.

Winding up this month's releases are two more Castle Films, "Shara," and their monthly newsreel, "See No. 6," which has fine aviation sequences and some shots of lumberjacks in action.

MANY Hollywood cameramen are now using the new Cine-Kodak focusing finder. It slips inside the camera just as a film magazine does and with its magnifying eyepiece an exact focus can be obtained regardless of lens combinations used. A new Dust-Off Photo Brush is just out and is a honey for removing dust without scratching cameras, lenses and film. The Fletcher Film Cement Pen you'll find handy for editing film. And have a look at the new Wonderlight enlarging bulb for 16mm. frames.

Cameraman O'Connell, now at work on a Warners' Technicolor epic, has devised an insidious sun mirror, made of a pane of glass backed by black paper. It eats down cloud glare about 65%, according to exposure meters.

Spit's new "Hong Kong" can be bought at department stores or at your own camera shop.

THE feminine lead in "If I Were King." Following that, so it was hinted to me, the girl who handled cash in Chicago and who was a model for a time in New York Wood might be elevated to full stardom.

It's enough to scare the living daylight out of the young housewife with a three-and-a-half-year-old. And an overwhelming awe of glamorous ladies like Merle Oberon and Joan Crawford, and Myrna Loy.

ELLEN DREW, who is earning a nice trench, is likely to play the part of the girl in "If I Were King." She might still in time leap into the four-figure class, has no elaborate home, no swimming pool, no tennis court, riding horses. Not even her own estate.

With her husband and Skipper she lives in a rented house in Cardif Affe on the fringe of Beverly Hills with two cars—one of which is a battered but gay little Ford of 1931 origin—the other, a cheap popular make, purchased a year ago.

"How," I asked, "does your husband regard your career? Wouldn't I prefer to have you stay home and run the house?"

"Heavens," exclaimed Ellen, "where do you get the idea I don't run my house? I most certainly do—before and after movie hours."

No, there has never been an argument between Fred and myself about my being in the movies. We just don't discuss it at all. That's safest, don't you think? I don't tell him what's happening in my studio—and he never bothers to tell me what's happening in his. He's not jealous of me—and, bless his handsome soul, I'm never jealous of him.

Did I remember to say that Ellen Drew's fine little nose is uptitled like the Maid of Astella's, that her brown, soft hair hangs in seductive ringlets? Sometimes—at a quick glance—she has a resemblance to Phyllis Brooks. She has no preference in literature and makes no pretense at being just too, too cultured. She prefers Charles Dickens, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Frout or Sterne, but she has read a few stories by Edna Ferber and a little "David Copperfield" by Charles Dickens. Ellen likes the light reading in magazines or a good modern novel.

She likes a good snapshot, an adventure in all her twenty-four years of life. No escapes from near death—no threats fromirate wipers—not even a slip on the ice. It has been an uneven life with no extraordinary hardships. The fact that she had stepped out of a candy store into marriage and motherhood and then driven down to an agent and had her naive request to be placed in the movies fulfilled does not seem evenful to her. Nor that within a comparatively short time she has leaped from obscure bit past to going in a complete studio, with an invitation for her to grasp—that was the way it was destined, if you please.

"You do," I commented for want of something better to say, "smoke a great many cigarettes, don't you?"

"You do," she said with a laugh, "and I do. But I never smoke in front of Skipper. And Skipper—never smokes in front of me!"

The young man who had sat quietly, looking out across the street from the East River under our windows, spoke up.

"Miss Drew," he said with something of a limp, "I have a grand sense of humor. Don't you think?"
TRY ON YOUR LUCKY NAIL COLOR
BEFORE YOU BUY

Lady Esther's New 7-Day Cream Polish

Created to cover your nails smoothly with only 1 coat instead of 2... makes nails gleam like sparkling gems.

At last, a cream nail polish of enduring loneliness... a polish that goes on in one smooth coat... and stays perfect for as long as 7 days! But how is this possible? Because Lady Esther scientists created this new polish to resist cracking, chipping, peeling... to keep its lustrous finish days longer... to win alluring beauty and distinction for your hands.

But Lady Esther presents more than an amazing new nail polish. She brings you an entirely new way to buy polish... a way that makes sure you will find the one lucky flattering color for your nails.

Try on before you buy!

Haven't you often found it annoying when you try to select your nail color in the store? You pick up bottle after bottle, study color charts, ask the salesgirl for advice. In the end you choose a color that you hope is right... but when you get home and try it on, the chances are it looks entirely different on your nails! Your money is wasted and your finger nails fail to sparkle the way you expected.

How to find your lucky color

But now—before you buy—you can find the one enticing color that will give your nails and hands streamlined elegance, flatter them beyond belief, and harmonize irresistibly with your clothes. And how do you do this? You cut out the Lady Esther "Color Tips" below—fit the colored part over your nail and use the white tabs to hold it in place. Women themselves voted this the easiest and best way to find their one lucky shade. It is the winning way perfected by Lady Esther to end guesswork and disappointment... to save polish, time and money! ... You'll want to start right now—so try on these "Color Tips" at once and don't stop until you've found the one glorious color that's lucky for you! Then put the tab in your purse as a reminder to buy Lady Esther's 7-Day Nail Polish the first time you're shopping.

CUT OUT THESE LUCKY "COLOR TIPS" and try them on your finger nail until you find your most flattering color. Cut on the dotted line. IMPORTANT NOTICE—these "tips" show color only—not gloss. Prepare for still another thrill when you see how the real polish gleams with brilliance printing cannot equal.
CLOSE UPS OF
HOLLYWOOD DESIGNERS
DIRECTED BY GWENN WALTERS

LIGHTS! ACTION! CAMERA!

LAST month your Fashion Editor felt gay and frivolous and brought you, instead of her usual fashion letter, a surprise package in the form of a Hollywood production which gave you, not only fashion high lights, but also a key-hole peek into the careers of famous designers.

This month I am again forsaking my fashion letter to add "Part Two" to last month's production, so that I may continue my story of outstanding designers who, like Galer-Ainsworth and Voris, have combined courage and vision to win recognition in the fashions of the commercial and motion-picture worlds alike.

Quiet, Please! Roll 'em!

Close Shot: Irene of Bullocks-Wilshire—on her own admission a career girl "by mistake"—her chum decided to go to designing school and she just tagged along! Fade Out.

Fade In: Time—present. Place—Hollywood. Irene is now the leading custom designer of the West—but I assure you that is no "mistake." To her salon in Bullocks-Wilshire the illustrious flock for the ultimate in chic—Los Angeles and Hollywood Blue Bookers, the wives and daughters of Hollywood producers and directors, such well-known stars as Norma Shearer, Carole Lombard, Paulette Goddard, Dolores Del Rio, Virginia Bruce, Loretta Young, Claudette Colbert, Joan Bennett and so on and on. Irene also designs screen clothes for motion pictures—her most recent assignment was the wardrobe for Virginia Bruce to wear in the Hal Roach production, "There Goes My Heart."

Irene's clothes are individualized by perfection of line, subtle color contrast, rich fabrics and intricate dressmaker details. They are costumes of unassuming elegance!

This season, Irene features, as usual, her famous three-piece suits in plain or contrast woolens—classically draped and molded black silk jersey frocks—tailored dressmaker dinner suits styled of rich brocades and velvets—luscious feminine evening gowns interpreted in souffle, jersey, taffeta, crepe and lame, each model scintillating like the perfection and color of the jewels that Irene uses for inspiration! Fade out.

CLOSE SHOT: Josef—who started his costume jewelry enterprise with one rhinestone bracelet "for rent." Fade out.

Fade In: Time—present. Place—Hollywood. Today Josef has over a thousand pieces of jewelry rented to the studios at one time (and thousands more filed away in drawers for immediate call) and each piece of his own making. For Josef is the creator of the only costume jewelry designed and made in Hollywood.

He works closely with all the studio designers in planning distinctive jewelry which corresponds to the mood of their modern creations.

—we makes authentic reproductions for their historic costumes. Nearly all the costume jewelry that flashes from the screen is rightfully credited to Josef.

He also creates jewelry for the personal wardrobes of such famous stars as Carole Lombard, Myrna Loy, Allee Faye, Norma Shearer, Jeanette MacDonald, Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett and many others.

This season he has made a reality of a long-cherished ambition! For the first time, he has reproduced his cinema jewels and offered them to the public. (You will find them in the leading department stores throughout the country.) Fade Out.

CLOSE SHOT: Willys—who entered the hosiery business via the "grease paint route." He sold hose to stars on the sets between scenes while working as an extra in pictures. Fade Out.

Fade In: Time—present. Place—Hollywood. Today Willys has the distinction of being the sole hosiery stylist for stars as well as studios. Willys is pictured here with Edward Stevenson, designer for RKO Studios—they are discussing hosiery styles to be worn in the forthcoming RKO production, "Beauty For The Asking."

Willys creates the styles of his hose as well as their colors. A few of his innovations, made universally popular by the stars of Hollywood, are the complete sandal foot hose, first created for Dietrich—the ombre (two-tone) hose also designed for her—complete lace heel and toe hose created for Ginger Rogers' dancing feet—peck-a-boo hose (toes cut out to vie with open-toe shoes) styled for Lily Pons—and on and on indefinitely.

The most outstanding hosiery color idea conceived by Willys was the lipstick hues that matched the lipstick of a famous Hollywood cosmetic house. To these grey hues he added a wide range of pastel tints and Willys gave Hollywood the first gayly colored hosiery for evening wear.

Willys' star clientele, of course, includes the top names of the cinema industry.

Willys indicates the Hollywood hosiery trends of style and color.

When you "stocking-shop," you're bound to find your purchases influenced by the inspiration of his genius. Fade Out.

Print Them! That's All For Today!
They're beautiful—adored—they use a simple, inexpensive Complexion Care


Bewitching JOAN BLOX-DELL, Warner Bros. star. "Foolish to risk the dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores that may mean Cosmetic Skin," she tells you. "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather leaves skin soft and smooth."

Here's LORETta YOUNG, star of 20th Century-Fox's "Kentucky," ready to protect a million-dollar complexion against choked pores. "Use cosmetics, of course, but before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed—use Lux Toilet Soap," she says. "It's an easy care that leaves skin smooth."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

JANUARY, 1939
merged after they slipped into the unique Hollywood habit. Marriage couldn’t have saved them.

But the home of Clark Gable and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, in the Hollywood Hills, was still safe. The occupants rode together and worked together and played there together in their time off. Bob trained and worked out for "The Crowd Roars" on Barbara’s ranch. Almost every evening, after work at the studio or on the ranch, he runs over for a plunge in her pool.

If it isn’t fight night—they’ve long had permanent seats together at the Hollywood Legion, there are evenings when Gable is asked to a party—they’re always invited together, just like man and wife—they spend a quiet evening together at either one or the other of their homes.

Or if Bob has a preview of his picture, Barbara goes with him to tell him what she thinks of it, and vice versa. Bob saw "Stella Dallas" four times. Once he caught it in London and bawled so copiously that when he came out of it, he asked him for his autograph he couldn’t see to sign it! But he was a long way from being dry, then.

When he’s home, he’s a little more critical. But never of Barbara’s ice cream. Bob has never forgotten his Nebraska boyhood—eating the dasher of an ice cream freezer. That’s why Barbara whips him up a bucketful every week, before they roll off to see the folks.

All in all, it’s an almost perfect domestic picture. But no wedding rings in sight!

Even gifts and expressions of sentiment take on the practical, utilitarian aspect of old married life’s reminiscences when these Hollywood single couples come across. Just as Dad gives Mother an electric icemaker for Christmas and she retaliates with a radio, Bob Taylor presents Barbara Stanwyck with a tennis court on her birthday, with Barbara giving Bob a two-horse auto trailer for his.

The gifts Carole Lombard and Clark Gable have exchanged are even more unconventional. Whoever heard of a woman in love with a man giving him a gun for Christmas? Or a man, crazy about one of the most glamorous, sophisticated and clever women in the land, hanging a gasoline scooter on her Christmas tree?

For Clark, Carole stopped, almost overnight, being a Hollywood playgirl. People are expected to change when they get married. The necessary adaptation to a new life and another personality is made in every marriage and groom. All Clark and Carole did was strike up a Hollywood threesome. Nobody said much.

Clark Gable doesn’t like night spots, or parties, social chit-chat, or the frothy pretentiousness that seems to pervade Hollywood society. He has plenty of it, but it makes him fidget.

Carole, quite frankly, used to eat it up. She hosted the most charming and clever parties in town. She knew everybody went everywhere. When the ultra exclusive and late lamented Mayfair Club held its annual ball, Carole was picked to run things. It was Carole who decreed the now famous “White Mayfair” that Norma Shearer crossed up so wickedly by coming in flaming scarlet—an idea you later saw dramatized by Bette Davis in “Jezebel.”

These were the caviar and cocktails of Carole Lombard’s life—before she started going with Gable. But look what happened—

Clark didn’t like it, Carole found out quickly. What did he like? Well, outside of hunting in wild country white men seldom entered, and white women never, he like to shoot skeet. Shooting skeet, of course, is an intricate scoring game worked out on the principle of trapshooting. It involves banging away at crazily projected clay pigeons with a shotgun.

Carole learned to shoot skeet—not only learned it but, with the intense proficiency with which she attacks anything, rapidly became one of the best women skeet shooters in the country!

Gable liked to ride, so Carole got herself a horse and unpacked her riding things.

He liked tennis, so she resurrected her always good court game, taking lessons from Alice Marble, her good friend and the present national women’s champion. Playing with a man, Carole had to get good and she did—so good that now Clark can’t win a set!

It goes on like that. Clark, tiring of hotel life, moved out to a ranch in the San Fernando Valley. What did Lombard do? She bought a valley ranch.

Carole has practically abandoned all her Hollywood social contacts. She doesn’t keep up with the girls in gossip circles. She doesn’t throw parties that hit the headlines and the picture magazines. She and Clark are all wrapped up in each other’s interests. While Gable did all the night work in "Too Hot To Handle," Carole, though working, too, was on his every night. She caught the sneak preview with him and told him with all the candor of the little woman, “It’s hokum, Pappy—but the most excellent hokum.”

Like any good spouse might do, Carole has ways and means of chastening Clark, too. When she’s mad at him she wears a hat he particularly despises. Carole calls it her "hate hat."

Their fun now, around town, is almost entirely trips, football games, fights and shows. Their stepping-out nights usually end up at the home of Director Walter Lang and his new wife, Madalynne Fields, “Fieldie.” Carole’s bosom pal and long-time secretary. They sit and play games!

Yes, Carole Lombard is a changed woman since she tied up with Clark Gable.

But her name is still Carole Lombard.

The altar record, in fact, among Hollywood’s popular twosomes is surprisingly slim.

Usually something formidable stands in the way of a marriage certificate when Hollywood stars pair up minus a preacher.

In Clark and Carole’s case, of course, there is a very sound legal barrier. Clark is still officially a married man. Every bill for him of divorce to be started, but, until something happens in court, Ria Gable is still the legal wife of the land this law allows Clark Gable.

George Raft can’t marry Virginia Pine for the very same good reason; he has a wife. Every effort he has made for his freedom has failed.

Some of them, like Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland, go in a perfect design for living, apparently headed for perpetual fun with each other. Connie maintains one of the most luxurious set-ups of them all, with a titled husband in Europe and Gilbert Roland her devoted slave in Hollywood. Years have passed and the arrangement seems to please everybody as much now as it did at the start. Why should it ever break up?

On the other hand, the unmarried partners sometimes get a divorce—or at least a premarital freedom in a most fulsome—whatever you care to call it. Calling the case of Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard makes for more than a bunch of handy nouns.

No one has ever been able yet to say definitely whether or not the gray-haired, silent, young-vivacious Paulette were ever married. Such things as public records exist for just such purposes as proving the fact that none can be unearthed, a strong belief hovers around Holly-wood, but to actually file and actually take the vows, some say on his yacht out at sea.

But when, a few months back, Char-"lie was seen more and more in the com-pany of other young ladies and Paulette began stepping out with other men, an unusually awkward contretemps was brewed. What was it? The breaking up of a love affair? Or the separation of a marriage? If a divorce was to be had, there had to have been a marriage. But was there? Charlie wouldn’t talk; neither would Paulette and her relations—so much to be expected in the case of the fact that none can be unearthed, a strong belief hovers around Holly-wood, but to actually file and actually take the vows, some say on his yacht out at sea.

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The most tragic, as well as perhaps the most tender match of them all gave way to an end of death. At the time of Jean Harlow’s untimely passing, she and William Powell had reached an understanding that excluded any one else from either’s thoughts. Both had fought for happiness in Hollywood without finding it, until they found each other. Then Death stole Jean away and Bill has never recovered from the shock of his loss.

There was only Jean Harlow’s family, her doctor and William Powell in her hospital room the night she lost her fight, her doctor and William Powell. In every way since, he has acted as a son-in-law to Jean’s mother. He bought the house in which he and Jean lived with money Jean gave him in order to ensure a furnished place for them should they get married.

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Boos and Bouquets  
(Continued from page 18)

SHIRLEY ROSS 
(Paramount Star)

tells girls:
"HANDS 
can have 
power to charm"

A MAN LOVES hands like velvet," says Shirley Ross, in Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory". So—furnish softening moisture for your hand skin with Jergens!

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE 
and BOOKLET ON HAND CARE
The Andrew Jergens Co., 1719 Allred St., Cincinnati, O. (On Canada, Fauth, Ont.)
I want to say for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send me your generous free sample of Jergens. 

Name:  
Street:  
City:  
(To be filled)

JERGENS LOTION

This Year's Love Market  
(Continued from page 15)

on the Stork front. The Morton Dowe- 
seys (Barbara Stanwyck) profited when 
their stock rose 1 baby girl during the 
month. At the close of business Stork 
was still firm, but the Mervyn Dough-
as-Helen Garahan firm reporting a new 
and important member.

September: Romances were easier, 
with many participants taking profits 
after the recent upswing, and news 
was scarce. Year-end reports are said to be 
graftifying, but the interest was not yet 
reflected in the street. The Margot 
Grahame-Francis Lister divorce caused 
a slight decline in the Marriage Stability 
index, but the Hearts Exchange went 
up a few days later with Margot's mar-
rriage to Canadian Allen McMartin.

The renewed rumor of a merger be-
 tween Gaynor and designer Adrian 
helped maintain the list, while definite 
amouncements that Marie Wilson and 
Director Nick Grinde would merge was 
considered good news by the traders. 
A setback was caused by a hinted 
Reno visit by Bette Davis. The Tyone 
Power issue, which had been very vola-
tile in recent months, again rallied 
sharply with much widespread partici-
ipation. The Norma Shearer firm was 
rumored to have the largest commit-
ments in T. P. Preferred.

Three events of major importance 
bring renewed activity into the mar-
ket in the last two weeks of the month. 
Marriage stocks jumped three points 
on the definite announcement of a 
consolidation between Ronald Colman 
and Benita Hume, Genevieve Tobin and 
Director William Keighley and Shirley 
Ross and Ken Dolan. The list sagged a 
ilittle at increasingly serious rumors of 
divorce between Bette Davis and Har-
mon Nelson, picked up later at the notice 
that Frances Drake and Cecil Howard 
(brother of the Earl of Suffolk) would 
amalgamate their American-British in-
terests sometime in the near future.

October, November, December: De-
spite the jitterbug quality of Love stocks 
due to the War scare in Europe, the list 
almost formed a slight turn for the better 
with the merger of Martha Raye, once divorced, 
and Dave Rose and these two major 
mergers: Margaret Tallichet and Direc-
tor William Wyler; Doris Kenyon, 
former wife of the late Milton Sills, and 
Albert Lasker.

Stork went to a new high with issues 
made by the following firms: the Ernst 
Lubitschs, the Jules Garfieldes, the An-
thony Quinns.

Straws in the wind indicate also that 
the English glamour bonds soon will rise 
again with the long-awaited combine of 
Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward. Amer-
ican glamour bonds rose sharply with 
the Odets and Oakies reconciliations.

JANUARY, 1939  

JERGENS LOTION  

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE 
and BOOKLET ON HAND CARE
The Andrew Jergens Co., 1719 Allred St., Cincinnati, O. (On Canada, Fauth, Ont.)
I want to say for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send me your generous free sample of Jergens.

Name: __________________________
Street: __________________________
City: __________________________
(Case Print)

N.Y.W! Jergens All-Purpose Face Cream! Contains Blumetine—helps against dry skin. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, 1.00.
said, and turned on his heel.

Gardfections are standing on their own feet at the age of seven when his mother died. The chief prob-
lem then was to find a substitute brother and that was solved when a well-to-do uncle took the baby. Though this business continued, the infant was very vigorous. In particular, Julie offered no problem. He could walk and talk and go to school. A kindly old couple next door understood him and took care of him. At the last, he was left to shift for himself.

His life became the life of the streets in a way not quite legal. He grew adept with his fists and the sidewalk lingo, with the arts of cup-cheating and fakery. He had a kick coming till his father married again.

His stepmother never had a chance with Julie. Julie was a wise guy. He knew all about stepmothers and how they treated kids. But he'd show one. She happened to be a gentle, pas-
tient woman with no wish but to make life more comfortable for her husband and stepson. She found a rotten rebel, but anything to do with a son. It did turn up her for tenderness, too young to appreciate her qualities.

The family moved to the Bronx, and the boy was sent to Angelo Patri's school—not a reform school, but an ex-
periential institution for delinquent children. He didn't much care what school he went to, so long as his extra-curri-
cular activities remained unhampred. He annexed himself to a promising gang.

"We were really fancy," he recalls. "Throw bottles from roofs and made war on other gangs. The classier kids crossed the street when they saw coming. Don't hang around with Julie."

They had mixed news. He wanted to look up to the. The only talents he'd developed lay in being a tough guy, so he cultivated those for all he was worth.

He had another talent of whose possi-
bility he was still unaware. His friends called it "makin' crazy.

"C'mon, fellas," they'd yell, "Listen to Julie, and you'll learn another talent."

Mounted on a box under the corner lamppost, Julie would improvise tall tales about his life in a school run by his old alma mater. Play by play he'd describe a thrilling football match, featuring his father who was a tailor but had some-
how managed to make the Harvard team, and his brother who was eight but the star of the Yale prep. The street rags with yells of laughter and Julie went home with a sense of warmth in his breast.

It was Angelo Patri who diverted his energies into less anti-social channels. "He was the one who taught me," says Garfield blantly.

Patri got wind of the boy's speech-
making ability. He got his on the Constit-
ution and the erstwhile strong-arm guy brought home the bacon—a hundred dollars. Everybody was proud, honor for himself and the school.

Suddenly his world was looking on him with respect. Patri heaped fawning admira-
tion and kudos on him. Julie decided to enroll. Not long after, the New York Times sponsored an anti-school-of-the-air campaign and the Constitution and the erstwhile strong-arm guy brought home the bacon—a hundred dollars. Everybody was proud, honor for himself and the school.

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The Case of the Hollywood Squall

(Continued from page 63)

BRUCE EATON calmly started for the door, cupping his palm under his elbow. The officer said, "It looks like a matter of course, please," and then to the cashier, "What was he doing in the bank?

"He wanted to deposit some things out of a lockbox," the cashier said.

"Did he have the key to the lockbox?"

"Yes, of course.

"The persons engaged glanced. There was a sudden, significant tenseness about their attitude. "What," the city detective asked, "was the number of the lockbox?"

"Number five," the cashier said.

"Get me that."

The sheriff gave a low whistle. The city detective said, "I'm very sorry, Mr. Eaton, but we came down here to investigate that lockbox. If you had the key to it, perhaps you know why."

"I'm sure I know nothing whatever about your reasons for coming here, Mr. Eaton," said the city detective, with dignity.

"Did you open the box?"

"Yes."

"Do you have the key to it?"

"Yes."

"Let's see it."

There was a hush in the detective's voice, "Now listen," he said, "I'm asking you nice."

"I haven't got no key to it," the officer replied.

"Wait a minute. We don't need to bother about the key. We're more interested in the contents."

"Are you going to take out of the lockbox, Mr. Eaton?"

"Don't answer questions, Mr. Eaton," interrupted the city detective.

"Don't answer questions, my friend," the sheriff interrupted.

"You have sufficient force to do it, but I won't submit to the indignity of answering questions which will merely reveal the fact that you're simply none of your damn business."

The sheriff hesitated. I saw that he was impressed, but the hard-boiled city detective was not. He held his arms, went through his pockets swiftly. "Here's the key to the lockbox," he said to the officer.

"I'm in charge nodded to the bank cashier. "We'll open it up and take a look."

"It's irregular," the cashier began.

"There was a blank power of attorney left by."

"Forget it," the officer said, sliding a thick arm around the cashier's shoulder. "Come on, Buddy, let's go."

I was impressed by the officer's arm about the cashier. As he drove away, he was looking down the street. I was looking for a window where-were you went.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation

conducts various non-profit enterprises:

- The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

- The Physical Culture Hotel, Danville, Virginia, will also be open during the winter, with accommodations at greatly reduced prices, for health building and recreation.

- The Lomax Sanitarium at Liberty, New York for the treatment of Tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and the Macfadden's treatments. Together with the latest, most scientific medical procedures, can be assured here for the treatment, in all stages, of this dread disease.

- Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory in character, in the honor roll by designation of the War Department's government, a fine training for a future and the most important part of education.

- The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from three to twelve can teach the child the complete information furnished upon request.

my lunch and Mrs. Tennler just getting out of an automobile. The detective's right eye was swollen, and I noticed, aside from that, he had managed to make himself quite presentable. I knew that seconds were precious. I had a sudden inspiration.

"All right," I said. "I'll confess everything, but I'm not going to take the rap alone."

I saw Mr. Foley's eyes widen with surprise; saw Bruce Eaton start incredulously. The city detective, "Now," he said, "you're talking sense."

"All right," I told him, "here come my two accomplices."

The men dispersed into groups. The officer took me by the arm and said, "You must come on over here and stand at the table. Remember, you're going to make a deposit," he pushed a deposit slip in front of me. One of the other officers had Bruce Eaton by the arm. Another walked up to stand at the cashier's window. He had a roll of currency on the table in front of him, and was peeling off twenty-dollar bills.

Mrs. Tennler and her escort entered the bank. Accustomed as they were to banks in the larger cities, neither of them seemed to see anything suspicious about the sudden activity of the bank at Las Amiras. Mrs. Tennler strode directly to the cashier's window. The city detective at the counter stood slightly to one side. "Pardon me, ma'am," he said, "I'm apt to be here for some little time. Was there something the matter?"

"Thank you," she told him, with one of her best smiles, and then to the woman who was so tight about matters as she said, coolly, "My friend," with a nod toward the man with her, "is a detective. My husband is an inventor. He had an invention he bought for two cents. He didn't keep notes about the secret of the process in a safe-deposit box here. The box is number five. I'm suing the bank for divorce and I have here a court order appointing this gentleman as a receiver to take charge of all of the property belonging to the community. Here's a certified copy of the order of the court."

She pushed a legal-looking document across the counter.

"And don't tell me that you haven't an argument to offer," she went on, "because we know that you have and, of course, you wouldn't want to be guilty of contempt of court."

Her smile would have been provocative in a younger, more slender woman. In her case, it was just a silly smother.

The cashier glanced helplessly at him. The man who accompanied Mrs. Tennler and who was an inventor entered a divorce action glance casually over his shoulder, and evidently became suspicious of all the men who were gathered in little groups in the bank, suddenly frozen into atten-
There are more girls on their own in Hollywood than any other city in the world! But how do they live? What do they spend on hats, houses, food, dresses? What special sex problems do they encounter? The startling inside story is guaranteed to set any dinner table abuzz!

**GIRLS ON THEIR OWN IN HOLLYWOOD**

**By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.**

*Next Month in PHOTOPLAY*

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**PHOTOPLAY**
Civilizing Sabu of India

(Continued from page 24)

mindful. But it looks more like an interest in speed.

He knows the records of every kind of aircraft he has flown, and has a seemingly inexhaustible knowledge of them. The day his American father died, he was only 13 years old.

Investigation proved that Sabu, so recently out of the elephant stables, was right in asserting that his American elders were wrong. It's a little disconcerting when you realize that he has picked up all his knowledge from his infatuation with the language he has been learning the English language.

In his off moments, he has been studying under special tutors at a school near the studio, outside of London. He plays on the school football team and, while in New York, went out to watch the Columbia University Squash practice, apparently with the idea of taking a few new tricks back with him. But he hasn't had time.

"I skite all day if they let me," blinks a student who never saw the inside of a school before. "But in no time at all, he's back to the subject of motors. How fast we are allowed to drive a car is the American idea."

The big car they gave him in London can do eighty or ninety on a good road. "That's too fast for me," he says. "I ain't allowed to drive it. He can't get a license till he's seventeen—"only two years now," he murmurs with pride.

All of this does not mean that he has given up an interest in elephants—far from it. At first we suspected he was a little bored at everyone's talking to him about them and at being obliged to meet and personally, and all of the elephants in the zoos of the various cities we visited. When we got to the bottom of the matter, however, we found that the same expression at the mention of them was due to the fact that he thought they ought not to be taken to large cities outside of their own country.

"When I get enough money to buy my own elephant, I'll sell Sabu with decision," I shall leave him in India, even if I go away. An elephant has no—no home life, in the true sense. Every elephant must have some home life. It must go sometimes into the jungle; explained the young man in the Big Street clothes and added, with a sudden nostalgic impulse, "When I go back to India, the first thing—I'm going into the jungle."

"Do you want to go back very much?" we asked.

"Oh..." There was real emotion under his voice, "who doesn't want to go where he was born?"

PROBABLY one of the reasons for Sabu's inordinate pride in achieving the ripe old age of fifteen is that celebrating birthday is a very important thing with him. So, when he turned fifteen, he didn't know his age.

The boy's true history sounds like a cross between the Hoori Alger books and Kipling, with a dash of the stuff that Poppy writes. He boasts, "I come from a family of smugglers."

But it does not seem unusual to Sabu.

He was born in a little village at the edge of the Bagdad desert. His father was a mohammedan and always busy with the elephants of the Maharajah of Jodhpur. His name was Nand Gudsit, to rock the baby's cradle.

Sabu doesn't know how old he was when his father died, but it was before he'd got his second teeth. The time between the death of his elephant friend went much and had to be banished into the jungle. This left the little boy friendless, leaderless, without a home.

So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much. So Sabu stood on his own. He was small, but not alone there much.

The current was very treacherous. Sabu, remaining seated atop Iravatha, started for the water. In midstream, the current got the better of them. They were carried swiftly down the river and Sabu held his breath as the small brown stream of humanity, looking as if a little of the driller, was drifted toward the crocodiles.

But a mile down, Iravatha, urged on by his infiniteimal makeup, made a supreme effort and they struggled up onto the bank. The others reached them as soon as possible, Sabu, standing with pride in his elephant friend, dashed up to the white gentleman, who was looking a bit whiter than usual.

"Do you want to make the job, too?"

Everybody from New York to California was beating drums for Sabu. He was invited to give a talk at the National Club and was feted by society as though he were the son of a maharaja.

The only thing he did doubt, add to the fury of the already indignant elect of caste-conscious India, who have delayed Korda with letters asking how he dared "let Sabu impersonate an Indian prince" in the film.

Mr. Korda's response was characteristic of the man who, in his thirties, was the youngest producer to get his picture in the Showcase in the smallest, he answered, "since I have no caste myself."

Sabu became a star in the United States. He had already acquired a good deal of our slang from American technicians in the London studios and from an intensive study of American films. Even upon arrival in New York, he was terminating telephone calls with a brisk "Okay," and explaining "Oh, boy!" at appropriate moments. By the time he left, it was predicted that the English language authorities would probably have to sort out his vocabulary and put a special tax on imported slang before letting him go. But Sabu, as usual, is doing fine.

Sabu pursued a steady policy of inquiry from the time he landed here until he was "swamped," as he said, "going at things until he gets in the most core and people who were dele- cately affected were all seeing and are seriously thinking of memorizing the Book of Knowledge before his next visit.

It is doubtful if any visitor to our shores has ever asked so many questions or imbibed so many ice-cream sodas.

The young man seems to have done a good deal of thinking. Both physically and mentally, he is about as well-organized and the attention he has been getting these past three years has in no way lessened his simplicity manner or added any false show. Perhaps he has been much too busy learning all the things that make England and America so different from the country he knew before. Or possibly, when you've had a whole herd of elephants bowing to you, he might be safe enough to take anything in your stride by the time you are fifteen.

The interesting thing in India that ele- phants teach wisdom to those whom they know well.

So when Sabu is a sample, it might be good for many of us to get acquainted with an elephant.
The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 45)

THE STORM—Universal

A WHIRLWIND of action takes place in this minor screen story and makes it interesting to watch. Charles Bickford is a sturdy, be-hairless wireless operator. When his pal, Preston Foster, goes to his death at sea, Bickford blames the无线 crew and, in a terrific brawl ensues. Tom Brown and Nan Grey are the romantic pair and Andy Devine and Frank Jenks the comic twosome.

★ MEN WITH WINGS—Paramount

Although lacking on story and therefore suffering from too-much-weight-in-the-middle, this presents an accurate account and, in the main, excellent forgings of man's conquest of the air from the Wright Brothers to Howard Hughes. Besides, it's in Technicolor; and this offers the opportunity for some breathing-taking photography. Holding it all together is a triangle story between Garbo's friends, Ray Milland and Fred MacMurray, both love Louise Campbell, who is new to films and very pretty. MacMurray is a daredevil with a wan-derslust; Milland is a genius who stays at home to design planes. Louise falls for Fred, of course. Ray suffers like a man. Andy Devine, Lynne Overman and others do good jobs. See this for its spectacle, for its interest, and for occasional scenes which unaccountably have rather splendid drama.

★ BROTHER RAT—Warners

The story of three caddies at V.M.I.—the "West Point of the South"—and their almost endless parade of everyday problem should have been, at any rate, a very good play last season. Now comes the film version; and it's a honey. Made with fervor and a brick feeling for the psychology of youth, it is a change from the usual type of school movie. The standard types are absent—in their stead you will discover young people with imagination and brilliant vitality which they use to full advantage in conjunction with the worldly wisdom that seems to be the new possession of modern students. Wayne Morris, a happy-chappy with plenty of dash, is the first to go wrong; Eddie Albert, all athlete, short on brains but a great worrier; and Ronald Reagan, conservative but a pal in need, form the three on whom all the hams in life. These are womies (meaning Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman, Jane Bryan); graduating from V.M.I.; and winning the ball game. Eventually, everything revolves around Eddie, who has secretly married La Bryan. She's going to have a baby, and he's broke, and he'll be fired if anyone finds out. All is saved by the fact that friend Jane Wyman (a cheery new Warner discovery with lots of charm) is the Commander's daughter. Important for its dialogue and the excellent gags, for its portrayal of the lighter side of life in a military academy, "Brother Rat" also shows Alfred Hitchcock's Powell and pressburger Mr. Albert to Hollywood for the first time. He's direct from the stage version, and can he! You'll have a roaring good time at this.

★ SUEZ—20th Century-Fox

With all the trappings of a cinema epic, yet somehow without the grand spirit, "Suez" is at once a great success—as history—yet a big failure as entertainment. Its main attraction is a kind of howling desert wister which the studio would like to have called wise-asses. Memories of a recent French contractee there, but which acts like a hurricane and an earthquake to let loose all at once. Except for this disaster, and a dandy explosion, you must expect a pretty stumpy account of the trials Tyrone Power, as Ferdinand de Lesseps, has in scooping out the Suez Canal. These range from the treachery of Louis Napoleon to the preposterous meanderings of Annunciata. What is really wrong with the picture is that there is no sex in it. Mr. Power has a kind of honorable yen for Lovetta Young, who turns him down for the crown of France; but this is frustration. Annunciata throws herself at him in the hot desert and you are led to believe that he refuses her, which is not only disappointing but fragrant of deceit. In the end it all comes out—he's in love with a ditch. And by this time you are pretty bored with it. Miss Young seems a bit bewildered at being an Empress; Power has a nice tan and gives the performance you are coming to expect from him. Huzzahs are in order for Edward Bromberg's magnificent portrayal of Prince Said, Pervez Minorley's photography and the 20th Century-Fox budget.

SERVICE DE LUXE—Universal

Golly, this is a bad picture. Originally, it was a good idea in this that a woman who runs a personal service bureau would like a self-sustaining kind of man for a husband. But Connie Bennett, finding newcomer Vincent Price, is no thrill; neither is he funny. Writing and direction are non-descript. Price, in a good part in a good film, probably will do well enough. Helen Broderick and Mischka Auer manage to get a few laughs.

LISTEN, DARLING—M-G-M

As fresh as a daisy and cheery as spring is this warm little story of an everyday problem and how to solve it. The cast, headed by Judy Garland and Freddie Bartholomew, seems to catch and to sustain just the right tempo to keep the story swinging along. When widow Mary Astor decides to marry a man she doesn't love, in order to provide security for her children, daughter Judy Garland and her pal Freddie kidnap Mama and little brother Scotty Beckett, haul them away in the family trailer. Whom should they meet in another trailer but handsome Walter Pidgeon!

The children decide that here's the perfect papa for a ready-made family. How they finally land him will count as more than one good guffaw, it's that funny.

★ YOUNG DR. KILDALE—M-G-M

This heartwarming story, the first in a new series, pairs Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres in the tale of a veteran physician and his faith in a young girl. When Ayres, who has chosen a city hospital in preference to his father's country practice, lands in trouble it's Barrymore, by tongue and body of the drivel who proves to be his friend. Both Barrymore and Ayres handle their jobs with competent and sincere acting.

INSIDE STORY—20th Century-Fox

The second in the "Roving Reporter" series finds Michael Whalen, as the reporter, involved in a night-club murder. When Jean Rogers, who has witnessed the murder, seeks safety with Whalen, the villain steals her away and attempts to kill her. Chick Chandler is again the likable cameraman and June Clyde as the comedienne. Ricardo Cortez makes his bow in this as a director. Only fair.

★ THE MAD MISS MANTON—RKO-Radio

For your delight, and probably to your surprise, East Side New York's Barbara Stanwyck is cast as a one-time South Pacific Avenue heiress in this. Carrying her role, as well as her furs and jewels, with the same ease, Barbara Stanwyck runs scared of a murder in the first scene. Almost immediately after that she bangs into Hank Fonda, who's a newspaper man, and there you have the setup. Complications continuously disappear, but through it all strides Barbara and her elique of good-looking, wise-cracking pals, all determined to clear up the mystery. The dialogue is fresh and naughty; and the plot is so well turned you really will have trouble guessing whodunit. Sam Levine and Frances Mercer contribute and Fonda is engaging as always.

FIVE OF A KIND—20th Century-Fox

One cannot help feeling here that Mr. Donat, Arthur Kennedy or any of the other decorative sumptuaries are the story. The Quints are box office in themselves and little effort is made to dress up the picture. There's a newspaper idea, with Claire Trevor and Cesar Romero as the principals, and something about a faked birth of sex-inverts. If you enjoy war films, the Quints toddling about, squealing, and being almost five years old, okay; otherwise it's waste. Jean Harresh still plays Dr. Dope.

★ THE CITADEL—M-G-M

"THE CITADEL" as a book, touched the hearts of millions; and now Metro, working with English stars in an English studio, has made a compelling, powerful motion picture of it. Robert Donat plays the young doctor who has ideals, cannot but has the good, hard surface to give until the easy way out presents itself. This is an expensive rest home for hypochondriacs and here he proves his talent until his best friend dramatically shows him the light. Admittedly, the doctor's regeneration is a little too neat; but you will like Donat's work and that of Rosalind Russell, who plays his wife in the best role of her career. King Vidor directed, and one can see every iota of drama, pathos and laughter from every scene. Best support is given by Ralph Richardson as the drunken, cynical, honest surgeon who brings Donat to his senses.
troupey, Photoplay asked, "Will you let your daughter earn her living?"

To which all of the women, with the exception of Kaydon and the heroine, declared another answer. "Mr. and Mrs. America, concerning finances, became apparent."

"What do you consider an adequate income for marriage?" Photoplay asked.

"At least $100.00 a week!" said fifty-seven per cent of the women and fifty-five and one-half per cent of the men.

A pretty high figure, you protest. Certainly. But incomes are high in the picture business compared to those of other industries. And so $100.00 a week looks to the average screen player about as large an income as $350.00 to $500.00 to those of other trades. Moreover, when you consider the extra expenses anyone in the movies has—photographs to fans, fine clothes that are "in" in the countless expenses of "keeping up appearances"—$100.00 a week is about the same as $350.00 a week, or perhaps less.

Sliding down the scale, thirty-three per cent of the women chose $50.00 a week as an adequate income, while only nine per cent selected $75.00 a week. Three per cent selected between $50.00 and $25.00 a week, and one per cent, "It depends: it upon station in life and demands from outside interests"; still others, that anywhere between $25.00 and $10.00 a week would be a childless couple, but that for each child

The next question was, "How do you and your wife, mother, or most frequently doctor, think money is earned?"

This, to the women, the future, and her career, because we are both in pictures," wrote another.

"Money," wrote a third. "After all, you are expected to be a money-making proposition.

"If married, what is the subject you and your husband, or wife, most frequently discuss?"

To this query, twenty-six per cent of the women said the future, thirteen per cent, movies, ten per cent, politics and ten per cent world affairs, with other answers being equally divided among the other categories.

"A fair-sized group—sixteen per cent, to be exact—of the married men also said they discussed the future, while eight per cent did nothing but discuss movies, and thirty-three per cent said that money and finances held first place in their marital conversations.

"A good many of our discussions and, I am sorry to relate, all of our quarrels, are about money," one male star wrote, somewhat disconsolately.

"The thing is," he added, "we are trying to live from a precarious future and the present is too expensive to make that project successful."

"Money and what we do with it is one of our little topic," said another, condescendingly, also that: "My wife is nonprofessional and I never made very much until she married the daughter is a very pleasant novelty."

Other favorite topics of discussion, according to the married, were world affairs (sixteen per cent listed this topic), home building, music, pictures, and the pictures and social theories.

Disregarding these, however, one bridegroom said, with refreshingly honest reply, "We discuss ourselves. Nothing else seems quite as important two months from your wedding day!"

In answering Photoplay's fifth question, the difference in point of view between the movie women and the movie men in Mr. and Mrs. America, concerning finances, became apparent."

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there should be from $10.00 to $20.00 more, weekly.

In fifty per cent of the cases, the $100.00-a-weekers' pointed out that she thought her and hus-

band could get along on less, but that this much money meant "freedom from worry and possible squabbles over money."

Taking a rather different and not un-

sound point of view, one young actress suggested as adequate, "any steady income."

Besides the fifty-five and one-half per cent of the men who stipulated $100.00 as the lowest sum on which a marriage was possible, exactly for money, there were the seventeen per cent who chose $75.00 a week; the ten per cent who said $50.00; the ten per cent who said $25.00; and the two per cent who said that circumstances alter cases, and the small group who mentioned $35.00 and $30.00.

"I need to make a hundred bucks to keep things going right?" wrote one actress. "It made less and we've lived on it, but I wouldn't call it adequate. Women are too expensive and a man likes his wife to have what she wants."

"At least $100.00 a week if there are

one perturbed contract player. "It costs me money to be in pictures. This play act is not a popular one, and I have a private income. Apparently, she needs it.

Eighty-five per cent of the men also save something regularly, Photoplay's questioning revealed.

"I have a business manager and he makes me save, whether I like it or not," declared one, recently risen to stardom.

"I should save, but I'm married and have two kids and I can't," wrote one of the small per cent who revealed himself save a savings account.

Of the women who said they saved regularly, two-thirds were single. Of those who admitted they did not save, through the men were married. Among the men, approximately half boasting savings accounts were single. All of the men, "isms," wrote they could not save money were married.

EXTENDING its survey to embrace other phases of modern existence, Photoplay then asked: "Were the time and money spent on your education well-spent?"

"Yes!" declared eighty-seven and one-half per cent of the women, but only sixty-two and one-half per cent of the men.

"I went to school only a few years. I would have been broke three times that long!" wrote one feminine star. "Not much money was spent for my education, but, as usual, the best things in life are free!" said a second. "Certainly," added a third. "And some time was worth it and then some!"

On the other hand, "I went to a so-called educational school of which I am proud one of the minority dissatisfied with the returns on their educational investment. "All I learned to do was to ride horseback and know how to make my bed at any given social event! My real education has come since I began to make my own bed." "Definitely!" wrote a large group of men who felt satisfied with their edu-

cation, in that it fit in the class that qualified their approval.

"Well—yes," wrote one, "but college less preparatory and high school."

"No!" announced a masculine group of which modern education. "I was trained to be an electrical engineer, but I had a job in a filling station before the movies got me!"

FROM education, Photoplay turned to a question omnipresent in contemporary thought, to wit: "What do you think could be the greatest danger of another world war?"

Here, for the first time, the women proved hesitant about answering, with twenty per cent of the women sitting cross-legged on the floor after this question blank or saying, frankly: "I don't know."

The next largest group—twenty-two per cent—chose Fascism. After that came Communism, greed of dictators, bad economic conditions, aggression, overpopulation and war. In selecting Fascism and Communism, many expressed belief that attendant disregard of the church and principles of Christianity is far more dangerous than other phases of these "isms."

"The arrogance of rulers has been a vital factor in wars of the past and history repeats itself," wrote several, in other effect.

Without exception, the men had an answer to this question, with twenty-three per cent choosing dictators as the most formidable menace to peace; seven per cent, Communism, its principles as well as dangerous greed of dictators; ten per cent, propaganda; eight per cent, Communism and Fascism; and the remaining seven per cent divided in the choice of dictators, capitalism, overpopu-

lation, upset economic conditions and "isms."

"All the 'isms' are dangerous," wrote another. "People should pay more attention to the blessings of democracy."

"Propaganda, carefully dished out by the Allies, led us into the last war. It will do it again if we are not careful," said a third, considering, particularly, America's position in the case of war.

"Are you interested, personally, in any of the outstanding social theories, such as Communism?"

Several were speculating. "Neither Communism nor Fascism they said."

"No, I am an American!" announced one. "And how?"

Another thoughtful male star, taking a somewhat broader view of the ques-
said a feminine player.

"President Roosevelt because he is president of the United States—not because he is a great man," said several of the men.

Hitler was, undoubtedly, Hitler was chosen, not because of personal greatness, but because of his unique position of power, said one of the women who put him first in importance.

"Hitler and Mussolini because of their threats to democracy," said another.

The men seemed a little less resentful of the German Führer, but equally inclined to rate him as a world menace.

"His attitude is similar to Napoleon's. He thinks he cannot be beaten," said one.

Choice of Chamberlain, without exception, was because of his contribution to peace.

"He acted in the interests of his own country first, which was right. But he never forgot the welfare of the world," was one comment.

"I believe his ideal of peace at any price to be right. Nothing—no country's so-called 'territorial' integrity is worth the sacrifice of human life in war," was another.

The feminine star who voted for Winchell said, frankly: "I chose him because he is a great influence in my own world—that of the stage and screen."

The question put last by propagandists was: "Do you go to church regularly? . . . Occasionally?"

That is where her mother is clever, for she never allows anyone to make a fuss over Shirley and she expects complete obedience; yet she left her free to have a good time.

Ann Gillis, who lunched with us last winter, was too shy to say anything in the White House, but Tommy Kelly, aged twelve, found himself seated beside an army officer who took the trouble to introduce himself. He did not care so much about his acting as he did about all the mechanics of the movies and how the different studios talked machinery all through luncheon.

Long before I came to Washington magazine editors had picked out for me their fields of art had sat at our table and showed us his work and, strangle to say, my interest is just as great in the young things struggling to begin an artistic career along any line as it is in the men and women at the top. It is such a gamble when they start out. Will they have the spark which makes them great or not? If they have, all the burdens and the pay of the way to the top, to those who sensed their ability when they were young people, for when she was darning socks, I often think what a thrill it must be to those people who bought the first Van Goghs. They had to have so much confidence in their own判断 and to find it vindicated today by the world must give them rather a triumphant feeling, that it must be like discovering a genius in any of the arts.

It is said that all artists are hard to manage at Washington headquarters. I had the whole neighborhood waiting on us that day. Our three colored maids were supplemented by all of our neighbors and, when the picnic was over, I had one or two messages to the effect that if they had known that Shirley had brought so many people would have come miles to see her.
parts of spectacular, adventurous men. And as he is a free lance, which means that he, himself, chooses the stories he tells, it is quite obvious that he deliberately chooses to play exhibitionist characters.

This is, Mr. Colman agrees, a point well taken, and he adds, "The tradition can be further explained by my admitting that if ever I am called upon to write a story in which I am attending in a private capacity, I am sunk, miserably self-conscious; whereas, on the other hand, a script calls for me to do a scene in which I must stand up and hang my head, I can manage without much range for hours and think nothing of it. Which simply means, I think, that as an actor I am neither inhibited nor self-conscious; whereas, in my own capacity as a man, I am both.

"I am not much of a hand at analyzing myself. But I have heard of 'split personalities.' Perhaps, in my case, the split comes between my screen self and my real self. I am afraid I cannot be a good fellow of a kind. I cannot be in real life."

"To try to explain why the sword-swallowing hero I like to play on the screen is so different from my unexciting self, is for me, a task almost too difficult to attempt. 'T is a subject about which I know very little. I am not given to introspection. The majority of my interests, apart from my work, are active interests such as tennis, gardening, sailing. Which indicates, if I understand correctly my cursory readings of psychology, that I would be classified as an extrovert."

"My way of living, then," concluded Mr. Colman, "probably does date back to my childhood. Certainly I learned very early in life, that to make myself as unobtrusive as possible was to make myself as popular as possible."

BORN in Richmond, County of Surrey, England, Ronald Colman was the fifth child in a family of six children. Now a fifth child does not occupy any particular spotlight in the family circle unless he is in some way exceptional, which, Ronald insists, he was not.

Of the six young Colmans the first-born, a girl,red, died before Ronald was born. There were two sisters, Gladys and Edith, girls in their teens when Ronald was in the nursery. Next to the sisters in age came Eric; four years later Ronald was born. So that, just at the age when the small Ronald was beginning to feel the shape of his own individuality, the sisters were at the ages when their beauties and activities deserved—and got—the major portion of their parents’ attention.

A small boy is never considered an asset by any of his relatives. The small Ronald was no exception to this rule. Moreover, Eric’s four years seniority placed him in a make of children of the smaller brother, while Frieda, born when Ronald was three years old and destined to creep into their heart and affection, was an elder than the small companion, was, at first, just another reason for a small boy to be as quiet and invisible as possible.

It is obvious, then, that the family setup could not have contributed very much to the boy’s sense of self-importance.

Charles Colman, the father and very much the head of his family, was of the old school which holds that children should be “seen not heard.” Ronald, as a small boy, was devoted to his father, but, admittedly, a little frightened of him.

Marjorie Colman, whose maiden name was Fraser, was, as mothers usually are, self-sacrificial and yielding to the father. Such confidences as the naturally reticent boy gave to anyone he gave to her, but the family was large and the differences in the ages of the children made too many demands upon the mother for her to be able to concentrate for any length of time on any one of her brood.

Ronald does not seem to recall feeling any lack in his life because of the impersonal bustle of the household. He was, if anything, vaguely grateful for it. He preferred to be alone. He liked to keep his thoughts to himself. He even insisted upon saying his bedtime prayers to himself, feeling very silly indeed when a nurse or one of his sisters or even his mother came in to overhear his devotions. So, from infancy to discovery, he guarded his privacy as a precious and inviolable possession.

Once every month Charles Colman took one of his children—Ronald didn’t care if it was him to visit his office in that city. One month Eric would go with his father, the next month it would be Ronald’s turn. The object of these pilgrimages was the father’s desire to implant an interest in his business in one or both, of his sons.

The elder Colman was an importer of silks from the Orient. And the business was thriving enough to supply the family with all of the comforts of living, a few of the luxuries.

"I enjoyed those trips to Father’s offices tremendously," Mr. Colman remembers. "They stimulated my imagination as nothing else could. My imagination needed stimulating, for I was not a very imaginative child. I didn’t read to the extent that I believe in fairy tales or, in anything, in anything I couldn’t see, touch, hear or taste."

"I remember being told by my nurse that, more specifically, because my sleep was so restless my nurse had to leave the room. Of course, the child was ‘haunted’ and my reply was a matter-of-fact, ‘Nononsense,’ it just never occurred to me to bring the dreams by day or nightmares by night which delight or terrify the highly-strung child.

"I remember being told that I was, if I am afraid, the high spot of my day. Toward buns and tea and jam were all my dreams di-rected. And I was unaccountably displeased when I was told that the muffins and tea must be passed to Frieda first because she is an only child."

"Afterwards, I benefited greatly by my trips to Father’s offices where I heard talk of ships coming in from the Straits of Amusan, which I learned from India, China, Japan. I liked the smell and color of what I heard. I am sure that my nos-talgia for a ship still remains as I listened to that talk of ships and things... I assured my Father that I would be in his ship as soon as I grew up. ‘But not,’ I told him, in the London offices. I will be in command of one of the ships coming in from the Orient."

"I saw my first motion picture with my father, too. It was my eleventh birthday, I remember, and Father took me to the old Earls Court Exhibition. It was a catchpenny show, with bands, whirligigs, fortune tellers—a very dreamland of noise and excitement and innocent baits for suckers. I loved it. And here again my childhood ‘condition’ my maturity. For I have never outgrown my passion for amusement parks. Whenever Noel Coward is in Hollywood we all give one evening to a visit at Sam’s, where, Noel sharing my enthusiasm, we advised her to stay away from them.”

In the mind of the grown man those early days in Richmond blend into the vague impression of a long love affair spent in the garden with Frieda Colman, with whom they shared such projects as rearing expanding families of guinea pigs, making rabbit raisin candies, and building forts and towers in the belief that they would reach China.

Small Ronald, donned up in his father’s waistcoat and silk hat, enjoyed playing the part of the heroic schoolboy listened to their heartbeats through lenses and porous milkweeds which imagination easily transformed into stethoscopes; took temperatures with a glass pendant from a windbell which, without any mental strain at all, became a clinical thermometer.

"Quite frequently an animal masticated the thermometer," chuckles Mr. Colman, "whereupon the ‘doctor’ became a skilled mortalian."

"Of course I went through all the normal phases of wanting to be a cavalry, a fireman, an undertaker, a tramp, a Burgomaster when I grew up. Frieda and I agreed that it would be pretty fine to become a member of the Fire Department of our fars, cracking a whip and wearing a battered topper. I also hoped to become a king on a throne, to which I was thrilled whenever I saw an engine roar past me in the night, the fires stoked by a steward, half-naked man who bent and rose again in the flames as he fed the gigantic bellows of the monster. I felt a very little, colorless person by comparison then, you see, I desired to be a man of venturesome, violent action."

Yes, it was certainly a comfortable, rather commonplace childhood that the small Ronald led in the bosom of that busy family life, on the bosom of the rich-earthed countryside. And it was the kind of a life which, in no sense, prepared him for the Hollywood life, the Hollywood ways.

The family lived well, but carefully. Though at that time, their ‘best dresses,’ the little boys had "Sunday suits" and were taught to keep them carefully brushed and hung away against "special occasions."

"We always had plenty of everything but we were aware that there were many things we couldn’t have. We were used to the idea, for instance, but not to the expense of boys."

So that when Eric had a bike he had to share it with me and when I bought a cricket bat I had to let him have his turn at it. We learned to share and share alike as a matter of course. Which rather gave us the idea that one fellow is not supposed to have more than the other fellow.

"But that they were happy years, those early years of this, I am sure. Because we never thought about what we couldn’t have, we were happy in it only when we are unhappy that we give any thought to it."

CHARLES COLMAN died when Ronald was sixteen. His going was not only a deep personal grief to each member of this family circle, but was a complete upheaval of the familiar way of living. For the father’s death immediately reduced the family circumstances.

Ronald was recalled from the Hadleigh School of Littlehampton, Sussex, where he was a pupil at the time of his father’s death, to his beloved Oxford. And there was no further talk of preparing him for Cambridge or Oxford.
"Leaving school was no great blow to me," Mr. Colman told me, "although I liked school well enough and I felt a certain self-confidence when I was in the schoolroom. It is the same kind of confidence I feel now when I am going out and I suppose that the great personalities of the London stage then, Mr. Lewis Waller, Charles Wynd- ham, and the others, influenced me more than I realized. But it never occurred to my conscious mind to think of an acting career in their world. Any more than, looking through a telescope, I thought I had anything in common with the workings of the zodiac."

In course of time, one of Ronald's applications was answered, and he became an office boy for the British Steamship Company at a salary of half a pound a week, some two dollars and fifty cents in our money. He was then seventeen years old. There followed three "inevitably dreary" years during which time he worked his way up to the post of junior accountant. This rise in the world was made manifest by his environment upon an ancient three-legged stool placed before an old black desk. And by raises in salary which, after seventeen years, gave him twelve and one-half dollars a week. He says now, "My demands on life must have been exasperatingly modest, for I remember thinking that it was all deadly monotonous work but that otherwise I was doing very well."

During this time the young man continued to play in amateur theatres with the Bancroft Professional Club or the Wyndham Stage Society. These clubs were the vogue in London at that time. A group of friends called "Charlie's Aunt," "The Admirable Crichton," "The Private Secretary" and others, it was amusing. But I had not the slightest idea of becoming an actor. There was the same sort of instinct against such an idea. I think my father would have hated it had he known. "I went to the theater quite often in those days, and I suppose that the great personalities of the London stage then, Mr. Brando, Charlie Wyndham, and the others, influenced me more than I realized. But it never occurred to my conscious mind to think of an acting career in their world. Any more than, looking through a telescope, I thought I had anything in common with the workings of the zodiac."

Howard Sharpe, who has created for Photoplay its magnificent biographies of Sonia Henie, Claudette Colbert, Loretta Young, Don Ameche, Tyrone Power and Margaret Sullivan, now brings you all the colorful, intimate confessions of Ronald Colman's-how his life story in complete detail, with exclusive pictures, begins next month.

Lindbergh's Movie Contract

(Continued from page 61)

close friends. We flew together, he stayed overnight at my army quarters and, later, we used to plan, with the help of a map spread on the floor of my living room, the first transcontinental air passenger line across the United States. "Slim's" advisors knew of our friendship; knew, too, that at that time he had more acquaintances in New York than a fellow flier than in that of anyone else.

Accompanied, they summoned me to New York from Montgomery, Alabama, where I was on maneuvers with the First Pursuit Group.

They wanted me to try to talk him out of "this movie idea." I flew to New York and talked with "Slim." But his advisors had overestimated my influence; underestimated Lindbergh's tenacity. He was not to be dissuaded.

He did permit me to accompany him on his flight to Mr. Hearst's apartments on Riverside Drive, where he was holding conferences with Mr. Hearst and members of M-G-M who were submitting the plans of the forthcoming picture for flyer Lindbergh's approval. Before this, he had allowed no one to go with him to these conferences...I was asked by Colonel Brockznirde and Harry Guggenheim, Lindbergh's two closest friends, to note what occurred at these meetings and to dictate a report to a stenographer in Colonel Brockznirde's office as soon as they were wrapped up.

This went on for a fortnight. During all that time, we were trying to persuade Lindbergh to give up the contract. He refused.

Many prominent men in New York brought their influence to bear. Among them were Daniel Guggenheim, father of Harry Guggenheim, and Herbert Bayard Swope, then managing editor of the New York World. I think "Slim" was most swayed by the arguments of Daniel Guggenheim. In any event, at one of the conferences Mr. Hearst seemed to sense a change of heart on Lindbergh's part. He was not unaware of the objections of "Slim's" friends. He asked Lindbergh, plainly, if he still wished to go through with the contract.

Lindbergh's hesitation revealed that he was no longer sure he wanted to make a picture.

Mr. Hearst asked no more questions. He did something, then, for which I have always admired him. He brought out the contract and tore it up in Lindbergh's presence.

"You are as much of a hero to me," he told "Slim," "as to anyone else in the world. If you and your friends feel that making a picture will interfere with your career in aviation, then I feel now that I will be the last man to stand in your way."

Had that picture been made... Well, speculation is intriguing. Many things that lay ahead of Lindbergh might have happened differently.

And, undeniably, Lindbergh and Mac`s would have produced one of the greatest pictures of all times.

About flying songs, I don't know. This is, after all, the story of how one of the most ambitious movies of all times, starring America's hero, Charles Lindbergh, was not made.
Shirley Temple's Last Letter to Santa

(Continued from page 9)

was pall-bearer. So please let me have another Jimmy. And I would like to have:
1 pair longies (blue)
1 Shirt (blue and red check like Bill's the cowboy at Hillside ranch). I 3-ply. That is to wear when I ride the pony Mr. Schenk gave me. (We play G-men of the West. The pony is awful smart.) And if it's not asking to much I certainly would like the wardrobe that goes with Lottie. I bought Lottie myself. Last week with money I saved up. But when I went to the store after her the clerk said—This doll's clothes are extra. And I did not have enough. They are on the 4th floor so you will know and they are in a big bagbox marked My Dates. She has a dress for every day in the week. A blue one with a brown fur jacket (my favorite) and a red snowsuit.

LAST year I went to that store to see a man who said he was my brother. But I told mother He's a liar. Here is what he said—Well, Shirley I see all your pictures—and I know you cannot do that up at the North Pole. But mother said He is a real boy. We decided he was. I guess you have a lot of stand-ins.

We had a swell time last Christmas. We went to the dime store the day before and they let me help push the wagons and fill the baskets. Then we went home to supper but I could not eat much. We always have the Tree on Christmas Eve. A big green one (I do not like a milky green) with electric candles and balls on. My dad puts it on a turn-table which plays Silent Night. Only it did not work last year. The tree fell against the back and broke peeked through his paper covering. He was screaming at Elizabeth May (she is our cook) and Elizabeth May was screaming right back at him with a broom. My brother Jack said Haha and everybody laughed.

Once I got a very nice cow for Christmas and I found out the barn mook where the cheese comes from. The Xpressman brought it to the studio and mother said My Goodness where are we going to put it. We tied it to the little fence outside my bungalow but it ate all the tops of the flowers and the studio girl said you can't have it. Then I found out I should take it home so it was beautiful, only we lived in the house on 1St in Santa Monica then and when we phoned dad about it he said Well it is a ease of keeping the cow or the ear. We have not room for it. So maybe he could paint a cow. It has little cows now. Every Christmas morning when I was a little girl mother woke me with sleigh bells and he let me ring them. My dad says 5 is to early so I wait till 6. We all go in the room together where the family presents are (The other presents are downstairs). Granny gave me a green sweater she knitted herself last year. And there was the nice kitchen store from You with tiny jars and little potatoes and lemons and everything for tea. I am just beginning to knit. I made my dad a tie but he has not worn it yet. He says he is saving it.

I LOVE Christmas dinner. Sometimes Elizabeth May lets me help. I can not cook much except biscuits. I make those. He declared he would never no I did when Miss Carrie Jacobs Bond came to tea last Monday. (She is coming to visit me on the set of The Little Princess.)

But Santa when I was washing my dishes afterwards my dog Rowdy jumped up and broke my tea set and the tea pot cover. I would like very much to have another tea set it is just like the one at home. It is a pretty one (blue with yellow flowers) on the 4th floor of that store I told you about. And in case your not in a hurry could you just sort of look over the new Wizard of Oz book? And some of the Christmas stories.

Mother says Christmas is a family day so we do not go out. We play and present is and it is the Best day of the year. But this is the New Los and my friends come over. We make Christmas last the whole week! In the evening my dad drives us around to see all the trees lit up outdoors and they are so beautiful. One house in Beverly Hills has studio snow piled all over the yard and raindeer in front. Some time I would like to see real snow on Christmas.

Did you see our wreath? A lumber jack up north made it for me with my name on it. It must have been hard because holy pricks. People are awful good. So are you. Please give all my friends (like the cripple boy in Spokane and the lady from DeTroit who write me every week) extra presents. Thank you Santa.

Love,

Shi’ry Temple

P.S. Mother says Please do not bring any more rabbits. I got two darling Chinese ones last year and when we came back from Honolulu there were 45.

been Doug's Corrigan ever since then. He saw Doug Fairbanks once only. In the depot at San Antonio. He was standing on the back platform of a train, famous smile and all. There was a crowd around him and everybody asking for his autograph, and everybody proud as could be that he could stand there and look at a real live movie star.

Doug managed to go back to that back platform with his bundle of papers. And when he got up there, he couldn't think of anything to say, couldn't think of anything to do except offer the great man a paper. Doug Fairbanks took the paper and gave him a big huge smile and a friendly smile. The boy treasured that dime for years.

WHEN his mother announced she was going to take the family to Los Angeles, Doug's heart beat so fast it almost choked him. Maybe he'd see Doug Fairbanks again. Maybe he'd see a lot of other movie stars. Maybe—maybe someday, oh, just maybe—he'd get a job in the movies, might get a chance to play in a picture with Doug. He has never even about being a movie actor though, because his mother grew too weak to run a roominghouse and Doug had to be the breadwinner of the family. He got a job at $8 a week, washing aprons and beans and bottles, and in a few years he had run his salary up to $25 a week. He had to keep on working after his mother died. He had to take care of his brother and sister.

He couldn't afford to wait around the movie lots until some eating director saw him and put him in a picture. He had to get meat and potatoes and bread and milk for those dependent on him. He has known just about being a movie actor though, because his mother grew too weak to run a roominghouse and Doug had to be the breadwinner of the family. He got a job at $8 a week, washing aprons and beans and bottles, and in a few years he had run his salary up to $25 a week. He had to keep on working after his mother died. He had to take care of his brother and sister.

Corrigan Lands in Hollywood

(Continued from page 0)

He was a bookkeeper, a timekeeper, a storekeeper, a rough carpenter and an errand boy, all in one for a time. And then he learned to fly. His brother and sister grew up and married. Doug had no one to support but himself. And that was an easy task. He had learned to live on very little money. He had grown used to it. He had only one day, supper. That seldom cost him more than twenty cents, or possibly a quarter. He didn't have to buy fancy clothes, for all technical purposes he dressed in a pair of pants, a shirt or two, a pair of shoes—and maybe a leather jacket. He had no time. He seldom spoke to a girl. He had no time for girls. And he had always been shy with them, always a little afraid of them. Of course, Doug had his romances. But they never amounted to anything—except to make him despondent and a little shyer than he was before. There were girls he liked—maybe not at first, but certainly after looking at them day after day, and dreaming about them night after night, and thinking about them when he was absorbed in building or flying planes. There were girls, all blonde and pretty and petite, but they always got away from him. Doug couldn't tell a girl he liked her. He might feel it deep down within him, but he couldn't bring the feeling to the surface where the girl could see it. Yet maybe it was his fate to be a misfit and thrill the millions of girls he never had a chance to see. Who can say now?

He attained fame in one hop. Over night he became a universal hero—and told the world he wasn't a hero, only a guy who lost the back and heaved him and everybody saw something rare in him: shyness, faith, diffidence. And everybody saw humor in him and genuine courage.

How could he help go into the movies? The public demanded him. He tried to avoid his fate, but he couldn't. He decided he would also no he didn't when Miss Carrie Jacobs Bond came to tea last Monday. (She is coming to visit me on the set of The Little Princess.)

But Santa when I was washing my dishes afterwards my dog Rowdy jumped up and broke my tea set and the tea pot cover. I would like very much to have another tea set it is just like the one at home. It is a pretty one (blue with yellow flowers) on the 4th floor of that store I told you about. And in case your not in a hurry could you just sort of look over the new Wizard of Oz book? And some of the Christmas stories.

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Did you see our wreath? A lumber jack up north made it for me with my name on it. It must have been hard because holy pricks. People are awful good. So are you. Please give all my friends (like the cripple boy in Spokane and the lady from DeTroit who write me every week) extra presents. Thank you Santa.

Love,

Shi’ry Temple

P.S. Mother says Please do not bring any more rabbits. I got two darling Chinese ones last year and when we came back from Honolulu there were 45.

But you know how Hollywood is. Once a fellow gets into a picture, once he realizes he's an actor, it's hard to turn him back into anything else. So, it's possible, if not probable, that Doug-lass "Wrong Way" Corrigan will wind up, not as the president of an aviation company, like Lindbergh, but as a movie star.

And it's possible, and probably too, that thousand's of girls will be writing to him and asking him to send them his photograph and waiting for his next re-lease.

Corrigan, as a lot of writers have pointed out, is unpredictable. So is his future.

Right now, Doug intends to finish the film and get some sort of aviation job. But moving-picture officials have dis-covered that he screens remarkably well and that he is extremely popular not only in the United States but all over the world. They have listened carefully to the impromptu speeches. During his tour across the country, Doug had to talk two or three times a day. He earned the reputation of being a natural wit, and the movie producers liked his voice and his manner of talking.

"He's a natural for the movies," they insisted back. Maybe they can sell Doug that idea, as they told them the idea of taking a part in this picture. Maybe they can't. I know half a dozen men, older and younger than Doug Corrigan, who would just love to get right even if they had to, for the chance RKO is giving him. So do you. Maybe you know a hun-dred, or a thousand. Nobody knows what Doug will do or won't do. But wait until he's a little better adjusted to Hollywood. Then you may like more completely which way "Wrong Way" will fly.
ARMY

Spectacularly thrilling, the new spectacle by Paul Kelly, a journalist, is in three parts. It is written and directed by the author and produced by the Columbia Pictures Corporation. The first part, "The Great American Railway," is a three-act play. The second is a two-act play, "The Great American River," which is a sequel to the first. The third is a one-act play, "The Great American Airline," which is a sequel to the second. The production is directed by Reginald Denny, and the music is by Richard Addinsell.

I AM THE LAW—Columbia

"I am the law," is the catch phrase that best describes this film. It is a story of the law and the justice system. The film is directed by Reginald Denny and produced by the Columbia Pictures Corporation.

I'LL GIVE A MILLION—20th Century-Fox

Walter Huston and a fine film led up to false idylls. The film is about a man who is a liar and a cheat. It is directed by Reginald Denny and produced by the 20th Century-Fox Corporation.

I'M FROM THE CITY—RKO Radio

A fine performance by Walter Huston, a fine cast, and a fine film. The film is directed by Reginald Denny and produced by the RKO Radio Pictures Corporation.

LADY OBJECTS—Columbia

A fine film about the problems of young men in college. The film is directed by Reginald Denny and produced by the Columbia Pictures Corporation.

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—Universal

A fine film about a young man and his problems. The film is directed by Reginald Denny and produced by the Universal Pictures Corporation.

LOVE FINDS ANDY HARRY—M-G-M

Andy is, of course, Mickey Rooney. This is his transition from boy to man. The film is directed by George Seitz and produced by M-G-M.

MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN—Republic

A fine performance by Walter Huston, a fine cast, and a fine film. The film is directed by Reginald Denny and produced by the Republic Pictures Corporation.

MAN TO REMEMBER, A—RKO Radio

A fine film about a young man and his problems. The film is directed by Reginald Denny and produced by the RKO Radio Pictures Corporation.

MARIE ANTOINETTE—M-G-M

A fine performance by Walter Huston, a fine cast, and a fine film. The film is directed by George Seitz and produced by M-G-M.

MEET THE GIRLS—20th Century-Fox

A fine film about a young man and his problems. The film is directed by Reginald Denny and produced by the 20th Century-Fox Corporation.

MISSING GUEST, THE—Universal

A fine performance by Walter Huston, a fine cast, and a fine film. The film is directed by Reginald Denny and produced by the Universal Pictures Corporation.
You want to be popular. You want to be liked . . . loved—you want to be attractive to men. Don’t you? Well you can be—you can acquire glamour, charm, personality. You can be the Girl in a Million. Not by sitting back and wishing for popularity to come your way—but by turning your minus qualities into plus qualities. Yes, you can be a lovely, radiant, bewitching person if you but check your undesirable traits and magnify your good ones.

Bear in mind that people aren’t born with dynamic personalities—but they acquire them . . . they develop them. And so can you if you know how to go about it.

In Madame Sylvia’s new book, Pull Yourself Together, Baby! the famous adviser to the Hollywood stars describes hundreds of ways to develop charm, glamour, personality. In this great book Madame Sylvia takes you aside and points out those undesirable traits which might be holding you back. She tells you how to handle every obstacle that might be in your way. She reveals all the secrets she has gleaned from studying the loveliest personalities of the stage and screen.

Pull Yourself Together, Baby! is packed solid with tricks and stunts which will make you stand out from the crowd. It contains new information on how to develop a graceful, supple figure through diet and exercise. Tips on make-up, clothes and simple ways to acquire self-assurance and poise.

Here is a book that you will want to read and re-read. A book that you will want to live with, day after day, year after year. It’s a book that you will treasure as one of your greatest possessions.

The cost of this helpful, inspiring, profusely illustrated book is but one dollar. Get a copy of Pull Yourself Together, Baby! and put yourself in the Girl in a Million class. If this wonder-book is not obtainable at your department or book store, use the convenient coupon at the right.

P.S.

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

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ECTOPLASM runs riot and blazes a trail of hilarity from Fifth Avenue to the French Riviera!
They Built a New America with Glory and Guns... They Were MEN That Women Could Love!
The grandest adventure-romance since "Cimarron" stormed the screen... crowded with stars, action and thrills!

We decided that what this country needed was a column. Henceforth, fellow readers, you may whet your screen appetites on some little tid-bits direct from the studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.


Question: What are some of the forthcoming productions of M-G-M?
Answer: "IDIOT'S DELIGHT" (from the famous play). Starring Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

"I TAKE THIS WOMAN." Starring Spencer Tracy and presenting the new glamour girl, Hedy Lamarr.

"HONOLULU" (wicky, wacky, wonderful). Starring Eleanor Powell with Robert Young and Burns and Allen.

"ICE FOLLIES OF 1939" (a new idea in musical drama). Starring Joan Crawford and James Stewart.

Question? What is the outstanding current production of M-G-M?
Answer: "SWEETHEARTS."

Thank you, class! Now there will be a short recess to allow all of you to attend your nearest theatre showing this M-G-M attraction.

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
All those who address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal., will receive a beautiful photograph of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the sweethearts of "Sweethearts."

"Sweethearts" is dedicated to all the lovers in all the world. This is a new idea. Pictures have been dedicated to mothers, to doctors, to families, to boys, to sailors, but never to lovers. Are you a lover? Well, this is National Lover Month. You are initiated when you see "Sweethearts," that glamorous and exciting Victor Herbert musical thrill.

It was directed by Sweetheart Van Dyke, produced by Sweetheart Stromberg and written by Sweethearts Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell.

In addition to Sweethearts MacDonald and Eddy, the cast includes Sweetheart Frank Morgan, Sweetheart Ray Bolger, Sweetheart Florence Rice, and that trio of sensational Sweethearts—Herman Bing, Miucha Auer, Reginald Gardiner.

This truly big picture has been filmed entirely in technicolor.

Love is sweeping the country.

- Leo
On the Cover—Claudette Colbert, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Miss Colbert's costume by courtesy of Bernard Newman, Beverly Hills

Lovers Courageous—A Photoplay Brevity

The first of a new type of feature—a touching story of the Don Amelches

Play Truth and Consequences with Jean Arthur

Katherine Harley

Photoplay finds a new way to make those stubborn stars talk

Melvyn of the Movies

Beginning the vivid life of a rebellious youth—Melvyn Douglas

Hollywood Girls on Their Own

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

The fascinating inside story of filmtown's working girls

Love Finds a Dizzy Blonde

Kirtley Baskette

An off-screen 'Boy Meets Girl' situation catches up with Marie Wilson

Close Up of The Grocer

Claude Binyon

Painted by a master is this hilarious picture of Bing Crosby

Shattered Commandments

Adela Roger St. Johns

Another in the series of "Forbidden Great Loves of Hollywood"

Symphony in Serenity

A portrait of a happy wife—Myrna Loy

Like Ferdinand—He Loves to Smell the Flowers

Sara Hamilton

Revealing the sentimental side of a "tough guy"—Jimmy Cagney

Photoplay Fashions

Gwenn Walters

Bette Davis opens the fashion section of chic midseason costumes

Precoity Plus!

Sally Reid

Meet Juanita Quigley, Hollywood's newest scene-stealer

Romantic Recluse

Glady's Hall

The private life of a public hero—Ronald Colman

The Camera Speaks—

Photoplay Introduces Its New Color Photographer—Paul Hesse

Victorville Rodeo

Another Photoplay exclusive picture story

Fashions Just for Fun!

A gay revival of the styles of yesteryear

Catch-As Catch-Can

Candid calisthenics of stars with their eyes on the ball

Zaza

The studio decides what's right—and polite—for Miss Colbert

Rosso and Bouquets

Brie Reviews of Current Pictures

PHOTOPLAY'S Own Beauty Shop

Close Ups and Long Shots

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

The Shadow Stage

We Cover the Studios

Fashion Letter

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

Choose the Best Picture of 1938

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PHOTOPLAY—ANNOUNCING: Beginning with the January issue, prizes will no longer be awarded for letters appearing on this page. Unfortunately, some of our readers have not played fair with us, insomuch as they have submitted and accepted checks for letters which have won prizes for them in other magazines. On the other hand, many of our readers have looked upon this as a finest department and for that reason have failed to send in their spontaneous and candid opinions concerning the motion picture industry, its stars or pictures. It is our aim to give the public a voice in evaluating its likes and dislikes concerning this great industry. This is your page. We welcome your views. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use or edit the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Reel and Bouquetts, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

MORE MORATORIUMS THE MERRIER

THANK heaven I've been to one picture show that set no example anybody could follow. Thank heaven for one show that featured no disaster or historical epoch. For we providers who have gone through the sixth year of the New Deal, along with a yellow fever epidemic, the Chicago fire, San Francisco earthquake, the French revolution, a simoon, a hurricane and a Texas stampede need a rest from calamity. We even enjoy a moratorium from wirecracks and the answers.

Yes, you guessed it. I'm talking about "You Can't Take It With You," the stage play that won Kaufman and Hart the Pulitzer prize and stuck another feather in Frank Capra's already befeathered cap when he turned it into about the best gol-durn moving picture of the year.

First about the settings. I figure everything in those three rooms at Gramps Vanderhof's house cost about $50—that is if you leave out the fireworks. Then there were no orchards, no penthouses, no gin mills, no wardrobes, nothing to eat money but Anthony P. Kirly's duds, and of course being a banker, he paid for his and Mrs. Kirly's clothes. I liked this for it got my mind off overhead.

I like James Stewart, who makes love so parfumed easy. You don't have to worry whether he's got oomp or not, or if he made three flops, he'd be out. This chap just goes along being different people and letting the rest take care of itself—just like Grampa said to do. Lionel Bartymore is like that, too, not afraid of Hollywood and flops. All this cast, including the raven, Jim, ought to have some kind of a prize.

I'll take back what I said about that example. When I left the show house with "God Bless Our Home" in its proper place, I refused to go back to the lumber yard for the rest of the afternoon. They said they got along just as well without me... like Grampa Vanderhof said they would.

K. M. VAUGHN, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

MAYBE WE'RE PUNCH DRUNK

You are the most attractive movie magazine and the one which can really have effect on movie trends. So why don't you champion some real honest-to-goodness emotion on the screen! When girls cry, they don't sound the way the girls I know do when they cry—it is always a well-bred sniffle. Not since Clark Gable man-handled Norma Shearer and Jimmy Cagney pushed that grapefruit in Mae Clark's face have the actors been anything but gentlemen or else dyed-in-the-wool villains.

It must be against some movie law for a man to look at a woman's bosom when he would like to make more than a half-hearted pass at some luscious dame like Hedy Lamarr or Andrea Leeds. Sure, I know that the movies have cut down on bad taste, thanks to Will Hays and the League of Decency, but that ought not to keep actors from being human enough to kiss Myrna Loy longer than five seconds. Wouldn't you like to see someone act like Jean Harlow when she was an obvious, but thoroughly satisfying wrench in her screen roles?

Your campaign for simplicity helped bring movie audiences pictures like "Four Daughters."

How's for promoting us a little more punch and reality? Bob Finlay, Glen Allan, Mass.

REELING AND RITHING AND RITHMETIC

I WANT to say something about my very special favorite, Deanna Durbin. I am a young fellow, eighteen years old, and am simply, uncontrollably nuts, goofy, goody, and else-what over this nightingale of the fillums.

I recently became a member of the Deanna Durbin Devotees and have been doing nip-ups ever since I received my card of membership, which I carry with me always.

Why shouldn't I like her? When a guy depends upon the movies for entertainment, he wants the movies to give it to him. Deanna Durbin gives it to me—right smack-dab between the eyes and the surrounding territory of my heart. Her freshness, vitality, youthful loveliness and extreme beauty are unsurpassed.

I heard Deanna when she made her debut on the Eddie Cantor hour and, when Eddie said she was only thirteen, I was ready to call him a fibber. Who ever heard of a thirteen-year-old singing "I Bacio" with a voice like that? But, a thirteen-year-old did sing "I Bacio" and with a voice like that too.

A columnist recently said "Hollywood is a place where: Deanna Durbin gets bad marks in arithmetic." I knew we had something in common!

So, I'd like to meet Deanna for the following reasons—to see if she is as natural off screen as on, to see if she is as lovely off as on and to have a real talk with her.

What would she and I talk about? Arithmetic, of course!

Arthur G. Barrett, Norfolk, Virginia.

(Continued on page 84)
THE KENTUCKY OF GREAT TRADITION HAS INSPIRED A GREAT PICTURE... IN ALL THE SPLENDOR OF TECHNICOLOR!

Proud romance... beautiful women... chivalrous men... magnificent thoroughbreds! The sport of kings climaxing when the silks flash by at Churchill Downs in the famed Kentucky Derby! All against the warm beauty of the Blue Grass country!

Ask your theatre manager for KENTUCKY

KENTUCKY

with

LORETTA YOUNG • RICHARD GREENE

and WALTER BRENNAN • DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE

KAREN MORLEY • MORONI OLSEN

Photographed in TECHNICOLOR

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti and John Taintor Foote • From the story "The Look of Eagles" by John Taintor Foote

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production
PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE
This Issue

Page

BLACKWELL’S ISLAND — Warner 48
COWBOY AND THE LADY — The Goldwyn-United Artists 88
DAWN PATROL — The Warners 48
DRAMATIC SCHOOL — M-G-M 48
DUKE OF WEST POINT — The Small-U. A. 48
EVERYBODY’S BABY — 20th Century-Fox 58
FLINTSTONE — WITH FLINTSTONE — 49
HEART OF THE NORTH — Warner 49
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — Columbia-Paramount 48
LITTLE TUGS GO IN SOCIETY — Universal 48
OUT WEST WITH THE HARDS — M-G-M 48
PARADOX OUR NERVE — 20th Century-Fox 58
PECK’S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS — RKO- Radio 48
PRISON WITHOUT BARS — Korda-United Artists 88
PT. PATROL — Passa, and the Bandits 48
RIDE A CROOKED MILE — Paramount 48
SAY IT IN FRENCH — Paramount 48
SECRETS OF A NURSE — Universal 48
SHINING HOUR, THE — M-G-M 48
SPRING MADNESS — M-G-M 48
STORM OVER BENGAL — Republic 48
SWING THAT CHEER — Universal 48
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING — 20th Century-Fox 49
THanks FOR THE MEMORY — Paramount 48
THERE’S THAT WOMAN AGAIN — Columbia 48
TRADE WINDS — Wanger-United Artists 48
UP THE RIVER — 20th Century-Fox 49

* INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

ALWAYS IN TROUBLE — 20th Century-Fox
Jane Withers, of course, is always in hot and gets into deeper trouble with a family who keeps her rich enough and can’t take her when she becomes stranded on an island with smugglers. Withers, with her usual init, gets the smugglers and brings her family back to earth. (Nov.)

ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES — Warners
A cocky gang, a beauty reporter, and a millionare cant make this old gang the best crime circuit since “Scarface.” It’s all over after Henry, fatto and his associates learn a cunning (James Cagney), the other a priest (Pat O’Brien), and their aim is to rob as many places as they can. (Nov.)

ARKANSAS TRAVELER, THE — Paramount
With this simple, often comic, homely anecdote of an itinerant preacher, Paramount provides Bill Rogers another chance to do his usual square. Henry Fonda, the quiet preacher, is on the road again and finds a number of situations in which the gentle preacher can help. Each situation is handled so well that the audience is left to believe in the effectiveness of the good Reverend. Family fare. (Nov.)

ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD — Paramount
The 1938 edition of this yearly feature has a multitude of acts, a fast-pace, all-performing and continuous show to keep things rolling. Jack Benny is the theatrical editor who tries to book and direct his troupe of beauties in Paris only jump ahead of his plans. Ben Lyon, the Director, and the Club Barons supply the fun. (Dec.)

BAREFOOT BOY — Monogram
Let Jersey and Steve go by themselves to this Tom Sawyerish valet about crooks and smart Dick Tracy, in the world about and the way it works. Jersey is carrying the load this time and is in action the missing morning. The kid compiles the case (Jackie Moran, Mike Donlin and James Whitty Marcus) are happily chosen and do well. (Nov.)

BLOCK HEADS — Hal Roach — M-G-M
Back at their old tricks, Laurel and Hardy spread on the slap sti as a clever Laurel, remaining in the trenches for twenty years and knowing the War has ended, manages to mist his pal Hardy, getting them both into trouble. The film is immediately on the film for war movies. (Nov.)

BLONDIE — Columbia
A can’t miss comedy based on the comic strip followed by millions, that should be mildly interesting. Penny Singleton is Blondie and William Tabbert is Bruce. In the audience, don’t miss the transplanted lollipops Haywood, Lotty Simms in Baby Dumpling. Guy Lockery, Dagwood’s boss. Be sure to seek the kooky & Mrs. Jenkins. (Nov.)

BOYS TOWN — M-G-M
The factual story of the founding of a model community for troubled children, as presented by Frank Capra. It is a truthful story, at times, that moves. Mickey Rooney and Mickey Rooney prove a close second as the rascally half-blow. Hollywood should be proud of such a picture. (Nov.)

BREAKING THE ICE — Principal-RKO-Radio
It helps tremendously to have five-year-old Square Square Junior, Dickson make his screen debut in this latest of Bobby Breen’s simple stories. Bobby, at this point a three-year-old, runs away from the colony, joins an evading troop. Deanna Durbin is neatly satirical as Bobby’s mother. (Nov.)

BROTHER RAY — Warners
Made with fervor and frankness, this tale of three students at Virginia Military Academy depicts from the usual style of campus scenes. Wayne Morris, Edgar Albert and Ronald Reagan have three ideas-three winners (Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman and Jane Bryan) graduating, and winning the ball game. Everything is at a peak in the end. A joy. (Nov.)

CAMPUS CONFESSIONS — Paramount
Betty Grable, El Brendel-Whitney and Bill Henry, personal club singer, around the plot centers about Hank Loretz, basketball star, who proves that athletes belong in any college curriculum. (Dec.)

CAREFREE — RKO-Radio
The team of Rogers and Astaire (back, as light on their collective feet, in a top performance and enough to keep things rolling. Jack Benny is the theatrical editor who tries to book and direct his troupe of beauties in Paris only jump ahead of his plans. Ben Lyon, the Director, and the Club Barons supply the fun. (Dec.)

CITADEL, THE — M-G-M
Made by the M-G-M and is in England, A. J. Cronin’s touching novel comes to life in a powerful study of an idealistic young doctor who stows in poverty until an easy way out presents itself, is later represented by her best friend and her boy friend. The sure fines of Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell and Ralph Richardson makes it a double important for you to see this film. (Nov.)

DOWN ON THE FARM — 20th Century-Fox
Having attained the essence of an Aristocat, the Jams Family complete the attempt to catch American on the screen and succeed admirably. The family’s adventures on the farm are so interesting that one forgets the old songs. Andreama Montevia and Great Horn Silver are the new animals that should amuse you no end. The cast is sure to thrill. (Nov.)

FIVE OF A KIND — 20th Century-Fox
One cannot help feeling that Mr. Zezmur is renting on Pinky Devine’s trailer. The five little Quirks loudly speak, special and give examples of the way about. A useful item of vaudeville is staged. (Nov.)

FRESHMAN YEAR — Universal
This college film has an unusual twist—one football game! It really does it deals with a student group who outfar drugs, in the style of a many in the style of a mixture of the formality of a football game. (Nov.)

FUGITIVE FOR A NIGHT — RKO-Radio
Definitely scored at the weaker half of a double bill, this rives no higher than its aim. The story deals with a Hollywood singer, Frank Albrighton, who becomes embroiled in a murder, escapes with the aid of his love, Eleanor Lynn. Not much here to cheer over. (Nov.)

GIRLS ON PROBATION — Warners
The love of two girls, Jane Bryan and Stella Brunsley, run a close parallel as they take the straight road, the other the wrong way, yet both land in prison. Attorney Ronald Reagan finally unravels the web in which his sweetie becomes entangled. Human and interesting. (Nov.)

GIRLS’ SCHOOL — Columbia
A disappointingly heavy story of a poor sad girl (Anne Shirley) in a rich school. Library. Jane Wyman is the mean, Noah Beery, Jr., the sympathetic policeman, Kenneth Howell the poet. Something slipped here. (Dec.)

GLADIATOR, THE — Columbia
This time Joe E. Brown wins $100,000 in a bank night, goes to college, wins out for the team, with the help of a professor who imports a group of English undergraduates. Very funny. Then the shot starts. Jane Travis and Man Mountain Dean help in the hilarity. For serious fans. (Nov.)

GRAND ILLUSION — World Pictures
Set in the grim background of German prison camps, this French film (with English subtitles) builds a tragically honest picture of the human side of war. Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresney and Eric Von Stroheim are only a few of the superb character delineations. Fascinating. (Dec.)

GREAT WALTZ, THE — M-G-M
To the thrilling strains of Johann Strauss’ best loved waltzes, the story of a great Vienna company’s life is transferred to the screen with Ferdinand Gravier as Strauss, Louise Reiner as his off-scrailing wife, Milly. Fortunato recites foreign loves sick like the proverbial vink. Outstanding photography and direction. (Jan.)

HARD TO GET — Warners
No problem play this, but far amusement provided by a new cinematic team, Dick Powell and Olivia de Havilland. Olivia is a music shop hero, Dick a radio station attender. Plenty going on of the wacky variety and Dick severely sings a number—which is news. (Nov.)

HOLD THAT CODE — 20th Century-Fox
The last of the full football college melodrama, this is good if giddy entertainment. John Horrow (well) is the professor who writes his nonsense on the problem. Coach Engle (Sidney Blackmer) and Kay Marthas Weaver provide the romance. Joan Davis and Jack Hubley add the comedy. (Nov.)

I AM THE LAW — Columbia
"George "Dear Boy" is Hollywood’s latest star call. Here you get a film translation of the N. Y. attorney in the person of Edward G. Robinson, who takes on the job of cleaning up a city in his own cricket style. "George" is quite as the vice bishop, Wendy Barrie tops off the "moll." (Nov.)

(Continued on page 89)
HELL-BENT FOR GLORY! . . . AND HEAVEN HELP THEM ALL!

They roared into each blood-red dawn on fighting wings of glory! Gay, reckless, gallant, they fought, these eagles, for women they had never seen, and for the love they might never know!

WARNER BROS. present

ERROL FLYNN

as the adventurous leader of

"The DAWN PATROL"

with a dashing squadron of famous players including

BASIL RATHBONE
DAVID NIVEN
DONALD CRISP

Melville Cooper - Barry Fitzgerald - Carl Esmond
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

SCREEN PLAY BY SETON I. MILLER AND DAN TOTHEROH - FROM AN ORIGINAL STORY BY JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

FEBRUARY, 1939
PHOTOPLAY'S OWN
Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

Treat yourself to a brand-new face with these skilful make-up tricks borrowed from Hollywood's glamorous

THE BEAUTY RACKET—"Beauty is a racket and every woman is a gangster in this particular racket," said lovely Irene Dunne, who is not my idea of a gangster at all. Irene and I had been discussing the weather, of all things, and how it affected one's skin, when she suddenly made the above statement.

"Well, you need protection," she explained. "Every woman knows from childhood that beauty is necessary in order to obtain the things she wants from life. I don't mean that you have to have a perfect face or figure. That isn't anywhere near so important as a clear skin, shining hair and perfect grooming. Any woman can be beautiful if she has those assets. And, as in any other racket, you have to have protection. In this case, you have to protect your skin and hair and hands against the weather. Against wind and cold or too much sun. That's what I mean," she finished triumphantly.

"One's complexion is the most important, of course," Irene went on, while I noticed that hers was as soft and smooth as a baby's. "A good foundation cream is an absolute necessity because it makes your make-up go on more smoothly and last longer. It's also a great protection against dust and the drying effects of wind or cold. The use of softening creams at night also protects the skin and keeps it soft.

"Shining, healthy hair is something that any girl can have. There's no reason at all for anyone to have dry, unruly hair when hair can be protected against dirt by frequent thorough shampooing or the use of cleansing tonics between shampoos. And brushing and massage will keep it shining.

If your hair is dry, protect it by oil treatments to bring back its natural luster, if it's oily, try one of the many astringent tonics on the market.

IRENE says that lip rouge is part of the protection, too, because it helps keep the lips from drying in cold weather. At night, smooth a little white vaseline or a rich cream into your lips to keep them soft and supple. If you find that your lipstick won't go on smoothly because your lips are chapped or dry, rub a little cream on them before wielding your lip rouge. You'll find it a great help.

"Your hands need protection against dryness, also," Irene continued. "Never use a harsher soap for your hands than you would for your face. Protect them by being sure to wash them thoroughly dry.

"While you're drying them, smooth back the cuticle of your nails to keep them in shape. And always use a hand lotion after they've been in water.

"It's a good idea, too, to rub a rich emollient cream into your hands at night about once a week and leave it on all night. Wear a pair of soft loose gloves when you go to bed so the cream will have a chance to soak into your hands and not into the sheets.

"Hands give away a woman's age quicker than any other one factor, so it's up to every girl to see that hers are always soft and young-looking. She's protecting herself that way,"

Irene glanced over at a corner of the set where they were getting ready for the next scene. "They'll need me in a minute," she said hastily, "but don't forget that you have to protect the skin against hard water when you take your bath, too. Use softening crystals in the water or some of those marvelous creams that you smooth over your whole body before the bath. They're wonderful afterward as well, to keep the skin soft." She got up to leave, then remembered something else. "Oh, and be sure to use a softening cream or lotion on the elbows, so they won't be roughened or red when you wear short sleeves or evening gowns." When you see "Love Affair," in which Irene is co-starring with Charles Boyer at RKO, you'll see how well she has protected herself against all weather depredations.

NEW HAIR-DO—Sally Eilers wasn't on the set of "Tarnished Angel," her new starring picture at the same studio, but I found her down in the portrait gallery and when I saw her new hairdress I immediately demanded some portraits of it so you could see how smart and attractive it is and perhaps copy it for yourself. The hair is brushed high off the ears, of course, and then piled in soft rolled curls. The lower back hair is divided in half. One half is swept across the back of the head and the ends curled into a soft roll. Then the other half is brushed across that, curled in the same way, and kept in place by a rhinestone pin.

Combing your hair across the back of your head in this manner gives your hair a softer and more graceful effect than if it's brushed straight up to the top of your head. Notice Sally's new earrings too. They follow the curve of her ears in the most approved modern fashion (Continued on page 81)
OUT of the stirring glory of Kipling's seething world of battle they roar—red-blood and gun-smoke heroes all! ... The stalwart, loyal, swaggering Sergeants Three ... Rash and reckless battalions, who'd rather fight than find the lips they're always seeking! ... Like towering giants astride the bristling hills that hide the bandit hordes of India ... Headlong through the terrors of the Temples of Tantrapur ... Onward pushing the thin red line of Empire through a land the white man rules, but never conquers! ... It's big! It's grand! ... It's glorious! ... No wonder it was more than a year in the making ... No wonder it taxed all Hollywood's resources to give the screen a scope and a sweep and an emotional blaze that it never has had before! ... DON'T LET ANYTHING KEEP YOU FROM SEEING IT!

THE YEAR'S BIG SHOW IS READY! WATCH YOUR NEWSPAPERS FOR LOCAL PLAY-DATES !!!
CLOSE UPS AND
LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

HAPPY NEW YEAR, PHOTOPLAY readers...I write you that with the great surety that for all of us who love Hollywood and its people and its product a happy New Year will come true...I know the things that PHOTOPLAY itself has in store for you and even if I had been given no glimpse into the new films to come, as I have, I could yet tell you that great pleasure lies ahead for you on the basis of the year that has passed.

For in a world beset by worries, darkened by the threat of war and bruised of heart through the oppression of innocent peoples, Hollywood itself has remained the one spot where the dream of happiness has gone on...not that that town has been without its troubles...the loss of the European market has meant that the margin of safety that lay before between possible failure and fair success has been quite wiped out...labor difficulties have arisen, making production more expensive and more precarious...yet, week after week, the great pictures have come out..."That Certain Age"..."The Cowboy and the Lady"..."Submarine Patrol"..."The Sisters"..."Four Daughters"..."Man With Wings"..."The Citadel"...products of no one company or no one star...but of all the companies and of all the stars combined...the successful efforts of a great industry to provide laughter and romance and the sureness of tender tears.

You go one night and you see the discovery of a Nancy Kelly; you go another night and watch, as though he were your own son or brother, the steady, sincere growth of young Jackie Cooper...you worry and hope that Mickey Rooney won't get too soapy...you sigh with delighted relief when little Miss Temple comes round again and is still just as much of a darling as ever...you speculate as to whether Mr. Boyer can possibly be as sulky at home as he is on the screen...or Mr. Gable as debonair...or Mr. Taylor as handsome...such glittering people of all ages and moods to be a dream family for all of us...if they have their troubles, they are mostly hid from us, for which our thanks...for it is more fun to think that all this glamour and glory happen quite by chance...though nothing could be less true...

HERE was a time, though, when it was true...when big, successful pictures just happened...when things were left to inspiration and to chance...and there are those people still about Hollywood who sigh and say that the "color" is gone...I think that is so silly...today's color is different, but a more vivid, brighter, truer color for all that...

I thought of this a few weeks back when it was announced that Adolph Zukor, the guiding head of Paramount pictures, was leaving his production post in Hollywood to go to Europe...I thought of Zukor, really a figure of Hollywood's past, in contrast to a man like Hal Wallis, a typical personage of today's Hollywood...

It was nearly thirty years ago that Zukor got his first and greatest inspiration...that of signing the then greatest actress in the world, Sarah Bernhardt, to do a movie called "Queen Eliza-beth"...that picture and that idea were the whole basis of the company that was to be called Famous Players and later Paramount...and that method, the sheer inspiration of an idea that came out of the nowhere into the here, is typical of the way that pictures have been made until very recently...Zukor was a fur salesman originally; Sam Goldwyn, one of the pioneers, was a drummer in gloves...men who came from outside the world into the business of showmanship...today the great figures of the industry, David O. Selznick, Darryl Zanuck and Wallis, are men who have never known any other business than movies...and of these three it may yet be revealed that Wallis will be the greatest...for Selznick and Zanuck both have temperament and to spare...but Wallis works with a head as cold as ice...yet one thing he has always possessed to a passionate degree and that is his love of movies...

He first started working in Chicago and he never had to think twice about what he wanted to do...he wanted to be a movie producer...but how that could be brought about he couldn't perceive...he knew one thing, though...movies had to go into theaters, so perhaps he could do tricks backwards...if he went into a theater he might get into movies...so he got himself a job in a Chicago movie house...he started as an assistant there but presently he was the manager, and as manager he learned everything he could about what people wanted in movies, and how and when, and as soon as he felt he had mastered as much as he could, he betook himself to Los Angeles...

To the world at large Wallis is as yet little known, for until very recently he was almost completely hidden behind his bosses, the Warner (Continued on page 84)
At Last!
YOU SEE THEM CLASH ON THE SCREEN!

W.C. FIELDS
in
You Can't Cheat an Honest Man

with
Edgar BERGEN
and
Charlie McCARTHY

A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE
Coming Soon!

Screenplay by GEORGE MARION, Jr.
Original story by Charles Bogle
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Associate Producer: LESTER COWAN

EVENUARY, 1939
Silver goes south

... FEDERAL SILVER FOX, IDENTIFIED BY THE NAME FEDERAL ... STAMPED ON THE LEATHER SIDE OF THE PELT

A new alliance for chic: casual, lightweight tweed and magnificent FEDERAL Fox, in a resort coat that is charted for another brilliant career, when spring comes north. Fashion puts the stamp of approval on the fox with the FEDERAL name stamped on the leather side of the pelt; it stands for sumptuous beauty and lasting loveliness. You'll find FEDERAL Fox at smart stores throughout the country.

FEDERAL SILVER FOXES
HAMBURG - WISCONSIN

PHOTOPLAY
He didn't move for a long time, just knelt there with a rosary in his hands... after a time he arose and came down the aisle... then turned and said, "Want some help, kid?"

LOVERS COURAGEOUS

The first of a new type of feature which presents the true Hollywood heartbeat in many moods—the touching story of the Don Ameche's lost dream

BY MARIANNE

T'His is the story of a movie star and of the strange week in which Fate brought me to know him, to know him better than most people, even though I am but a mere acquaintance. For I saw him as himself, not the smiling actor, but as a man who played a sad part. And I saw the revelation of a great love as it blossomed and grew from a lost hope.

In these paragraphs I shall tell you the simple but deep love of Don Ameche and Honore, his childhood sweetheart. It happened like this.

Once I saw a man kneel and pray, tears in his eyes. At least, I thought I saw tears, but I was crying, too, so maybe it was my own tears.

That was the day the doctors told me I would never walk again, not normally, at least, like other girls. So I had hobbled into the little chapel in the hospital to ask for a miracle, but he had my place at the Blessed Virgin's altar. So I sat in the dimly lit pew and waited for him to go away because I felt like being alone.

He didn't move for a long time, just knelt there with a rosary in his hands, not counting off the beads, merely holding it. After a long time he arose and came down the aisle, sort of blindly, brushing past me as though I were not even there. He went a few steps, then turned around and said, "Want some help, kid?... It was my first meeting with Don Ameche.

I said, "No, thank you," and started slowly down the aisle.

He appeared to hesitate for a moment, then asked, "Sure you can make it?"

I nodded, but he stood there until I had knelt in his place at the altar.

In the next few days, heartbreaking for the three of us, I saw unfolded before my eyes the great love story of Don and Honore Ameche—(Continued on page 76)
A fascinating new kind of interview in which Jean Arthur answers questions truthfully—

PLAY TRUTH

WITH

JEAN ARTHUR

1. (Q) If 100% is perfect, how do you rate yourself as an actress?
   (A) 25% of what I'd like to be.

2. (Q) What is your honest reaction to autograph hounds?
   (A) I realize autograph hounds are important to an actor's career, for they show her popularity with the public. I wish I could honestly feel as the late Will Rogers did—that the only thing to get bothered about autograph hounds is when they stop asking for autographs. But I can't—not honestly—for I'm easily embarrassed and I always feel that most of the autograph hounds are not interested in getting my particular autograph, but merely in adding to their collections. And sometimes when I'm with other persons who aren't in pictures, I feel it's bad manners on my part to delay them by keeping them dangling around while I sign my name.

3. (Q) Are you sorry you do not have children?
   (A) Yes, I'm sorry I haven't five.

4. (Q) Do you think you would make a good mother?
   (A) I don't know whether I would make a good mother or not—but I do know that I would take motherhood very seriously. I personally feel children should be treated like grown-ups—with tact, consideration, understanding, sympathy and love, and I'd have an awful good time playing with them.

5. (Q) If you had your choice of selecting your own face and figure from a group of well-known female personalities, whom would you most rather resemble?
   (A) I can't decide between Katharine Cornell and Garbo.

6. (Q) In what way have you followed a fortune teller's advice?
   (A) I've never followed a fortune teller's advice for the simple reason I don't believe in them. Anyway, fortune tellers rarely give actual advice. They usually prophesy regarding the future.

(Continued on page 72)
The consequences for failing to answer question number 51, which asked Miss Arthur to invent three consequences to be given to the next star with whom PHOTOPLAY will play this game, are outlined in the following punishments:

1. If you are a man, have your picture taken, wearing a woman's hat, or vice versa.

2. If you are a woman, pose for a photograph, impersonating Shirley Temple.

3. Arrange your hair in its most unbecoming style, and have your photograph taken.

Jean's punishment for refusing to name her favorite stars was to pose as all three characters of "The Spirit of '76" (top, right). The sketch (right, center), for those not versed in the Arthurian school of art, is a portrait of Jean and her dog—the forfeit paid on "What characteristic of Hollywood people annoys you most?". Jean's disposition is a touchy subject. Result: a picture of her in a football uniform (bottom). If she has ever shocked her friends, she's not telling. Penalty—a picture which looks the least like her (center). As for the term of endearment she uses to address her husband, Jean would rather write a fan letter to Charlie McCarthy (left) than tell. Another consequence (top) was metered out when Jean refused to name the leading man with whom she enjoyed working least.

Consequences on Question No. 32—a snapshot from her collection.

When the questions got too personal, Jean took the above punishment on No. 24 and the one for left on No. 39.
A shatterer of conventions, a stormy petrel struggling for freedom

—Melvyn Douglas. Beginning the vivid story of a rebellious youth

BY HOWARD SHARPE

The man's nervous fingers were not quite sure on the keys and the peculiar Chopin Nocturne he was playing thereby suffered. Still, the familiar chords were soothing; April sunlight came through the windows and struck notes of rich wine in the polish of the old square rosewood piano. From upstairs, a discordant wailing sound suddenly argued with Chopin over a passage and, involuntarily, Professor Edouard Hesselberg transposed to another key—the key in which the person you have come to know as Melvyn Douglas uttered his first cry on this earth.

It was symbolic, since here was the birth of discord—a brawny, lusty Discord who, even on the first evening of his life, proved his nonconformism by falling on his head from a nurse's clumsy arms and surviving with no perceptible injury, either mental or physical. It was a tough head. It still is. But perhaps the jolt it received on that night thirty-seven years ago dislodged the little normal scale which, in the brains of most men, weighs convention with convention to prove a stolid balance.

In any case young Melvyn turned out, to his parents' surprise and often to their horror, to be a renegade. He was not as other babies, nor as other boys. Often in the quiet night—Macon, Georgia at the turn of the century, was a peaceful town, especially after curfew—the professor and Lena (nee Shackleford), his good wife, would discuss this thing. They thought perhaps the child's mixed ancestry ... Edouard was Russian-born; Lena had been a Kentuckian, with muddled English and harsh Scotch blood coiling her veins. The combination, felt these two artistic intellectuals, might be forming a strange alchemy of emotion and mentality in their son. They were wont to remember, wining, during these discussions the trip to Europe they made when Melvyn was six weeks old. It was the first evidence that he was going to be a Trial. In persistent opposition to the rules most babies follow he had wept copiously and thrashed around in his basket all night, sleeping in peace throughout the day while the Hesselbergs, hollow-eyed, napped at noon and nodded at dinner.

That trip, agreed the Hesselbergs, had been hell. But they were optimists. Smiling hopefully, they planned to mold the boy and map his future and his ideas for him, as he grew older. "He will be a musician," Edouard would say, nodding his head and tapping his knees with his sensitive fingers.

"Or a lawyer," Lena would modify. She was a practical woman and she had been married for many years to a musician. "The law pays well."

The Professor had learned the habit of compromise. "He will make his own choice—"

She nodded. But neither meant it. They were people of a small world, of intense possessiveness. This son was a treasure to be nurtured with passionate care, to be shaped like modeling clay by ceaseless, watchful work; and the shell they built around him through the early years was of adamantine, made of too much love and too much solicitude and the deep-rooted belief of the Hesselbergs that a child must be a reflection of his parents, mindless, until manhood. Then, they seemed to feel, the personality of ego would spring into being suddenly, fully developed, at the stroke of noon on his twenty-first birthday.
Melvyn's periodic attempts at rebellion were spasmodic, frenzied, like a chained animal that gathers strength over a period of time for a frantic struggle for freedom. And those attempts, in chronological order, are the story of his youth.

LATER—years later—when, in retrospect, he found time to assemble the reasons for what he was, for what he had become, he could remember many things that directly or indirectly had influenced him. The Macon house, furnished for comfort but not stylized. The big piano. Music his father made which frightened him, but which the Professor continued to play as an experiment because this new upstart composer named Igor Stravinsky might one day amount to something. His bed, which had fences around it. A verse which began, "Now I lay me down . . .," and had no meaning, but which he was forced to learn and repeat as a requisite for being tucked in. Moving to Nashville, Tennessee, then. A new house, a new bed; but the same piano, the same music, the same verse. School. Teachers in blouses and long straight skirts and knots of hair piled high with things Mama said were "rats." The never-to-be-forgotten cynicism about teachers and the sanity of teachers, therefore. Church, and the stained glass crucifixion from which he could never take his eyes, although the violent scene made a knot form in his stomach . . .

The church had hard pews and a minister whose face and voice you couldn't forget. You asked mother about him and also about the pictures in the church and she explained that these things were God. They were frightening and uncomfortable, so you slipped away from His House one Sunday morning and betook yourself on your six-year-old legs to the more congenial corner drug store where, with your nickel for the collection, you purchased and drank soda.

And you were caught, and returned to the Father's House, and later to your own house, where you were spanked, which was bad, and talked to with tears, which was worse, and put to bed, which was escape. And, after that, you gave God His due—respect and a nickel. But you wondered.

There was being eight, finally, and going to Germany for a year. School in Germany, and confusion. Where before there had been a striped flag, and "I pledge allegiance"—there was now a being named Wilhelm, who was either God or the president. And none of the kids knew English. You ate heavy, different food and watched magnificent parades in which men with spiked helmets marched stilly, like lifeless mechanical men, down the street. All of them stepped too high with one leg only. And you were just getting used to all this when suddenly you were back in Nashville once more, and Germany was a colored patch on a map, and you were an American again.

There was being eleven, and a clearer conception of things, so that moving to Toronto, (Continued on page 78)
HOLLYWOOD GIRLS ON THEIR OWN

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

The fascinating inside story of those Hollywood working girls—how they live and the special problems they face

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

She would be, anywhere but in Hollywood, the most popular girl in town, but here her problem is one in common with every bachelor girl—star, extra, writer, manicurist
FIfty thousand girls are on their own in Hollywood today—more than in any other town in the world. What is the inside story of these girls? How do they live? How do they support themselves? What do they spend for their homes, their dresses, their hats, their shoes? How do they handle their "dates"? Do they say good-by to the men at the door of their apartments or invite them inside—and what are the consequences? What special sex problems do they encounter that are different from those encountered by girls the world over?

With the many girls who come to Hollywood with their families or are under the protecting grace of husbands, this story is not concerned. It is written about the girls who stand on their own feet and support themselves through their own efforts.

There are four types of girls on their own in filmtown—the girls who act, including stars, featured players, bit players and extras; girls in technical jobs, writers, script girls, designers, publicists; the people on the fringe of the industry, professional escorts, hostesses, companions and guides; and the great mass of working girls including waitresses, beauty parlor operators, cashiers, manicurists, maids and cooks. And all of them have one urgent problem in common—the scarcity of eligible Hollywood men.

Hollywood men, all four groups say, are spoiled. You often hear that Hollywood is a woman's town, but paradoxically enough, just because it is a woman's town—there are seven women in Hollywood to every man—it's really a man's town. The result is, Hollywood girls, no matter what their status, are easy to date. A man who in his own home town wouldn't get a second glance may come to Hollywood and if he's a moderate success and earns $100 a week or more, he may eventually be taking out a glamour girl who earns five times his salary.

Easterners, the Hollywood girls say, are the most sought-after males. They send flowers; they wouldn't dream of allowing a girl they take out to share the expenses of the evening (a West Coast practice frequently indulged in, by the way); they phone the girls to whom they're attracted, to ask for dates instead of calmly saying when they meet those girls, "Why haven't you given me a ring?"; when they want to see a girl, they buy tickets for the latest play or the best picture in town; but they don't phone a girl to ask her, "Say, have you received passes to such and such a picture? If you have, why don't you take me with you?"

Of course, each girl in each group has her own very special man problem. Take the star, for instance. Every time the star goes to an important premiere or even to the Brown Derby, the columnists will pay special heed to her escort and the next day the newspapers may report that a romance is beginning between Gloria Glamour and ——-—. The star knows this will happen; the studio knows it; and all those inside the industry know it. The question is—just how does this situation affect the social life of a star? Well, generally, this is the way things happen. Her studio comes to her and says, "Look, Gloria, we're putting a grand new leading man into your next picture—swell guy, you'll be crazy about him. Name of Jimmy ——, He photographs perfectly, and is an excellent actor. But you know how it is, the guy isn't so well known in this country. In France, yes, but this isn't France. Why don't you go to the premiere with him next week?"

Maybe the star shrugs her shoulders and says, "Why should I go? What do I get out of it?"

But usually she is persuaded to do it on the same principle that a man does his best for "good old Rugby"—it will help the studio, and, incidentally, help the box office take on her next picture, particularly if the nice young leading man is in it. Still, she's doing the studio a favor. This "business" dating isn't always done so brutally as that, though. Often all the publicity department does is to arrange for the nice young newcomer to meet Gloria, knowing that he's just the type to sweep her off her feet, with the result that Gloria and Gloria's picture and the nice young newcomer all get reams of publicity.

So far as the star's sex problems are concerned, she has one great advantage over most of the other girls in Hollywood. Being important, she can nearly always pick and choose her escorts. And so long as she is friendly and not too high-hat, she doesn't have to accept attentions of producers or directors, nor is it so important for her as it is for the little extra or bit player never to antagonize anyone in a position to help her.

The disadvantage the star faces is chiefly in meeting men. Her best chance of making a successful marriage is to marry someone so important in the industry that there will never be the slightest chance that her husband will be referred to as Mr. Grace Glamour. (The Norma Shearer-Irving Thalberg marriage was this type.) Another possibility is for her to marry someone outside the profession who is doing something of such great humanitarian scope that, regardless of the income he makes, she will always command her utmost respect. (The Dr. Joel Fressman-Claudette Colbert marriage is this type.)

Having disposed of the star's "man problems," let's look into her mode of living.

The star probably draws down $1,000 a week or more, owns her own home, which she may have built herself, and buys her dresses at Mag-nin's, Bullock's-Wilshire, or Saks Fifth Avenue. If her home is in Bel-Air, she probably pays from $10,000 to $20,000 per acre for the lot alone. If she has an estate on San Fernando Valley, she can get one with about fifty-five acres for anywhere from $60,000 up. Of course the star may pay $1,000 down for a home in Westwood and the balance of $13,730 just like rent. Most stars own their own homes. Ginger Rogers has one in Beverly Hills. Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne have beautiful homes in Holmby Hills. Almost the only top-notch stars who still rent their homes are Garbo and Janet Gaynor.

The life of the featured player is definitely different. The featured player makes from $75 to $750 a week, generally rents her home if she's in the upper brackets, or if she's in the lower brackets lives in a very up-to-date apartment hotel with switchboard service, paying about $100 to $130 a week. Occasionally she splurges on a $100 or $200 dress which she may buy at Bullock's-Wilshire or in a swanky New York shop or have made to order, but as a general rule she pays about $20 to $50 for a dress, about $10 to $35 for a hat, about $12 for shoes.

In the upper brackets, the featured player is likely to have two servants, usually a maid and a cook; in the lower brackets, she has no personal maid, but gets daily or weekly maid service at the apartment hotel at which she resides. The maid who comes in cleans her apartment thoroughly but doesn't wash the dishes and, of
course, doesn’t perform the little chores of a personal maid, such as darning stockings or ironing blouses.

When any featured player drives her own car... if she is making from $500 to $750 a week, it will probably be a new car, possibly a five-passenger sedan, costing about $1,700. Very often the plan is a family one, one-third down, and the rest in monthly installments. If she is making between $75 and $100 a week, she will buy an inexpensive second-hand car of a popular make on the installment plan.

As a general rule, the amount of money the featured player spends on her clothes is out of all proportion to her income. If she makes $600 a week, she may spend $200 on clothes alone.

Of course, some featured players refuse to follow this general pattern, and let their bosses know that they’ll dress just as they please. When Jean Muir first came to pictures, she is said to have made $75 a week. She dressed in the simple, inexpensive dresses she would have worn in New York and actually saved some of the money she made.

When Frances Farmer insisted on wearing what she pleased, walking around the studio in faded old slacks, the executives, highly displeased, relayed a message to her through her dramatic coach, Phyllis Laughton. What did she mean, they wanted to know, going around the lot looking like someone’s poor relation? Didn’t she know that the fans expected their favorites to look glamorous? What would Miss Farmer’s public think of her if they caught a glimpse of her some day in those disgraceful, worn-out slacks?

Not at all daunted, Miss Farmer told Miss Laughton to go up to the head office and deliver a message from her to them. “Tell them,” she said (and this is probably the most perfect squelch ever delivered by a featured player) “that if they would pay as much attention to the parts they give their actresses as they do to the clothes we wear, we would both make a lot more money.”

The featured player’s problem where men are concerned is highly different from that of the Hollywood star. She is much more apt to marry a producer, a director or someone else who might be able to help her become a star.

Where the star is expected to go out with some pleasant but not very well-known young leading man because it will “build” him up, the featured player or the star who has slipped a great deal has a lot to gain if an important and romantic young man takes her out. While no one doubts the sincerity of Barbara Stanwyck’s love for Robert Taylor or Carole Lombard’s devotion to Clark Gable, from a cynical Hollywood viewpoint those two girls were both lucky because the attentions of the two most romantic young men in Hollywood placed the spotlight of fame firmly on them and made them much more popular with the fans than they’d ever been before.

Yes—lucky is the featured player who can dangle an important young star before the eyes of the dizzled world.

Failing to accomplish that feat, the featured player is apt to look about for a director or some romantic young man who is dashing enough so that a rumored romance with him lends luster to her name.

If there’s no dashing young man in the picture, a studio publicist sometimes makes one up. Quite embarrassed was Olivia de Havilland when she read in the newspapers that she had gone abroad to marry an English lord. On her return from Europe she explained that she had never met the English lord, that she had gone abroad to rest because she had worked so hard that she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and that, when she had looked up the Englishman’s name in Burke’s Peerage, she had discovered that he was already married.

A story that Olivia was going abroad to rest would have received two lines in a newspaper. The exciting story about the English lord about two columns in every newspaper in the country.

Because she stands so close to stardom and yet can so easily sink into oblivion, the featured player must be much more careful than the star never to antagonize the men upon whom her future depends. There was the case of the beautiful dark-haired young woman who was progressing very nicely in pictures. When a famous star had been offered the picture she had started, the dark-haired young woman was rushed into her role. For a time it looked as if Mary—which, of course, is not her real name, had eaten into the star—dom. Then, suddenly, she was dropped by the very same studio which had been building her up. No one knew just why, although there were rumors that she had antagonized one of the big shots.

Word went round Hollywood that the Big Shot was furious at Mary—and that if any other producer hired her, he would find a way to get even with him. Producers often have to borrow stars from each other or ask other favors, none of the big shots at the other studios would take the risk of antagonizing.

Yet Mary might have saved herself a terrible headache if she’d known more about the technique of saying “no.” Mary’s mistake was not in saying “no”—she could have gotten away with that if she’d said it tactfully—but in wounding the Big Shot’s ego.

Most Hollywood girls, no matter what group they belong to, have a marvelous technique for letting a man down easily when they want to go to his apartment, but it’s too bad, she has an engagement for this evening. The next night? Why, she’s promised to be home at a certain time and would be terribly hurt if she stayed away from home. That’s the night she always spends with the family. The result is that the man never knows whether the girl will end by saying yes or no.

Sometimes, when a producer takes her to the door of her apartment and is eager to come in, the wise Hollywood girl who has known him only a short time invents an imaginary roommate.

“Oh, I’d love to invite you in,” she says, “but Glenda (that’s my roommate) has gone to bed already and I promised not to disturb her.”

Thus the featured player often prevents situations from arising which might cause her considerable embarrassment.

Although being “nice” to the right people is supposed to help the featured player attain success, often it has exactly the opposite result. One beautiful young blonde stage player was sent to Hollywood, where she was expected to become one of the biggest stars in pictures. She was glamour incarnate. Before long the leading man in her pictures was desperately in love with her. Although he was married and she knew it, that made no difference to her.

She didn’t even have the excuse of being in love with the leading man. Before long, she discarded him and he went back to his wife—a strangely listless and unhappy young man.

The blonde went on to bigger and better conquests. According to Hollywood theory, she should have received no sympathy at all from the studios for she had every-thing and she found “yes” the easiest word in the language to say. Yet in the end, Hollywood discarded her. Instead of being grateful to her for being “nice” to them, the producers and directors grew weary of her too easy compliance.

And so your important featured player often finds herself between the horns of a dilemma. Theoretically, Hollywood believes that a woman’s honor is her own affair, so long as she doesn’t hurt a third person and isn’t too promiscuous. If she has decided to say “no” and stick to it.

(Continued on page 80)

Most Hollywood girls have a marvelous technique for letting a man down easily when they want to come to their apartments after a date.
walls or tending the yucca that grew along the wall under the scrub oaks like giant candles. He lived over the garage. It was a clean, comfortable room, rather bare. "It was quieter like," he said. "My daughter wanted I should have a room in the house. But I liked it out here. I get up pretty early. I could be more to myself. It was quieter like."

So it was that he had heard nothing, seen nothing, upon that fatal night. Under examination by a grim young detective, he said that he would have heard a car if it had come round to the garage. But most of the cars stopped the other side of the house, in the little circular drive. Maybe, then, if he was asleep or reading his paper, he wouldn't have heard it at all. About nine he had heard his daughter come in and call good night—cheerfully—to someone and go on into the house. No, he hadn't seen her. When she was working she was often tired and went straight to bed. Later, he had sort of remembered hearing a car or two go by on the winding highway up the canyon. There were two other houses higher up—half a mile away. He was sure they didn't stop.

As it turned out, a studio car had brought her home from location at 9:10 and the chauffeur had checked into the studio right on time. The murderer had struck, as close as the doctors could figure, sometime after midnight, certainly not before. The solution didn't seem far to seek. For all her jewels were missing from the painted wall safe. And a window on the ground floor had been forced.

HE old man's story was convincing. Certainly he had everything to lose by his daughter's death—his beloved garden and the comfortable room over the garage. The servants—a man and his wife—didn't sleep on the place. They went home when their work was finished. They were a Mexican couple and lived down near the Plaza. Oh, she's always had an eye for effect, for a perfect background for her dark beauty. When she entertained, she gave small, elegant dinners with unusual Spanish food and excellent wine. The Mexican couple had a bullet-proof alibi. They had been at a dance down in Sonora Town, seen by a hundred people. Obviously, they knew very little about their mistress' business. The further the detectives went into the matter, the more they discovered that nobody knew very much about her business. Her ways had been secret and careful in private.

The Mexican couple had returned that morning in time to waken her because she had a studio call at eight. They hadn't, this time, been (Continued on page 85)
THERE'S never been a good story written about her. There probably never will be, either.

For it's right in the same class with trying to describe the taste of coffee or the scent of night-blooming jasmine.

Still, Myrna Loy has something that Hedy Lamarr with all her mystery, Joan Crawford with all her ambition, Claudette Colbert with all her intelligence, Carole Lombard with all her humor haven't got.

Myrna Loy has serenity. She knows how to be happy though famous. Among Hollywood women that makes her absolutely unique.

It doesn't worry her that she isn't the most beautiful girl in town. She is relaxed even before the fact that she isn't actually beautiful at all. She lets the freckles pile up on the end of her nose, although her nose is what makes her face so provocative. To dodge freckles she'd have to stay in out of the sun, and she wouldn't do that for anything.

She knows that there are plenty of girls, even in the extra ranks, with better figures than hers. Dieting would improve hers, but then she would have to go without food, which she adores.

She realizes she could get lots more stories about herself in the papers if she talked more. But if she talked more, she would have to think out loud, and, if she did that, it would be a lot of bother, and what fun is that?

Other stars pine to go into opera, or conquer the New York stage. Myrna doesn't. She loves movies and everything about them. Maybe she could work herself up into feeling snobbish toward them, but why?
She has a very strong conviction that modern women are more interesting than women who have ever been in the world's history. She honestly believes they are more courageous, more sensitive and more loving than ever before. For that reason she prefers to portray them rather than hark back to any stuffy classics like “Hedda Gabler” or “The Doll’s House” or such, even though the latter might get her a reputation for being artistic. She would rather be real than artistic any day.

She never refuses to play Nora in a new thin man production if Bill Powell was not to play her husband. She said she wouldn’t feel right with a new film husband. She wouldn’t, either. She’s sensitive about things like that. (P.S. Bill Powell will play her husband!)

She is terrifically loyal to her friends and it is of the utmost importance to her whether or not they are big or little shots. “The man she married, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., is a very big shot indeed, and a fine producer. But her closest friend woman is a hair dresser. She didn’t even get herself into a stew over her own wedding. She just went down to Ensenada over the Mexican border to be married by a Mexican justice who couldn’t speak more than a dozen words of English, none of which Myrna could understand. She is pretty sure the marriage was legal, though Hornblow climbed a wall and picked a bridal bouquet for her out of a neighboring garden. The Mexicans didn’t mind and Myrna loved it.

She was born on a ranch outside of Helena, Montana, which is such a small place that it is hard not to be outside of it no matter what you do, and she was her father’s pet. Her closest pal was her younger brother. He still is. She learned about men from those companionships.

A fantastic number of beautiful, successful girls in Hollywood sit home alone night after night. Before she was married, Myrna sat home, too, but never alone. There were always plenty of beaux. She has what it takes. She still sits home now that she is married. She loves being home. She hates night clubs. Her husband does too.

When she was fighting with Metro a couple of years ago over her new contract, Bill Powell and her husband were much more menaced up over it than Myrna was. Bill went around muttering, “Why, the idea of their acting like that toward little Myrna,” “their” meaning the studio. Her agent, undoubtedly egged on by the brilliant Mr. Hornblow, did all the quarreling. Myrna just sat quiet and waited for the studio to capitulate. She knew all along that it would. An absolute burst of conversation from her is three consecutive sentences. On the other hand, she is a divine listener. This characteristic doesn’t hurt her any with men, either. It never has any girl.

You can’t honestly say that her life has all been a bed of roses, but you’d be fairly accurate in pointing out that it has been pretty consistently flowerly—say a bed of morning glories. She never knew starvation or a bad kicking around. She came from nice people and therefore didn’t have to begin learning her manners after she signed her first contract. Her severest loss was losing her father. That hurt.

She had a long, tough bout with success, though. It is hard to realize that she has been in pictures ever since 1925, but she has. Mrs. Rudolph Valentino was her first discoverer, but Warner Brothers were the first to put her under contract. The two auspices couldn’t possibly have been more dissimilar, but they saw her alike—something very strange and exotic. Their instinct was right, at that. She wasn’t, of course, the Oriental enchantress they made her appear, but she was—and she is—as subtle as the music of Debussy or the lines of a Greek temple.

She went through an agonizing amount of inept roles at Warners for several years and was finally let out by the Brothers. She was signed by Fox and the same thing happened there. Her last free-lance picture before signing her present contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was made at RKO and in it she played her wickedest role of all. It makes her write to remember it. She had to be one of Those Girls. She says her favorite studio of the many that she has worked in is Sam Goldwyn’s. It was so adult, she claims. Arthur Hornblow was at Goldwyn’s at the same time that Myrna was. That is where she first became acquainted with him. That probably had something to do with her fond memories of the place.

She is always eager to give credit where credit is due. She will get absolutely loquacious for her, on the subjects of Henry Waxman and E. H. Griffith, the director. Waxman was the photographer who first helped her by revealing her photogenic face actually is. Griffith was the original director to discover that she could play an American woman with warmth and almost startling accuracy.

Even as with her success, she had to wait for her real love. Arthur Hornblow was married when she first met him. He had long been separated from his first wife, but it took him several months to secure that divorce. During that waiting time, Myrna ever got discouraged or frightened, she revealed no trace of it to the outside world. Such a situation has broken many a woman, but it did not break Myrna. Perhaps it was then that she studied as to what made an ideal marriage, studied it so thoroughly that she can now portray it tenderly both on the screen and in her private life. One thing she can guess, though. It takes no guesswork to tell that the Hornblow marriage is an ideal one, however. That fact shines forth from the Loy eyes and glows warm from her healthy being.

Her house is like her, lovely, comfortable and unpretentious. It is out quite a ways from Beverly Hills in a wild, unfrequented section called, with no appropriateness to Myrna, Cold Water Canyon. You have probably heard the story that the site of it is a site where she used to go with her brother when they were both unknown and he was searching for spots to sketch. She loved it then and she still loves it, and that, too, is characteristic, both of her fidelity and the sentimental side of her which she isn’t at all ashamed.

She waxes highly loquacious (two whole sentences) about the patio which faces the hills behind her home. She gets a big kick out of eating there.

She and Arthur Hornblow revisit the Mexican town where they were married each time their wedding date rolls around. They also motor away on trips together when ever they can get free from their individual studios, tripping around like any average husband and wife to places like the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone Park, Death Valley and such. Myrna wants to travel in Europe, too.

Principally, though, she says she wants to live every minute of every day as fully as it can be lived. By that, she means to imply nothing that is jitterbug-ich. She means something much richer and deeper. But, like all her remarks, she does not amplify what she really means and you must draw your own conclusions.

For instance, I think her personal serenity and her profound and profound love are all summed up in what she thinks is the trouble with modern marriage.

The trouble with most women is that they aren’t lusty enough for men,” she says.

That isn’t her trouble. She is. On that fact hang all the Loy and the profits.
LIKE FERDINAND  HE LOVES TO SMELL THE FLOWERS

Jimmy Cagney (above with Pat O'Brien in "Angels With Dirty Faces") confuses even his best friends by the marked contradiction of his screen and real personality.

Revealing the sentimental side of a "tough guy" whose biggest theft is out of the cookie jar.

BY SARA HAMILTON

It's pretty generally understood among his closest friends (though kept as quiet as possible) that Jim Cagney is not quite—well, shall we say normal—on the subject of cookies. In everything else Jimmy seems to be all right. His knee action is good; he dislikes screwy hats on his wife; he can carry a tune in a little brown and yellow basket. But, to be honest about the whole thing, Jim Cagney is not the same Cagney when a plate of cookies comes within smelling distance.

Bill Cagney, the brother with the business brains, insists that a peculiar wild gleam comes into Jim's eye whenever cookies go the rounds. As far as I can gather, it's a certain rolling of the eyeball that reminds one of War Horse Bay Billie—about to stampede.

And it's the coconut kind that causes the real trouble.

A famous psychiatrist once tried to get to the bottom of what the family is pleased to call Jimmy's cookie complex.

"Do you ever dream about squashing grapefruit?" the psychiatrist asked. Well—you know what happened after that...

To me, the most amazing fact in a boatload of contradictory facts about Cagney is that he has never once been recognized or claimed by his ilk. Nobody, except his family, of course, ever places Jimmy in the category to which he belongs. The mugs, who have no chance of meeting Cagney off-screen, are more or less convinced that Jimmy is one of them—a rough-spoken, tough-acting little thug. And so what if he is a blond. Accidents happen, don't they?

The intelligentia assume that, because Jim's a low-spoken, well-read actor who plays hard-boiled babies but isn't one, by contrast he must possess a really brilliant and unusual mind. And again the pendulum swings far in the wrong direction. He is neither the best read actor in town, nor the best informed, nor the possessor of the keenest mind (though the latter is a fine one, believe me on that).

"What do you think about this question, Mr. Cagney?" a noted author or thinker will say in conversation, sitting slightly on the edge of his chair, star dust up his nose an inch thick.

And Jimmy will say what he thinks, logically, in good English, and in tones so modulated that one must almost lean forward to catch the words and everyone will be deluded into thinking something pretty dawgone unusual has just been uttered. It hasn't at all. It was merely one man's opinion keenly stated, and well thought out.

The business man, noting Jimmy's adjustments to contract troubles, will sigh, "Now there's a man who has a soul for business. There's a whiz."

As a matter of fact, I imagine Jimmy is as totally unprepared to cope with business propositions outside the studio as the amazement sewing machine agent was in his dealings with Aunt Tillie. And what went on there was plenty.

No, Jimmy just doesn't add up to preconceived ideas about himself. In fact, the very words "adding up" have little place in the life of Cagney, for, like most July-born people—whimsically strong, sensitive and sentimental, romantically unstable—facts and figures and adding up and taking away have little or no place in their lives.

"Hey, don't walk across there," he'll call to a friend, who has attempted a short cut across the grass.

"You mean you're actually going to walk all (Continued on page 87)
THE Camera SPEAKS

A sweet, stubborn guy, whose magnificent work has made him the fair-haired boy at Warners—James Cagney, the talented "Oklahoma Kid"

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST
Mr. Hesse as a private citizen has his pet models—locomotives! But he obviously enjoys photographing the stars; he admires them not because of their glamour, but because he likes them "as genuine people capable of sincere hard work." Here he works on special Photoplay assignments with (left to right) Bette Davis, Ginger Rogers, Claudette Colbert, Alice Faye, Norma Shearer and Dorothy Lamour.
A known specialist in Hesse will henceforth be Man Behind the Camera, a fashion feature of the full-length story. A trip to the West Coast is graphed at work—which you see on these pages. Mr. Hesse is a competent artist with, surprisingly, a sense of humor and a devastating "poking" his models so that they sit at ease. There is a vibrant, alive quality to Hesse's work.

Watching him take pictures, one is fascinated by his ability to bring out the inner stimulating personality of the subject in a very short time. He explains it as a bond of complete harmony which must exist between the artist and the sitter, otherwise the picture is merely a mechanical registration of physical effort.

Born in Brooklyn forty-two years ago, Mr. Hesse yearned successively to be an actor and a surgeon. His great idea came in 1925 when he foresaw the future in color photography. In 1928 he was the first to record in color the likenesses of motion-picture stars; today his work decorates America's best magazines.
New patterns of cinema romance created by these latest members of the Hollywood Teamsters’ Union — Tracy and Lamarr of M-G-M’s "I Take This Woman"; Dunne and Boyer of RKO’s "Love Affair"
Jashions
JUST FOR FUN!
In those days 'twas the sporting thing to do for a maid to lose a tennis set, but never, never her girlish modesty. Then in came shorts, out came milady, and into the trunk went these "fashion firsts"—but not so far that Photoplay couldn't resurrect them for this gay revival.
It's all a matter of facial form, so far as these athletic aspirants are concerned. Allan Jones (left, top), M-G-M chanter, lifts his eyebrow, grits his teeth—and the bowling alley hums. Jimmy Stewart (top, center), "Made for Each Other" hero, favors the wrinkled brow method, while Warner Baxter (right) of "Wife, Husband and Friend" dead-pans by comparison. Anita Louise (left) takes the Helen Wills pokerface way, performs as efficiently on the tennis court as on the set of "Little Princess." Johnny "Scat" Davis (right) of "Brother Rat" goes in for bangs and the tongue-in-the-cheek technique, while non-conformist Cagney, in trim from the new "Oklahoma Kid," plays his own little game.
Candid calisthenics continue with Robert Taylor of "Stand Up and Fight" taking a stance on the baseball diamond... and Rosalind Russell in the rough. The star of "The Citadel" is a leading member of Hollywood's links fraternity.

Bowler number two is Gene Raymond who believes in concentration for the cause.

Nelson Eddy's new film love in "Song of the West"—Virginia Bruce, on the tennis court.

—and Photoplay did. Result: some very odd angles on the stars, who mostly had their eyes on the ball and not on the cameraman's "birdie"
—but not in the picture! The can sequence, because of Hollywood method of self-censorship, now lies on cutting-room floor. One of the more controversial pictures of the year "Zaza" has been through a series of visions during the past few mon
informing to the industry's own rules what's right and what's polite. Para-
unt decided the Big Apple of Paris the early 1900's was definitely not—or polite—for stars Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall. This is dance that now takes its place
Master dramatist at sixteen is William Halop, first tragedian, at $65 a week, of Warners' "Dead End Kids." To his native Brooklyn, the son of Attorney Halop, a normal, intelligent American boy to Broadway, influenced by his record at the Professional Children's School, he was first choice for a spirited, hard-boiled juvenile; in Hollywood, he is the versatile artist of "They Made Me a Criminal"—the boy with the million-dollar face.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "MUKY"
Luise Rainer, caught with her purse down (above, right), soon recovers her poise. Perhaps her reconciliation with Clifford Odets has made her coy.

**Our determined terror of the type-writer is on the loose again and already the stars’ ears are burning**

**Modern Miracle of Love**

*Here* is a strange and lovely story about young Gloria Dickson (who is slowly but surely going places at Warner Brothers, currently in "They Made Me a Criminal") and Perc Westmore. It is a sort of modern version of the old tale of Pygmalion and Galatea... remember the myth about the sculptor, Pygmalion, who fell in love with the marble Galatea, statue of his own creation? And whose love was so fine and true that Aphrodite gave the statue life?

Well, as you know, Perc is head make-up man at Warners and it was to him that Gloria was sent pending her first test for a screen rôle.

Perc did his best to give her photographic charm, but Gloria failed in the test. Yes, she had a contract, but now they said she did not photograph as well as had been expected... which meant, of course, that her career was finished before it was, in truth, begun.

Heartbroken, she returned to Perc. "Can't you help me?" she begged.

And Perc did... He kept her with him for long hours, studying her face, its contours, its possibilities. He drew sketches of her and poured over them at every free moment, seeking means of improvement. He tried out a new type of lip rouge and different curves of mouth and eye-brow. He even invented a new kind of powder for her which provided more light and shadow and therefore made her face more interesting.
Mothers-in-law—one prospective (see below), the other factual. Richard Greene's mother (left) comes visiting from England to give pretty Arleen Whelan the once-over, while Mrs. Lupino (right, center) has already put her stamp of approval on daughter Ida's marriage to Louis Hayward

Paintingly, patiently and, as time passed, tenderly, he created from this girl, lovely to look at but providing difficult photographic problems, a new and different screen personality. He, this modern Pygmalion, created a Galatea who, in her next test for a rôle, came through triumphantly!

And while the attractive young make-up artist was accomplishing this miracle, another happened—the miracle of love. This modern Pygmalion fell in love with the Galatea of his own creation, and she with him.

So, in due time, they were married and now they are living happily ever after!

**Crude Wit**

**ALTHOUGH** not a member of that parental group given to perpetual discussion of their children, Irene Dunne can't resist telling this one about her small adopted daughter, Mary Frances, aged three.

While in New York recently, Irene and her husband, Dr. Griffin, Mary Frances and her nurse lived in a suite and always ordered meals, including Mary Frances' repasts, over the telephone. Came then a certain midday when Irene was busy with interviews and luncheon was delayed.

At first, Mary Frances, quietly playing with her dolls, appeared not to notice. But at last she moved determinedly to the phone and lifted the receiver.

"Room service," she said distinctly. And then, when the connection had been made:

"This is suite 1002. I want to order the baby's lunch."

She got it, too.

**Very Light Housekeeping**

**Olivia de Havilland** and her sister, Joan Fontaine, have been having quite a time for themselves, redecorating and refinishing their home in Hollywood Hills. They were about finished and expected to be particularly proud of the living room, when they discovered to their horror that their newly acquired pièce de résistance for this room, one of those famous and, I might add, expensive Jesso paintings, "fought" like the proverbial cats and dogs with the new furniture upholstering. So now they are having the furniture done over in hard-blocked linen especially designed to match the "Jesso."

Still speaking of household renovations and such... Bette Davis, who recently inherited Kay Francis' palatial "dressing room" on the Warner Brothers lot (which, incidentally, boasts of five rooms and two baths!), is having the fireplace done over.

Seems that Kay, for some reason, ordered the real fireplace bricked up and a gas log installed. On the other hand, Bette, possessing a particular affection for open fires, is having the old fireplace restored.

The other day, George Brent and some others in the cast of "Dark Victory" got together and sent her a present accompanied by a note.

"No hearth is complete without its white fur rug in front. Here is yours," the note said.

The "rug" proved to be a mangy goat skin, picked up in a shop in Los Angeles' Mexican quarter.

**Love Will Find a Way**

I**hey** don't talk much about it on the 20th Century-Fox lot, but everyone knows what is happening to Arleen Whelan, the little Titan-haired manicurist who a year ago was Hollywood's newest Cinderella.

Yes, she was busy with her buffer and scissors and polish, never seeking or expecting fame and fortune, when she was "discovered" by a 20th Century director and thrust into the limelight—photographed, publicized, rushed into the leading feminine role with Warner Baxter in "Kidnapped." With that picture not yet released, she was groomed for the lead with Tyrone Power in "Jesse James." She was going places, everyone thought. Probably she thought so, too.

And then "Kidnapped" laid an egg, which means that it didn't do so well at the box office. And Arleen's rôle in "Jesse James" was given to young Nancy Kelly.

"Of course, she'll get another part soon," everyone said. She did—one in Shirley Temple's new picture, "The Little Princess." But that, too, was quickly taken away. Her hair was too dazzling beside Shirley's yellow locks, was the excuse. But Arleen, as well as everybody else, knew she was, as we say it here in Hollywood, crassly and cruelly, "on the skids"; that nothing short of a miracle could save her.

Still, there are such things as silver linings to many a dark cloud. There is, in Arleen's case... Richard Greene.

When Dick Greene came over here from the British stage, the publicity department thought it would be lovely if he should fall in love with Sonja Henie, whose leading man he was to be in "My Lucky Star." But he took one look at Arleen and that was that. He is crazy about her.

(Continued on page 68)
A HEART-TO-HEART TALK

WE REGRET that it is necessary for us to have this heart-to-heart talk with our readers and our friends in Hollywood.

For more than twenty-five years Photoplay has stood as a friend and champion of the motion-picture industry and has demonstrated consistently, we believe, its eagerness to play fair with our readers, the stars and the industry as a whole.

Unintentionally, we have been made to appear to step out of this character upon which we so pride ourselves.

Last month, we published in Photoplay a story in which we described friendships existing between prominent men and women in Hollywood, friendships which are well known to our readers and the public through articles that have appeared here and elsewhere for some time.

The purpose of our story was to show that these relationships in their companionable and mutually helpful aspects were so worth while that it was our hope that they could eventually culminate in happy marriages.

We regret that the purpose of this story was misinterpreted in certain newspapers. Excerpts were republished without permission and removed from the context, making these friendships appear in a light far from our original intention.

Such an interpretation is unfair, not only to this magazine but to the stars involved. We must stand on our reputation of solid and constructive publishing history when we assure the stars mentioned in the story, as well as their studios, that we genuinely regret these unfortunate interpretations of our meaning and motive. This article was intended merely to portray some of the finest friendships we have ever known.
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW's first full-length picture is worth waiting for. Humorous and philosophical, it is a modern interpretation of the mythological tale of "Pygmalion and Galatea" and has to do with a crotchety professor of phonetics who adopts an ignorant cockney flower girl, builds her into a social success with royalty, finally falls in love with his own creation. Mr. Shaw, aside from the original play, obviously had his finger in the screen version too; the directorial credit belongs to Anthony Asquith assisted by Leslie Howard. Wendy Hillier has a wistful charm and is an amazingly adept actress; Wilfrid Lawson, as her dustman father, is a joy; Leslie Howard is his charming facade and the production extremely clever.

THE DAWN PATROL—Warner

IT'S in this picture that Joan Bennett dyss her hair black and looks so much like Hedy Lamarr you almost expect to see Charles Boyer pop out of her wardrobe trunk. Fraught with suspense and action, as well as romance, the story flies up and down the scale of human experience and half around the world before its climax. In the beginning, Joan shoots Sidney Blackmer because she believes he has caused her sister's suicide. Then, with a grand splash, La Bennett drives her car off a ferry boat and Ralph Bellamy, after seeing her do this, considers the case closed. You can hardly blame him. Yet, like that penny you've heard about, the gal appears in Honolulu, does her transformation from blonde to brunette, and sails off to India. In pursuit are Fredric March, persistent detective Bellamy, and Ann Sothern, a secretary. Freddie falls for Joan and exchanges clevos for kisses and flirtations; Ralph gets out his nighteyes for Ann. All's well until Robert Elliott, a rival sleuth, appears upon the scene. Then the entire company scampers back to San Francisco, just in time for the denouement. Many will think this is March's best role since "A Star Is Born." Certainly he handles it well. Bellamy does a repeat on his "Awful Truth" character, which you may be awful tired of, and Ann Sothern has beautiful chances to display her knock for comedy. Blackmer, Elliott and Thomas Mitchell do what they own in limited space; anyway, "Trade Winds" here blow up a highly entertaining Who-the-hell-done-it.

THE DUKE OF WEST POINT—Small-United Artists

HERE'S "A Yank at Oxford" turned backwards. It's Louis Hayward, a Britisher who was a sensational athlete at Cambridge, who brings his accent and his physique to West Point. Gosh, do the cadets hate him! But he's nice to Tom Brown, and that young man develops a case of hero worship. There is the usual to-do about football, a widowed mother, and Breaking Limits. As a result of his actions Louis is "Silenced" by the other cadets, which is like being put in Coventry; therefore you will spend much of the picture feeling embarrassed for everybody. This new Richard Carlson does some good work as Hayward's roommate: Joan Fontaine is the girl Louis wins when, at the last moment, he is put into the Big Game.

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

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THE NATI...
AKIM TAMIROFF used to be a Cossack. So he brings his Cossack traditions of hard living to America. Finally he meets his son, who also is a Cossack. Federal G-men pinch Papa Cossack because he has hijacked cattle stolen from the government ranch, and son Cossack joins the army. This one then gets transferred to Leavenworth so he can help Papa crack out of the pen, but changes his mind at the last minute (because he has grown to love the army!) and leads a posse to catch Papa Cossack again. Do you see any sense in it all? Neither do we. Leif Erickson plays the son; Frances Farmer is his Woman who clings through Thick and Thin; and Tamiroff certainly acts like a Cossack. Out of all this you may find a few laughs.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Out West with the Hardys
Blackwell’s Island
The Dawn Patrol
The Cowboy and the Lady
Pygmalion
Dramatic School
Thanks for Everything
Flirting with Fate
Thanks for the Memory
Prison Without Bars
Trade Winds
There’s That Woman Again

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

John Garfield in “Blackwell’s Island”
Gary Cooper in “The Cowboy and the Lady”
Merle Oberon in “The Cowboy and the Lady”
Harry Davenport in “The Cowboy and the Lady”
David Niven in “The Dawn Patrol”
Luise Rainer in “Dramatic School”
Paulette Goddard in “Dramatic School”
Joe E. Brown in “Flirting with Fate”

Mickey Rooney in “Out West with the Hardys”
Virginia Weidler in “Out West with the Hardys”
Jack Haley in “Thanks for Everything”

Melvyn Douglas in “There’s That Woman Again”
Virginia Bruce in “There’s That Woman Again”

Joan Crawford in “The Shining Hour”
Margaret Sullavan in “The Shining Hour”

Fredric March in “Trade Winds”
Joan Bennett in “Trade Winds”

WARNERS have taken the greatest melodrama of them all, complete with made, and made it in Technicolor. The result is surprising but awfully exciting. Boy, do those Mounties get their man! It all begins when a bunch of bandits hold up a river boat, stealing the trapper’s gold and killing Pat Knowles, one of the Mounties. Red-coated Dick Foran then starts in pursuit and the rest of the picture is concerned with his efforts to track down the killers. Before success comes, there’s a flight to the death on the edge of a cliff, and the villagers try to Lynch the heroine’s father among other things. Blood is very pretty in Technicolor. Foran gives his usual virile performance, with both Gale Page and Gloria Dickson working to get him.

IF you are not so sick of prison pictures that you can’t stand even the thought of them, you may find some humor in this. It was made for the first time eight years ago, and this is a better version, but the idea of kidding the American prison system still stands.

Of course, it’s a matter of opinion whether or not going to jail is funny. Anyway, this is the story of two confidence men in stir, who discover a youngster about to make a break for freedom. He is Tony Martin and he’s piled because crooks are after his family’s savings. Preston Foster and Arthur Treacher are the confidence men and they fix everything. In addition, they steal the picture. Phyllis Brooks is the girl.

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Out West with the Hardys
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Foreign imports, domestic glamour,
romance, adventure—all exciting
set news for your 1939 screen fare

BY JACK WADE

H EAVE a sigh for gay, carefree Hollywood.
The old order changed—the dear deid
days are gone. They’re all punching
time clocks now! Stars and everybody.
Strange music it is to our ears, the regiment-
ing ring of a timecard, as we canvass the Holly-
wood movie factories on our monthly studio
check-up and set inventory. Everybody who
drags in less than $1,000 a week jerks the handle
—and you’d be surprised at the haughty high-
ups you know who rack their daily records just
like Minnie, the buttonhole maker.

Our snooping reporter says there’s a treat in store in “The Little Princess” with Shirley Temple, Anita Louise and Arthur Treacher (top). “Hotel Imperial,” Paramount’s jinx picture (remember?), gets going with Ray Milland (left) and the “almost jinxed” Isa Miranda

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for instance, where our curiosity takes us first, the clang of the work cards sounds like a general fire alarm. Not that M-G-M pays off in beer checks and bottle tops (still everybody can’t be Garbo at $6,000 per), but Metro is as busy as that cranberry merchant putting up your New Year’s screen fare.

Naturally, we make quick tracks for the Hedy Lamarr picture. Or would you call it the Spencer Tracy picture? Either way, it’s called “I Take This Woman,” and from what we see of this woman we’ll take her, too—meaning Hedy, of course.

Cannily, M-G-M picked a glamour script for Hedy’s first home lot picture. She’s cast as a New York party girl, dripping with satins and ermine, and wearing a new Adrian creation in practically every scene.

She’s a pleasure-loving siren who has a lot of fun all over South America with playboy Walter Pidgeon, but finds real happiness slaving in New York’s Ghetto with crusading doctor Spencer Tracy.

It’s the Ghetto clinic we see, full of weary, aged and downtrodden folk, among whom Hedy flots about like a lovely dark angel. Lots of close-ups in this scene, because it’s Hedy’s face that will make her click if anything. She’s a little outsize in the body. Her hair, we notice, is still long and sweeping. They wanted to put it up in a pile-up hair-do, but Hedy said nothing stirring, fashion or no fashion. And Hedwig Kiesler has a mind of her own.

W E’D like to see Hedy the Glamour Girl punch her timecard a little later, too—but Hedy isn’t all of Hollywood, so we move on to “The Girl Downstairs” and imported Franciska Gaal.
Franciska is the Hungarian taffy-top "Buc- 
 caneer" girl that Cecil B. De Mille called "the 
 Helen Hayes of Europe." But even C. B. 
couldn't keep her on the Paramount lot. They 
let her go and M-G-M snatched her up. Now 
she's making her first movie at M-G-M as Fran-
chot Tone hands in his last.

Franciska is in pigtails and a nightie as we en-
ter. This is a Cinderella-type story, with Fran-
chot a wealthy man-about-town forbidden to 
see rich girl Rita Johnson. As the scullery maid 
go-between, Franciska makes a little time her-
self with Franchot and things get exciting.

While Director Norman Taurog lines up the 
shot, we get in a few words with Franchot, 
which leads us to believe that he's not forsaking 
Hollywood at all—just taking a vacation. "Hol-
lywood has been too good to me," he says. 
"Anyway, I can't play on Broadway in the sum-
mer." What we gather is that after the Group 
Theatre play, "Gentle People," and a little vaca-
tion in New York, he'll be back making movies 
again.

Franciska is ready to go now, so we watch her 
in a kitchen scene being very domestic with a 
lot of pots and pans which get all mixed up with 
the pigtails. She speaks an odd English learned 
in six months of concentrated boning. But 
when she drops a pot and yelps, "O-w-w-w-w!" it's 
perfectly understandable.

"What's the matter?" Taurog wants to know.
Well, confides Franciska, she's been playing 
tennis and her hands are all blistered. Tossing 
the pots and pans around is no joke with her 
sore paws.

"You ought to take up horseback riding," sug-
gests Taurog, grinning.

Franciska does a slow burn. "If I did," she 
retorts, "you'd have me sliding down banisters 
or something!"

We find Robert Young in the same piqued mood 
next door on the "Honolulu" set. He looks very 
unhappy, sitting at a table amid the lush tropical 
surroundings of an Island hotel. "Honolulu," 
in case you've forgotten, is the Eleanor Powell 
Hawaiian picture with all the hula hip shifters 
and plaintive music. It started six months ago 
and then stopped. Now it's back at work again.

Bob plays a movie star with a wealthy Hawaiian 
pineapple grower double and the plot is one of 
those mistaken identity things—always a good 
laugh; only Bob isn't laughing now. Eddie Buz-
zell, the director, is explaining a gag to him and 
Bob listens as if Eddie were preaching his fu-
neral.

"In this shot," Eddie explains, "this great Dane 
dog climbs up in your lap and licks your face. 
That ought to be a great gag."

"For the Dane, maybe," says Bob sourly, "but 
not for me!"

STARTLING is the word for the apparition 
we encounter next at Warners—Jimmy Cagney 
in chaps, sombrero and six-guns. Cagney, the 
boy from the East side, has gone so Western in 
"Oklahoma Kid" that his dogs growl at him 
when he comes home nights.

We have to drive thirty miles to catch Cagney 
the cowpoke killer at his chores. The old Iver-
son Ranch, near Chatsworth, which has been the 
scene of rough-riding movies since Bronco Billy 
Anderson, is Oklahoma this time, at a cost of 
$230 a day to Warners.

Jimmy, Humphrey Bogart, Rosemary Lane 
and Donald Crisp whip up the action in "Okla-
home Kid.” Before he took on this one, Jimmy had never met a horse socially. He’d never walked in high heels or swung a gun at his hip. Now you’d think he was Tom Mix.

But the transformation was easy. Jimmy informs us with a rueful face. The high heels made him lame—for a week and so did the horse. He couldn’t stand up and yet he couldn’t sit down. Which,” says Jimmy, “is a terrible state of affairs.”

BACK in the studio, Warners are busy with two special offerings called, “Always Leave Them Laughing” and “Yes, My Darling Daughter.”

The latter is the film version of the play that intrigued Broadway. It now makes jobs for Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn, Fay Bainter, Robert Young and Genevieve Tobin in Hollywood. An ardent “woman’s rights” feminist can’t take it when her own daughter goes modern on her morals.

It’s our good luck to happen in on the key scene where Priscilla is going away for a week end and Fay finds out Few actresses in Hollywood can make us believe better than Fay Bainter. Beside her, Priscilla looks like a drama school student, but it’s personality that counts in the movies—that’s why Priscilla gets top billing in the picture.

The scene we see is long and each time some small thing isn’t quite right for Director Bill Keighley. Each time Priscilla carries a large suitcase from the hall into the cozy little study where Fay Bainter sits. After a few takes it gets monotonous. “I think I’ll sell out my contract,” cracks Priscilla, “to a redhead!”

Next door on the laugh shift are Dick Powell, ZaSu Pitts, Gale Page and Ann Sheridan in the title of the month for us—“Always Leave Them Laughing.” In this, Dick’s a corn belt musician who thinks he’s a great symphony composer, but winds up as the jitterbugs’ delight when he gets to the big city. It’s always comedy for Powell, of course, comedy or music—and this one has both, with Dick taking care of the vocals and ZaSu rallying around for the laughs.

We watch Dick at his home dinner table surrounded by a flock of loving old lady aunts. ZaSu is one of these, very lavender-and-old-lace-ish with her hair streaked by gray make-up. They asked ZaSu if she thought she could act an old lady and the irresistible Pitts answered, “Act one? Good Lord, I am one!” But it’s not true.

We’re pondering this when the scene gets rolling. Then suddenly—bam!—a water glass whizzes past our ear and smacks against an arc light. “Oh, dear,” wails a familiar voice, “I’m sorry—but I forgot my lines!” We can’t understand what that has to do with assault and battery; until our guide explains that when ZaSu blows up she always throwa whatever she has in her hand at whoever is handy! Quaint—what?

At Twentieth Century-Fox, there’s “The Little Princess,” which is, as usual, all Shirley Temple. Oh, there are Arthur Treacher and Anita Louise and a few others hanging around just for atmosphere. The story makes Shirley a super-rich Intelligent Girl in an English boarding school. But her papa loses his money and then everyone is mean to Shirley. She’s a persecuted little slavary and what not—but it all comes right out in the end, you can be doubly sure.

Shirley’s stock is still up the day we catch her. She’s having a party both on the screen and off. She’s all dressed up and as pretty as a dimpled doll. “The Little Princess,” as you know, is in Technicolor (our idea of the best movie idea of the season—Temple in Technicolor) and for a while they tried to use color make-up on Shirley. But it was no go. Her natural skin was much better.

Shirley looks in the pink now; she’s surrounded by a score of little tots, extras in the picture and members of “The Little Princess Club”—a tribute to Shirley’s organizing talents.

When the routine scene is over they all crowd around Shirley. A tea party is scheduled (they still make Shirley’s set day seem like fun) and Mrs. Temple capitulates, bursts the squeezing moviettes to a large table for the “business meeting.” They’re all a little eager to get to the food and crowd around Shirley. “You mustn’t. You’re our president, you know;” she warns them.

We get in on the tea party, which is very noisy with delighted squeals as the LPC-ers do away with stacks of this and that in the way of goodies.

We move on to the set of “Wife, Husband and Friend.” Warner Baxter is the first to see the current Hollywood vogue of headlining pictures so there won’t be any misunderstanding as to what it’s all about: “Rich Man, Poor Girl,” “Wife, Doctor and Nurse,” “Wife Versus Secretary,” and so forth. All have you is the right and take your pick—nothing left to the imagination.

The first thing Warner tells us, though, is that, title or no title, it’s the best script he’s had since he’s been at Fox Hills—and that’s some years now.

The plot, one they dug up from the musty files of shelved scripts, was originally called “Career in C-Major.” It’s about wife Loretta Young, who succumbs to the blandishments of a phony voice teacher, undertakes a career, ruins Warner’s home. So to get even Warner warbles a little himself, finds he has a real voice and becomes another Tibbett. Binnie Barnes—she’s all over these days—is the “friend” with that understanding nature.

Warner surprises us by admitting he used to sing for a living, on the stage and radio. When he was a kid, he was a choir boy. “Fine,” we say; “then you can look like a singer anyway!” “I can do more than that,” he retorts. “How’s this?” Well, he’s still no Tibbett, but it isn’t a bit bad.

But Gregory Ratoff and his rushing Russian accent interrupt the impromptu concert. “Sink, is it? It’s heeting I’m wanting,” he explodes. So Warner bows to the inevitable.

“Hotel Imperial” has finally got going over at Paramount after two ill-fated starts. “Hotel Imperial” is the prize jinx picture in all movie history. Dietrich started it first (although it was done once before by Pola Negri in the old days). Paramount called it off after dropping a cool quarter million. Next came Margaret Sullavan. Halfway through, she cracked her arm. Again Paramount declared a costly moratorium.

(Continued on page 73)
"Snow Bound"—M-G-M's star, Maureen O'Sullivan, clad in a costume that assures warmth, comfort and chic—a natural waterproof parka with red and white braid trim and belt (which conceals a drawstring waistline), teal blue gabardine ski pants and gaily colored all-wool mittens and socks. Maureen, on loan to Columbia, is now currently filming their "Let Us Live"
Gladys Swarthout, currently appearing in Paramount's "Ambush," poses on these two pages in chic wardrobe essentials for the fashion-conscious girl. Her black Coney fur coat (left) is practically styled for warmth and comfort, with loose open sleeves, broad shoulders, and a collar that may be worn open, as Miss Swarthout wears it, or closed tightly at the neck. Her suit (above) discloses a more feminine version of the so-popular tailleur. Of black wool knit, it features a bias skirt and fitted jacket which is stylized with small revers, draped sleeves, a single-button closing and patch pockets. A grey Cashmere sweater tucks into the skirt in place of a blouse. Notice how cleverly Miss Swarthout knots her printed chiffon scarf into a novel pocket kerchief. A softly draped beret of emerald green felt (insert, left) lends a dash of color to this suit costume.

In the close-up on the left, you will see the detail of the roomy rabbit's hair bag that Miss Swarthout carries with the variable essential costumes shown on these two pages. Her gloves are hand-sewn and one-button.

Featured on the opposite page is a close-up view of Miss Swarthout's suit without the jacket. Note how the skirt belt closes with grey leather buckles in polo style. The pocket kerchief is untied to fashion a scarf—and the suit is now transformed into a smart sport costume.

As an alternate coat, Miss Swarthout chooses this Bernard Newman model of tweed, plaided in henna, orange and green (opposite page, left). This wonderful greatcoat strikingly tops many another frock in Miss Swarthout's wardrobe.

It is interesting to note that the long bob continues to be a favorite with Hollywood stars.
The entire beach will notice this smart play suit of white celanese rayon jersey with bright coral accent. The skirt is pleated, the waistline corseted and the blouse draped in the manner of the newest gowns. In brilliant contrast, the "slightly mad" straw sombrero is of royal blue with bright red streamers and a vivid green tassel. The spool-heel shoes are of fine woven mesh with diagonal stripes of red kid.

This costume (far left) for lazy days in the sun has "dots" as well as "dash!" Red confetti ones spot the jersey panel of the washable white celanese rayon sharkskin frock; red harlequin ones, the natural straw sunshade (that ties curls in with a matching red kerchief); red patent ones, the cut-out sandals. The El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs playground of the stars, is in the background.

An Engadine motif embroidered in dual shades of red, green and blue gives the jacket of this white flannel after-ski suit (left) a gay burst of color. The invisible zipper closing reaches to a trick upstanding collar. Shining nailheads stud the built-up soles of the patent sandals.

Though the Swissli coat (top) looks genuinely sporty, it is just the chic kind of wrap to throw over your most formal evening gown at Sun Valley for a dash across the snow in sleigh or rumble seat! It has triple charm, for it boasts warmth, casualness and brilliance! The body is woven of red, white and blue braid; the sleeves are of cuddly white lamb.
Norway inspired this practical ski suit of slate blue with reversible jacket (far left). Pale yellow knitted socks and matching two-finger mittens lend golden contrast. There is a cotton slipover under the jacket in natural color with the new Marsupial pouch at the neckline for carrying cigarettes, Hankies or mad money.

Part of the fun of a day's exercise is to relax in the evening as beautifully as Miss Photoplay in this after-ski slack suit of black velvet (left). The lapels and pockets are embroidered in multicolor silks and little sequins that gaily shine out to challenge the sparkle of the studded platform soles on the sandals.

A perfect skating costume must be attractive as well as functional! The identical black velvet outfits of Miss Photoplay and her little doll (below) come from Switzerland and are modeled after an old Swiss garb. Orange and white braid outlines the suit, silver buttons flash on the coat and embroidered boutonieres of edelweiss spot the lapels. The perky fur hat and the jersey shirt repeat the accent of white. The brief skirt of the suit is so cleverly cut it forms exquisite arcs when whirled into motion.

These snow togs and play clothes were flashed on the screen in tinted glory by Vyvyan Donner in her technical color Fashion Forecast produced by Truman Talley for 20th Century-Fox. They were so gay, picturesque and practical, too, that I recaptured their vision, knowing a study of their clever detail would be of interest to you. They are posed for these pages on Miss Georgia Carol, chosen by us from Miss Donner's models to be "Miss Photoplay"

Gwenee Walters

PHOTOPLAY'S FASHION EDITOR
Gwen Wateling created this dressmaker suit of brown woolen for Arleen Whelan to wear in the 20th Century-Fox production, "Thanks for Everything." The little ruffles on the gathered pockets and the ascot are of honey-beige colored bengaline. The skirt has four gores with slight hemline flare. Arleen tops her suit with an exquisite coat of Safari brown Alaska sealskin (above) with leg o’mutton sleeves and a perky upstanding collar. (This coat was selected from Willard George, Los Angeles.)
Advance Spring Forecast: color of primary interest; stripes important; silhouette varied; hats gay

BY GWENN WALTERS

NOW that the New Year is swinging right into spring it's time to get in step and plan new clothes so that your wardrobe will be fresh and colorful when the first blades of grass peek through the snows! Hollywood stars have already heralded the coming of spring! Here and there a gay frock peeks beneath a dark coat, a cluster of posies masquerades as a hat, a fanciful shoe leads on. Perhaps you too, daring dull winter to remain, have succumbed to the lure of the first offerings of the coming season!

These casual shopping ventures are fun as they not only give impetus to serious wardrobe planning, but also, and so importantly, arouse curiosity about the coming trends. Hollywood's many whispered rumors about colors, fabrics and styles were so exciting that I turned to M-G-M's designer, Dolly Tree (who creates particularly for Virginia Bruce and Myrna Loy), for a detailed early spring forecast for you.

Attacking the matter of color as of primary interest and importance for spring, Miss Tree foresees a continued and more predominant use of grey in all of its tones—grey in combination with yellows, soft greens, citron, chartreuse, and soft blues.

Grey woolens for suits and street dresses will have stripes in varying shades and Miss Tree says that stripes will be most important for spring.

Thin black and white stripes will be extremely smart for daytime, very bold stripes in all the spring flower colors in chiffon for evening, as well as very broad black and white stripes in organza.

Other colors that will vie for fashion importance include the range from yellow through the various soft shades of green into sea-green, green-blue and then soft blue.

In fabrics, there will be a reaction to the smooth cloths for daytime. You will see a lot of soft shear woolens, gabardine and men's suit- ing material. Net, tulle and heavy crepe are included among the fabrics for evening gowns, in addition to the striped chiffon and organza previously mentioned.

The silhouette for daytime clothes will continue to be varied. Pleats, which have faded through fall and winter, will swing again this spring. Front skirt fullness will not be as exaggerated and will be distributed more evenly. Necklines will be up to the collarbone and softly draped. The cuffed, high-low waistline will continue, but there will also be a lively trend toward bowed waistlines. Many sleeves will be full and wrist-length, caught tight into tailored cuffs. This will be a particularly inter-
esting feature to note in blouses. Miss Tree foresees a revival of hand-embroidered and hand-tucked blouses of chiffon and sheer crepe—white or pastel. The outstanding evening silhouette will feature soft drapery.

Untrimmed coats will prevail and coats, instead of being in contrast, will match the costumes. A noticeably new costume note will be found in the double-breasted, fitted coat with length halfway to the knee designed for wear over a pleated skirt.

The basic costume for spring wear will be a suit—man-tailored or dressmaker. The jackets of the tailored group definitely will be longer, but length should, of course, depend on one's individual figure, just as the day of the set rule in skirt lengths has. Slim three-quarter length capes will be intro- duced for formal evening wear. They will be styled of the gown fabric and always lined with color contrast. In other words, ensembles for evening will be the thing.

Spring hats will be as gay and colorful as the season itself. There will be many felts with flower trims—very few straws except in combination with felt or fabric. Velvet hats with trim of spring flowers will be very high style. The height of crowns will not be as exaggerated. Brims will return—they will be particularly dashing in line for their smartness will be revealed by line rather than by width.

In closing, Miss Tree importantly stressed the coming shoe trends.

Shoes will be more interesting than they have been in years as there will be such a wide varia- tion in their styling. Modified platform-soled shoes for daytime and evening will have wider appeal than ever as they make their appearance in spring's exquisite contrast color harmonies. You will find that these shoes will lend inspira- tion for the selection of many a costume. Sport shoes will also boast the raised sole as a leading trend.

Miss Tree foresees the biggest season yet to come for the open-toe, open-counter and cut-out vamp shoe. Sandals will be more popular than ever and the pump gains prominence. Many models will be styled of elastic leather, the medium which has already won its place in fashion because of the glove fit and comfort it assures. Patent will, as usual, be smart for wear with prints, as well as suited to the season's "grays." Wherefore conceded to be a winter leather fashion, will be carried over into spring as well as summer models. Jersey, both silk and wool, will claim a top place in the shoe fabric department.

At the close of our chat, Miss Tree gave me a peek at the clothes she created for Rita John- son to wear in "The Girl Downstairs." I must tell you about one suit in particular, as it struck me as being a grand costume for wear right now.

Adapted from an English guardman's uniform, it consisted of a double-breasted English officer's mess jacket of red woolen—with brass buttons and a little, high white collar—and a black woolen pleated skirt.

In identical mood, Miss Tree completed the suit with a bobby—a guardman's hat—of black felt with black horsehair brush trim and a chin strap.

I also glanced through the costumes Miss Tree created for the ice-boat dance of "The Ice Follies," Joan Crawford's new M-G-M film. This amazing group of costumes ranges from Highland kilts to modern waltz gowns and I would rate a bit special if their several im-fluences were felt in modern clothes overnight. I left Miss Tree checking sketches and fabrics for Myrna Loy's wardrobe and okaying com- pleted costumes for Virginia Bruce to wear in "Song of the West." Now I must run on to do more fashion scout- ing, and let you get down to spring wardrobe planning!
These little casual frocks for winter's sunshine resorts will surely tempt you with their inviting price of "under $10.00" and, if winter cannot be your playtime, surely you'll want to purchase a couple of them anyway in readiness for first warm days. Betty Grable, appearing in Paramount's "Campus Confessions," poses in these charming frocks which are styled of "Spode Print" Resortalin (of Du Pont Rayon yarn). White belt, buttons and piping trim this popular two-piece model (above, left). Note the soft fullness of the skirt. (Sizes 12-20) Diagonal tucking gives smart detail to the blouse of the high-neck frock (center) which has puff sleeves, shantung collar and cuff edging, a patent belt and novelty buttons across the shoulders. (Sizes 12-20) The tailored shirtmaker frock with short sleeves (above, right) has a natural linen hemstitched collar, two breast pockets, a narrow self-fabric belt and natural wooden buttons from neck to hem. (Sizes 16-44) Betty's frock (left) also features diagonal tucks as dressmaker detail. Little puffed sleeves, a tailored collar and a cut-out patent belt give added style. (Sizes 12-20)
YOU WILL FIND IN THE SHOPS

"THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SAILOR!"

REFRESHING as a breath of salt-sea air—this spanking new quartette of cruise and resort fashions by Roxford and Byron, who know their felts and straws as an admiral does his navy. "Shoreleave" (above) is a jaunty Byron sailor to be worn tilted well to starboard. Rough pineapple straw in natural, to be the smartest color of all this season, banded with admiralty blue grosgrain. Modeled by Frances Robinson, who is currently appearing in Universal's "The Last Warning." "Fore 'N Aft" (center) is a companion piece by Roxford with the new high-lo crown, raked fore 'n aft in proper nautical fashion. Of straw like your boy friend's summer topper, in the prevailing natural color to set off your cruise sunburn. Miss Robinson also wears this Roxford straw. "Gob Hat" (top), as shown on Constance Moor, who is appearing in Universal's "Buck Rogers," is an adorable felt Byron in horizon blue, with a surrealistic sea gull in shocking pink and darker blue suede just about to take off from the brim. You can wear it two ways—down on one eyebrow or, if you're sporting bangs, far back on your curls. "Whitecap" (bottom) completes our nautical quartette. It's Roxford's version of the same sailor influence, with a squared-off diminutive crown in the whitest white felt with a daring, two-color suede belt in blue and gold for feminine inconsistency. Lovely Constance Moore also poses in this stunning felt...
Ronald Russell, of M-G-M: "The Citadel." Photo in an original Mervyn LeRoy black wool crepe afternoon dress suit from her personal wardrobe. A silk cord muff, a small pack of handkerchiefs, a large black satin belt, and a black and white striped handbag with ruby and silver stones—her jewels are of rubies and diamonds.
Maybe she can't work "add-ups", but, with the help of her mother (above), Juanita's a whiz at dialogue.

SHE did nothing so commonplace as walk into the room. She made an entrance; hesitating just the right fraction of a second in the doorway, unconsciously (I hope) permitting her unusual beauty to register and then, hand extended, an arch smile parting her lips, she advanced and greeted us with, "Don't mind my teeth, please. I'm just at that in-between stage."

Juanita Quigley, seven in years, seventeen in charm and seventy in intelligence, was being interviewed. Only a few evenings before, a Hollywood preview audience had, by their constant laughter at her comical scenes and hearty applause at her more touching ones in the picture, "That Certain Age," proclaimed Juanita an actress of unusual merit and as such had recognized and accepted her as a definite and important part of motion pictures.

It's a funny thing about Hollywood. It has completely ceased to regard child players as cute but necessary nuisances. Bitter lessons learned at troubled box offices have taught it better. Hollywood now knows it is not just the dimpled beauty of Shirley Temple, the unusual singing ability of sixteen-year-old Deanna Durbin, the plump provocativeness of Jane Withers or the freshness of Mickey Rooney that lured in the customers when practically all else failed. Upon Hollywood has dawned a truth; ability and intelligence are not and cannot be measured in terms of years. Behind the dimples of Temple lives a quick, penetrating mind, behind the voice of Durbin lies that directness of thought and unswerving sense of values that audiences sense, respect, admire and, more important, pay money because of it.

So luckily, at this propitious moment in cinema history, in steps Quigley. An individual, understood and respected, not because of two inch long eyelashes and round dimpling face, but because of her individualized intelligence regardless of her shortage in years. And all this in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty-nine.

She seated herself on a sofa pillow on the floor, pulled her short red dress over her round, plump, hairy legs and gazed first at me and then at her mother. Waiting for the conversation to begin.

It didn't. So she began it.

"Naturally (this and the satisfying word 'personally' are her favorites), I can't remember much about my first big picture. I was only three and a half." A shrug of the shoulders and a weary roll of the eyes showed an undeserving three and a half years right back in its disgusting place. And let there be no further peeps from that quarter.

"The name of the picture was 'Imitation Life' with Claudette Colbert," she went on, "and I was her little girl. I remember everyone called me 'Quack Quack' because I had a duck called Quack Quack."

"Show Miss Hamilton the duck," suggested her mother, who sat across the room in calm but puzzled silence.

Juanita left the room with a slight mazurka swing.

"I can't understand her today," Mrs. Quigley remarked more to herself than to me, "she's so wound up. So talkative. She usually has little to say."

We thanked our lucky star for having chosen this opportune moment for our visit. The time when the natural show-offness of a child is in full swing.

She returned with the celluloid duck. "The prop man on 'That Certain Age' was the same prop man on 'Imitation of Life,' " she explained "and when he saw me he asked if I still remembered the duck."

"Naturally," she went on, "I had to say 'Yes.' (The eyes took a swing to the right and came back bored and weary from the journey.) "And so he brought it to me. He'd saved it all that time. And now would you like to see my upper plate? I wore it in all my scenes in 'That Certain Age.'"

(Continued on page 90)
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A PUBLIC HERO

War strengthened a conviction Ronald Colman held from early childhood and launched him on a career that was to change his whole life

BY GLADYS HALL

There is always to be found one true explanation of a man's personality, and it usually goes back to his childhood experiences. Ronald Colman—frequently called shy even today, consistently called "Hollywood's man of mystery" because he has refused to have his private life publicized—was a shy, quiet and unobtrusive little fellow who loved his privacy even at the age of six. Already he had learned that to avoid trouble it was safest to keep quietly to himself. But, being the fifth child in a family of six, he had possessed a father who believed that children should be seen and not heard.

Later, at an age when he should have been romancing, he was still "keeping quietly to himself." But then there was the matter of funds also, for by this time young Ronald had saved a three-legged stool in the offices of the Britain Steamship Co., but at meagre pay.

Then came the World War. Ronald enlisted the day that War broke out. He quit his job and joined the London Scottish Regiment. "I enlisted immediately," Ronald says, "more to get away from the office than because of the fighting spirit, which I did not have."

There was a month of training and then, in late September of 1914, Ronald's regiment was sent across to France as a unit of The First Hundred Thousand, Kitchener's famed "Contemptibles." Promptly upon its arrival in France, the regiment was broken up and Ronald found himself in the front line trenches. He saw action at the first battle of Ypres, then at Messines. He spent, in all, some six to eight weeks in the front line. It was, he says, "a very, very lared, a very messy business." At Messines, during an advance, a shell struck; there was an explosion and "an indolent casualty"—he stumbled and fractured his ankle. When he was able to leave the field hospital the doctors ordered him back to England, where he was attached to the Highland Brigade for light duties. He went into Scotland where he did mostly clerical work. After a year of this, the ankle still unhealed, the medical board discharged him altogether and, although he tried to get into other branches of the service, he was turned down.

"The War," says Ronald, a little ruefully, "certainly taught me to value the quiet life, strengthened my conviction that to keep as far out of the range of vision as possible is to be as safe as possible.

"I am not one of those 'veterans' who look back on the War with the 'happy comrade' feeling. There may have been gay times behind the lines—I'm sure there were—but I can't remember them.

"I remember a kid of seventeen who was to make his first advance one early dawn. He was frightfully keen about it, excited. The sun shone on his face as we advanced and it made him look as though he were smiling. Maybe he..."
was. I've never been about it. We reached the rise of a hill and the whole of Flanders was spread out below us. Suddenly the blast went off and there came the order to lie down, to lie flat on our stomachs so that the enemy ammunition might whistle over us. In one minute we dropped; the kid never got up again. He was killed in that first second of his war experience. The smile was wiped off with his face. The futility of it remains with me as my memory of the War.

"There is another memory, also distinct: we are a column advancing into action. We climb a hill singing, 'Are We Downhearted,' singing with the phony bravado which the hypnosis of war hysteria makes you feel is genuine bravery at the time. We reach the top of the hill still singing. And meet a wounded soldier coming down, retiring. The wounded soldier with his mutilated face, laughs at us and shouts, 'Not now you're not downhearted but you bloody soon will be!' These words were as true as any I heard spoken at the Front.

"I loathe war. I'm inclined to be bitter about the politics of munitions and real estate which are the reasons for war."

DISCHARGED from the army, the next thing Ronald had to do was get a civilian job and, as he says, "get on with the business of living while the seventeen-year-old boys carried on the business of dying."

He could have gone back to his stool in the offices of the Britain Steamship Company, but he felt that he could not face that dull routine again... "and still," he told me, "I did not want to do, what I wanted to be... If I'd had a gift for writing that would have interested me. I had a strong leaning toward the medical profession, too. The war gave me that. But to study medicine or surgery was, for me, financially impossible.

"While I was stalling around during that troubled summer of 1916, I ran into an uncle of mine who was with the Foreign Office. I asked him if he could arrange an appointment for me with a consulate in the Orient. He said he'd put up my name. He'd let me know... and then I collided with the theater. I ran into some friends of Lena Ashwell's. Lena Ashwell was a sort of English prototype of Ethel Barrymore. Her friends, who were also acquaintances of mine, told me that Miss Ashwell was putting on a sketch at the London Coliseum and wanted a young, darkish man for a small role. Remembering my work with the Bancroft Club, when I first came to London, they suggested that I dash over to see Miss Ashwell. I thought that with the dearth of young men in London at that time, young men both darkish and lightish, I might do. So I dashed along and got the job and had the thrill of playing at the London Coliseum and the thrill of earning six pounds a week. The playlet was "The Maharani of Arakan" by Rabindranath Tagore and I played the bit part of herald to the Princess. I wore black face, waved a flag, tooted a trumpet.

"LENA ASHWELL, incredible as it seemed to me, prophesied that I could become a great actor. Nor did she pay me compliments alone. She was kind to me in a very practical way, such as inviting me to her very exclusive luncheon parties to which only the elect of the theater world were ever bid. She introduced me to Sir Gerald Du Maurier, Charles Wyndham and others and would always preface such introductions by saying, 'Here is a boy who will do great things in the theater.'

"It is thanks to Miss Ashwell and to the interest that Sir Gerald Du Maurier took in me that I got my first sizable job, a bit in a play with Gladys Cooper. The play was "The Misleading Lady" and was a tremendous success. The reviews were excellent and my name was favorably mentioned in most of them. But even then I did not say to myself, 'I am an actor! This is my job!' I still felt a passionate predilection for the theater. But I did decide to bide my time, to let Fate decide my future for me.

"And then occurred one of those coincidences which give to life its fictional quality. Sitting alone in my flat one evening, reading an encouraging review of my performance in the play, word came that my uncle had obtained a promise of a position for me in an Oriental consulate. I held the review in one hand, my uncle's note in the other. What to do? I knew that I had to decide, then. No flashcock exploded in my brain leaving there an illuminated answer to my problem. I remember that a mere drop of the hand, a reflex action, decided it for me. What I wanted to do, what I wanted to be, was to study medicine. I dropped the letter on my desk and went on reading the review. And my choice was made. It would be 'good copy' to say that I paced the floor, downing whiskies and sodas the while, I paced the floor, downing whiskies and sodas the while, with debate in my brain. But I didn't. I made suitable expressions of gratitude to my uncle for the trouble he had taken and that was that."

So the young man, who didn't know that he wanted to be an actor, continued on the stage

(Continued on page ??)
That's the way it is as we go to press. The little manicurist Cinderella, who never asked for fame at all, and who may not keep it long, will perhaps find something better. She may find happiness with a Prince Charmings whose love and charity will help her to forget that Hollywood too often deserves its name of "Heartbreak Town."

What- Goes on Here?
She wore a gray felt hat that flapped over one eye. She stopped her car before an Encina real-estate office out in the Valley. Her heavy stockings beneath the plain skirt were strikingly noticeable as she alighted from the car and entered the office.

"I am looking for the new estate of Mr. George Brent," she said in tones that bore marked traces of a Swedish accent.

The realtor stared hard, gave the directions and watched from the door as she drove away.

"Well, I'll be doggoned," he muttered to himself.

He'd be doggoned? Well, what about us?

Bigger and Better Bergen
The song, "She's the Girlfriend of the Whirling Dervish," had been a hit in Hollywood to "She's the Girlfriend of Edgar Bergen," for no sooner does Edgar get himself properly interested in a young lady than along comes some swain, usually Ken Murray, and steals her away from McCarthy's mentor. At a party recently, Edgar was kept the guests by escorting four beautiful young ladies—Anita Louise, Helen Woods, Andrea Leeds and Florence Heller.

Why, Edgar, how come?" cried the hostess.

"Well, I'll tell you," Bergen explained. "Ruby Valley is in town and I thought maybe if I came with four, Ruby or Ken or some of the other fellows would have a heart and leave me at least one."

Edgar went home with the hostess' aunt.

Confidentially—About Gable:
It occurred to us while we patiently waited in Clark Gable's portable dressing room for Clark to finish a scene with Norma Shearer for "Idiot's Delight," that maybe you, too, would like to know something about that famous Gable dressing room which is wheeled from set to set.

The walls, to begin with, are knotty pine. The dressing table, also knotty pine, is bare and simple, with a single mirror and two lights. There is no make-up kit anywhere in sight. Two ample-sized brass ash trays are fastened to the walls—one by the red leather divan and one by the red leather easy chair, the only two articles of furniture.

A cigarette box is nailed down by the built-in dressing table, the tally-ho type, are nailed to the walls. There is a clothes closet without a single garment in it. Only an empty box lies on its floor.

The day we were there, two scripts of "Idiot's Delight," one opened to that day's scene, lay on the dressing table that contained no powder, comb, brush—not enough to make our hero beautiful.

But on a small built-in shelf lay what seemed to us the oddest selection of books, for Gable, we could imagine. One, autographed by its author, Mau- rine Watkins, was labeled "Chicago"; another, "After the Storm," was also autographed by its author, Arlo D. Pollock.

But the third formed a climax that even now stops us in traffic for a moment's reflection. It was called "The

A rare shot of the Lewis Stones. The popular "Judge Hardy" has reached his eighteenth milestone as a screen star—a swell record

Parnell Movement with a Sketch of Irish Parties from 1843."

I mean, wouldn't you think he'd want to forget? Or doesn't he even know it's there?

Portrait of a New Star
Anna May, recently risen to fame in RKO's "Gunga Din," is thirty years old and a spinster by choice. She has had many suitors in her day, but none that pleased her. Quiet and conservative, she dislikes frills and folderos and was known during the filming of "Gunga Din" to object so strenuously to wearing a jeweled headpiece that they cut it out of the script. She did consent, however, to don false eyelashes, since her own failed to photograph.

Anna May is something of a moralist. If her manager stays out late, she scolds loudly until he returns. She is also a tobacco addict, with a special yen for cigarettes, which disappear in her presence with disconcerting rapidity.

She is inordinately lazy, insisting on riding various "Gunga Din" excursions when she was perfectly able to walk. Still, her earnings in pictures are sufficient to support three friends.

Like many women, she goes in for trick diets and will make a whole meal on carrots and perhaps a melon or two, including the rind. Like many women, she is terribly afraid of thunder and lightning and on the "Gunga Din" location at Lone Pine disturbed many a scene by her nervousness during bad weather. Also like many women, she harbors a strong affection for Cary Grant and used to follow him around at Lone Pine, much to his embarrass- ment.

There are a few rather queer things about Anna May, too. She likes to sleep standing up. She has ears something like Clark Gable's. And she eats a bale of hay a day.

Still, these aren't too queer when you remember that, after all, Anna May is an elephant.

Stuttering Stark
Andy Devine, about to give a proud papa for the second time, went through a strenuous time just recently trying to explain things to his four-year-old

(Continued on page 70)

With a home in the East now, Lilly Pons is a "visiting fireman" when she went to Hollywood recently. At a party in her honor—Constance Collier, Basil Rathbone, Lily and her hostess, Gladys Swarthout—

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 46)

You Have Your Blessing, Children
We've decided Carole Lombard is the absolutely ideal girl for Clark Gable. Here's why we think so. Completely unselish, Carole forgot her likes and dislikes and took up, wholeheartedly, the sport best loved by Clark—shooting. First, by endless hours of practice, she became an expert at skeet shooting.

Next, she turned her attention to duck shooting. Gable's favorite sport, and became equally proficient. Even if it meant getting up at four o'clock of a cold, foggy morning to get to the blind on the creek. Carole was up at 3:30 and had the sandwiches prepared for the day.

"She's a better man than any of the crowd who go, " a friend told me, "and the last to say 'Let's rest.'"

"She goes out wading after her own ducks and once when Gable suffered an injured leg she went after his ducks, too. If necessary, she'll clean her own ducks like the rest of us and lighten her own cigarettes. She asks and expects nothing in the way of favors."

"Sometimes I look at her traipsing down the long dusty road, the seat of her hunting trousers bagging behind, her hunting cap (the damndest I've ever seen) plugged squarely on her head and I think 'There goes Hollywood's glamour queen. And there goes, by gum, the best sport with the stoutest heart of anyone in Hollywood.'"

Temple, Businesswoman
She finished the scene and walked off the set unsmilingly, her little mouth de- cidedly upset at the corners. The property men exchanged glances of surprise and Director Walter Lang turned, full of an inspir- ing glance. It was the first time any- one could ever remember when Shirley Temple hadn't gone out of a scene with a picture in her eyes.

Following her into her trailer, Direc- tor Lang, really troubled, asked Shirley the reason for the blues.

"Don't you like me, Shirley?" he asked.

"Oh yes, I do, Mr. Lang," she an- swered. (But the dimples failed to appear.) Only by coaxing was the reason for Shirley's sadness revealed. It seemed all the other children were punching the set time clock but she. 

"Phew, clear forgot about me," she said.

It was explained that the new time clocks were to be punched only by actors who made less than $1000 a week.

"You see," she was told, "it's the new way of keeping track of their time. And you make much more than $1000 a week."

"Well, couldn't it be arranged so I could make $1000 a week," Shirley asked, "and then I could punch a card like the other children?"

The request was granted and sent out for a time clock all Shirley's own. This she punches with great glee before and after every scene.

"Keeping track," she explains.
BARBARA STANWYCK says “Want Romance?
Then be careful about COSMETIC SKIN”

TO pass the Love Test, skin must be soft and smooth. The eyes of love look close—and linger—would note the tiniest flaw. Clever girls use the screen stars’ soap—Lux Toilet Soap!

This gentle white soap has ACTIVE lather that removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt thoroughly. It's so foolish to risk the choked pores that may cause Cosmetic Skin, dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores! Lux Toilet Soap leaves skin soft—smooth—appealing.

Sue follows BARBARA STANWYCK’S advice—
has skin that passes the LOVE TEST

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
Tad. It was a tough job.

"The stork is bringing our baby," Andy explained over the phone.

"What stork?" asked Tad. "The one in the cage over at Catalina?"

"No!"

"Why?"

"Because it can't get out of the cage."

"Why is that a stork?"

"Because," Andy cried, "it's too old to bring babies!"

That evening Carole Lombard came over to the Deveres for dinner.

"Oh hello, Goldilocks," Tad cried, using her pet name for Carole. "We're going to have a new baby!"

"Well, fine," said Carole. "Who's going to bring it?"

"Oh," shrugged Tad, "some old bird. Even Daddy can't make up his mind about it."

Money Speaks Louder Than Words

It is now a matter of public record that Father Flanagan received less than nothing, in comparison to the terrific profit M-G-M has made on the picture "Boys Town." So the good Father and Bishop Ryan journeyed back to Hollywood in the hopes of getting greater compensation and proving to the world that his school is still badly in need. At M-G-M, Mr. Mayer gave a huge luncheon. Father Flanagan was praised to the sky. There was great-to-do, with Father Flanagan still wondering just how all this was going to help his great cause. Finally, it was announced that M-G-M would donate a small building. All of which helped, but "Boys Town." on the screen is still ahead in the big money. Just before he left Hollywood, Father Flanagan was talking to an M-G-M staff.

"Next time I come to Hollywood," said the priest, "I'm going to get myself an agent!"

Foreign War Averted

All is quiet on the dressing-room front, our M-G-M way. But there was a bit of excitement when Francisca Gaal heard that Garbo was back on the lot. In no uncertain terms, Francisca, who was occupying the Garbo suite, announced that she would not give it up. She was assured that she would not have to. Garbo would be asked to take another suite and that was that. They didn't tell Francisca that she had been given the old Garbo suite. A gorgeously decorated suite in the new dressing-room building was all ready and waiting for Greta to move in.

A Fog A Day

Special effects experts of Hollywood have a right to the title of Miracle Men. Take, for instance, the case of Paul Widlesiak, effect-fog maker, at the Goldwyn Studios. During the filming of "The Cowboy and the Lady," a shipboard scene featuring heavy fog was called for. But, on that particular day, Merle Oberon was also featuring a heavy fog and was under doctor's orders to stay away from fogs of all types as well as drafts. What to do? Widlesiak emerged with a medicinal fog—believe that or not. He merely added a little eucalyptus oil to the fog solution—and, as a direct result, Merle came out of the scene minus the cold in her head.

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Year of Birth</th>
<th>Place of Birth</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anna Sheridan</td>
<td>1912</td>
<td>Jamestown, New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucille Ball</td>
<td>1911</td>
<td>Jamestown, New York</td>
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<tr>
<td>Andrea Leeds</td>
<td>1911</td>
<td>Jamestown, New York</td>
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<td>Rosalind Russell</td>
<td>1911</td>
<td>Jamestown, New York</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mary Astor</td>
<td>1911</td>
<td>Jamestown, New York</td>
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Good Luck!

Sidney Tolcher is on a spot. No other film personality has been faced with quite the situation in which he now finds himself as the successor to the late Warner Oland's role of Charlie Chan. As the new Charlie, he must play a part already grooved in the minds of his audience, a tough job for any actor.

He says, though, that he will not play Warner again, but Charlie Chan—there he will present, not Oland's, but his own conception of the famous hero of 20th Century's most popular picture series.

Tolcher is strictly American, was born in Warrensburg, Missouri. There was a Tolcher along with Captain John Smith when the latter founded Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607.

Will his conception of the character of Charlie Chan be accepted by the countrymen and the rest of the world? Well, even he cannot answer that. He can only do his best.

Look-Alikes

Fred Astaire may be very particular about publicizing his home life, his wife and family. But Fred hasn't lost his sense of humor or his perspective on himself. Sitting in his dressing room one recent morning, Fred picked up the morning paper. There, in glaring headlines, was the latest account of Laurel and Hardy splitting up and the studio's selection of a new, promising successor.

"I'm the closest thing they'll ever find to Stan Laurel," cracked Fred. "Wonder if Babe Hardy could use me."

The Great McCathy Feuds—And How!

Charlie McCarthy has turned his attention from old feeding pal, W. C. Fields, to Jack Benny. The best prank he's played on Jack has the whole town laughing. It happened this way:

The Masquer's Club in Hollywood telephoned Jack to leave town so they could give him a farewell party.

Jack, overcome at the honor, packed his g Spot and announced he was leaving for Palm Springs. The party arrived and Jack, all drenched and face glowing, arrived at the club. But, to his consternation, he found that the globeatt Guest of Honor was none other than Charlie. The party had been given in honor of Charlie's becoming a member and not one Masquer seemed to have any knowledge of a farewell party for anyone named Jack Benny.

You're right. It was Charlie on the phone and now Benny doesn't know whether to laugh at Charlie or give dirty looks in Herbert Bergman's direction.

How to Stay Married

Now that Jack Oakie and his wife, Venita Varden, have made up, Jack steps up with a little advice to husbands.

"If you diet, keep your sense of humor, don't grouch and don't take it out on your family."

"I realize now that while I was shedding pounds, I right pounds. I was a pretty cranky person to get along with. But no more. I'm going to try to keep my shape and my wife at the same time. I'll do my next dieting with a smile—or I won't diet."

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 68)

[Photo Illustration]
WISE GIRLS DEPEND ON THIS EXTRA SKIN CARE—THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN!*
Play Truth and Consequences With Jean Arthur

(Continued from page 14)

—but almost never tell one what I do or what I am doing. Nevertheless, I doubt whether I'm the kind of a person who could reflect the way the world looks to any- one who is not near and dear to me.

7. (Q) What do you consider your finest picture portrayed?
(A) I haven't done it as yet.

8. (Q) Do you have a bad temper?
(A) I'm afraid I have, because I have been quick to anger and do things I later regret. But, in self-defense, I must admit that I'm beginning to avoid situations in which I might lose my temper.

9. (Q) What was the last lie you told?
(A) The last lie I told was—pleading a previous engagement because I wanted to stay home and read rather than go to a party that would have been strenuous and enervating.

10. (Q) Who are your two favorite living actors and actresses?
(A) Miss Arthur took the consequence. (Pose for us as all three characters of the famous painting, "The Spirit of '76").

11. (Q) When have you ever used glyc- erine in crying scenes?
(A) I have never used glycerine.

12. (Q) Why do you dislike giving interviews?
(A) I dislike giving interviews because some interviewers ask questions that they wouldn't put to their best friends. I don't feel that my ideas and opinions are important enough to be broadcast. Also, I find it difficult to open up easily with persons I don't know well.

13. (Q) Do you feel that you lost popular- ity when you were away from the screen?
(A) Perhaps, but I was very fortunate to have the opportunity of returning to the screen in "Now and Forever," which I believe will make me popular again. I would rather make very little, but very good pictures which audiences will remember and me along with them, than be on the screen constantly in the kind of pictures that might result in an even greater loss of popularity.

14. (Q) Are you a fan of Shirley Temple?
(A) I think everyone in the picture business is a fan of Shirley Temple. I've never worked with her, but I like to watch her pictures because she seems to do with ease and nonchal- lence what so many of us strive very hard to achieve.

15. (Q) What characteristic of Hollywood and Hollywood people annoys you?
(A) Miss Arthur took the consequence. (Draw a picture of yourself at your favorite pastime.)

16. (Q) Of what are you most afraid?
(A) I am most afraid of intolerance, world chaos, lack of under- standing among human beings—and spiders.

17. (Q) What is the smallest amount of money per week you have ever had to get along on?
(A) The smallest amount of money I ever had to get along on (there were two of us, my mother and myself) was $38 a week—sometimes not even every week.

18. (Q) Have you ever heard any unflattening remarks about yourself when you have been sitting in the audience at one of your own pictures?
(A) At one preview a woman (not a lady) behind me kept saying "Oh, isn't she fresh—I just can't stand her!" By the time the picture was finally over I was convinced I was such a miserable thing I didn't have nerve enough to walk out of the theater.

19. (Q) If the United States should go to war, would you try to influ- ence your husband on the subject of his enlisting?
(A) If there were a war I would do everything in my power to keep my husband from going. I would even shoot off his big toe and if every woman in the whole world would do the same thing there wouldn't be any wars.

20. (Q) Have you ever listened in on crossted wires, or eavesdropped in any way, and what is the most interesting thing you heard?
(A) Yes, I've listened at the ventilator in my apartment in New York to the couple fighting next door.

21. (Q) Do you put your hair up in curlers or wear it down at night?
(A) Wish I could sleep on them—it would save a lot of money.

22. (Q) Do you use a chin strap?
(A) I should when I read, as I sit with my chin on my chest and curled up like a pretzel. After three tries I gave it up.

23. (Q) Have you ever cheated in a game? When?
(A) No.

24. (Q) What is your opinion of your dis- position?
(A) Miss Arthur took the consequence. (Pose for us in a football uniform.)

25. (Q) Which of your pictures did you see the greatest number of times, and how many?
(A) I see only the final preview of my pictures.

26. (Q) Do you prefer men or women friends?
(A) I have no preference as to men or women friends. I have sev- eral of each and find them equally stimulating. I don't be- lieve in capitalizing on friends for publicity purposes.

27. (Q) If you had the choice of meeting Garbo or the Duchess of Windsor, whom would you prefer to meet?
(A) I should prefer to meet Garbo because I can't stand Garbo. (A) I prefer to meet the Duchess of Windsor, because she is a charming, lovely lady.

28. (Q) What do you consider that you do better than your husband?
(A) Make a fire in the fireplace.

29. (Q) When you read the papers which items and departments interest you most?
(A) Movie and international news.

30. (Q) What scene of dialogue in "You Can't Take It With You" was most difficult for you?
(A) My part in "You Can't Take It With You" was all pretty diff- cult because Alice Sycamore is purely ingenuous and that is the hardest thing to play.

31. (Q) Do you have a keen interest in reading articles about yourself?
(A) I have the fascination of a horror- able accident.

32. (Q) What have you ever done, or said, to shock your friends and family?
(A) Miss Arthur took the conse- quences. (Allow us to print a picture which looks the least like you, taken from your personal collection of snap shots.)

33. (Q) What is the item in your scrap- book which you prize most?
(A) Reviews of the plays I did in New York—even the bad ones.

34. (Q) Have you ever had any expe- rience to make you believe in mental telepathy?
(A) I only know that thinking speaks louder than words.

35. (Q) Do you ever get loud or noisy, and under what circumstances?
(A) When I play the "Acting Out" game or some of my other guessing games, I get excited sometimes and yell like mad.

36. (Q) What conduct marks did you usually receive in school?
(A) I was angelic.

37. (Q) Of whom have you ever been in love?
(A) I am extremely envious of people with curly hair.

38. (Q) What's your favorite cuss word?
(A) Aw, nuts!

39. (Q) By what term of endearment do you usually address your husband? What is his for you?
(A) Miss Arthur took the conse- quences. (Write a fan letter to Charlie McCarthy.)

40. (Q) Were you ever jealous of another actress in any of your pictures?
(A) "In 'You Can't Take It With You' I couldn't help envying Ann Miller's wonderful dancing ability.

41. (Q) What efforts do you make to keep your figure?
(A) None.

42. (Q) What piece of Hollywood gossip have you heard recently which you passed on to your friends?
(A) I don't like gossip, Hollywood or otherwise, to hear it or to relay it.

43. (Q) What is your sore spot? What one thing called to your atten- tion "gripes" you more than any- thing else?
(A) It really "gripes" me to be ac- cused of something I have not done. But in gossip columns this is continually happening to the people in our profession. A great actor once said never to answer critics whether they were for or against one—but this doesn't prevent you from "dreaming up" a nice black eye or teeth knocked out!

44. (Q) As a young girl, who were your movie crushes?
(A) Mary Pickford and Mary Pick- ford.

45. (Q) Did you ever write a fan letter, and to whom?
(A) Mary Pickford.

46. (Q) What is the extravagance you can't resist?
(A) Buying hats for my mother she never wears.

47. (Q) In shopping do you believe that a salesperson rates you as an en- joyable customer?
(A) I dislike shopping and never do it unless I have to. I usually know exactly what I want or never take long to make up my mind, so, if that's an asset in a customer, I have it.

48. (Q) Based on your early experience as a photographer's and artists' model, would you call it a safe, or a dangerous profession for a young girl?
(A) It's just hard work, believe me.

49. (Q) What unbecoming personal man- nerisms did you have to fight to overcome?
(A) Frowning without realizing it.

50. (Q) What character have you played which you consider most nearly like yourself, and why?
(A) I don't think I've ever played a character who was partic- ularly like myself.

51. (Q) Of all the leading men you have worked with, with whom did you enjoy working least?
(A) Miss Arthur took the conse- quences. (Outline three conse- quences for the next star that plays this game.)

52. (Q) Do you rinse out your own stock- ings and hose?
(A) I have rinsed out plenty of stockings—I can't get the soap out of my hair.

53. (Q) In what instances have you been a "babe in the woods" for high-pressure sales- manship?
(A) I came home with five pounds of "Blue Bird Seed" and I had no canaries.

54. (Q) What is your real name?
(A) Mrs. Frank J. Ross, Jr.
Men's Eyes

light...linger longer
on a slender, youthful figure...and
figures stay that way longer
if you keep them in
Foundettes

This smooth persuader is MUNSINGWEAR'S new Foundette panty-girdle. Cut high in front for extra diaphragm control. Cut longer over the legs, so there's no chance for bulge. Luxurious exclusive lace of silk, cotton and "Lastex"* with one-way stretch "Lastex"* faille panel. Style 4208. At better stores. MUNSINGWEAR, INC., MINNEAPOLIS. "Knit of "Lastex" yarn.

Foundettes
BY MUNSINGWEAR
HOURS LATER: Your make-up is still thrillingly "natural-looking"—no need for constant retouching.

You Simply Use this SPECIAL Lipstick that's made to Blend with the Color of Human Blood

IT'S GAY AND ALLURING—YET WITHOUT A TRACE OF THAT HARSH, "WET-PAINT" LOOK MEN DESPISE

Here's a special type of lipstick that gives your lips an enchantment you never dreamed possible.

It is called Angelus Lipstick and from the moment you apply it, your lips become alive . . . inviting.

And you don't need apply Angelus Lipstick so often—for it stays perfect for hours, and there is no need for constant fussing and priming to keep yourself attractive.

If you prefer cream rouge, try Angelus Rouge Incarnat. It is made in the same warm colors for use on both lips and cheeks.

Many smart women achieve perfect make-up harmony by using their Angelus Lipstick or Rouge with Angelus "Poudre Incarnat"—the triple refined face powder that comes in five flattering shades matching the most popular colors of Angelus Lipstick or Rouge. Just ask for it by the same number as your Angelus Lipstick. Try this yourself—see how magically they blend with each other and your own coloring.

For a blue-red shade to perfectly match this seasons most popular costumes try

FORMAL RED

Lipstick #404 - Rouge Incarnat #405

A TANY DRUG OR DEPARTMENT STORE.

Canada, did not bring the mental chaos of the other changes and Melvyn Hesselberg could mention his three schoolmates that his father was teaching in the Conservatory of Music. And there was being twelve, and a strange, puzzling, uncomfortable change within himself; and soon after, in the next year, there was falling in love for the first time—since falling in love was now possible and young Melvyn never the one to take tardy advantage of any situation.

The August, 1914 afternoon was bright and sunny. The library housed five or six lakes of shade on it, under the canopies of old trees. Gracefully sprawled beneath the largest of the trees on the library steps, a half dozen adolescents waited for a cooler hour. They were at ease, their talk fragmentary.

"I'm going to the maine town downtown this afternoon," one of the youngsters put in irrelevantly. "They're showing a Western with Bill Hart in it." Melvyn stood up. "I'll go with you."

The boy who had spoken shifted uncomfortably. "I—I'm taking a girl—a girl I met last week. Her father works in the shops. She's gonna meet me down at the corner by the mail-box."

Suddenly the boy's expression changed. "Your mother won't let you know that kinda girl, Melvyn."

In the other's grin young Master Hesselberg caught a shade of forbidden wisdom. He did not know what it meant, but with all his vital young heart he resented it. Here again were the implications of his sheltered life and his mother-inspired attitudes, as there had been so many implications in the grins of so many boys before. Melvyn was big for his age-long boned and tall and lean muscled—and when he let the boy get up from the ground five minutes later that boy's nose was gory and one of his front teeth wobbled as he snuffled.

That same afternoon Melvyn, his hair brushed and his brushes washed, walked slowly up to the corner with the mailbox and tipped his hat to the young, dark-haired lady who (with obvious impatience) waited there.

"Jimmy's had a little accident," he told her.

"Bad?" she questioned. "I mean, is he going to die?"

She had held his skinned right hand into a pocket. "He'll be all right, but he said would I take you to the show. I said sure."

After a hesitant moment she said, "Well, let's go.

Melvyn was suddenly shaky with relief. They held hands during the picture, in the gloom of the little theater. During the intermission, while reels were changed, the pianist banged out a new song, "Poor Butterfly"; and another, "Pretty Baby."

Then, suddenly, the lights went on, the piano wavered to silence, the manager of the theater faked out on the stage. He stood, his arms raised for attention. His voice was harsh with excitement.

"England has declared war on Germany!" he shouted.

The crowd, like an electric impulse, fused the small audience into explosion. When the confusion had died down—the frantic singing of "God Save the King" and the jostling of some to leave the building as if the manager's cry had been "Fire!" Melvyn found the girl he had gone. He never saw her again. He had had, that summer, a job as errand boy for a drug store, but the following spring, when school was out, he left to work for a Philadelphia druggist and return home for a few months. His mind did not construct this desire in any analytical terms. He just packed and set out. But the oppression that suffocated him could be translated in terms of his mother's increasing supervision of his personal life. When he was invited to make sandwiches and later serve them to the small group of intellectuals who were his parents' guests.

Word came to him of a farmer who needed a hand for the season, and he would pay room and board and ten dollars a month. Melvyn had it out with his family and took the job. It was his first open revolt.

His boss was a hard-bitten old Canadien, with a lean and disillusioned aspect—"for a wife (a bun of mouse-colored hair was coiled statically on her lean neck) and a highly unattractive daughter whose face was a few inches shorter than Melvyn himself. His hair was short and harriedly cut, as if from civilization, Melvyn had his first taste of hard living. He was worked pell-mell during the day, and his food consisted of a diet of boiled potatoes and fat salt pork, and presented with religious tracts in lieu of entertainment.

In the second month, on an afternoon bursting with heat, he was sent to hoe some rows in a great field. Exhausted, he lay down for a moment to rest and fell asleep. The farmer discovered him, fired him from the spot, referred him to the second installment of the ten dollars due him, and let him walk the eight miles to the railway. He walked like a man, his fighting spirit, though never so far the object of attack, was guarded zealously by word and shotgun. Here, in a draughty field after the sun had set, he was asked by civilization, Melvyn had his first taste of hard living. He was worked pell-mell during the day, and his food consisted of a diet of boiled potatoes and fat salt pork, and presented with religious tracts in lieu of entertainment.

In the second month, on an afternoon bursting with heat, he was sent to hoe some rows in a great field. Exhausted, he lay down for a moment to rest and fell asleep. The farmer discovered him, fired him from the spot, referred him to the second installment of the ten dollars due him, and let him walk the eight miles to the railway. He walked like a man, his fighting spirit, though never so far the object of attack, was guarded zealously by word and shotgun. Here, in a draughty field after the sun had set, he was asked by civilization, Melvyn had his first taste of hard living. He was worked pell-mell during the day, and his food consisted of a diet of boiled potatoes and fat salt pork, and presented with religious tracts in lieu of entertainment.
for take. teaching juvenile. He. afternoon. certain his low, seen girl. time mously excitement. churned now motive meaning we're calm and confided. But rather, this—

The Hesselbergs maintained a plain- tive silence, made no attempt to stop another girl. She was important solely because she held up his missing—seemed the stage as a possible future. He had seen her often before—third from the left, in the burlesque which, in company with other hoaky players of his class, he viewed each Friday afternoon. Actually he met her for the first time on the aft deck of the boat going to Coronado Island.

Father met him. She came to stand beside him at the rail. Just below, the close-in wake was liquid churned, while a harvest moon painted the far surface a fantastic soft yellow. She was small, with a body of languid movement, under-toned with exci- tement. Immediately he was em- nously aware of her.

"Hello." The voice belonged. For a time they stood in silence.

"I'll see you on the Island?" he asked finally.

They were almost there. She nodded. There was a flamboyance, an intense meaning to that week end.

On the last night they sat side-by-side, looking out at the calm lake. He had not told his age. There had been no need. But she had confided that she was seventeen; and further, that she was fascinated by him. He had not even thought of laugh- ing. Besides, she had an idea. "I could get you on as a juvenile with the troupe," she was saying now. "You want to get away—" (He had told her a little of himself, not too much) "and we're leaving on tour next week. Other- wise—I'll never see you again."

He took her in his arms with that. Why not go? his mind said. Why not? But something of his brain, a section rooted in his training, intruded with cold perception.

This girl is not really the girl, not really like him, ever. "I've got to check at home," he told her at last. "There are things—" He held her tighter.

"You know I'm crazy about you. I'll let you know about everything tomorrow.

But he didn't. And after that was his father's sudden decision to move to Lincoln, Nebraska, to take a teaching position. This was 1917, and a New Year's Day snow covered Raspizin's fresh grave and the Lincoln intellectu-
two people who found their ultimate happiness, not through fame and suc-
cess, but through heartache and despair.

It was in Dubuque, Iowa, that Father Sheehy introduced Don to little
Honore Prendergast, aged thirteen. They were at a school party.

"Just puppy love," smiled the rev-
cend Father to Don's mother, who

came to him about it a short time
after. "Just puppy love."

But it was Father Sheehy who mar-
ried the two of them in 1933.

In the beginning, Don had his ups
and downs in the theatrical world.
Honore smiled through it all, and they
had lots of fun anyway, even though
there wasn't always a lot of money and
it was hard to make toast that first year
without burning it. But there really
wasn't anything to worry about. If she
could just keep Don from playing long
shots at the races everywhere would be
all right. "I can manage," she said to
herself stoutly.

When Hollywood brought fame and
fortune to the Ameche by way of screen
and radio, Honore still managed.
Donnie and Ronnie, now aged five and
three respectively, came along, and they
had to be managed, too. Don was away
all day at the studio and radio station,
but he always got home early, in time
for a romp with the little boys. "One
day," he would tell the youngsters, 
"you two young fellows will have a little
sister. She will make you behave your-

selves."

"When, Daddy?" Donnie would ask.

"When will we get a sister?"

"One of these days," Don would an-
wser. "Then you will have to watch
out."

And always there was Honore's smile
to envelope the three of them like a
golden light. Honore, always there,
ready to kiss away bumps, tie up sore
fingers, soothe away little boys' cares
and heartaches, and a big boy's fatigue
after a long tiring day.

But the morning came when Honore
herself was tired. Don went about
curious elation in his anxiety. During
the day he talked to five-year-old Don-
nie on the telephone, telling him to be
sure to take good care of Mommie.
And in the evening he talked more
and more about how to take care of a baby
sister in case one should come along.
Sons Donnie and Ronnie listened
gravely, impressed with the responsi-

bility that they would one day have,
if they were lucky.

"What if we get a brother, Daddy?"
Donnie would ask. "Do I have to like
him? Or can I treat him as mean as
I treated Ronnie?"

"You have to look up your mind
to make the best of him," Don would an-
wser. "Maybe some day we might be
able to exchange him for a girl!"

And he would look over Ronnie's
curly head and smile at Honore, and she
would smile at him. They were very
happy. . . .

One day, not so many weeks later, Tom
Nair, an attorney friend of mine, called
on me in my hospital room. He had
just returned from a successful busi-
ness trip and was in the mood for talk-
ing. Finally, he got around to discuss-
ing the new streamlined trains. "By
Ameche was on the same

train with me," he stated. "We spent
a lot of time together. I made a bet
with him that the stork would bring
the Ameche family another baby." . . .

"He wanted a little girl, didn't he?" I
asked, thinking of the man in the char-

paign. "Yes," said Tom, "but he's a fool
about kids. I guess if it's a boy he will
be willing to keep it.

"Any. Ameche is here now," I told
him.

"So I read. I sent Don a note yester-
day congratulating him in advance and
hoping he loses." I felt queer. "Yesterday," I
said, "you both lost."

Tom said, "My God!"

Again I saw a man praying—praying
this time, not for the little girl who was
now only a rosebud dream, but for the
little girl's mother, Honore, who lay so

al and still in a hospital bed, her hair
parted in the middle and neatly braided
in two pigtails.

"She looked like a little girl. She
smiled bravely, and Don smiled too.
How small and pale and courageous she
looks, he said to himself. How much
I should have done to help her.

I didn't realize that Donnie and Ronnie
were such a heavy job. I wish she had
her little girl. . . .

How this is hurting him, thought
Honore. He blameless. I should have
had more help, but it was my fault. I should have realized that
Donnie and Ronnie were strenu-
ous. I wish he had his little girl.

Each saying to himself, "It was my
fault." . . .

Each loving the other just a little
more. . . .

Aloud, Don said gently to the frail
figure on the bed, "Mom, see here, young
lady, we are not to be selfish about this
thing. We have Donnie and Ronnie, and
there is always the future. . . ."

Don came to Saint Vincent's every day.
He sat beside Honore and held her hand
and told her how things were at home
and at the studio, how many cute things
Donnie and Ronnie had said. And some-
thing he just had to tell, smiling at
her. Once, when she must have been
feeling a little blue, I heard him singing
softly. "I love you, Mom. I wish you were
there. . . .

It was a kind person. We were always
in love, but I don't believe I knew, until now,
what love really is. And how very fortunate
I am to be spending my life with a
kind person."

Don, never did have much to say.
Just "Want some help, Kid?" or some-
thing like that, as he went by.

In Hollywood when a couple is mar-
rried, the public thinks, "How long will
it last?" Because they are all agreed
that there is no real and true love in
Hollywood. That love, as well as every-
thing else, is just a past, played on the
biggest stage in the world. But I won't
believe as they do—not since I met Don
and Honore Ameche, not since I saw
Don sitting beside his afflicted wife
in his heart, singing to a girl whose
heart ached, too, even though she
smiled bravely.

We're a couple of soldiers my baby and
me. . . .

40th Anniversary of
Macfadden Publications, Inc.
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and for two years things went very well with him. After "The Misleading Lady" he went on to a charming and satirical play, "Damaged Goods," playing the part Richard Bennett played in the American production, "Damaged Goods." This attracted considerable attention because of its subject matter which, for the first time, brought discussion of the social diseases out of the clinics and laboratories.

"While I was in that play," Mr. Colman stated, "I felt my first acute distaste for public recognition. It was embarrassing to go about socially and be published as the 'hero' of 'Damaged Goods.' The show played to capacity, however, and it took the air raids to darken the theater.

"It was" Mr. Colman relates, with some relish, "my 'success' in 'Damaged Goods' which first drew me among the stars. For George Dewhurst, one of the pioneers of the British cinema, saw my performance and came to me with a proposition.

"I thought the first reel comedy for the cinema and I was sure it was the star part. It will give you a fortnight's work and I'll do the right thing by you, I'll pay you a pound a day, not counting Sundays."

"That was indeed! That was my foretaste of Hollywood's opulence. A pound a day! The man was absurd!" But, so far as I know, the film was never released. If it had been and if I had been able to see myself as others would have seen me, I am sure that I would have dashed back to my three-legged stool in a jiffy!

FOR the next three years Ronald skated along on pretty thin theatrical ice. He made occasional short films as "illumin" in between his stage engagements. He first saw himself on the screen when he played the role of a Jewish pacifist in a picture titled "A Son of David." In the Big Moment he was supposed to knock out a burly ex-professional boxer "who could," remembers Mr. Colman, "have killed me and eaten me with the greatest of ease. I went to look at the picture, took one quick gander and fled. My head looked like a rotating ball on a body abnormally too small for it. I was rescued.

Following his first brief film career in London young Mr. Colman appeared in a few more stage plays. It was while he was working on "The Great Day" that he first met Thelma Baye, also in the cast, and very soon after they met they were married. Thelma Baye was the first girl Ronald had ever "gone with" at all steadily. They worked together in the theater. They formed the habit of having supper together every night after the show. They decided that this companionship, formed by the common link of the theater, was love. And so they were married, but the star of bright destiny did not hang over that marriage.

In 1919 the London stage suffered a terrific slump and the actors suffered accordingly. Ronald finally reached such low ebb that young Mr. Colman, Jobless for too long, decided to go to America. In New York he found that employment conditions foractors were not much better than they were in London. But his luck had a definite turn for Ronald when he got the chance to tour with Fay Bainter in "East Is West." That tour did many things for the young man who was still being an actor "because I didn't know anything better to be." For one very important thing, it got his bank account up and made it possible for him to refurbish his wardrobe "so that I would not feel like hiding in a dark alley until nightfall." And secondly, in the course of that tour he met Ruth Chatterton, a meeting and a friendship which proved to be a real turning point in his life. For in the Fall of 1922, thanks to Ruth Chatterton, Henry Miller cast him in "La Tendresse," which had a long and successful run at the Empire Theater. Ruth Chatterton and Henry Miller were the stars.

It was during the year that followed that Ronald first met Bill Powell and Richard Barthelmess. And there began the three-cornered friendship, the one-for-all-and-all-for-one friendship which has become a part of the Hollywood tradition.

John Robertson, the director, introduced the three young men in the lobby of a theater. And at once a rapport sprang up which was to last through the years.

"We may not be three men with but a single thought," smiled Ronald, "but certainly we are three men who think very much alike, and who have much the same outlook on life, share the same values, have enough in common to make us friends for as long as we live."

WHEN a tide turns in the affairs of men it turns exceedingly fast. It was so in Ronnie's case. For one afternoon, after a matinee of "La Tendresse," a card was sent to the young actor's dressing room. The card bore the name of Henry King, the director. He came backstage then and told Mr. Colman that he and Lillian Gish had watched his performance, that they were planning to film "The White Sister," that they had searched everywhere for an actor who could look Italian, who had "a touch of Valentin." Mr. King added, "I believe we have found him in you."

Ronald Colman hesitated. He had long since abandoned any idea of pictures.

"Can I continue to be in this play if I do the picture?" asked Mr. Colman.

"No," Henry King told him, "we must go to Rome."

"I can't possibly do it, then. I wouldn't leave Henry Miller."

"Mr. King explained," Ronald continued, "that I would have a six-weeks' guarantee at more salary per week than I had ever dreamt of for myself. I was tempted. But I repeated that it would be impossible for me to leave the play. If I did a thing like that, I said, I could not live comfortably with myself.

"But Miss Gish and Mr. King were persuasive and Mr. Miller was very kind. And so, on the following day, I was given my first screen test and on the day after that I found myself on the Atlantic Ocean, in a steam ship chair, talking with Lillian Gish."

"The White Sister" was, certainly, the goddess in the machine of Mr. Colman's picture career. For, upon the completion of the picture—six months in the making—the company returned to New York. Ronald did a part in a picture with George Arliss and then went back to Italy again, with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, to make "Romola," Henry King again directing. And it was while they were in Italy finishing "Romola" that Sam Goldwyn called Mr. Colman that he had just seen "The White Sister" and would Mr. Colman consider coming to Hollywood as it was possible to play in "Tarnish" with May McAvoy and Marie Prevost? So the mountains

Madeleine Carroll Co-starred with Fred MacMurray in Paramount's "Gael Society"

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FEBRUARY, 1939
It would take a telephone directory to list all of the pictures in which Ronald played in those first years. But it was with the making of "The Dark Angel" that he found the next landmark in Ronald's career. And a landmark, too, in the "career" of the cinema. For Viola Dana and Ronald Colman, starring in this Goldwyn production of still-blessed memory, were the precursors of the twentieth century's great screen team. Ronald was to become so popular in Hollywood. They so stormed the box office, the dark-handsomely blonde woman, that they continued to team in six or eight pictures, including "The Winning of Barbara Worth" (which also served to introduce Gary Cooper to the screen), "The Night of Love," "The Magic Flame," "Two Loves." They were finally separated for the reason which still "divorces" most screen partners: money. But screen partners can make more money by splitting a successful team, putting a less well-known player with each member of the star teams, doubling their profits from the divided merchandise.

I made my first personal appearance with a picture called "Raffles" in San Francisco and in New York," Ronald told me. "It was the first time I had seen Hollywood or con-


inations and when I made my first return trip to England after we did 'The Re-
scue,' that I had really met the picture fans face to face.

"It was a gratifying experience, profes-


ionally. But I was terribly, horri-


ble nervous. I was not nearly so good at that sort of thing. I have never tried that 'sort of thing' again.'

PICTURE followed picture in such


rapid succession that the young man began to feel suffocated. "The theater is like taking the air,"' says Ronnie. "There is feast or famine, there is no work at all or there is nothing but work."

He played in "Raffles" with Kay Fran-

cisco, and in "The Scarlet Pim-


er," and "John Doe" with Isadore Dem-


ond, as myself. I knew that we would never be any good at that sort of thing. I have never tried that 'sort of thing' again.'

DON'T MISS THE MARCH


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American writer, brings back one of her most lovely characters, Marie La Tour, old-time star. A fascinating and funny novel of the believe-it-or-


not-side of Hollywood today, we pre-


dict this will be one of the most popular


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Beginning in the MARCH issue

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PHOTOPLAY
The titles are her idea, too. For instance: "Three Loves Has Gracie Allen — and Two to Go!"

Carole Lombard is the biggest audience draw of the season. When she went on the Lux Theatre, all Hollywood's crows were sent over in a hurry to handle the crowds. The most nervous movie star of the month was Pauline Lordard on the Chase and Sanborn hour. Before she stepped up with Don Ameche to do "The Prisoner of Zenda," her first dramatic broadcast, Pauline stood in the wings and slipped champagne for courage.

Charles Boyer's Woodbury Playhouse engagement made a great radio impression, but the memory of Boyer around NBC is not so glamorous. He came to rehearsals in a shiny old suit, wearing slippers and no tie; he spoke to no one. After each show he slipped in to hear the Jack Benny Broadcast.

Good News has a new name for Frank Morgan — "Grandpops." Frank's golden hair has turned completely white since he has been on the show. The sponsors sent a film notable a case of coffee after he guested on "Good News" and the star sent back a wire. "Thanks, do you know a sponsor who makes doughnuts?"

A new program, "Gateway in Hollywood," will open another avenue to young screen hopefuls. Wrigley is sponsoring it with veteran producer Jesse Lasky and the lucky winners get an RKO contract! But producers mixed with radio spell only headaches to Irene Rich. The day her air script burlesqued a movie producer and Zanuck and several other movie tycoons called up fighting mad:

Bob Hope seems on the air to stay: what's more, Mrs. Hope is auditioning for a radio career. Bob's extra money has gone toward buying a stained glass window for his church in North Hollywood. A lot of Jack Benny's profits of the last few years are now sunk in a valuable piece of Hollywood property on Sunset near the NBC and CBS studios. Andy Devine's saving his spare change; reason — the new addition to the family. Lucille Ball is investing in a Hollywood flower shop.

The best romance note of the month concerns Edgar Bergen. His newest girl friend is tall, attractive Helen Wood, radio actress with "These We Love." When he introduced her to Don Ameche at NBC, Don cracked, "You ought to get along swell with Charlie McCarthy — with a name like that!" None of the rest of Bergen's girl friends has, though.

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NOW when you smooth your skin for powder with Pond's Vanishing Cream, you give it extra skin care. Now Pond's contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again.

Use Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and for overnight to provide extra "skin-vitamin" for your skin. Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method. Tuba in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 9:30 P.M., N.Y., Time, N. B. C."
she must find a way of saying it that will not antagonize people. If she has decided to say "yes" when she feels like it, she is always in danger of having her name spattered carelessly, until some day she sees her name in headlines.

1HE bit player who wants to become a star some day has one of the toughest sex problems in all of Hollywood. Even when he has won a part within sight, he may not want "no" for an answer, the feared producer can always hope that she's ready to serve upon his imperious demand in Hollywood, so that her fan will write to the studio asking when she's going to appear in another picture. The bit player, who may earn as little as $35 or $50 a week, has two terrific problems.

First, on her salary, how is she going to be able to dress well enough so that she'll look beautiful and attractive in her clothes? Secondly, if some important producer willn't have her, and she turns him down, what is to prevent him from seeing that she isn't called for again in his picture? She's so unimportant, comparatively speaking, that the chances are if she doesn't make a picture of herself a good-by in her absence. At the same time, if she makes a hit with the director, the cameramen and the lighting experts, they can direct her and photograph her in such a way that she'll stand out. Her problem is even worse than that of the extras, because most of the extras in Hollywood realize that the chances of their ever getting anywhere are pretty slight, so they haven't as much to lose by saying "no."

Bit players and other girls earning between $35 and $50 a week usually share an apartment in an apartment house with another girl, paying $50 to $75 a month for the apartment. Very often these apartments come completely furnished. Most likely, the girls who pay $30 a month for rent live in an apartment house where there is no switchboard.

Living with another girl is a great advantage when you have to turn down a too-important suitor. If you live with another girl and the boy friend, it is always possible to say, "Oh, you'll wake her up and So."

1he average girl, though, has less privacy in the door if you wish to. You can't disturb your roommate who is sleeping, but you're terribly sorry about it. Some other night, perhaps.

1HE Hollywood extra girl is a kind of law to herself. The chances of an extra's becoming a star today are almost infinitesimal, so there is really no good reason why the Hollywood extra should have to worry about whether or not she makes a hit with someone influential. The chances of her getting more than 10,000 extras in Hollywood earning from $7.50 to $35 a day, depending upon whether they are just extras, still less, or have lines to speak. The competition between them for even a single day's extra work is very keen. As extras have little to worry about except to be there and occasionally to speak a few lines, the method of selecting them from among all the girls who try out is Central Casting. The casting is rather haphazard and studio politics, family and personal influence often enter into the extra's getting the part. The extra finds it wise to keep on good terms with as many as-}

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**New "Air-Span" Rouge**

Because it is actually blended by air, it has a new exquisite smoothness, glowing colors. Shads that match the Lipstick...50c.

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**Hollywood Girls on Their Own**

(Continued from page 20)

The escort business is a thriving Hollywood industry,不但 many of the men from the East who know no one on the Coast come to Hollywood and telephone an escort service for a partner. There is a special companion for the afternoon or evening.

Obviously, a girl who accepts a posi-

r

Hollywood's fertile imagination originated. In Hollywood there are a great many invalids who have come to California in order to take advantage of the climate. Invalids often get lonely. Providing constant companionship for them is often a source of income. Hence the "Sitter and Listener" comes in. She is paid $3 an hour, of which she keeps $2 for the use of her apartment and the other $1 to are to entertain the patient for a stated number of hours.

Since the "Sitter" or "Listener" is much more apt to be a plain Jane than the girl who works for an escort service, and invalids get a great deal more fun out of their troubles than talking about love, her sex problem is much less acute than the one that the girl who works for an escort bureau. In fact, her only sex problem may be that she has none!

Of course, there are those all visitors to Hollywood notice is the startling beauty of girls who do all sorts of work from manizing nalls to waiting on customers at drive-in hambarger stands. Often the answer is that these girls came from small towns, where they were told by all their friends that they "ought to be in pictures." Coming out to Hollywood, they found that they could not crash the union barriers at the Central Casting Office and finally took the first job that came along.

Of course, many of them meet some of the same problems that any girl earning $15 a week in any town would have. She buys her clothes the same way; she lives in a $3 a week room, which she shares with another girl. Her greatest pleasure is rolling on one of the many near-by beaches. Like all the other girls in Hollywood, this type soon learns that the town is no happy hunting ground for a girl in search of a husband.

Shopgirls in Hollywood face many of the same problems as do in other towns, except that it is harder for them to get married in Hollywood and in-

financing their own careers.

There are many girls on their own in Hollywood—more than in any other town in the world. Some have come to Hollywood because they think it is the land of romance, the land where dreams come true. Often they have saved up their money years in order to come to this town, where they believe the cream of the world's eligible young men are. Some of them have been in Hollywood a few years, they usually start saving their money decently.

There are many girls on their own in Hollywood—but not many of them, because they are not infinitely rather be happily married.
Dreaded whether or not you can wear your hair up high on your head. Everyone, of course, tries it at first, but there's no denying that some of us can't get away with it. Even if you're still wearing your hair in a long bob, you've drawn back off your face anyhow to give you the new barefaced look. But you've probably come to the same sad realization that's hit all of us, whether hair up or down: that you have a great deal of hair and it looks quite undressed without that flattering frame of hair around it.

You've found you have a whole new make-up problem. With your hair high on your head or drawn off your face, your eyes are now more arresting than ever before. If your forehead is high and wide, your hair is liable to look light-heavy.

Raising your eyebrows makes your eyes seem larger and more dramatic. But your brows must still look natural.

Thin pencilled lines have a tendency to take your face look like an egg with features drawn on it, so keep the brows heavy enough to add character and drama to your face. Pull out the hairs underneath—never touch those on top. Instead of using an eyebrow pencil, apply brush lightly on the top arch of your brows and on the fine, light hairs that grow just above this.

This way you can afford to leave a natural line of your brows and pull all out the others. Be moderate in this, though, as in everything else, because if your brows are too high you will look like a perpetual question mark.

So prove again that beauty is a personal care and that you can't defend for even a day, be sure to keep your brows always neatly plucked and clean, because there's nothing more unattractive than girl whose brows are growing in unkindly with stray little hairs underneath.

Use one of the little magnifying mirrors so you don't miss a single hair. On an antisepitic so your lidos won't smart and smooth cream into your lids to keep them soft and discourage dryness or tiny lines.

Instead of an eyeshadow in the daytime, try putting a tiny bit of vasseline or cream over your lids to give them a luminous transparent look. It will make you look young and dewy. To keep that young look, apply your makeup with a delicate brush. You have to blend your makeup carefully and be sure to carry it lightly almost to your ears. It's fatal to be absent-minded when you're thickening up your face. You're liable to rouge just the front part of your cheeks and completely forget the rest.

Remember, too, that your neck has also joined the great open spaces. With your hair back off the back of your neck, your nape will be nice and soft and white because it hasn't been exposed to the weather, but your throat is probably somewhat darker. Obviously, something has to be done. Use softening and blending creams on your throat and blend your powder down over your chin. Be sure that your entire neck and face are exactly the same color. Try a liquid powder foundation on your neck to give it a smooth even look. Make up the back of your neck with the same care that you do your face and throat. Just because you can't see it doesn't mean that no one else can.

**TRAVEL TIP:** If you're planning to go away for the week end or on a cruise or just to visit your cousin in a near-by city, I've gathered some marvelous tips for your from Priscilla Lane on the set of "Yes, My Darling Daughter." Priscilla and Rosemary traveled for five years with Fred Waring's orchestra and learned all the tricks of the beauty-bound. Their perfume bottles never spill over and they don't find powder sprinkled all over their clothes when they unpack their bags.

"I learned by sad experience never to carry full bottles of astrigent or hand lotion during cold weather," laughed Priscilla, "because I did it once and all the liquids froze and expanded and broke the bottles. My clothes were a wreck. Now I pack only bottles that are half-full."

"If you carry powder in adjustable shakers, you won't spill it. Use a complexion brush instead of a wash cloth because you can wipe it dry before repacking it."

For a short trip, Priscilla buys her cosmetics in the dime-store size instead of taking her regular large-size jars that take up so much room in her bag. She carries either collapsible toothbrushes or cheap ones which can be thrown away.

"If you stick to one brand and color of nail polish when traveling, then you can give yourself a quick patch job without any difficulty. And the easiest things in the world to forget are cotton, cleansing tissue and an antisptic white lipstick for dry lips, so you'd better make a mental note to be sure and remember them."

Priscilla's last tip is to wear a bandeau tied Mammy-fashon over your hair at night to protect it from dust and help preserve the wave while you're traveling. A hairbrush will help to keep your hair clean.

So have fun on your trip!

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**Why REVILON is fashion’s favorite nail enamel the world over...**

"Revlon is my favorite nail enamel because it wears so well and stays lustrous so long," says Elizabeth Gibbons, strikingly attractive photographic model. "It comes in shades that are definitely exclusive—just like the originals of famous French dressmakers! You can't find such colors anywhere else. Revlon goes on so easily and never streaks. Its rich quality texture makes nails perfectly beautiful. Since I've been using Revlon, my nails have been on their best behavior...Revlon is the only nail enamel in the world for me!"

Miss Gibbons' sentiments are universal. More fine beauty salons throughout the world prefer Revlon Nail Enamel over any other nail polish because it stays on so beautifully between manicures and creates steady manicure customers.

An outstanding example is Ivan, Fifth Avenue Hair Stylist, who has dressed many of the crowned feminine heads of Europe. Society leaders and celebrities from the four corners of the earth come to Ivan's New York salon for expert beauty care. Here Revlon is used always, because it meets Ivan's exacting quality and fashion standards as though made to his order. And so Revlon is fashion's favorite Nail Enamel the world over. You will prefer it, too. Like Miss Gibbons, you'll find it best. Best for looks, best for wear, best for the nails! Featured in leading department stores and in quality beauty salons.

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WHY WAS CLEOPATRA NEVER KISSED?

Everyone who is at all interested must have noticed all go now, with the long and unbelievable record of Marie Wilson's sixteen-year-old, one-girl assault on Hollywood. The small legacy she used to buy her way into Annabel, Canada, and set her up in what she hoped to be impressive opulence. The big ear, the money, and most part of her wardrobe was the hilltop house. Only Nick Grinde wasn't. He was the only thing real. That's why Marie fell in love with him.

Because, after the girl-meets-olderman-next-door episode in the middle of the street, Marie's family set out deliberately to make the bachelor director like her. It didn't look like an easy job.

Marie and Nick had their dates mostly in Nick's house, under the disapproving but effective surveillance of Ching, his Chinese manservant. Ching's resentment of what he considered a cunning young hussy's hold on his master's affections was expressed in his hoarse until he bordered on violence and Nick had to let his trusted manservant go.

But this was not in each other for three times a week—Nick and Marie. After dinner, Marie would stroll across her yard and ring her doorbell, get gloved and coiffed, and walk in, to spend the evening with Nick, talking over her life and her dreams, listening for other hours to his interesting tales. She had other dates, of course. The young bloods of Hollywood flocked around. Jackie Coogan, the Stroud twins, Johnny Newell, Tommy Lee—a lot of them. They called her "Exotica" when she was with Marie.

When Marie told Nick about this, he roared with laughter. Nick laughed at most everything Marie told him. Real, funny, and automatic. And he was amused. The act was funny enough to him but the ambitions of Nick's friends, to make a great actress were even funnier.

Consequently, the director—screen-ambitious girl's setup of their relationship which might have proved awkward and fatal to their romance never intruded. Because he considered the whole thing a young girl's glamorous hallucination from which she was bound to recover sooner or later, Nick never used his studio connections to force a break for Marie. In all the years of their friendship, all he did was to call Babes in Arms, at Marie's request, to identify her so Plazza would see her, and incidentally, so Nick hoped, give her some good advice.

"I gave Marie the good advice. He said she had a nice figure and interesting eyes, but he didn't see any talent when they were uncompliments or anything. He said she did. She talked wrong, walked wrong, and her personality, he hinted, would be more effective in Armas- than in Hollywood.

But Richard Wallace, a director at Paramount, whom she managed to see by telling him she was a little girl and it was helpful. He told Marie she would have to give up the idea of getting in pictures right away. She'd have to study first, make herself all over. Then, he allowed, she would have such great chance.

Marie went right to dramatic coach Sandy Saunders and started the remodeling. It was a year and a half before the successful break. The new Nick Grinders took her for nothing when she didn't have the money to pay, for which Marie will always be grateful.

Her ambitions and her serious campaigning, however, kept apart from Nick Grinde. She knew he wouldn't take her seriously. She shrank, with a woman's intuition, from mixing business with pleasure.

The test, made by a lot of smart Hollywood beginners have had the sense to do.

Marie concentrated on making Nick like to have her around. She tried to make him comfortable. She tried to be cordial and send the whole set through, listened to his stories. If the radio was too loud or too low she'd run over and talk with him. Only more often than once she'd trip over a lamp cord on the way. The studio people were right. Marie had no more poise than a June bug. And that complicated things.

Because as Nick Grinde began to find in the little girl next door something that he missed with his ex-girlfriends, he started to take her to the homes of his friends, and he had some very well-traveled, smooth-handed people who lived in exquisitely appointed houses. Marie always managed to do something wrong.

People will probably never forget the evening Nick took her to a quiet cocktail-gathering at the house of one of his file-boys. They sat before a coffee table bedecked with costly crystal glasses. "For Heaven's sake," she cried in mock terror, "don't let me touch them. I break everything I see." Whereupon she accidentally gave a ZaSu Pitts-like sweep of her arms and proceeded to clear the whole set crashing in little pieces on the floor!

And when she wasn't doing the wrong thing, Marie was telling lies. One of her typical blunders lost a friend of Nick's job. The friend, an assistant director, was flashing around the studio the plans for the new executive suite, kidding lightly about his own status as a big shot. After he had gone, Marie floundered, and the bag was kicked on the floor. Without stopping to think, she telephoned the office of the studio head and asked if she should send it over, explaining the details. The executive, outraged that someone should be flashing his pass, called the offender in and promptly sacked him.

"Don't know why Nick ever put up with me!" Marie wonders today, "unless he was fascinated—try to guess what I'd do next!"

The answer, of course, is that Nick Grinde was in love with her. There was something about the girlish way of Marie, doing the wrong things at the right time, believing in phony fairy tales and talking to them about that got Nick. Behind her ing. Nature he saw the right stuff.

As far as Marie, her friendship with Nick took life and fun. And love. At one feverish dawn side with youthful elfin chins and wavy heads with which Hollywood is well supplied. And so, after a year or two Marie knew that Marie was actually in earnest about the acting business, he began to encourage her. Marie talked over every tiny thing that happened to her at the studio; Nick gave her good advice.

Marie Wilson's rise as a first-rate comedy star has had little effect on her romance with Nick Grinde, except to complicated things. First, although they were both at Warners for some time, both refused to mix business with pleasure and work on the same set. The one time they did, in "Public Welfare," a director named Dick Nick and Marie was put on the picture.

Then an actress took sick during the picture and Marie was put in it. So there was no way out.

In spite of the success that seems assured, Marie is not satisfied. Since "Boy Meets Girl," she is still giving no definite date for her marriage to Nick Grinde. Although she hopes to be married early this year, there remain some family complications.

Also Marie is keeping her fingers crossed about her career. It has all happened so suddenly that she's wary of its permanence. That fatal finger on her left hand is still without an engagement ring.

"Rings are so expensive," explains Marie.

The official seal of a formal engagement could mean little indeed, however, to Nick and Marie. She has dependents—three people, among them a boy, Linda, who Nick used to see for advice on everything. He even bought her a new, and this time, moderate little automatic. As he explained, he was tired of looking at the old Packard out in front. It was beginning to tear down property values. And when Marie took the new auto mobile out and promptly got mixed up in one of the most serious traffic accidents in Hollywood, Nick took up the legal details of the mess, got her a new car out of it and generally acted like a dependable fiancé should. Which included, of course, daily visits to the hospital where Marie lay for nine weeks with a very good chance of not coming out.

The ambush had driven what the newspapers referred to as a "hair ornament" about an inch into her skull and left her with occasional loneliness. It was not a hair ornament, Marie confessed, but a screw from the car's top somewhere.

"I was screw loose in my head," grins Marie, "how can you expect me to be sane?"

The point is, no one does—including Nick. That's why they're so happy.

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FEBRUARY, 1939

83
...Yet... SAVE HALF!

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 10)

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(Continued from page 10)

...Yet... SAVE HALF!

Close Ups and Long Shots
Forbidden Great Loves of Hollywood

(Continued from page 25)

able to carry out their duty. No one would ever awaken her again.

So she had been alone that night in the house on the hillside.

"Wasn't she afraid?" the detective asked.

"She was never afraid," her father said, and for the first time since he had seen the crumpled figure among the soundings she smiled. It may have been a smile of pride. "There was a bell connected with my room, if she ever wanted me," she said, and she kept a pistol and a shotgun out there. Shotgun, mostly for them big rabbits that eat up my garden. Them jack rabbits have nearly killed it.

They examined the pistol. It was the wrong caliber to begin with and obviously hadn't been fired in many a day. And a shotgun hadn't made that small, clean, fatal wound.

The motorcycle cop on patrol hadn't seen anything. The neighbors had heard nothing.

It came down to the empty safe, after they'd dug as far as they could into her life and loves. It was amazing how discreet she'd been. Discreet and secret.

Because that morning was supposed to be the day that she was to have affairs with her, but there was nothing to prove they had been her loves and affairs were kept secret.

But there had been enough jewels in the empty safe to pay, nowadays, the price of an insurance company. She had a list of them and they were insured for a hundred thousand dollars.

"It's a riddle," the detective told the insurance investigators, "keeping all that stuff in a little cracker box like that. Like asking somebody to come in and help themselves. Anybody could open it, easier than a baby's bank. And, of course, there ain't a fingerprint on it."

Between them, the police and the insurance company did all the usual thing. They dug up the house and checked up everywhere connected with the jewel ring. They brought in every safecracker.

They swear the servants and the studio maid, who was the only one who knew the combination to the safe.

Nothing came of it.

Hollywood drew a long sigh of relief. It was a murder with a robbery motive. That's why it happens anywhere. It's no stain upon Hollywood's fair name.

"Nothing to do now but wait for the jewels to show up," the insurance men said gloomily. "The old man didn't have any idea she had that much stuff. He looked dazed, he sure did. He'll be able to retire and go back to Omaha now. Well, we'll watch the European market."

But they have never shown up any-where and I do not think they will.

For they are hidden very deep in the earth of that Hollywood hillside, packed down to a rock by the scrubby earth, covered with sand and dirt, and already the heavy matted grass and the wild flowers and the Tiffany blue sky and the Los Angeles sun that have covered them for several seasons.

The old man, her father, had been restless that night. He often was. He did not sleep well. But he had become very much nervous about the night hours as he had waited out so much else in life—his wife, and his daughter and—other things. It was a very special time, especially in the shadow of the hill. Even not the stars sent any pale blue light, though if you walked up to the top of the road you could see a few of them.

It was while he was walking down that he saw the little car parked on the driveway just inside the huge wall, deep in the shadow. A pretty little couple of some color as dark as the night. Often enough the old man saw them there, and the shadow knew them well. The long black roadster, heavy and expensive. And the smaller sports car. He knew those cars well. But this small elegant car he did not know.

The lights were still on in his daughter's room, the windows were an orange glow above the little patio. You couldn't see those lights from the road. But he glanced, he stopped a minute, he looked up at them. He was surprised because it was after midnight and usually she was in bed before that when she was working. She took very good care of herself, she did.

Then he heard her laugh—that little excited laugh, so like her mother's. Often enough, as he walked his own garden or climbed up the hillside on sleepless nights, he heard that little, wicked, excited laugh, and then murmurs in the night and his heart froze. It was so like other nights, many years ago, nights he dared not let himself remember, when love and faith had beenmurdered in his past.

And then, to his amazement, he heard a woman's voice.

"I'm sorry to disturb any woman at his daughter's house. She was not popular with women, though she was too shrewd to notice a thing on her."

Suddenly, he heard a voice raised—the woman's voice. It wasn't a scream. It wasn't even loud. But it had in it a terrible intensity. The very sound of it made the old man begin to tremble.

All desperation seemed to lose it. The dark night was suddenly alive with danger.

And then—his daughter laughed. Afterwards, he was amazed beyond belief that even she had dared to laugh in the face of that desperate voice. Then, he was amazement to be able to hear not only that wicked, excited, triumphant little laugh.

The shot, not loud, cut it out, cut it two in left it hanging in the air like an insane echo.

How he got upstairs to the bedroom he never quite remembered. But the first picture of it as he opened the door was engraved on his mind forever.

He saw his daughter, crumpled among the scented pillows, the red stain on her breast, with her dark head thrown back so that her throat made an arch, and her dark eyes open, staring, paintless motley on her still white face. He saw the glowing orange lights and the lush purple satin bed and the tall woman in blue with the gun in her right hand.

The woman moved first. She turned and looked at him. A thrill of pure astonishment went through his brain. For the face of the woman didn't match the rest of the picture at all. It was a plain woman with a blue and a gentle mouth that was gray-white now. The hair un-scented and white, and as white as ash and gray, and it was odd that he should notice it was long and rolled into a single knot at her neck.

He noticed, too, that her eyes were as plain as very rich and well-cut and that she still wore gloves and that—why, she looked like a lady. "You must be dead!" the woman asked quietly.
The old man's brain began to function, it took out and very, very strange, he thought that came into it. He looked at the still figure and the violent upsurge pulsed a dimness and he said, "Oh, yes, she's dead." They stood, staring at each other. "I'm her father," he said.

She told him her name, still quietly. It was a very great name. It was, he knew instantly, also the name of the woman. It should not be a great lady, just a very old, elderly, old woman that stood so many nights in the thick shadow inside the abode wall. He was just as he thought it was. She, his executive, director—anyway, one of the powers that be, above all other powers, was the. This woman from in her gloved hand, was his wife. "She laughed," the woman said. "I saw how the old man remembered how her mother had laughed at him, when he was on his knees, begging, pleading, broken. The same excited little laugh when he had begged her not to leave him because of all she knew. He knew he couldn't seem to think of living without the touch of her. He had groveled there, and she had laughed and gone just the same, talking to him. He had never seen her again and then, years later, he'd seen her daughter on the screen. The name wasn't the same but no matter—the face, the features, perfectly, nearly filled the same mold twice. And drawn by his own agony he had gone to her. Oh yes, he knew that laugh.

The woman swayed, and he came out of his bolting memories and put an arm around her and made her sit down. "You should—telephone—a doctor—" the woman said, and her throat was convulsed so that the words were broken. "No," said the old man, slowly. "No. Not now. You...must think. Why did you come here?"

"I came—I shouldn't have come," she said, thinking maybe if I begged her, maybe if I told her about the children..." The words began to pour out, matching in flow the blood that still flooded from the dead woman they ignored now for a brief moment. "You see, it didn't matter when the children were born. One thing's true—it's been happening years. Oh, I knew. I always knew. But I thought in time—then—but you, it was ruining him. Like a fever. He was different. Lately, he's been—you can't understand..."

Her father thought of that other little sports car and the slim, tall blond young man who drove it away at two and three in the morning. He understood quite well why of late the paunchy, overworked, gray-haired man who was this woman's husband had become almost mad. All this was as though he were living his own life over again. "He wanted a divorce," the man's wife said. "Don't do that," he said. He went over and touched her shoulder, and held his hand there until she was quiet. Then he turned, all but one of the lights. A shadow fell across the chaise lounge. The old man grinned a little to think that, for once, she couldn't take any part in the scene. He hoped she was lingering near, trying to see him, at least. "He's named it—my way she did him sometimes when she got mad—and that she knew it. He couldn't do anything about it any more."

"How did you get in?" he said. "She let me in," the woman said. "I asked her..."

"How she must have loved that, the old man thought. "Did anyone else know you were coming?" he said. She shook her head. He took the gun away from her then, and put it in his pocket. He had made up his mind. There was a chance—a chance—and he was going to take it. Aloud he said, "It's all right. Keep perfectly still a minute."

It was as though, with his terrible memories, his youth had come back to him for a moment. He walked nearer and looked down at the dead woman. "It's funny," he said, to the woman who sat frozen in her chair, her gray eyes wide and terrible with her awakening realization, "but it seems right she should die like that. How many people—people—in Hollywood know all about her and your husband? I always thought people in Hollywood knew everything."

"Nobody knew," the woman said bitterly. "Nobody but me. You see—you wanted to marry him. And she didn't want a scandal. Because you see, there were the children and his mother—he—his husband—he was afraid of his mother. So they sneaked—and lied—and met in Paris—-and went away on his yacht sometimes and he came here. Oh, oh, oh. She was clever. She had him—" The woman made a gesture with her hand as though she were squeezing something, "but she was playing for big stakes."

"I'd never met her—and I came—I thought if I begged her and showed her what I'd done..."

The old man smiled. "Not much use in that," he said.

"I couldn't have done this," the woman said. "I had it in my heart—I wanted to kill her—but I couldn't—"

"Where'd you get the gun?" he asked. "I carry it in my car," she said, "because I drive alone at night—to the beach house—I thought she'd find it when she came up."

"Well," said the old man, "we got to act quick and very quiet and you got to do just what I tell you."

After all, there wasn't so much to do. The night was very dark. He got the little car out and headed down the canyon.

Then he went back and made her fix her face and then he put her in it. "Can you drive home?" he said. "You got to. For them kids. If you can get home and nobody knows anything there—don't you worry?"

Funnybone flicker El Brendel, snapped at the Hotel Peabody in Memphis, shows what the true sportsman is carrying this year—a rifle, salt cellar, tame duck and a copy of Photoplay.

He had the combination of the safe and he opened it and very, very slowly, wearing his old gardener's gloves all the time. Then he knocked over a couple of chairs and took a fire extinguisher and threw it at the wall, like maybe she had thrown it at the man opening the safe. "He knew her, didn't he?" he said. "Who are you?"

He studied it carefully. Like most men, fallen asleep on the chaise longue and woke up and saw the man opening the safe and started for the door and knocked over the chair and then grabbed up the perfume bottle and thrown it where it came and raked toward the chaise longue. Looked all right.

Oh, he left the one light burning and then he went downstairs and outside and, with his tools, forced one of the low windows off the patio, taking care to stand on the flagstones so he wouldn't leave a footprint, and cut the screen and crawled through the window. The jewels and the gun were in his pocket.

Tickled him he'd had the combination of that safe. That silly studio model out in the country couldn't get something out of it. Being in a hurry and half-hysterical anyway—he could get people like that—put them all thumbs and couldn't manage the thing at all. Women never could seem to open safes anyhow.

So she asked him to help her and he'd done it and remembered the numbers, not knowing exactly why, only as she always remembered everything about her. How furious she would have been if she'd known.

The still path up the hillside was familiar to him. He wore sneakers—the same ones he always wore. Lots of people walked in the mountains, a lot came up the very top, because from there you could see the ocean. On moonlight nights it was lovely.

But tonight it was very dark, pitch-dark. The powers of darkness served him tonight, not her. He took along a sharp trowel.

The hole was deep and careful and he was careful as he crawled under the brush and scrub oaks and broke any branches. He came up here often after yuccas. He planted the gun and the other things in the bushes, and with the brush and scrub oaks he covered them. Even if anybody knew where to look they'd hardly find them. There was lots of stuff in the bushes in spots that were wise.

When he got back he remembered to try the front door, to be sure it was locked. Then he went upstairs to bed, not turning on any lights and he was actually asleep when the maid woke him with her wild screams the next morning.

No, the jewels haven't ever turned up. Probably, said the police, they'd been sent to Europe and reset. So the insurance company paid the money and the old man decided to change his house, on the Spanish house on the hillside.

"I'd hate to leave my garden," he said. "Besides this is my home—and it's got memories for me."

So Hollywood went its way and there was no scandal. And a family went its way, and if the world was ever going to be a better place, sometimes sad, and if she spent more and more of her time upon her knees in a dirty little hovel, it was worth it, she worked, nobody noticed it much. And the old man tended his garden and perhaps took guard over that path up the hillside.

The tree of forbidden love in Hollywood is still path—police, they'd been eluding murder. But don't look for the house in the canyon or the little old man, because that was just my way of telling the story.
He is an aesthete. He sees beauty in a tree, a flower, a day, a gesture. A blade of grass. Music. The sky at sea. A pretty girl. A moth.

But, of course, our Mr. Cagney has a great deal in common with another one of our friends, one Ferdinand and Jacob Cohen, of course. The comparison in the life circumstances of these two characters of extreme aesthetic tastes is apt to go to the mind. Here are two souls who, through accidents, were thrust, and I think you can call it thrusting, into an arena of combat. Ferdinand Cohen faced a frenzied madman on a field of Spanish gore; Cagney, to face a frenzied cop on long rows of Hollywood celluloid.

The very circumstances behind the projection of Ferdy and Jimmy into fields foreign to their tastes are strikingly similar. Our male bovine, for instance, had the indelicacy to sit on an ignignant bumblebee, who, in sheer self-defense, struck Ferdy squarely in the rump, sending him leaping and galloping in a series of wild capers, which, by going on, that Ferdy was only something this side of terrific.

And while also not attending strictly to business, was hit by the strategic bug that sent him galloping off to the dressing rooms of Warner brothers, who also had ideas concerning the caperings of the reflected Mr. Cagney.

There were times when Jimmy tried to get away from it all and, figuratively of course, go back and sit under a tree in small village夯实. He tried it, figuratively again, in several pictures for Grand National and only recently in "Bud Abbott and Lou Costello in the picture, "Angels With Dirty Faces," that he must stay there and fight—or be fought by an ignignant public.

There is a universal belief, one gathers, that Jimmy is a product of the Ghetto or the brawling turmoil of New York's east side. He isn't. His home, in the Yorkshire part of the city, is properly inhabited by poor and hard-working Americans as well as Germans, Jews, Italians, and many others, making up the mixture by one generation.

The Cagnys, fatherless before even the baby sister was born, and almost penniless, to boot, was just another unit, who, like a thousand others on the stage, had to, United they could and did survive. The boys, all four of them, husbanded after school but daytimes they went to school and high school and universities. They became doctors and business men and Phi Beta Kappa key holders—all because the mind of one Irish woman was obsessed with the idea of education. They grew up with it in their hearts and minds and souls; they never dreamed of disobeying. But it was in Jimmy's case, his father's education removed them from that particular environment that these Cagnys discovered. He could not talk about his education. And, quick as a flash to catch on, they changed their mode of speaking.

How did the Cagnys among themselves was often commented on. When they left their mother at the door to go to the corner grocery, did they kiss her tenderly, kissing her again when they returned. Growen boys lay in their happiness at being kept. The way they talk together was this woman found expression in this manner. And still does. But he hasn't the least bit of sentimentality. In fact, the whole lot, the whole kid and kobble of them. At twelve, Jimmy experienced his first real suffering. He was homesick, while at home, for the countryside he'd discovered for the first time on a two weeks' vacation at the seaside. He'd plod along the sidewalks with his full sack of fish. He'd found the thing he loved—nature, beauty. And he couldn't bear to be away from it. In fact, the first money he ever saved in his life went for a cruelly constructed cracker on a wooded hillside in New Jersey. He'd go out there between jobs or over week ends and just sit, gazing at the house and the woods and the mosquitoes gorged on Jimmy.

Now, circumstances have permitted him to buy a bigger shack on a farm (this time with no cricks) on the Island of Martha's Vineyard, off the coast of Massachusetts. Here he spends every spare moment between pictures. The way he fits into the life there is touching and amazing. To see him there among the old inhabitants—fishermen mostly—is really to know James Cagney, Public Enemy Number One.

He'll drive down the wooded road and meet up with a neighbor. "Hi, Jim," the neighbor will nod quietly and solemnly, and Jim, in the same tone, return the greeting, with no expression, will nod back, "Hi, Lem." Many of these people haven't the wariest idea Jim's the circus kid from Hollywood. And those who do aren't impressed. He'll gather with them at the "riding," and, for hours on end, discuss the business of boats and fishing and farming and life and, as the talk flows along, one will know that Jimmy Cagney has come home at last, and at last found—peace.

He painted his barn red so the blue blossoms of a pride tree would show up to greater and more artistic advantage. And when the hurricane hit his beloved island last autumn, it was right to that tree that Jimmy flew with anchors to keep it from being snapped with the gale that bent it double.

"I could bless you for it today if it weren't for Midol, I'd be at home right now. Thanks to you both, there's a new month on my calendar!"

"Remember how I used to be, Carol? Forever letting down my friends... breaking dates and appointments... staying at home several days each month--because I thought I had to?"

"Then you made me see how much I was missing by doing nothing to relieve menstrual pain—cobbling myself of a form of torture every year. That's when you told me about Midol."

DRUGSTORES know that severe or prolonged functional period pain is not natural to most women. Now thousands of women have discovered a reliable, simple relief—Midol®. For unless there is some organic disorder calling for a physician's or surgeon's attention, most of those who try Midol find it brings swift relief from such suffering.

Midol is made for women for this sole purpose. A few Midol tablets should see you serenely through your worst day. Try Midol; discover, as many women have, that it's easy to keep going and still keep comfortable! Your druggist has Midol in trial and economical aluminum cases to tuck in purse or pocket.

"There's a new month in the life of every woman."

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIOD PAIN
YOU swing it. We give it to you. You're tired of football now, anyway, but maybe you can get some excitement out of Tom Brown (he's been a college boy too long) and Robert Wilcox being pals. Wilcox grandstands in football games, but he doesn't mess about and doesn't, still, threaten their friendship. Constance Moore doesn't help any since she loves him. Guess how the big game comes out?

SECRETS OF A NURSE—Paramount

PUT a nurse, a crooked fight racketeer, a criminal lawyer and a prizefighter together, yell "Roll 'em," read a good story, and then yell "Cut!" You get this. Nurse Helen Mack loves fighter Dick Foran, lawyer Edmund Lowe loves Helen, but nobody else loves anybody else. Someone is killed (you won't care who) and they accuse Foran. Lowe takes the case, despite loving Helen, who loves Foran, who gives up fighting to be a bellhop. Oh, well...

PARDON OUR NERVE—20th Century-Fox

In this picture, you get Lynn Bari and June Gale as gals who, of all things, are prize-fight managers. This situation is good for only a few laughs, was "Big Boy" Williams and Edward Brophy gagging as if they meant it. Michael Whalen supplies romance, such as it is.

SPRING MADNESS—M-G-M

ADD another college picture, on the not-so-hot side. Lew Ayres is a Harvard Senior who doesn't want to get married. But he falls in love with Maureen O'Sullivan and when her girl friends together with his girl friends he hasn't a chance. Everything winds up, including his hopes for the free life, at a Spring Dance.

Writing is badly done and Ayres is at a disadvantage. Burgess Meredith, as his pal, hasn't just a little.

DRAMATIC SCHOOL—M-G-M

FOR those whose interest in the theater is polished performance and especially well-done piece of education. Simplicity is the story's keynote, with Lew Ayres as a young man who girls want to attract and whom Art is everything. Rainer is at her best in this. So is Paulette Goddard, as a pretty Frenchi. Gale Sondergaard, Alan Marshal, Lana Turner, Genevieve Tobin, Allan Allan and other good troupes lend their able support, but watch Goddard.

THE SHINING HOUR—M-G-M

"THE SHINING HOUR" is a little tarnished, but you can't blame its stars for that. Joan Crawford gives one of the most polished performances of her long career; Margaret Sullavan, as is inevitable, steals each scene she's in. The story is that of a London aviator, after a tragic wreck, who marries a rich Southern girl and goes with him to the farm.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Due to the fact that we carry a number of unusual features in this issue, we have not printed "Cast of Current Pictures." If, however, any particular cast of a picture reviewed this month and will drop us a card, we shall be happy to forward the cast in question.

SAID farm looks like the public library and houses Fay Bainter, Robert Young and his wife, Maggie S. You get the setup: Joan and Robert are attractive young people and have an involved period in which no one knows who's in love with whom. Melville Cooper is in love with a very excellent job as Joan's husband.

THREE MURDERS AND THE LADY—Goldwyn-United Artists

RICH girl poor boy, again. But it's done on a grand scale and furnishes valuable entertainment. Merle Oberon is the daughter of a politician who goes to the Miami house to escape publicity in the face of her father's Presidential campaign and gets crooked with her maids, Patsy Kelly and Mabel Todd. Starved for amusement, lonesomies of the month. Hope is dim and it turns out to be Gary Cooper, a cowboy who is in Florida for the rodeo. He is sincere about everything and asks her to marry him. She does. The result is that he doesn't know she's rich, because he doesn't like rich girls, and she doesn't know he's poor, because since the disgrace of it all would ruin him. How Merle gets out of this mess makes the whole matter an unusual fine performance; Miss Oberon is a kind of British Carole Lombard; and Patsy Kelly is in the trimmest of suits. Harry Davenport, as Merle's uncle, has a grand rôle.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY—Paramount

WHEN "Thanks for the Memory" was such a great song hit, Paramount decided they might as well capitalize on it and here is the result. To the tune of "Rags," Shirley Ross are reunited as the married couple who find difficulty in getting along and so on. It is a typical Hollywood definition of the story, so capable that the direction of the piece is one of the best. Dick Cummings is splendid, but there's no ounce of reality in this. The nostalgic value of the song is well used when the two separate, with the last shot being "Hurry home!" But the bundle is off on its way doing the rest.

STORM OVER BENGAL—Republic

A BANG-UP melodrama, this has action, thrills, the oldest of plots and a simulated English accent. Patric Knowles plays the intelligence service aviator who finds the secret radio station which is inciting natives to rebellion. Dick Cromwell dies in a plane crash while trying to warn the marching troops of an ambush. And there you have it, except for Rochelle Hudson.

PRISON WITHOUT BARS—Korda-United Artists

WHILE there is a familiar ring to its crime school plot, new faces and excellent photography put this English picture into the above-average class. Crush city reigns in a girls' reformatory until the arrival of new superintendent Edna Best. Her clean-up job becomes so absorbing that her husband, police officer Barry Barnes, transfers his interests to a young inmate, Corinne Lu- chaire, and the eternal tragic triangle results.

Corinne Luchaire is hauntingly lovely in this. She is a very good actress and every part of the film is the honest characterization of minor roles.
Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

IF I WERE KING—Paramount
A rich, period piece, elaborately embroidered with costumes, settings, and period properties and, strangely enough, acted by the chief protagonist, President Roosevelt, as played by John Howard. Director Lionel Barrymore, as the post-activist, and Basil Rathbone (suppressed) as the more traditional type. Perhaps the biggest hit of the season, as the lady-in-waiting who captures Calumet's heart after he breaks with the rich lady-in-waiting. (Dec.)

INSIDE STORY—20th-Century-Fox
The second in the "moving reporter" series finds Mickey Rooney in the lead role of a young goalie involved in a night-club murder when the villain and his henchmen, led by (wait) Howard Hawks. On, well, it all works out. A weak dicker. (Jan.)

JUST ABOUT THE CORNER—Paramount
Stirley Temple's studio has given her a perfect formula for stardom. A girl, in the roles of a child actress. Director of a produced named retainer (Cloudy) is guaranteed to make dollars or dollars. (Feb.)

RICH MAN, POOR GIRL—M-G-M
A surpise awaits you if you just another melodramatic death and charging him. You'll find he is the rich boy who falls in love with the less-than-lucrative daughter of the rich man. (Jan.)

ROAD DEMON—20th-Century-Fox
A shriveled Little action-drama, second in series of sport-adventure pictures dealing with the thrill of riding. In a second-string cast, but it's still a treat for the eyes. (Feb.)

ROAD TO RENO, THE—Universal
Hope Hampton becomes as a new screen person who sings deeply, dishes dirt. The story of the first woman to win a million dollars. (Jan.)

SERVICE DE LUXE—Universal
Golly, this is a bad picture. There was originally a promising idea of a service hero on the look out for a husband, but the screenplay spoils it with a cheap trick. All the action tells of the "Regina" on the stage does poorly in his first screen role. (Jan.)

SISTERS, THE—Wangers
Myron Bullock's novel dealing with the rivalry of two sisters against a fun Broadway background in the early '40s. Emerges on the screen as one of the great comic dramas of the year. Embarrassed is the marriage of Jettie Davis to George Golden. (Jan.)

SONS OF THE LEGION—Paramount
Portraying in this pleasant screen piece covering a former soldier dies and effect the death of his wife. The story is well written and acted. (Feb.)

STABLEMASTERS—M-G-M
As a work-out for the true ducker, this another in the form of a ducker. Wallace Berry has again his old tune "Cham" as the discredited stable owner, with a heart of gold. (Dec.)

STORM, THE—Universal
A young newspaper photographer takes place in this minor drama. Charles Bickford, by wire operator on the Western Reserve, with a heart of gold when he is inspired. Margaret Hamilton and Marjorie Gates support. The Rooney is quite at home. (Dec.)

STRAIGHT, PLACE AND SHOW—20th-Century-Fox
As a work-out on a horse, the Ritz Brothers, skim through this two-track race story with their usual bumbling, inept acting, slangy dialogue and otherwise. Their horse, "Honeymoon," dies. (Jan.)

SUBMARINE PATROL—20th-Century-Fox
An exciting well-handled story of the submarine fleet, that World War II has created. The submarine is the Ritz Brothers, Genoa is the rich lady-in-waiting who captures Calumet's heart, and Louise Whitmore is the lovely Bing Crosby is the rich lady-in-waiting who catches Calumet's Heart, and Louise Whitmore is the lovely

* * * * *

Your friends have changed, too.

So many prefer this golden liquid that laundry gets mixed with the chicken. Chamberlain's Loion is ideal to preserve skin in wintry weather. It dries with convenient rapidity and there's never a trace of stickiness. It soaks as it smooths away roughness and resulting reddness. You'll like Chamberlain's Loion, too. Try it and see.
Precocity Plus!

(Continued from page 65)

Yes," I answered feebly, "but may I have a glass of cold water first, please?"

Like thousands of other little girls in Hollywood, and like Juanita, Juanita lives, quietly and happily, in a modest but lovely home in a pleasant section of the city.

To Wayne and Martha Quigley who already had two children, Juanita was born in Hollywood on June 24, 1931, and immediately became the pride and joy of her older brother and sister.

"I'm a native daughter," she explains to everyone with great emphasis.

Her father, owner of several grocery markets, beamed with pride at her first tooth, at her ability when only two years old to master unusually long words.

Later, of course, the whole family practically burnt with joy when baby Juanita (the only theatrically minded Quigley) made her movie debut.

She was a "natural." Hollywood, five years old in its real age then, was amazed.

You who have seen "That Certain Age," have also discovered it.

A child's behavior abroad is a reflection of his behavior home—sometimes.

Nerves, excitement or fatigue can throw the scale of balance, naturally, as Juanita would tell you, but, then, there are the exceptions, the rule works. So, before I give you a picture of this child at work, let me tell you a little about Juanita, in her own words, briefly, the causes behind those effects that take place outside the home.

An afternoon in the quiet Quigley back yard, there's a flurries of excitement in the Quigley household. Rita, aged fifteen, sets in from school about the time eighteen-year-old Mrs. Quigley, the teacher from the preparatory school, bangs open the back door with a loud, "Hey, what's in the ice box?"

There is a smell of shoe polish, a quick flash of bare legs as Juanita, head on, meets her big brother and sister in the hall for a mad scramble of hugs, kisses and giggles.

Then the big baby alligator in the backyard must be inspected, and its feet washed again and again. Juanita has a fixed idea of a mud surface is land, old and out-of-date dirt.

There are two treats for Juanita that inevitably follow dinner. The evening walk and the evening story then, that usually comes from someone named "Mr. Book."

When working, dialogue is learned by her mother reading the whole scene aloud to Juanita who, in ten minutes, can repeat back, with every line of her own, but everyone else's lines.

"Naturally," she says, giving the eye business again, "Mother is a great help."

There is no correction of faults in public or before visitors. Quietly, Mrs. Quigley sits in the background, allowing Juanita, unhampered, to be herself.

Sessions take place in the bedroom later.

Inations to her parties are designed and written by Juanita to the guests she, herself, chooses.

Famous children in pictures are lauded, praised, talked of as if Juanita had never even seen Hollywood herself.

"We even saw Shirley Temple once," Mrs. Quigley said, just thinking of the thousands of children who would give anything just to see Shirley."

Juanita was not impressed. Her eyes reveal an inner suspicion that just seeing Shirley isn't nearly the thrillingly hot event her mother imagines. Not as long as Jackie can't exist in the world, at least.

Along about twilight however, comes the event that sends Juanita out to the Quigley front door, eyes fogged with tears, knees bent to the genius within the plump short body of a little girl.

It happens when Juanita climbs atop the piano stool, her feet a touch a stool placed below her, as she slides down the city.

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Another cinematic year has gone by and the time has come to decide which of all the many screen offerings will not only be privileged to be treasured in your memory as a perfect picture, but will, because of that excellence, win the outstanding annual award for merit, Photoplay's Gold Medal.

We are always immensely interested in our readers' voting; it furnishes a splendid cross section of information on what the public wants. Though most studio heads insist—and rightly—that the one duty of a motion picture is to entertain, few can quarrel with the idea also advanced that this medium is something more than an escapist's paradise. Films are playing an increasingly important role in world affairs; they are the greatest source of education in the world today.

The balloting on "The Best Picture of the Year" will be close; it always is. Thus it behooves you to send in your vote today so that your particular favorite will have a lead. To jog your memory, we list on this page outstanding pictures of the past year. Needless to say, space does not permit us to list all the superb pictures pictured at your next ballot. Do not vote for the picture that is not here; vote for it anyway; it will be counted with the rest.

This has been a controversial year. Medical films are nip and tuck with historical dramas; wacky comedy and sinister crime films continue side by side in the running. The musicals, though not so numerous as in past years, still have their place on any moviegoer's "must see" list.

There are no rules in this election. You either fill out the ballot below or write your choice on a slip of paper and mail to the Gold Medal Editor, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd St., New York City. Don't Fail to Vote for the Best Picture of 1938! The picture that wins the most votes wins Photoplay's Gold Medal.

ALEXANDER'S RAG-Time Band
Adventures of Marco Polo
Adventures of Robin Hood,
The
Alpha, The
Amity of Dirty Faces
Arkansas Traveler
Blackwell's Island Blockade
Bluebeard's Eleventh Wife
Boy Meets Girl, The
Boys Town
Bringing Up Baby
Brother Rat
Buckaroo, The, The Carefree
Cavalcade, The, The
Cowboy and the Lady, The
Crime School
Crowned Roosters, The
Dance, Dramatic School
Diana, Four Daughters, Goldwyn Follies
Girl of the Golden West, The
Gunga Din
Happy Landings, Happiness, The
Happy Wonderful Time
Holiday
If I Were King
In Old Chicago
Jewel
Joy of Living, Just Around the Corner
Letter of Introduction
Lord Jeff
Love and Hisses
Love Finds Andy Hardy
Mad About Music
Man and the Woman
Man from a Million
Mamie
Man to Remember
Marie Antoinette
Men with Wings
Merrily We Live
Of Human Hearts
Rag of Paris, The
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Room Service
Shining Hour, The, The Shopworn Angel
Sing, You Sinners
Sisters, The, The Sigis Cloak of Murder, A
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
Sweetharms
Submarine Parade, The
Test Pilot
Texas
That Certain Age
Three Loves Has Nancy
Three Comrades
Too Hot to Handle
Toy Wife, The
Trade Winds
Valley of the Giants
Vivacious Lady
Wells Fargo
White Banners
Yank at Oxford, A
You Can't Take It With You
Young in Heart, The
Young Love

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT
GOLD MEDAL EDITOR
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET,
NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion-picture production released in 1938.

NAME OF PICTURE
NAME
ADDRESS

OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1938

Alekander's Rag-
time Band
Adventures of Marco Polo, The
Adventures of Robin Hood,
The
Alpha, The
Amity of Dirty Faces
Arkansas Traveler
Blackwell's Island Blockade
Bluebeard's Eleventh Wife
Boy Meets Girl, The
Boys Town
Bringing Up Baby
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Vivacious Lady
Wells Fargo
White Banners
Yank at Oxford, A
You Can't Take It With You
Young in Heart, The
Young Love

PHOTO PLAY
Here’s How To
REDUCE
The Hollywood Way

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Streamline your Figure
BY SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD

Excess fat spells age in any language. Any spreading of the hips puts you in the matron’s class regardless of your years. In Streamline Your Figure Madame Sylvia tells you how to take off fat and put it on where you want it. There’s nothing impossible about it. In fact you’ll enjoy reducing this modern Hollywood way.

Remember this—all muscles of the body are very susceptible to training. They can be kept or made strong and healthy, they can remain weak or they can deteriorate and become flabby... depending upon care and attention or the lack of it. If you follow Mme. Sylvia’s suggestions you will be surprised how quickly you can normalize your system and acquire the alluring proportions you so much admire in others.

In Streamline Your Figure Mme. Sylvia has plenty to tell you skinny girls. If you eat and eat and eat and still don’t gain weight—get a copy of this splendid book and learn how the author builds up many of Hollywood’s glamorous stars.

Streamline Your Figure is more than a reducing book. It tells you how to acquire beautiful legs... how to improve the appearance of your face... how to have a lovely neck... a beautiful back and myriads of other Hollywood tricks you should know about. The pages of this book are packed to the brim with practical instructions illustrated by 32 full page photographs from life. Moreover, you can carry out Sylvia’s simple instructions in the privacy of your boudoir.

Read Mme. Sylvia’s new book and regain the loveliness and physical charm that you have let slip through your fingers. The price of this new book is but $1 at all booksellers or from publishers direct.

Contents

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HIPS, HIPS AWAY... Details to help you fill the hips and improve the shape of the figure

THE CALL TO ARMS... If your arms are weak, follow the program and develop the arms

A BEAUTIFUL BACK... Develop beauty in the back—wrestling with the “old woman’s hump”

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Tobacco crops in the last few years have been outstanding in quality. New methods, sponsored by the United States Government and the States, have helped the farmer grow finer cigarette tobacco. Now, as independent tobacco experts like James M. Ball point out, Lucky Strike has been buying the cream of these finer crops. And so Luckies are better than ever. Have you tried a Lucky lately? Try them for a week. Then you'll know why......
WHO IS SONJA HENIE'S NEW PRINCE C?  

SECOND CHANCE  The Story of a Great Star's Comeback  By N

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TYRONE POWER'S Own Story And Photos Of His South American Trip
Spring brings New Vitality to Shoes!

Soft as ballet slippers...light as April Air!

Intros.
Stretchy leather is synthetically in today! Vitality's 'Vivetta' pump has the chicest design. A Parisian blue crushed kid with smooth blue calf and has the smart 'Vivetta' heel. Also in black crushed kid with black patent leather, or white crushed kid with white kid. (Below) 'Danielle': a definitely French open-toe sandal in black patent leather - perfect with your patrician dress. Has a strap of stretchy crushed kid. 'The Hermione' heel is terrifically smart. These Vitality Shoe fashions do have authority!

Outdoors
Definitely a "must" for your new spring suit - "Christina": a supple Marine blue crushed calf tie, molded to your foot for flattery, punched out for coolness, with the grand Dutch Boy heel for extra comfort. You'll wear this shoe all summer! Also in Senni rust crushed calf, all white crushed calf, and black crushed calf. Smart, comfortable Vitality Shoes are perfect for women who step out and go places.

Step with Style - with Vitality

Vitality Shoes $1.00 and $1.75
Complete range of sizes and widths
VITALITY SHOE COMPANY
Purveyor of International Shoes • St. Louis, Missouri

All Around the Town
You'll see many smart shoes this spring. It's so very very with black-brown or navy. You'll like the new "Lunetta" especially for its new jazz-hipped line and Cuban heel. Also in white and black crushed kid. Snug and comfortable, Vitality Shoes will amaze you with their perfect fit. Insist on Vitality - be smart - be comfortable - be well-shod! Write for Artists' Sketchbook of Vitality Styles and name of your dealer, Vitality Shoe Company, St. Louis, Mo.
"I WAS A LEMON IN THE Garden of Love..."

"For several unhappy years I was a lemon in the garden of love.

"While other girls, no more attractive than I, were invited everywhere, I sat home alone.

"While they were getting engaged or married, I watched men come and go.

"Why did they grow indifferent to me so quickly? What was my trouble?

"A chance remark showed me the humiliating truth. My own worst enemy was my breath. The very thing I hated in others, I myself was guilty of.

"From the day I started using Listerine Antiseptic* . . . things took a decided turn for the better.

"I began to see people . . . go places. Men, interesting men, wealthy men admired me and took me everywhere.

"Now, one nicer than all the rest has asked me to marry him.

"Perhaps in my story there is a hint for other women who think they are on the shelf before their time; who take it for granted that their breath is beyond reproach when as a matter of fact it is not."

*Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, hails fermentation of food particles, a major cause of mouth odor, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable. Use it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

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MARCH, 1939
SPENCER TRACY
in the most romantic role that the grand star of "Test Pilot" and "Boys Town" has ever played on the screen.

HEDY LAMARR

THE GLAMOROUS
Exciting BEAUTY...
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Welcome her to her first role in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer hit— as an exotic orchid of café society...

I TAKE this WOMAN
with

INA CLAIRE • WALTER PIDGEON

Mona Barrie • Louis Calhern • Jack Carson
Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN • Directed by FRANK BORZAGE
Story by CHARLES MacARTHUR • A METRO-GOLDWIN-MAYER PICTURE

LION'S ROAR

Dear Fans—
This is a fun letter to you. I thank you from the bottom of my lion's heart for the way you have responded to this column.

Mickey Rooney, whose Handsome adventures have press him close to our collective bosom, is about ready for you in "Huckleberry Finn".

Rally round! All friends of Mark Twain this way! Think of it! We're in for the delights of "Huck"—Jim, the Duke of Higgwater, the Lost Dauphin, the Widow Douglas, Captain Brandy.

It seems to me that the timing is perfect for the Mickey Rooney interpretation of this great American story of the Mississippi folk.

Shifting the scenery for the moment to Hawaii and the art of waving a grass skirt, there is Miss Eleanor Powell, the girl born to dance, in "Honolulu".

Lest you think that "Honolulu" is a solemn treatise on Polynesian ways, there is in the cast that female brain-trust, Miss Grace Allen.

Pause for Station Announcement: M-G-M broadcasting the news to watch impatiently for "Honolulu"; "Huckleberry Finn"; "I Take This Woman".

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
This game involves the use of your senses—it is hence known as "Sensory Nonsense". If you send a photo of Mickey Rooney to "Huck" Finn, ill in name, address, and mail to Leo, M-G-M Studio, Box W, Culver City, Cal.

Name
Address

Note: "Pygmalion". Bernard Shaw's first personally authorized, personally written, personally supervised production, will be presented under special circumstances in all the highways and byways. It is a remarkable screen work.

This is about the time when those New Year resolutions are beginning to feel the tug. But rest assured we'll keep to ours.

Which is, to see that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer continues to lead the way in entertainment.

See you on the screen.

Leo

PHOTOPLAY
On the Cover—Sonja Henie, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Heise

Tyrone Power's Own Story of His South American Trip ........................................... 17
With revealing notes and comments by Ruth Waterbury

Emily Post Tells What's Wrong with Movie Manners ............................................... 20
A fascinating analysis of Hollywood's social blunders

Second Chance ................................................................................................................. 22
Beginning—the story of Marie La Tour and her sensational comeback

Play Truth and Consequences with Claudette Colbert ............................................ 24
Second in a series—an amusing kind of interview

Mr. Muni At Home ......................................................................................................... 26
A revealing picture of a man who lives at peace with himself

HIGHLIGHTS

Sonja Henie's New Prince Charming ........................................................................... 28
Found—a partner—young, handsome Stewart Reburn

Hollywood, We Are Coming ......................................................................................... 30
Another hilarious chapter from the autobiography of Jane Lyons

"I Can't Wait To Be Forgotten" .................................................................................. 32
Ray Francis looks ahead—to happiness without fanfare

Photoplay Fashions ........................................................................................................ 57
Claudette Colbert—Mistress of Ceremonies of the Spring Fashion Revue

Melvyn of the Movies ..................................................................................................... 67
Continuing the vivid life of a rebellious youth—Melvyn Douglas

They're Talking About— ................................................................................................. 68
New star material sighted in the Hollywood heavens

The Camera Speaks— ....................................................................................................... 34
Idiot's Delight ................................................................................................................ 34
Shearer and Gable go to town in a former Broadway play

Are They the Type? ......................................................................................................... 36
Do you agree with the Hollywood casting directors?

Major Minors .................................................................................................................. 40
Photoplay resurrects some delightful baby pictures of the stars

Fairhaven—A Hitherto Unseen Hollywood Estate .................................................... 42
A magnificent "hobby," this home of Victor McLaglen

The "Spitting Image" ...................................................................................................... 44
Revealing some startling mother-daughter resemblances

Youth Takes a Fling .......................................................................................................... 46
A new type of rebuts that takes you back to primer days

Boos and Bouquets ......................................................................................................... 4
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures ................................................................................ 6
PHOTOPLAY'S Own Beauty Shop .............................................................................. 8
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood? ................................................................. 11

Movies in Your Home ..................................................................................................... 12
Close Ups and Long Shots ......................................................................................... 13
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood ................................................................................... 49
The Shadow Stage ......................................................................................................... 52
We Cover the Studios .................................................................................................... 54
Choose the Best Picture of 1938 .................................................................................. 70
Fashion Letter ................................................................................................................ 74
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue .................................................... 96

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Paul Muni, immortalizer of great men, turns to the Mexican patriot for his next characterization in Warners' "Juarez," with Bette Davis as ill-fated Empress Carlotta.

PHOTOPLAY ANNOUNCES that prices will no longer be awarded for letters appearing on this page. Unfortunately, some of our readers have not played fair with us, inasmuch as they have submitted and accepted checks for letters which have won prizes for them in other magazines. On the other hand, many of our readers have looked this as a contest department and for that reason have failed to send in their spontaneous and candid opinions concerning the motion picture industry, its stars or pictures. It is our aim to give the public a voice in expressing its likes and dislikes concerning this great industry. This is your page. We welcome your views. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use regrets the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boys and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

GABLE VINDICATED!

In wishing Clark Gable the best of luck, PHOTOPLAY was the sounding board for American. In presenting Mrs. Gable's perspective, PHOTOPLAY cleared up a problem vital to the millions of Gable well-wishers and gave the lie to the countless ill-founded rumors concerning the Gables' separation. Because it did these two things without ever exceeding the bounds of good taste, it is a milestone in movie writing. This is the sort of story that makes fans see the human side of the star without detracting from his magnetism—rather than detracting, it makes them realize that his personality on the screen is shaped by problems as human and as pressing as their own.

ROBERT FINLAY
Glen Allen, Miss.

SHINE ON BRIGHT STAR

One way to keep on being a B.O.B. (Box Office Bet) is to make only one picture a year. My point is proved by Paul Muni. Of course, he is a magnificent actor—no one can gainsay that; on the other hand, there are other really able actors in Hollywood. But, frankly, one does get tired of seeing them so much. Too much, to my mind, are four pictures a year. Mr. Muni keeps the public and even the most hard-boiled critics in rapture with each picture. I insist it is because he is smart enough to know that, alas, familiarity breeds contempt: at least, it breeds a disinclination to "walk a mile for a Muni."

We are all waiting breathlessly for "Juarez" because, while we vividly remember "Zola," it is almost two years since we have seen the distinguished Mr. Muni's map on the screen.

AMOS ELK
Pittsburgh, Pa.

CAGNEY AND THE CRITICS

May I register a protest against the film, "Angels With Dirty Faces?" Although the idea behind the film was quite evidently to point out the lesson that "crime doesn't pay" it failed in this purpose and instead accomplished quite the opposite—it glorified the criminal. The weak-kneed priest never for a moment tempted the sympathy of the audience. By the way, Pat O'Brien looks beautiful in those clothes, but he underplayed his part. Boys were made out of the essence of the law. The boys were so tough that in real life their gang would have been broken up years before the story opened—and don't you think the cops would have been wise to that old hide-out?

Human nature is a mixture of good and evil—with plenty of reason for it to go mostly evil, but please remember that the majority of people are law-abiding and fairly trustworthy and anxious to be normally true to their principles. The ending of the film, making the criminal "go yellow" for the sake of impressing the boys, provided a phony climax to a very doubtful title. Uplift—I'm asking you?

M. S. SMITH
Omaha, Neb.

JAMES CAGNEY in the picture, "Angels With Dirty Faces," plays the difficult role of a gangster who must, by the sheer power of his acting, win the sympathy of his audience. His vivid portrayal of Rocky Sullivan is something to remember, even to the occasional "hunching" of his critics. His manner of winning his audience and injecting a warm human quality into his unsympathetic rôle smacks of perfection and would have been impossible to obtain, had it been played by someone of lesser ability. By the sheer power of his acting Cagney has taken a despicable personality, softened it, given it color and at last, for moral purposes, he dies nobly, it is to leave the audience with tear-wet eyes and a sense of regret that the picture has ended and so has Rocky Sullivan!

MRS. H. J. RINGLER, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

OUR READERS TALK OVER

THIS letter is written especially for J. D. of Salt Lake City who wrote up an enthusiastic statement recently about Joan Crawford. Publicity is not the very breath of life to her, as you put it. Joan is always trying to please her many fans and so, naturally, her name is important enough to keep in the news. Every actress is ambitious to succeed. Naturally, they like lots of publicity. Joan Crawford is one of the finest actresses I know of. Don't you think that her separation from Franchot is her business and that we should not even stop to wonder about the matter at all, for that is her problem to figure out in her own way. How would you feel if someday Joan came up to you and said "J. D., what is it about me that you don't like?" I'm sure you would feel like the smallest mouse.

GINGER L. BAGNALL
Morristown, N. J.

I'm glad that "J. D." of Salt Lake City has come to the defense of Franchot Tone. Surely there are thousands of fans who admire Mr. Tone for his splendid acting, his air of good breeding and his beautiful and moving voice. It has upset some of us to see the pictures of Joan and Franchot in the various magazines. In each she was looking away from him, or devoutly keeping all her attention to the family pew, with Franchot playing a lonely third. Franchot looked as if he realized her lack of interest all too well. I'm sure he, as well as his public, is relieved that he is free.

ANN MOORE
Albany, N. Y.

I'd like to ask "J. D." the writer of a recent letter a question. How can you, who know nothing about the Crawford-Tone marriage except what you've read and heard, presume to say what broke it up? Be fair! I'm a Crawford fan, an ardent one, but that doesn't mean I am going to hurl a lot of silly charges at Franchot. I admire him, too, as an actor. Who told you Joan is a flop at the box office? Don't let one person speak for the nation. I'm even a Catholic, but if you want to be honest with yourself you can't help knowing that her pictures have always been a bigger draw than Franchot's. Come on, wish them both luck; they're both grand people.

LAURA STECONE
Oakland, California.

(Continued on page 10)
“He was an outlaw...a killer...his life was the epic story of a lawless era!”

He was hunted, but he was human! And there was one—gentle yet dauntless—who flung her life away—into his arms!

The spectacular drama of the nation’s most famous outlaw and the turbulent events that gave him to the world!

“Jesse, you’re a hero now! But this will get into your blood! You’ll turn into a killer and a wolf!”

“I know, but I hate the railroads, and when I hate, I have to do something about it!”

DARRYL F. ZANUCK’S production of

JESSE JAMES

starring

TYRONE POWER
HENRY FONDA
NANCY KELLY
RANDOLPH SCOTT

and

Henry Hull • Slim Summerville
J. Edward Bromberg • Brian Donlevy
John Carradine • Donald Meek
John Russell • Jane Darwell

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer and Original Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Photographed in TECHNICOLOR
PICTURES REVIEWED IN

SHADOW STAGE

THIS ISSUE

Page

BEACHCOMBER, THE—Maylew-Paramount

52

BURN 'EM UP O'CONNOR—M-G-M

96

CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU—

20th Century

53

CHRISTMAS CAROL, A—M-G-M

96

GIRL DOWNSTAIRS, THE—M-G-M

96

GOING PLACES—Warner

96

GREAT MAN VOTES, THE—RKO-Radio

52

KENTUCKY—20th Century-Fox

52

LAST WARNING, THE—Universal

96

NANCY DREW—Detective—Warner

96

PACIFIC LINER—RKO-Radio

96

PARIS HONEYMOON—Paramount

53

SMILING ALONG—20th Century-Fox

53

STAND UP AND FIGHT—M-G-M

53

SWING, SISTER, SWING—Universal

96

THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL—Warner

53

TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE—Paramount

96

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP—Holt-Rush-United

52

VIYAN DONNER'S FASHION FORECAST—

20th Century-Fox

52

WINGS OF THE NAVY—Warner

52

ZAZA—Paramount

52

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED


Roaring with excitement and joy, the story of a cowboy and a lady in the guise of Goldwyn-style—which glitters. Merle Oberon is a kind of cultured British Castle Lombard, Gary Cooper is in her element as the sky cowhand who marries her. Pixie Kelly is there for laughs and if all amounts to a clouderine (maybe in your workaday life). (Fib.)

★ DAWN PATROL, THE—Warner

A stirring drama of war in the air without a female in sight, it is continuously thrilling, sumptuously photographed and helped, if tragic Errol Flynn, David Niven, Basil Radford, Donald Crisp and T.R. Byrd. A stirring account of how a pilot and his wife and children are spared. Pitter perfect timing. (Fib.)

★ DOWNTOWN ON THE FARM—20th Century-Fox

Having attained the eminence of an A-rating, the Jones Family continue the attempt to catch Americans on the screen and earned admirably. Their family's divertissements on Awa Ida's farm are carried on by a cornucopia of actors and various country activities that should assuage you no end. (The cast is equal.) (Fib.)

★ DRAMATIC SCHOOL—M-G-M

For those who love the theater, this is a handsome and well-documented study of education, procedure and biblical Gordiade are the budding Berthaard, Gale Sondergaard, Anna Mitchell, Luna Turner, Constance Tobin and Albert Goodrich bring support. A fine job by the cast. (Fib.)

★ DUKE OF WEST POINT, THE—Small-United Artists

God, do the cadets hate Louis Hayward, fresh out of Cambridge, England, seems, physique and all. There is the usual to-do about a widowed mother, the big game, and The Girl (Joan Fontaine). Richard Carlson does some great work. (Fib.)

EVERYBODY'S BABY—20th Century-Fox

The Jones family has a new member in this rollicking episode. A quick hunter succeeds in bringing up the baby scientifically and the net result of this is that the new grandchild succeeds in getting the family in a hoot of a mess. The cast is the same as usual and good, too. (Fib.)

★ FIVE OF A KIND—20th Century-Fox

One cannot help feeling that Mr. Zuiker is working with Pap's Donner's laurels. The little five Queens quibble about, squabble and so on, and the story about a fixed birth of exceptables is stupid. Claire Trevor, Cesar Romero and Jean Harlow make up the cast. (Fib.)

★ FLIRTING WITH FATE—M-G-M

Howard Beale is the leader of a troupe of actors who tangle with Leo Carrillo's South American bandit on a trailer trip to New York. Leo has his eyes on both Donna, a dancer, Joe's attentions at suicide (get insurance) will have you in a gale of laughter. (Fib.)

★ GIRLS' SCHOOL—Columbia

A disappointing heavy story of a poor sad girl (Anne Shirley) in a rich snobish school. No Gari is the meanest, Noah Berry, Jr., the sympathetic planner, Kenneth Howell the poet. Something slipped here. (One.)

★ GRAND ILLUSION—World Pictures

Set in the grim backdrop of German prison camps, this French film (with English subtitles) builds a tragically powerful picture of the human side of war. Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay and Jean-Pierre Aumont are the stars. Joseph Cotten character delineations. Fascinating. (One.)

(Continued on page 97)

PHOTOPLAY
BETTE DAVIS Brings You Her Crowning Triumph!

BETTE DAVIS in 'DARK VICTORY'
GEO. BRENT • HUMPHREY BOGART
Geraldine Fitzgerald • Ronald Reagan
Henry Travers • Cora Witherspoon
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Play
by George Emerson Brewer, Jr. and Bertram Bloch • Music by Max Steiner • A First National Picture • Presented by WARNER BROS.

DARK VICTORY

Never a story of love so exquisite!...She smiled at the cost, and bravely paid the reckoning when her heart’s happy dancing was ended

MARCH, 1939
THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP

And Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey and Helen Parrish are smart enough to realize that now, while they are still in their teens, is the time to lay the foundation for beauty in their later years.

These girls possess the natural, radiant beauty which youth alone gives. We all know that there's no substitute for the fresh, glowing skin, clear eyes, the grace and vibrant buoyant spirit which is the special gift of youth; but we do know that it's never too soon to start protecting these vital gifts to beauty.

At sixteen, your skin doesn't need waking up and the contour of your face and throat doesn't require a muscle tightener. A good night's rest wipes out every bit of fatigue. But at twenty-five and thirty, fatigue lines and those faint wrinkles that come after days of hard work and carelessness in beauty care take a good deal of coaxing, soothing treatment to obliterate. Beauty insurance starts at sixteen, so that it will still be yours at thirty.

I watched the three girls play a scene on the set of "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" at Universal and noticed that even before the cameras they wore very little make-up. Naturalness was the keynote of their beauty and healthy gaiety. It's a smart young girl who knows that being natural is her best bet at all times.

"I don't use any make-up at all off screen." Deanna told me seriously, "not even nail polish. There's plenty of time for that when I'm older." Nan Grey, being the oldest of the three, wears only the lightest brushing of lipstick, but she uses very good judgment in applying it so that it gives just a soft touch of color instead of a heavy smear.

Deanna's light-brown hair had lovely chestnut high lights. She told me that she very faithfully brushed her hair fifty strokes in the morning and fifty more at night with a good stiff brush. "It seems like a lot of trouble sometimes when I'm tired, but it's like any other habit you get into—it gets to be a part of your routine and no matter how much you may feel like skipping it, you keep right ahead doing it. Which is a good thing." It's extremely important for you, too, to get yourself into the habit of brushing your hair every day and into the right habits of exercise and living and thinking, so they'll stay with you all the days of your life.

The hairdress Deanna wears is very simple—her hair is softly curled and fluffed out at the neck and behind the ears. Two or three little curls are pulled out at each temple to frame the face. Very simple and natural and much more becomimg than an elaborate coiffure.
LIKE Helen and Nan and all other smart young girls, Deonna knows that her health is important and follows the simplest exercise and diet rules to keep healthy.

"I love to swim," she told me between scenes, "and I walk a great deal when I'm not working. And I'm crazy about bicycle riding, too.

"Mother has one unfailing rule for me, though, and she insists that I adhere to it strictly, no matter how busy I am. I have to rest for at least an hour every day, preferably in the late afternoon, whether I'm working or not."

The value of that daily hour's rest can't be overemphasized, either for a movie star or for any other young girl. The habit of rest and relaxation formed at sixteen lays the foundation for poise and calm nerves at twenty-five or thirty—the basis of all beauty, charm and good health.

"Let's have lunch," said Nan, "I'm starved. We all are." All three have very healthy appetites, but choose their food carefully and with a view to its proper value. Deonna adores carrots and said she ate them at almost every meal. Helen favors vegetable soup and Nan makes no secret of the fact that creamed spinach is one of her favorite stand-bys. With a lamb chop or a small steak, topped off by a fresh strawberry sundae, they lunched sanely and well. No wonder their skins are satin smooth at an age when so many girls are having skin difficulties because of unwise indulgence in sweets or heavy foods.

It's easy, simple beauty insurance. Start it early and you will enjoy it late. You can be just as smart as they are and collect the same dividends—beauty, freshness, charm.

MORE YOUTH AND BEAUTY—I was so impressed by the same beauty rules of the Three Smart Girls that when I ran into seventeen-year-old Nancy Kelly at Twentieth Century-Fox the next day, I launched into the same discussion of preserving your beauty while you still had it to preserve. Nancy plays Tyrene Power's wife in "Jesse James" and she, too, has definite ideas about keeping youthful freshness.

"It's a tendency at seventeen, I think," she said, after due consideration, "to be careless of posture. It's so easy to slump and lounge too much. Right now I'm slender enough, so it doesn't matter, but it might be a different story five years from now."

"Because I think correct posture is one of the most important considerations in a woman's appearance, not only as to figure but effects on health as well. I've made a noble resolve to get the habit of keeping my tummy tucked in. I think that it's practically non-existent now. I ought to encourage me to keep it that way.

JEAN ROGERS listened attentively to Nancy's wise word nodded her head in complete agreement and added her contribution. "I believe that a limpid beauty routine faithfully followed is the best way to keep beauty for life. It's certainly better than following some complicated regime for a few months and then getting bored with it and letting your grooming go haphazardly for a while."

Skin, hair and figure are all important. Jean said earnestly, and the thing to do is to figure out your minimum individual requirements and then let nothing entice you from your beauty path. "I wash my face thoroughly with a mild soap and give it several rinsings with iced water before going to bed. I do this no matter how late it is or how tired I am. Going to bed with powder and the day's accumulation of dust may not make a perceptible difference the following day, especially in your teens, but it's so easy to get that good habit of cleansing your skin thoroughly."

YEARS of early care are essential to preserve the beauty and health of the average busy woman, since a girl's early years are usually very exacting and hectic, what with rushing off to the office, putting in a hard day's work and rushing home again to get ready for the evening's date. It's not too soon to start in the good work of preservation in your very early teens. You wash your face, of course, morning and night with a good soap and thoroughly rinse it afterwards. Applying a light conditioning cream several times a week will help preserve the youthful freshness of the skin.

It's too soon for you to start using make-up, except perhaps a faint touch when you start your first evening parties. Thorough cleansing is the most important factor, along with a correct diet, to prevent the skin blemishes which sometimes trouble a young girl.

From the ages of sixteen to twenty, a more studied routine is important. Cleansing cream is necessary morning and night. Afterwards your skin should be washed well with soap and water to remove all traces of the cream. After you have rinsed your face with warm water, follow it up with cold. A skin stimulant or tonic is advisable if your skin shows a tendency to oiliness. A light foundation should be used, but your make-up should be applied very delicately and imperceptibly.

Always use clean powder puffs to pat on your powder or take cotton pads so you can discard them afterwards. If you're using rouge, blend it carefully so it won't be noticeably artificial and wield your lipstick with a light hand. A little mauve in and eye shadow will enhance your appearance for evening parties, but be discreet in the use of this, too.

Remember that the keynote of your make-up and of your whole personality should be naturalness—no posing or artificiality of any kind should be superimposed upon the natural charm of youth. Remember, too, that in everything you do you're building towards years to come, so be sure that that foundation is carefully thought out and rigidly followed and you'll reap the benefit of all your care in the loveliness you'll carry on to later years.

ODDS AND ENDS FOR THE BEAUTY-CONSCIOUS—To soften your skin, have your beauty operator remove your make-up and apply a layer of cream to your face while you're under the hair dryer, as they do in desert resorts like Palm Springs, so the cream will soak in and combat the effect of the hot dry air beating upon your face from the dryer... Paint your smart metal necklaces with colorless nail polish so they won't tarnish or stain your neck... To keep your long nails from ripping through the ends of your gloves, turn the gloves inside out and paste little strips of adhesive tape over the tips of the fingers... Smooth a touch of cream into your lids before applying your eye shadow so that it will blend easier and be more lustrous...

Do we cut down RUNS with Lux?"

"You bet we do," girls say—
Every woman is a law unto herself—women’s sanitary needs differ on different days and what’s best for another woman isn’t necessarily right for you. But only you can tell which type or combination meets your needs best... each day!

So Kotex® offers “All 4” types of sanitary protection—

Regular Kotex® Sanitary Napkins—in the familiar blue box.

Junior Kotex®—in the green box. Somewhat narrower than Regular, for days when less protection is needed.

Super Kotex®—in the brown box. No longer or wider than Regular, yet its extra absorbency provides extra protection.

Fibs,* the Kotex Tampon—the new invisible protection that’s worn internally; requires no pins or belt. Only Fibs are Quilted for greater safety—greater ease of insertion—greater comfort in use. Recommended for the final days, particularly.

You’ll See—KOTEX IS MADE FOR YOU!


Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

A CAT LIKES “BROTHER RAT”

I

n a to-the-minute movie fans picture may be a bit stale, but to me it’s as fresh as a daisy—here are the clues.

When the characters have such audacity as those in the movie, “Brother Rat,” it’s catchig. I am at the college age and thrill at getting new angles in letting off steam. Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris were characters that every girl and boy dreams they, too, might be during their college days. They played their parts perfectly, so that we, who can imagine ourselves playing their parts, spent a most enjoyable two hours with our treasured dreams coming true. “Zany” is the best sobriquet I know for that would-be gentleman, Johnny Davis. He’s plenty of laughs. Summed up, the picture certainly had that certain yump.

“Brother Rat” also brought back cherished memories of a most interesting visit at Virginia Military Institute.

VIRGINIA RICKETTS,
Charlotte, N. C.

MAY I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?

The public is aware that Nelson Eddy goes to some trouble to avoid the well-known autograph hounds. It was during the Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona that I received my first opportunity to see may of their ilk. The loud-speaker system in the grandstand, usually before the races begin, announces the presence of some of the celebrities and requests that the public respect their wishes and refrain from bothering the stars. As a result of this courtesy, the actors feel free to attend such events and the public benefits by viewing various favorites in-the-real.

With this in mind, I stood among the boxes and stared at Mr. Eddy. I debated just what to do under the circumstances, realizing his hand, a half probable be the only occasion I might have to secure his signature. There I remained, uncomfortable and doubtful, with my race program in my hand. People began to notice me and urge me to ask Mr. Eddy, but my embarrassment increased.

Someone informed Mr. Eddy that I wanted his autograph. He remarked that he had been watching me for twenty minutes, waiting for me to get up enough nerve to ask him. With these words of encouragement and to the amusement of the crowd I stuttered out my request, which was granted.

When Mr. Eddy passed me on the way out, he smiled, took my hand and said good-by, much to my happiness and satisfaction.

My experience proves beyond doubt that my favorite isn’t conceit and that his reasons for refusing such requests must have been because of possible mob violence. If approached in a reasonable manner, I am assured that Mr. Eddy and many of the other stars would feel more inclined to sign autographs.

EVELYN JOWISKI,
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT

Your Cal York’s comments on Garbo are becoming increasingly obvious. Evidently the gentleman (?) has some personal grudge and it gratifies him to exercise it in his column. Garbo’s return may not interest him, but, to many of us, it is a long-awaited event. There are many pictures that I enjoy, but the only time I experience this of anticipation is when a new Garbo picture is due in town. And it hasn’t diminished one jot since that memorable day many years ago when I first saw “The Torrent.”

 MARTIN RENNER,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE FABULOUS FLYNN'S

It’s absolutely priceless the way the Errol Flynn has preserved their marriage in the faces of the thousands of rumors that have been circulated about them, while, on the other hand, a dozen so-called “perfect” Hollywood marriages have failed, such as the harmonions, the Richard Arlena, etc.

On the surface there may have been some cause for doubt that this couple could survive. He, breath-takingly handsome, addicted to the wanderlust, independent; she, vividly beautiful, sophisticated, glamorous and temperamentaly unpredictable. I say on the surface, for who knows what is underneath? Certainly, I venture to say there is strength, both of mind and character.

The point seems to be that, in order to have your marriage succeed in Hollywood, have that town try to break it up via the printed and verbal route; that is, if you can take it! Three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Errol Flynn—and all the best wishes in the world.

ELLEN BARKER,

The domestic Gene Raymonds attend the showing of “Submarine Patrol,” curious to see what a rival studio is doing...
**How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?**

**Priscilla Lane in “Yes, My Darling Daughter”**

**GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don’t keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you’re doing very well. If you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 78.**

1. In the World War he played in the British Intelligence and has written a spy story suggested by his experiences when he worked in Belgium behind the German lines:  
   Donald Crisp  
   Edward Arnold

2. The starring role in the remake of “Babes in Arms” will go to:  
   Leslie Howard  
   John Garfield  
   Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
   Gary Cooper

3. This glamorous girl once starred as a hockey player at the University of Washington:  
   Carole Lombard  
   Dolores Castella

4. In this return to the screen shortly, this actor will play a dual role:  
   Louis Calhern  
   Charles Chaplin

5. Two of these stars are part Indian:  
   Gale Page  
   Mary Astor  
   Maureen O'Sullivan

6. This screen star once managed Maxie Rosenbloom before the latter decided to turn actor:  
   George Raft  
   Humphrey Bogart  
   Mae West  
   Lynne Overman

7. In “Oklahoma!” he’ll sing two numbers, one in English and one in Spanish accompanied by himself on the guitar:  
   Pat O’Brien  
   James Cagney  
   Patric Knowles  
   Randolph Scott

8. This actor wrote the famous song “The World is Waiting for the Sun” and appeared in a movie musical based on it:  
   Ralph Morgan  
   Eddie Albert

9. This dramatic actress once had a job as a movie theater usher:  
   Barbara Stanwyck  
   Fay Bainter  
   Claire Trevor  
   Frances Farmer

10. The National Speech Teachers Association of Southern California awarded this actress a plaque for having the most beautiful speaking voice in Hollywood:  
   Irene Dunne  
   Claudette Colbert  
   Joan Crawford

11. For his role in “Broadway, Cavalleri” he had to learn how to walk a cane:  
   Tony Martin  
   Robert Taylor  
   Wayne Morris  
   Fred MacMurray

12. This actor’s fan mail has shown the biggest advance of any Hollywood star during 1933:  
   Charles Boyer  
   Robert Donat  
   Tyrone Power  
   Mickey Rooney

13. He is one of Hollywood’s most rapid camera fans:  
   Don Ameche  
   Henry Fonda  
   Clark Gable  
   George Brent

14. In “Plane No. 4” this actor will return to the screen:  
   Wallace Ford  
   Richard Barthelmess  
   Charlie Farrell

15. Not Lewis Stone, but another actor played the Judge in the first picture of M-G-M’s Judge Hardy series:  
   Warner Baxter  
   Adolphe Menjou  
   Lionel Barrymore  
   Edward Ellis  
   Edward Arnold

16. Of these so-called “Screen Newcomers” one played in a number of films when a youngster:  
   John Garfield  
   Priscilla Lane  
   Jeffrey Lynn  
   Nancy Kelly  
   Eddie Albert  
   Louise Campbell

17. According to an exhibitors’ poll, Box-Office Queen for the fourth successive year is the star:  
   Carol Lombard  
   Joan Bennett  
   Shirley Temple  
   Jean Arthur  
   Madeleine Carroll  
   Bette Davis

18. Of these two “heart throb,” only one is an eligible bachelor:  
   Melvyn Douglas  
   Robert Donat  
   John Garfield

19. A member of a famous family has recently joined United Artists to work for Sam Goldwyn:  
   Alfred Vanderbilt  
   Patricia Ziegfeld  
   Diane Barrymore  
   John Jacob Astor  
   James Roosevelt

20. She was voted the closest star to work with by Hollywood fan magazine photo reporters:  
   Alice Faye  
   Mae West  
   Virginia Bruce  
   Joan Crawford  
   Norma Shearer

---

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**MARCH, 1939**

11
A new Photoplay department—giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

BY JACK SHER

HERE'S some technical advice from Hollywood experts on how to make better home movies. Ernest Haller, ace cameraman at Warners', tells us that one of the most noticeable flaws in home movies is the lighting. The most common error in lighting is the failure to provide at least one "hard" source of light in shooting interior scenes. Ordinary bright incandescent and flashlights usually have frosted bulbs which give off a slightly diffused light. This "fuzzy" light, while excellent for the soft side of the picture, fails to throw the sharp-edged, distinct shadows which are so necessary in giving depth to the scene. It is imperative for good results to use at least one "hard" spot-light. Haller uses three spots and four floodlights in shooting his home movies in color, but the amateur using black and white film will not need this amount.

Most effective way to use "hard" light is to place the spot at the three-quarter position, behind and slightly to one side of the camera. One or more photofloods can then be used to give roundness to the soft side of the subject; with one or more additional photofloods to light up the background and give the scene depth. For unusual effects, the spots can be used to illuminate the subject from directly above or below; and for high-lighting profile shots a spot can be directed from shore or behind the subject. The utility of spots can be greatly increased by the use of adjustable shields to cut out undesirable portions of light. In shooting exterior scenes the same general rules should be followed, using the sun for the hard light and reflectors or cardboard or metal for the soft illumination. The best time for shooting exteriors is mid-morning or mid-afternoon.

From producer Mervyn LeRoy on the M-G-M lot comes solid advice on how to make the people in your home movies film most realistically. The easiest way to do this, according to producer LeRoy, is to give your people "natural" things to do—things they do in everyday life. Particularly should this method be used with children. Never make little Bobbie do anything that doesn't seem logical or easy to him. Another important thing is continuity. The action must be clearly understood by the audience.

This month's 16 mm. releases are many. Pathé has a one reeler of the Dionne Quints called "A Day At Home," the only 16 mm. film of the Dionnes on the market. This company also has a new film of the geysers at Yellowstone called "Old Faithful."

Castle, the leader in 16 mm. output, has a breath-taking short—"Snow Thrills"—of skiing, skating, tobogganing. Castle's "News Parade Of 1938" is always its biggest and best picture. It covers every big event that happened in 1938. Also, with the World's Fair coming up in New York, you'll scoop your neighbors by showing them Castle's "Preview Of World's Fair." For those interested in big-game hunting, Castle's latest is "Camera Thrills In Wild West." An enduring hit, a film fine called "Hawaii."

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ELL, by gosh, there is at last something in Hollywood that I don’t understand... here I thought I was the wonder girl, knowing all, comprehending all... but now I am stumped...

What’s got me all mixed up is the way Twentieth Century-Fox is casting the most precious star on the screen... the darling of the whole world, and the personification of pictures... Miss Shirley Temple...

The sheer accident of one personality and one studio getting together fascinates me, anyway, as it relates to a star’s eventual success or failure in Hollywood... for instance, nobody was deader than Spencer Tracy before Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed him... not that Metro always understands its people either... Hedy Lamarr had to go to Wanger’s to get her chance...

Twentieth Century-Fox has done a most magnificent job of handling and developing Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie, Alice Faye and Don Ameche... but what has happened to that studio and Shirley?... Usually so smart, how have they become so mixed up in the handling of their greatest little star?...

Admittedly, Shirley Temple today isn’t an easy problem of casting... she is getting into the awkward age... somehow or other a scene where she can do a tap dance or sing must be worked into all her scripts... but is it any harder to create such situations in a plausible way for Shirley than it is to work singing scenes into Deanna Durbin’s pictures or skating routines into Sonja Henie’s?...

The appeal of Deanna Durbin is that we have been permitted to see her grow up... progressed with her, by way of pictures, through lots of growing girl problems... we have enjoyed the same kind of amusing-by-proxy experience with Andy Hardy... Andy buying his first tux down in Washington was as thrilling to us as to Andy... watching Andy take it from Virginia Weidler couldn’t have been more fun to us if we had slapped his ears down ourselves...

Deanna gets the benefit of leading men like Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas... strong casts... real productions... but what of Shirley?

Here is my idea... we want her shown to us in such a real and human way that if we are old enough we can think of her as our own child and if we are young enough regard her as our friend... there must be human, natural, childish things for her to do... lovely modern child’s stories for her to bring to us on the screen...

Shirley is a rich little girl now, to be sure, and an extraordinarily gifted one... to get a story that is really like her takes a lot of doing... but suppose Twentieth Century gave her the problems of a rich child... she could still have tears and tempers and loves... think of young Gloria Vanderbilt, for example, routed around between her mother and her aunt, having to read her mother’s court battles in the daily press... that kind of a story might be worked out for Shirley... even young heiresses cry when they lose their dogs, or get dragged into divorce proceedings... and read the papers, or go to the wrong school... it seems to me there are so many things that Shirley could do, and beautifully... but there is danger if she is kept in that vaudeville-dancing-radio background much longer, a world which so few children that any of us ever know inhabit... that would be a tragedy...

One exciting thing that has been happening in the studio lately and amusing and about time it is, too... is that a few groups of pictures are giving us the continuity of serials or comic strips... Deanna Durbin may bear different names in the different stories she appears in but her producers have so completely wrapped those stories about her private personality that the central character is always just Deanna... the Hardy and to some lesser extent the Jones family grow before our eyes... we wish the Jones would grow a bit more... while love and other things are happening to Andy Hardy not a thing happens to Jack Jones, that is, in terms of maturity... personally I wish it could be worked out so that there would be a certain day or a certain month, say the fifth of March and then the fifth of June, that you could set down in your date book as the night the Jones or the Hardy’s would be at your neighborhood theater...

Those families have become so much friends of mine that I should like to know just when I could see them...

And while I’m on that subject another hope-

What’s happening to Shirley Temple, Hollywood’s greatest box-office star? She’s reaching the awkward age, causing casting problems. Miss Waterbury makes some interesting suggestions on what might be done about Temple films of the future

BY RUTH WATERBURY

MARCH, 1939
"Sure I'm a gutter Girl..."

"Born in this old tenement. Raised on this dirty street. Me and my kid brother, just a couple of what you rich guys call gutter rats. But my heart's all right. It's clean and it's honest and it's true. Maybe I don't know big words and fancy stuff, but I know enough plain ones to tell him what I think of him, this polo playing good-for-nothing with all his soft talk and smooth ways and his heart all eaten up with the shame of what he and his millions have done to us... the one third of a nation he wouldn't dirty his gloves to touch..."
Strong words, brave words and yet she loves this polo playing multi-millionaire—and he loves her—and their love story is drama as real, as human as the story of this girl's home—the New York slum, which bred the "Dead End Kids", the brutal background of "Street Scene".

Harold Orlob presents

SYLVIA SIDNEY

"...one third of a nation"

with LEIF ERIKSON

Directed by DUDLEY MURPHY • Screen Play by
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The "East Side Gang", the toughest bunch of kids ever to brawl their way into your heart—
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(For photos which he took himself, see next pages.)

Revealing notes and comments by RUTH WATERBURY)

T HIS whole story came about very innocent-
ly. Last summer when Tyrone Power told me
me, as a great secret, that he was planning
to take a vacation in South America, I asked him
if he would keep a diary of his trip and give it to
me for Photoplay.

Tyrone kept faith, on both scores—that is, he
did keep a diary and he did give it to me for
Photoplay. He would do just that, because he
is a swell guy who always lives up to his word.
(A fairly unique combination in Hollywood, in-
cidentally.)

However—and, kiddies, what a big, romantic
"however" that one turns out to be—between
the time that Ty made that promise and his re-
turn to the United States, reports on his South
American journey became, for movie enthusi-
asts, more interesting than any other movie
story of the late winter, and hotter than a stove.
The reason for this is very chic, very trim-
legged and her name is—Annabella.

It seems that Annabella turned up in South
America (divorced the while from her former
husband, Jean Murat), just at the time Tyrone
did.

Whether or not her being in Brazil when
Ty was was prearranged cannot be told. Or
more exactly, if you think that the only person
who could tell (that is, our Mr. Power) has any
intention of telling, then you might just as well
ask him why he did not go back to playing with your doll, on account
of you are too young and innocent to be reading
Photoplay, anyhow. However, the Power diary
given to you here is a record of those days and
some of those dates, and there is such a thing as
reading between the lines.

For instance, below, in plain type, you will find
Tyrone's diary just as he wrote it. In between
those lines, you will find some notes I have put in.
My reason for interpreting Mr. Power to you is
because I am quite sure you will agree with me
that he has left out most of the things his tre-
mendous public wants to know. Which, as a mat-
ter of fact, is both the sensitive and correct thing
for him to do. Item one, he is too well-bred a
young man to go bandying about a young lady's
name in public, no matter how many questions
he may be asked concerning her. Item two, he is
too decent and modest a fellow to tell, for him-
selves, how the South American throngs mobbed
him at every airport; how girls in absolute clus-
ters tagged him through hot, sassy streets so
that eventually all the police had to be called to
rescue him. He feels, with some justice, that if
he were to set down these things, particularly for publication, that he would sound too much like a conceited pig. On the other hand, he regards crowds of autograph seekers neither as misanthropes nor as tourists, but rather as pleasant people whom he wants to be nice to in return for their liking him.

Take, for instance, the very first entry in Ty's diary. He writes:

Tuesday
We took off from Burbank Airport prepared for a seven-week vacation trip to South and Central America. Bill is going with me and he reports that our passports, tickets, baggage and cameras (we are taking three) are all safe in the plane. We've both been looking forward to this trip for so many years that I'm out of the world with excitement over our really starting.

5 A. M. We're down in Mexico City. Bill and I step out of the plane for a cigarette and to stretch our legs. We get a shock from the cold. The airport thermometer registers 24°. What an amazing country. When we were last at this airport six months back, it was 120° in the shade, if you could find any shade.

9:30 A. M. We're down to refuel at Hermosillo, Mexico. Some of the children who greeted us here last time reappear. They happened to hear over the radio that we were on this plane, so they came down again to wish me luck on my trip, also to see if my Spanish had improved, I suspect.

1:30 P. M. We arrive at our first planned stop, Mazatlan. Stopped here because I was fortunate enough to secure a lease on an island a few miles off the mainland and wanted to take this opportunity to arrange for the construction of a shack, also to investigate or explore the island for a suitable building site.

Now, what Ty doesn't tell you is that Bill is Bill Gallagher, a tall, lanky chap who is my best friend, my most loyal companion and officially his secretary. He tags Ty around more faithfully than his shadow and a lot morebusily. Anything that you might want to know about Monsieur Poirer, Bill knows—and doesn't tell.

As for that island business, Ty definitely has a yen for islands. He undoubtedly will build a house on this particular island, since he has long been dreaming about just such a residence where he can get away from telephones, radios, and people and just lie in the sun and read.

As he illustrates, by his second diary entry, that's his idea of a really fine day.

Wednesday
SPENT a glorious day fishing, swimming and climbing over every part of the island. So tired that after sundown we didn't do a thing but take a shower and go to bed.

Thursday
Got a contractor and a carpenter out to the island and discussed the type of shack I want built. The contractor unearthed an old well near by which solves the fresh water problem. Back to Mazatlan at noon where we had lunch and boarded the plane for Mexico City.

Down at Guadalajara, Mexico, got our first taste of the type of reception that the people were to greet us with wherever we stopped. We could not imagine so many, people be would be on hand to greet us.

5:30 P. M. arrived Mexico City, Mr. Pierce, in charge of the Mexican Tourist Bureau, met us at the airport and, because of the crowd, arranged a police escort to get us to our hotel.

That last entry is a price bit of understatement and get that "us" business. There were nearly a thousand fans at each of those airports, of which 902 in each crowd were of the female sex and, if Bill got any looks, they were undoubtedly dirty ones. Not that Bill isn't a darer, and possessed of a way with the women, too, but anyone who goes anywhere with a movie star soon discovers himself becoming either insusceptible or. hated. Maybe that's why he could give me such a graphic picture of what happened at that airport. Ty's technique at airports is to try to escape notice by walking around the tail of the ship. This didn't deceive the señoritas, however. They yelled at Ty in Spanish and in English, loud and lovingly. They begged for his autograph, his kiss, his necktie and his handkerchief. After a moment or two, he capitulated and walked over to the fence that separates actual flying fields from the outside world and, grinning at the throng, gave his autograph—and nothing else. At Mexico City, if Mr. Pierce hadn't got the police, Ty probably wouldn't have got away whole. As it was, he lost several buttons and the handkerchief. Not that it threw him off pace. Look at the scholarly reactions he went in for next day.

Friday
SPENT the morning at the Museo Nacional with archaeological, natural history, anthropological and Mexican historical sections occupying our time. Most interesting. (Editor's note: wow!)

Taken off for Guatemala City at 1:30. After flying above the clouds for three hours we swooped down on a little town called Tapachula, at the Guatemalan border. This town gave us our first real sample of tropical weather. Stepping out of the plane was like walking into a steam bath. Grounded for an hour because of the fog.

It finally lifted and let us go on to Guatemala City. Mr. DesPortes, the American Ambassador, met us and took us to the Legation where we met the other members of his fami/ and staff. After dinner they took us for a tour of the city.

It may be told now that Ty's trip which he had planned purely for pleasure actually worked itself out into being a bit of a good-will mission, not alone for his studio, but for the entire motion-picture business. Before he left Hollywood, Twentieth Century-Fox had arranged for him to visit the American Legations in each of the South and Central American countries he toured.

For Hollywood, as much as our own Government in Washington, has the wish to bring all the Americas closer together.

Can you fancy a better good-will ambassador to the Americas than this handsome boy with his excellent manners, his keen intelligence and his genuine love of Hollywood and all its works?

Saturday
OUT of Guatemala City on a three-day tour of the surrounding country. Weird and wonderful experience.

The roads were crowded with Indians—men, women, children—all carrying tremendous bundles on their backs and heads. Our guide said the Mayan Indians often carry a load as heavy as 125 pounds on their backs for distances of as much as a hundred miles. Nice work and I hope I can't get it.

Stopped for lunch in Antigua, the former capital.

An earthquake destroyed the city in 1775, creating ruins that are terrific and beautiful.

The town is in a glorious setting anyhow, about five thousand feet above sea level, with three great volcanoes jutting up against the sky. After lunch we visited a coffee plantation. It certainly is a complicated process getting that coffee off the bush and into the breakfast nook. Thrilling drive back, over two mountains a mere 13,000 feet high, to a little village called Chiehiecastanog.
Sunday

SUNDAY and market day in Chichi. (Nobody bothers to call this place by its full name.) I purchased a Mayan coat that I'm going to use as a smoking jacket when I get home.

We visited one of the churches, too. The Indians have adapted their own gods to their adopted faith and it isn't unusual to see a statue of the Blessed Virgin dressed up in Indian garments and sometimes carrying a mirror in her hands.

Visited the old Mayan ruins in the afternoon and were fortunate enough to see an Indian tribal dance. Grand stuff.

Ty discovered in Chichi that Indians aren't movie fans. Not one of them recognized him, so he went around unmolested. He won't admit what a great relief this was—but Bill admits it—and soulfully.

Monday

STARTED back to Guatemala City, driving over a road that had been cut through solid rock to a town called Solola on the shores of Laka Amatitlan. After lunch we continued to Guatemala City where I made an appearance at the local Fox theatre. Spent the evening as a guest of the American Legation. Tonight ends the first week of my vacation, the most exciting I've ever spent.

Tuesday

LEFT at 8:30 A. M. for Cristobal, coming down at San Salvador, Tegucigalpa, Honduras and Managua, Nicaragua en route. Because of bad weather missed the scheduled stop at San José, Costa Rica, and had to make an emergency landing at David, Panama.

Pouring rain. Into Cristobal, finally, met the local press and had dinner at the Strangers Club. After dinner drove over to the Canal and saw the locks.

Wednesday

LEFT at 9:00 A. M. for Guayaquil, Ecuador. Met Count Theo Rossi on the same plane. He's the Italian speedboat king and a grand fellow. He's headed for Rio, too, which is good news. Came down at Cali, Columbia, just before crossing the equator and the citizens turned up at (Continued on page 81)
From our foremost authority on etiquette—a fascinating analysis of Hollywood's social blunders

BY NANETTE KUTNER

ARE movie manners mostly wrong?

I never thought so, but, after listening to Emily Post, foremost arbiter of good taste, whose blue book of "Etiquette" in 1938, its sixteenth year, has sold over eighty thousand copies, I have definitely changed my mind.

Because Hollywood has become, more and more, the model which America uses as the pattern for its own behavior, Photoplay persuaded Mrs. Post to give us a few much-needed pointers, by explaining how Hollywood and its pictures err in the matter of good manners.

Mrs. Post rightly feels that, during the past ten years, motion pictures have vastly improved, "in sound effects, in photography, in stories and dialogue and acting, but," she observes, "the accuracy of the society shots often appears to be neglected. We see drawing rooms so ridiculously large they can only be likened to the Grand Central Terminal. We hear conversations that no one to the 'manor' born would dream of using."

According to Mrs. Post, the worst offense committed against good manners is that of pretentiousness. She says, "Good manners are the outward expression of an inward grace. You can't get them any other way. Probably that is why Shirley Temple, in that very first feature picture of hers, had charm that few can equal."

Sometimes the mistakes Hollywood makes are not too serious, but usually they are ludicrous, and far too often they set bad examples for millions of ardent movie-goers. So, whether or not you think that your own manners or those of Hollywood could stand some improvement, we think it will pay you to hear what Mrs. Post has to say.

"For example, in 'The Cowboy and the Lady,' someone talks about the 'second butler.' Evidently the dialogue writers didn't stop to think that a butler is like the captain of a ship. There can be only one captain; likewise, there can be only one butler. You can have as many footmen as you wish, but only one butler.

"Incidentally, I think the best screen butlers are those played by Eric Blore and Alan Mowbray. And, granting due respect to William Powell, whom I consider a fine actor, no persons of position could employ a mustached butler."

"Nor does a maid, like the one Loretta Young plays in 'Private Numbers,' wear her curls flying. She keeps her hair very short, smooth, neat. Besides, no lady's maid ever wears a cap and, unless she is obviously English, no waitress or parlor maid wears one."

Mrs. Post paused for breath and I landed her a batch of stills and candid shots chosen at random from the files of Photoplay. She studied each, in turn. These were her criticisms.

Number One was the wedding scene from "The Shining Hour." Mrs. Post said that Joan Crawford's bridal gown was wrong on either of two counts.

"If this is her first marriage she ought not to be wearing colored flowers; a maiden should be dressed in pure white. On the other hand, if this is her second marriage, the colored flowers are appropriate, but her veil is out of place. Only at her first wedding may a bride wear a veil."

Number Two, also from "The Shining Hour," shows Miss Crawford drinking tea and balancing a plate of cake upon her lap.

Says Mrs. Post, "This is not the fault of Miss Crawford. When serving afternoon tea little individual tables should be placed next to the guests to hold plates or ash trays. The hostess who expects her guest to balance things on her knees should choose her friends in the circus rather than in society! Also, Miss Crawford was certainly made to appear inordinately hungry by the huge chunk of cake wished upon her. At tea time a hostess serves only the daintiest of sandwiches and cakes."

Mrs. Post considers Constance Bennett one of the best-dressed women on the screen.
"When she plays an actress she looks like an actress and when she plays a lady, she looks the part. But," emphasized Mrs. Post, "rather than seem as bored as she appears in Picture Number Three (see illustration), Miss Bennett would be far less rude if she composed a white lie and told her partner that she couldn't dance because she'd hurt her neck!"

Number Four was a candid shot of Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck going to a preview. The spectators are dressed for midsummer weather and so is Mr. Zanuck; but Mrs. Zanuck, in contrast to her light dress and open-toed sandals (which, Mrs. Post claims, are only suitable at a beach) is wearing a heavy white fox cape.

"If the weather is hot," Mrs. Post said, "heavy furs lose their beauty because of their distressing unsuitability. Vulgar clothes are always those that are too elaborate for the occasion. I am told that at a California tennis tournament one important star wore ermine and another, a silver fox coat, while the general display of jewels would have dimmed those in the windows of Cartier. The well-bred woman does not wear too many jewels in public places, not only because public display is considered bad taste, but it is also an unfair temptation to a potential thief. Riding habits, no matter whose, both on the screen and off, are always the test of tests. There is no halfway about them: they are right or they, like spelling, are completely wrong. Anything suggesting slant pockets, or eccentric cuffs or lapels, or a pinched-in waist is taboo.

(Continued on page 95)
THERE is certainly something about Hollywood which does things to a person. But there is something else that is just as clear as consommé with the can still around it.

And it is on account of feeling kind of con-

fused by all that has recently happened to me, the agents and the public, that I have decided I would write the true story of it myself, instead of being rushed into giving any statement to the press. Of course, when the big news broke, re-

porters started swarming around me like spo-

ghetti around a spoon—you know, hard to con-

trol and practically impossible to get rid of.

"Miss La Tour, how did it happen?"

"To think of Marie La Tour having such an ex-

perience!"

" Couldn't you let me have an exclusive story? I sure used to admire you a lot in the silent days.

The sob-sisters got in my hair pretty well, too. But the reporter who really decided me on writing this piece about myself was a little feller who didn't think I could hear him when he re-
minded me of the aforesaid. And I thought she was dead!"

The point is, I have not been dead but retired, although I admit that with some people it is hard to tell the difference: and this whole busi-

ness began back on Long Island with me selling my show place. I called it a show place because if Jim, my late husband, hadn't bet both show and place on the last race he went to, why we would have built a more modest home. Well, any-

ways, I decided to sell it because, after Jim died, it turned out that the house was about all he had left. And here I and Betty, my grand-
daughter, were—sitting around in that enor-
mous mansion all by ourselves except for eight or ten old friends from my vaudeville days who were at leisure. They were all grand people who would never of come down on me like that if they'd known I wasn't rich any more, because, you know, I and Jim used to help them out while times were good. And when times started to slip I kept the fact secret and went on helping. But at last both we and the house simply had to move. And it was then I got the idea of taking Betty out to Hollywood and trying to get her into pictures.

I had just enough money on hand to travel with, so when we got an offer for the house I decided to go right along and leave the final winding up of things to Jack Jelliff. Although the house was up to its chimneys in mortgages, there would be enough change coming to me to keep us for three months, but I had to be dele-

gate with Jelliff about the deal, because he was an old and particularly dear friend who had been on the four-a-day until he broke a knee and couldn't hoof any more. Since then we had been giving him a little every month and I didn't want him to suspect how I stood because he really needed it.

"Jelliff," I told him in the grand manner, "I will appreciate your help about the house and leave you a power of the dotted line, to close. There will be a little dough over, which you can spend lightly."

"Me," said Jack, blinking at me with those kind dog-eyes of his, "are you sure you're going to be all right out there? I hate to see you go without a man's protection. It's a reg-

ular dynasty and a little bit of it.

"Well, I say," I explained, "and I've always told him what he was to do!" Betty kissed me and went off, laughing.

Well, I will say that when half an hour later I set out to look for things it was a great surprise to find Al Golden and I and Jim and most of my old cronies in this single bet was, I fig-

ured, as good as it was lonesome. I knew Betty

would get her chance as soon as I asked for it, but I hadn't written in advance because old friends are usually forever putting things fast to list so much better. So I sailed into Goldmont with a grand manner and found myself at a desk that looked like the Fifty-sixth Street police station.

"Mr. Golden, I've come to talk to you, Mr. Benny. "What is the big idea of this visit?" I came right to the

point.

"I've got a big idea," says I. "For the both of us to be big enough

(Continued on page 87)
A warmly human story of a gallant actress who Ned stardom for the child loved—only to find price is still heartbreak

I grabbed the brush away from Betty. "Try how it would go like this," I says. Betty looked kind of mortified, but at a curt word from Chris she stepped out and I ran through the scene.
An amusing new kind of interview in which Claudette Colbert answers questions truthfully—or pays a forfeit on each query she refuses to answer.

Second in a series of hilarious interviews in which stars play the old game of Truth and Consequences and answer with the absolute truth or pay a penalty devised by Photoplay. This time Katharine Hartley beards Claudette Colbert in her den and asks her some of the most impertinent questions ever put before a star. Like the good sport she is, Claudette answers fifty-three out of sixty. The other seven were too personal even for her, so she took the consequences, some of which are shown opposite.

1. (Q) When did you ever keep a diary and what inspired it?
   (A) On my thirteenth birthday, September 13th. I decided that as a record for posterity I would write down everything which happened to me so that after I was gone someone might write my biography. Nothing much happened, though, and I was too lazy to invent things, so I gave it up.

2. (Q) When did you ever play hooky from anything?
   (A) From high school, one spring day, but I was caught and suspended for three weeks.

3. (Q) What subject as a topic of conversation usually holds the center of attention in your home?
   (A) My husband's work.

4. (Q) What aggravates you most in your work?
   (A) I hate buck passers and whenever one makes me the goat I get furious.

5. (Q) In what personal situation have you ever "put on an act," and did you get away with it?
   (A) Once I met a producer who was looking for an English actress to play a part in his show. I pretended to be English and when he commented that my accent didn't seem very English, I explained that that was because I was from the Isle of Jersey and that people from there had only slight English accents because the island was quite a distance off the coast of England. I thought I got away with it, but I afterwards discovered that I didn't.

6. (Q) Where do you keep "Oscar," the Academy Award statuette which you won for "It Happened One Night?"
   (A) In the closet as a hat stand for my best hat.

7. (Q) Do you believe that you honestly deserved it?
   (A) How do I know?

(Continued on page 75)
Claudette crossed us up on this one. For reneging on Question No. 20, we asked to print a picture of her without make-up. Well, here she is—Lily Chauchoin, aged two and a half.

Impertinent is Question No. 49. Rather than answer, Claudette poses for a publicity picture as Nell, the Dead-Shot.

Another refusal—on Question No. 35—gives us the right to show you the most unglamorous photo taken on one of her many trips.

Claudette ever refused to tears to get her way, she's not going. Punishment Question No. 42—a verse about a dance being introduced in "Midnight"—

**LA CONGA**

*by Claudette Colbert*

**You need a Bonga**

To dance La Conga—

Right or wrong

It makes you stronga!

(* Bonga is a Cuban native drum)

A LOT of people have always said that if you're low all you need is a haircut. And I allow I think they're right. Now you take Smoky, for example. Smoky's my French poodle. He was a pretty tough hombre. He snarled an' snapped an' growled an' barked and it just seemed like as if he didn't like nobody. This was during the time that I had his hair cut so that he had poms on his tail and on his legs and I admit he did look a little bit sissy. So then what did I do—I got him a haircut! I got him a plain, good old-fashioned terrier haircut, and what happened? He became kindly, nice, well-mannered as all get-out. You might say charming. You see, before he had all those folderols taken off he was what you call a victim of a defense complex. He figured nobody liked him because he hated his haircut. When he got a real haircut he dropped the defense complex and turned out to be a right guy. As I always say there's nothing like a haircut.

**CLAUDETTE COLBERT**

**THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A HAIRCUT**

Modesty forbids Claudette's answering Question No. 28. Consequence—write an essay of 100 words or more and write it a la Bob Burns.
Not a man who walks alone. Rather a rare person who has learned the art of living at peace with himself

BY IDA ZEITLIN

UNTIL early last year Bella and Paul Muni lived in a ranch house out in the San Fernando Valley, and liked it. If they hadn’t taken a notion to find themselves a summer shack beside the sea, they’d still be living there and would have missed paradise.

In the spring, they started hunting along the coast for a small place where they might escape the heat of the valley summer. One day, when Mrs. Muni happened not to be with them, a real-estate agent drove her husband through Palos Verdes. From below he glanced up to where a large house stood, white and solitary, on a hilltop.

“What’s that?” he asked idly.

“It’s been empty for several years. The owner’s dead and it’s going to be auctioned off soon. Like to see it?”

Muni shrugged. “What for? I’m not interested in baronial halls.”

“As long as we’re here, the view’s worth a look.”

Whether it was accident or diabolic salesmanship doesn’t matter. Muni looked at the view and was lost. Next day he took his wife out. She was influenced as much by his reaction to the place as by the place itself.

“It’s no summer shack,” she offered tentatively. “We’ll have to give up the ranch house and come here to live. It’s a long drive in to the studio.”

He pulled his eyes back from the far horizon.

“I want it.”

They put in their bid and got it. The place needed redecorating and relandscaping. Muni was making “Zola.” So was Bella, for that matter.

“I’m that pesky wife,” she says, “that nuisance who sits on the set, that Muni woman.” She sits there by request. It’s not her husband alone who likes to have her there. The studio likes it, too. Her unobtrusive presence spells comfort to them as well as to the actor. They’ve found they can settle a hundred minor but necessary details by applying to her.

She would take a couple of hours off at lunch time, race out to the house for a consultation with the workmen and race back. Three days after “Zola” was finished, they moved in.

Living there is like living at the heart of peace, with sea and sky and grey-green hills as your neighbors. The central hall opens on a balcony that looks down over gay terraces and turquoise pool to the ocean lapping far below. Every window frames a different aspect of nature that changes with every hour. Behind the house, the hills billow softly to a sky line whose sweep toward infinity both uplifts the heart and sets it at rest. On clear days you can see Malibu and Catalina. “On very clear days,” adds Muni gravely, “you can see China.”

He is eager as a child to share with visitors the enchantment of his surroundings. His enthusiasm has been known to draw guests from the dinner table to watch the glory of a sunset, while the salad wilted.

Mists veiled the sun and blotted out distance on the day I was there. Each time a watery beam struggled through, he’d lift his head hopefully. “Maybe the sun’s coming out after all,” he’d say, looking at his wife as if he half expected she could do something about it.

Partly because of the quality of his acting, partly because he shrinks from the limelight, Muni threatens to become a legend during his lifetime. People are inclined to envision him as a man who walks alone and communes with the firmament. In a way, it’s a commentary on our movie industry. Standards are such that an actor who sets becomes a phenomenon, to be regarded with awe.

Muni, to use his wife’s description, is a “plain
He’s as eager as a child to share with visitors the enchantment of his surroundings. Here he reads and works and tramps the hills with Simon, his Airedale (upper right). As for Bella Muni (right), it’s her talent that smooths the routine of daily living.

“Some people,” he says, “are lucky enough to be able to maintain their composure through fire and water; some aren’t. I’m of the latter group. I’m easily distracted. An unfamiliar noise, visitors on the set—they bore through here—at the back of my head. I’m not presenting myself as a sensitive flower. I’m telling you what happens. You may say I ought to be used to audiences. But the theater’s different. The audience stays out there, where it belongs. You stay on the stage, where you belong. The footlights are between you. On the set, there’s no such tangible barrier. On the street, there’s none at all. I don’t stop to probe for psychological whys and wherefores. All I know is, I’m scared and I hide.”

Wherever possible, Mrs. Muni acts as his barrier. She has merry eyes, a warm heart and a greater ability than his to cope with small vexations. Her talent for people smooths the routine of living, her sense of fun colors it. As always in the case of those few marriages made in heaven, you have only to see them together to be aware of the depth of understanding between them. There was a scene in “Pasteur” which made Mrs. Muni smile. Josephine Hutchinson, playing Madame Pasteur, reminds the scientist of how he proposed to her. “You said: ‘There’s nothing about me to attract a young girl’s fancy, but those who have known me well have come to like me.’” When Muni asked Bella to marry him, he said: “I’m a very difficult person to get along with.” She still doesn’t know what he was talking about.

She gave up acting to devote herself to his comfort, which remains her primary goal. Recently Rice, their chauffeur, came to her, looking troubled. “I been rackin’ my brain, Miz Muni, an’ I believe you better get somebody else to drive you. Then when the boss starts workin’ I can take him in an’ fix his breakfast at the studio an’ kind of look after him—”

“That’s fine. And who’s going to look after me?”

“Well, I’m doin’ no more than what you’re

(Continued on page 85)
Found—a skating partner, young, handsome, as sure and swift as the ice queen herself, and the real reason she has taken up pair-skating

BY MARIAN RHEA

THE situation rather slipped up on Hollywood. Of course, the sports columns may have mentioned it; still, when we gathered in Hollywood’s Polar Palace for the premiere of Sonja Henie’s “Hollywood Ice Revue,” the stars and other important people in their boxes and the rest of the crowd filling every available seat in the house, few of us suspected a thing.

Not even when we noticed on our programs: “Number 15: tango; music by Gade” and five significant words beneath Sonja’s name: “Assisted by Mr. Stewart Reburn.”

The show opened with a bang. The skaters were attractive and expert; their costumes beautiful; their performance unique and exciting. Sonja told me once that Hollywood is a “cold” audience, but on this occasion enthusiasm ran high. It was a gala night.

Smoothly, considering that this was a first performance, the program progressed—the winter fashions for 1939, two or three delightful novelties, Sonja’s initial appearance—to the climax of the first part, her exquisite interpretation of Strauss’ “Voices of Spring.” We had also applauded three numbers of Part II before the announcer called our attention to the big news of the evening.

“Ladies and gentlemen! For the first time in her life, in the next number, Sonja Henie will skate with a partner! Allow me to present her in a pair-skating tango with Mr. Stewart Reburn of Toronto, winner of countless Canadian championships and twice a member of the Canadian Olympic Skating Team!”

The music changed to a rhythmic tapestry of singing strings and muffled drums. The spotlight focused an instant on the snow-banked performers’ entrance, then carried into the center of that vast, frozen arena a thrilling spectacle—a dainty fairy in black sequins with a rose in her pale gold hair and a courtier, handsome, sure, swift, as though the blades beneath his flying feet were the wings of Mercury!

SONJA and a partner. Sonja, the greatest solo skater in the world, and a partner. That was news, indeed! For Sonja had never once skated with Jack Dunn, her program associate when she staged her first Hollywood revue. She had never skated with anyone.

But now. . . .

Onward the two of them swept, rhythmically, effortlessly, while we who watched, silenced at first by the sheer perfection of their performance, burst into applause at the youth of them, the charm of them, the grace which adorned each motion. Never were they two skaters paired. Always they were unity personified. Even when they separated, the illusion held.

And at first, when the music ceased, we wouldn’t let them go. We cheered until they came back—again and again. We couldn’t let them go. They were so beautiful to see; so right together.

And later, when the lights had come on and the overture for the next number was playing, the place buzzed with excitement. “Who is he—I mean, beside being Canadian Champion?” “How did Sonja happen to choose him?” “Isn’t he handsome?” “He’ll be in the movies, next!” “I wonder if she likes him—personally, I mean.” “Why is she skating with a partner after all this time?”

Sonja, herself, answered most of those questions fifteen minutes later when I sought her out, backstage, and asked her.

Backstage, incidentally, presented a strange sight, thronged as it was by the “Alice in Wonderland” participants—the Angry
At the premiere of the new Ice Revue, Sonja Henie and Stewart Reburn, young Canadian champion, held their audience by the sheer perfection of their performance; but, when the act was over, all Hollywood buzzed with excitement over these two who were so beautiful to see, so right together.

Duchess, the King and Queen of Hearts and all the rest—and Sonja, instead of being shut away behind a certain door decorated with an electrically illuminated star, was watching what was going on in the arena, taking notes, giving directions—a little doll of a girl whose dimples came and went, whose abbreviated costume made her look like a child, yet a personage whose voice carried the ring of authority and whose suggestions were canny and practical.

She smiled when she saw me and beckoned me toward the star-adorned door. "You wanted to see me, yes?" she said, in that direct way she has. "Well, then, please come inside."

"About young Mr. Reburn..." I began, when we were seated in the makeshift but cozy little room.

She laughed. "I thought perhaps it was 'about young Mr. Reburn.' He is very handsome, isn't he? And he skates like a dream..."

"How did you happen to decide on pair-skating after soloing for so long? And how did you happen to choose him? Would you like to have him in a movie with you? Where..." I was trying to improve my golden opportunity. I knew she would be called away soon.

Again that silvery little laugh of hers. "Maybe questions one at a time would be better," she suggested. "I decided upon pair-skating..."
ADORÉ breakfast in bed, it's so decadent.
Unfortunately I always have to have a cold
or something. When I'm married I'll have a
slimy bed jacket and a butler who talks like
Eric Blore to bring in the mail.

This a.m. red 2 photos of my beloved Bette,
a bid from Henry for ball game, and Barbara's
letter. We correspond daily since pops cut my
phone quota down to 3 per day our bill having
been $18.64. Barb and I have flatfootedly re-
fused to go to camp this summer, we not believ-
ing in regimentation. We have adopted a new
motto:

Hollywood, we are coming

and say it every time we sacrifice a soda for the
cause. B., being in love with Herb Marshall, is
on diet again. He hasn't given her any en-
couragement yet, though she wrote him 5 cute
letters (composed by me).

To be perfectly frank with myself, it isn't
much of a cold. I put the thermometer in warm
water and added a couple of sniffles. Wanted
to cut Eng. Lit. as Sour Puss has a mad on me
and it'sorny to be withered in an Eng. accent.
She gave us an assignment to write a poem
choosing any subject. I decided not to write
about clouds or skylarks, because nowadays who
cares what a skylark does in his spare time? I
wrote 2 quatrains in lamby tetrapodies, closing
with a rhymed couplet, just like Shakespeare:

The Purser said we would have
to go down to Third Cabin
until the money arrived. B. says
that's what makes commu-
nists, having different classes

I wish I had K. Hepburn's smile
Marlene's legs or Myrna's charms
I'd like to rest a little while
In Gary Cooper's arms.

A touch of Joan's simplicity,
A flash of Greta's fire
If Gable once would look at me
His eyes filled with desire.

To have a week, a day, an hour of Heaven
I'd give ten years of life . . . from sixty-
seven.

She gave me an F.
Barb wanted to write a sonnet but she can't
write sonnets so I wrote a swellegant one for her
and she gave me signatures of Spencer Tracy
(fac-simile) and Claude Rains (sec'y.). We
both thought it was simply terrific but she also
got an F.

My soul yearneth for a banana skyscraper.
Maybe Barb will have sense enough to smuggle
in some solid nourishment.

Last night she saw "Jeze James" and told me
the story. Tyrone Power plays some bandit or
other who goes around shooting all over the
place.
She says it's a great Human Document but I
can afford to miss it.

The We have solved the problem!
Hollywood, we are coming!

Olivia de Havilland is sailing Sat. for The
Coast and we are going with her. Naturally,
she has no idea. Must get luggage labels today.
Also some luggage . . .

S.S. President Cleveland
3rd Class (temporarily)

We made it! Everybody was furious but us.
We walked on board as if we were just ordinary
fans. After getting the lay of the ship we went
down to make ourselves comfortable under
Olivia's bed but it was occupied by two girls
and a man . . . I mean under the bed was. We
asked them to move over, but they refused,
some fans being hogs. Then the gang burst in
so we went to another cabin opposite where
there was a suitcase labeled "Mr. Humphrey
Watson, Hollywood." We rolled under the
berth, Barb having difficulty with her hips.

Finally Mr. W. came in and I concentrated on
not sneezing. He opened his suitcase and went
out again and we heard them cry "All Visitors
Ashore." It was suffocating and B.'s chocolate
almond bar got all crushed. Then a whistle
blew and we felt the throbb of the engine and
the boat started moving. It was the thrillingst
moment of our lives.

"There goes the sky line without us," said B.
and then we both said "I hope we don't get sea
Dear Editor:  

Buffalo, New York,  
August 19, 1938.

Have you ever opened the pages of a magazine and discovered the fortune of your life? I did, for there in September issue of Proverbs, V, my favorite magazine, was "Sincerely Yours,"

that you see. I was elated and a confirmed autograph hunter. Although it was very rare for me to actually come to Buffalo, when one does, my best friend, who is also fortunate in being able to have his precious items in our autograph book, said, "I have a friend in New York who is a "sick" man," and he seemed surprised. His face was a cross between Laurel and Hardy, so we felt sure he wouldn't make advances.

I got out first and we hauled B. out and she was all red and had to borrow a safety pin for her shoulder strap. He seemed sympathetic so we told him all. He advised us to wire home first and then inform the Purser.

There was a stunning officer in the wireless office so we took our time and we each wired for $500, which it seemed to me any parent would rather send than have their child put in the hold of a ship with rats and galleys for 19 days on bread and bilge water. I said as much in the cabin which cost $8.

Then we went to Olivia's suite to get our suitcases which we had got on board by addressing to her. A stoutish man with one chin more than necessary barred the way. Then we went to the Purser and told him we had fallen asleep under the berth by mistake, and he said we would have to go down to Third Cabin until the money arrived. He was adamanate, also firm.

So here we are sitting on the bow, practically.

It isn't nearly so nice as First, and Barb says that's what makes communists, having different classes. We are slightly depressed being stuck down here while all sorts of fascinating things are going on. B. says every time the engine heaves she feels like doing likewise, but I say every turn of the wheel brings us one step nearer our goal. That's the difference between an optimist (me) and a pessimist (Barb).

Hope the money arrives before dinner as the menu upstairs looked terrific.

Ship's Log

Second day out. A. M.
Weather: super-swell.

We now have a magnificent cabin on C deck, also our sea legs. Rented deck chairs on the Promenade Deck which looks like in pictures. The stewards wait on us as if we were of age and we are making "the most of what we yet may spend." (Omar Khayyam). Our parents huddled and cabled the C.S. to give us a minimum rate Cabin in First to Havana and then send us back on the Orient. We think they have acted rather small.

The story got around that we were de Havilland fans and we didn't deny it. So they snapped us under her bed and this fat man who is a Publicity Person called Mac (because his name is Mac Something) is going to let the newspapers print the pictures without charge, which is rather decent. I'd give a quarter to see Vera Bailey's face when she sees them.

We got our suitcases in time for dinner and asked the steward in the dining room if he could put us at a table with two interesting single men but he couldn't so we are at a table for six, the others being couples but not bad. After dinner went to smoking room where lots of people noticed us but no one had the courage to speak to us. We ordered crème de Menthe frappé and while we were sipping it a little page boy came with a note from Olivia inviting us to tea tomorrow! It's going to be a problem to decide which of us gets permanent possession of the note. Here comes bouillon.

Ordered Oeufs à la Coq for breakfast which turned out to be soft-boiled egg, so I pretended I had known and ate it.

I SIT for hours gazing out toward the horizon, and I think and think of don't what I don't think about. "Water, water, everywhere" (Ancient Mariner). I would like to meet the captain but he always seems to be at bridge, or on the bridge, or something. Last night we talked to Mr. Watson until after one. He is like that (business of fingers crossed). Dy'a get what I mean?) with all the big stars and calls them by their first names to their faces. He is a promoter, which I suppose is something like a producer.

When he saw me writing he asked me what it was so I showed him parts of this chronicle and he said it showed I had talent and would make a good story for Deanna Durbin.

Whenever he passed my chair he says (Continued on page 33)
"I CAN'T WAIT TO BE FORGOTTEN"

KAY FRANCIS LOOKS AHEAD

BY S. R. MOOK

I CAN'T wait to be forgotten!" Kay Francis said to me.

She was sitting in front of her dressing table, resolving herself for the last shot of "Woman in the Wind"—her last picture on her contract. It may be the last picture she will ever make. Yet all the resources of a big studio were being marshaled into action to keep her to the end the glamorous figure she has always been.

Today—one of the top stars of the cinema. Tomorrow—just another woman. And here was Kay, welcoming oblivion!

"I can't wait to be forgotten!" she repeated. She had said much the same thing to me several months before. Other stars have announced their retirement and have made almost as many returns. Bing Crosby and Clark Gable both told me when their contracts were finished they would never sign another. But both of them re-signed before their pacts had even expired.

I had listened politely and unbelievingly to Kay's first outburst and had rejoined carelessly, "You still have three pictures to make. If one of them should turn out to be a smash hit Warners or some other studio would offer you a new contract and you'd sign it."

"You don't know baby," Kay had laughed. "I don't say I'll never make another picture because if I should happen to be in Hollywood and some producer offered me a good part I'd jump at it. But as far as another contract or making a career of pictures any more is concerned, I'm through!"

And here she was, the last scene in her last picture about to be shot and still sticking to her guns. One of the three pictures had been a hit; she had been offered a new contract—and she had turned it down.

"At least," I now offered, "it's nice that you're leaving at the height of your career."

Many times have you heard of Kay's booming laugh. It rang out now.

"Don't kid me, darling," she said. "A year ago, yes. But not now. The parade is passing me by—and I don't care."

She spoke without bitterness. There was nothing of the "sour grapes" quality in her voice.

I recalled another conversation I had had with Kay long, long ago. She has had the reputation of being temperamental but, if she is, her outbursts have never taken the form of making things difficult for the studio. She has played in an almost endless succession of pictures other

(Continued on page 72)
Major production crisis oc-

ced when Mr. Gable didn't go well to hoofing. In all his

of acting, this was one that got his goat. For two

behind a police-guarded Gable rehearsed his song-

dance act while Hollywood the time of its life kidding

Worse blow of all to Gable's sensitivity was a present

Carole Lombard—a man-
ballet skirt with "C.G.

gly engraved in embroi-

But troup Gable, the n-dollar dare in mind, con-

shyness and ged as a finished hoofer

Norma Shearer (right, with Gable and Laura Hope Crews) was, on the other

hoftelful of people are stranded during a war threat and the resultant episodes, both sad and glad, lead to a most in-

spiring climax. It's a back seat for Broadway on this one, thinks Hollywood. All
told, "Idiot's Delight" has not only a past—but a future
ARE THEY

REPRESENTATIVE of a new trend in Hollywood are these pictures of stars and the historical characters they have portrayed on the screen. A perfectly filmed historical picture is usually considered a most spectacular feat in a studio's production cap and Hollywood, who always talks in superlatives, works in superb on a film of this type. Research departments, make-up men and technical advisors; into million-dollar huddles about the background
...while Bette Davis is to bring to the Warners' screen the tragic life of Empress Carlotta in "Juarez"

**TYPE?**

The cast is hand-picked, usually by a top executive himself, since the actor is the magnet that pulls the money. On these two pages, we have presented pictures of historical characters and of the stars who have immortalized them in celluloid.

Find out the "I.Q." of Hollywood casting experts, compare the pictures and decide whether you think the chosen stars are "the type." If, after a careful study, you're a "yes man" on scores—well, then, you belong in Hollywood!
The "tweeds and pipe" type of leading man—Joel McCrea, known to wife Frances Dee, two small sons and most of Hollywood as "a grand guy." Branding steers on his own Wild West ranch is his pastime; roping in dollars for Paramount in "Union Pacific," his present business.
Coming attraction of "Wife, Husband and Friend," currently of "Kentucky" and veteran female foil of the cinema—Loretta Young, who checks up her assets as a pair of luminous eyes, years of foolproof film experience and one of the most photogenic faces in the industry.
Above is Lily Chouchoin of Paris, who always tied her own hairbows—
with typical Claudette Colbert competence. Left is “Lolly” Gainer, when
she was training (unconsciously) for her career as Janet Gaynor by
being the star Sunday-school actress of Philadelphia. At the right is
a female heartbreaker, Hedwig, daughter of banker Kiesler of
Vienna—Hollywood’s Hedy Lamarr.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star—we’ll bet you don’t know who they are!

Photoplay does a “proud parent” act on its Hollywood foster children and resurrects some baby pictures of the stars. At the top in the old swimmin’ hole is Franchot, son of businessman Frank J. Tone, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., a daredevil, who, oddly enough, was given to writing “soft” poetry in his off moments. Right, top, is Myrna, freckled-faced daughter of the Williams family of Helena, Mont., when her only family responsibilities were two kittens. The film duties of “Mrs. Thin Man,” perfect American wife, were still far in the Loy future. Center is the grandson namesake of “Big Jim” Stewart, of Indiana, Penn., at the time when he was devouring huge bowls of oatmeal to the tune of “You don’t want to look like a rail, do you?” At the right is a youngster who, contrary to his Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry, always wanted to go places fast. He accomplished it at this time by means of a hobby horse hitched to the dining-room table in his grandparents’ farmhouse. He’s speeding along nicely today as Clark Gable. Bottom, opposite page, is another leader of the Helena, Mont., youngsters, snapped at his favorite sport—fishing in the horse trough. Beneath the Dutch bob (worn by maternal orders—it makes him blush today), he was busy plotting his career as a big-game hunter in Africa. He bagged big fame instead as Gary Cooper.
"A hobby I had in mind ever since I was a boy," is Victor McLaglen's description of his twelve-acre estate which lies in La Canada, foothill district near Pasadena, Cal. A most unusual home and a most fascinating enterprise is Photoplay's impression of this model farm, unique even in Hollywood, where million-dollar enterprises are the custom. A pool and tennis court are necessary assets to any estate, but over and above those are these special McLaglen possessions: a menagerie of deer, kangaroos and honey bears; an aviary of 500 rare birds; a pet collection of fourteen dogs and a cat family; jumbo frogs; guinea hens; farm stock, consisting of cows, pigs, turkeys, pheasant, mallard ducks, chickens and rabbits. The fine stock farm of thoroughbreds is unusual, since the McLaglen horses are trained for jumping rather than racing. Completing the inventory of the estate are the smoke house, curing house, vegetable gardens, fruit orchards, dairies, barbecue gardens and gymnasium. Most characteristic room of the house is the tack room, where are displayed the cups and ribbons won by Mrs. McLaglen and fifteen-year-old daughter Sheila (lower left) and the trophies of Andrew (below), the six-foot-six son, who, at eighteen, is an interscholastic tennis champion. As for McLaglen himself, Photoplay pins the blue ribbon upon the star of RKO's "Gunga Din" in praise of a man who has the finest hobby of all—a home.
A good paint job sometimes makes a billion-dollar beauty, it's true, but in this case the mamas win over the make-up men—by a nose.
These pictures of some startling mother-daughter resemblances prove that often in Hollywood a gal's best double is her mother.
A new type of movie quiz—a “picture” story that will take you back to your primer days. Like all good fairy stories, it starts out, “Once upon a time . . .” The trick is to fill in the missing links of the story with motion-picture titles. Whenever a break in our story occurs, we have inserted a scene from a motion picture. If you can guess the title of each picture, you will have, when you are through, a complete storiette. We’ll start the story for you: Once upon a time, a “Girl of Golden West” named “Zaza” was sent to a fastable . . . . You go on from there, following the numbers for sequence. If your memory fails you, turn page 85 and find out what happens to Our Heroine.
Once upon a time, a lady was sent to a fashionable infirmary, for there she met the gayest of the most children.

One look at the young man and she said to herself, "It was when whom should she meet again but this selfsame medico of her campus dreams. When he saw her there he muttered:"

but, when he found she was so in love for this happy couple, They're too busy.
A 3 to 1 bet for fame in 1939 is Nancy Kelly, who, at seventeen, is starting a film career with three of Fox's juiciest roles. A "find" from Broadway, she was rushed by sponsor Zanuck into "Submarine Patrol," cast as Ty Power's wife in "Jesse James" and then given a female lead in "Tail Spin." With these three films now released, she has proved herself one of the starlets of the season.
This killer-diller of the West tips you off to the latest antics and amours of the flicker folk

When is Fun Funny

JOAN DAVIS came over to the set where Alice Faye was working at 20th Century-Fox, excitedly holding two small bottles in her hand. "Look, Alice, I've just discovered the most marvelous kind of new liquid lip rouge with a remover to go with it. It completely eliminates all of the messiness of the old kind. The only trouble with it is that it's so darned expensive—ten dollars for the set."

Alice tried the new rouge and waxed enthusiastic. She promptly wanted to purchase some from Joan. Not having her bag with her she borrowed the ten dollars from Harry Joe Brown. Then she had a bright idea—to give each of the girls who had worked on the picture a set as a gift.

So Alice called Joan back and asked that she order some additional sets and bring them over that afternoon. Joan, you see, had been very cagey as to where the cosmetics came from.

That noon Alice lunched with her husband, Tony Martin, and, since Tony had forgotten his checkbook, Alice borrowed forty dollars from "Sugie," the genial host at the Tropics, to give Joan that afternoon, to pay for the lipstick. Then she invited her stand-in, the wardrobe girl, the script girl and Joan over to dinner where the gift presentation was to be made. After the festivities were over and all the new owners of the precious mysterious cosmetic had raved—Joan broke down.

"Here's your fifty dollars back," she said to Alice, "I was just gagging. Those sets aren't exclusive; I got them at the dime store."

Hi There, Mayor:

THE Mayor of Van Nuys means business. In fact, when the good folk of that community elected Andy Devine to office, they had no idea just how conscientious he would be.

One day, Clark Gable and Phil Harris drove up to Andy's house, wearing wide-open grins and waving a ticket in the breeze. "Hi, Mayor," they called. "Come on out and fix us up. We got a speed ticket."

"Nothing doing," Andy cried. "You bums get a ticket in my town and you pay. That'll teach you not to speed on my streets."

Clark gazed at Phil. Phil gazed at Clark—"By gosh, he's right," the boys said. "We should pay," and off they marched to pay their fines.

Nowadays, if either culprit receives a ticket in Van Nuys he keeps it from the Mayor!
SPRING in Hollywood! Ah me, for a stroll down that celebrated Boulevard, sigh envious little fans from faraway cities.

Sigh not, my pretties, for Cal has taken the stroll for you and here's the old lane all wrapped up in a small package for you.

Hollywood Boulevard proper is about a mile and a half long, has forty-two beauty shops, a five-and-ten-cent bar, five places that guarantee to grow hair on your head, a bootblack in formal attire plus a high silk hat, five hermits in various stages of undress, tennis courts open all season, swank and cheapness elbow to elbow—and practically no movie stars in sight.

Crawford Knocks on Garbo's Door

With an air of determination, Joan Crawford entered M-G-M's swanky dressing-room building and turned down the hallway. Her steps began to falter a trifle—and then she paused before a door marked "Greta Garbo."

For some minutes she hesitated, then, raising her hand, knocked on "the door."

But a second later she was fleeing down the hall and out onto the lot like a deer.

The Troc dripped with glamour the night Norma Shearer met up with Marlene Dietrich (she's here to establish her American citizenship) and Hank Fonda at a dinner party.
also at the premiere—producer Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett, stunning in white brocaded gown and fox wrap

"I had an urge to greet Miss Garbo and tell her we were glad to have her back," Joan explained, "but suddenly I realized I couldn't say a word. So I ran."

Who says there's no star worship among the stars of Hollywood?

Shirley—You've Got Company

The Mayor of Boston, on a recent trip to Hollywood, called to pay his respects to Miss Temple. At luncheon Shirley ate a fat little muffin with only one quick glance in her mother's direction. The entree was a little slow in being served, so Shirley shyly reached for another without risking a disapproving nod from Mother.

The talk between Boston's mayor and Shirley went on at a great pace when suddenly Shirley, who dared not ignore Mama a third time, glanced up and reached out for a muffin. Her plump little hand stopped midway at the look cast her way by Mrs. Temple.

"Oh, do you have to diet?" the Mayor asked.

"Well, I just have to be careful, that's all," she smiled. And then added wistfully, "But I'm hungry all the time."

Visitor number two shall be nameless. A veteran of the World War, he began expressing his admiration for Shirley by mailing her medals, earned for bravery during the war. After each picture, a cherished medal would find its way to Shirley.

And then a letter reached the Temples from the admirer stating he would be in Los Angeles for a visit and would love greeting Shirley. The letter, taking its usual course, reached Mrs. Temple several weeks later. Instantly a search of all Los Angeles hotels began. The admirer must be found and made to know Shirley had received his letter after he'd left home.

He was finally located and brought to Shirley's dressing room. He proved to be a huge Irishman who posed quietly beside Shirley for photographs.

"Shirley, put your hand over on his sleeve," the photographer said.

Shirley obeyed, but the picture proved anything but successful.

The big Irishman seemed powerless to lift his eyes from the tiny little hand resting on his sleeve.

When he finally left, he presented to her his final gift. It was a Croix de guerre.

Family Pride

"Did you hear about my dad?"

The eyes of Mickey Rooney shine with joy as he struts around the M-G-M lot with the question, "Did you hear about my dad, Joe Yule? He's making a picture, 'Boy Trouble,' over at Paramount with Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland. Got the job all on his own, too. Now you're going to see some real acting."

And Mickey, grin a mile wide, struts on to tell more friends about the dad who went from a Main Street burlesque house to movies without taking one bit of aid from his son.

"All on his own," as Mickey says.

Ghost House

Up in Hollywood's beautiful Coldwater Canyon, where so many swanky new homes are being built these days, is a lovely but lonely house.

No fire has ever warmed its hearth; no light has ever shown from its windows; no heart has ever called it home. It is empty and has been since it was built, eighteen months ago.

Yet it was built to be a home—the home a grateful son had dreamed and planned for his mother. That son was George Raft and to tell the story of his ghost house in the canyon, you have to go back a long way... back to those days when George was a tough kid, hanging around gymnasiums and pool halls of East Side New York, heading, because there was no other way to go, toward no good end.

Then came a certain day when his mother, the one who had borne nine other children only to lose them all in death, took a hand in behalf of this last and only son. He should have his chance.

There was to be a dancing contest. The prize was $50. George could dance; hadn't she taught him herself? She vowed that he should enter.

"I can't. I haven't a partner," he told her.

"I'll be your partner," she said.

And she was. She fixed up a dress for herself that stripped the years from her still lithe and supple body. She pressed George's best (and only) suit. She shined his shoes. And, on the Great Night, dressed to kill although they'd had scarcely enough to eat for supper, they entered the contest.

(Continued on page 70)
SOMERSET MAUGHAM wrote this original story with his usual brilliance and it's apparent that intellectual Charles Laughton approved what he had to work with. If you've a knee for translating抽抽British accents, you will find much food for inner laughter here. It's the tale of an English beachcomber, whose rôle Laughton plays superbly, and of two missionaries on a remote island. Laughton is fanatically dissolute, the missionaries just as fanatically determined to convert him. Ethel Lanchester, one of the Good Souls, mistakes his scorn of her charms for respect of her virtue and sets out to marry him. The climax comes during a fever epidemic. Miss Lanchester gives a fine performance. Robert Newton and Tyrene Guthrie are good.

HORNE SMITH'S books about Topper were successful because, despite thin plot content, they were quite sophisticated. What with the Hays Office, Mr. Roach's second Topper feature has only whittled away. Fine process photography has its novelty value, but after that the piece depends on Billie Burke's reading of gag lines. This time, the ghost of Marion Kerby—thoughtfully played by Connie Bennett—finds Topper (Roland Young, again) in trouble because his wife is driven mad. Furthermore, he's playing about with a fortune-hunting baron, Alexander D'Arcy. Topper follows her to France and is helped as well as helped by the importunate Connie. Of course, Billie Burke is still Mrs. Topper and Alan Mowbray is the butler, with little to do.

HORNE'S another American Document film, by the brothers Warner. It's a type of picture they do well, anyway, and this has the additional virtue of a good love story merged with the fascinating pictorial details of the naval air service. John Payne is the hero, and nice in his clean-cut, casual way. In "Wings of the Navy" he plays George Brent's brother. Both have traditional Navy background and there has been a sort of friendly rivalry between the two since childhood; Brent has become a flying ace and John, desirous of proving his mettle, leaves the submarine division and enters the government flying school. Here George is an instructor and so fascinated by his work that he somewhat neglects his fiancé, Olivia de Havilland. Woven through the educational reels which show the method of teaching cadets is the personal story of these three. John and Olivia, although Fighting Against It, find they were Meant For Each Other. John is then Noble, persuading Olivia to remain True Blue and Stick Through Thick and Thin. This she does, even when Brent crashes and is bedridden.

The foregoing banal sequence is enlivened by the fact that George has designed an overpowering plane and that no test pilot will take it up because it has failed once, disastrously. John gives up a coveted Honolulu flight to make the test himself and then it is George's turn to make a sacrifice. It all sounds a little reminiscent, but it's done so well you'll believe in it. The thrills, crashes and stunt sequences are beautifully executed.

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE

THE GREAT MAN VOTES—RKO-Radio

The great personal story of John Barrymore's transition from a young romantic star to a middle-aged dramatic star reaches its climax in this picture. He has never given a finer portrayal. In addition, the piece is directed with understanding and produced with simplicity; the supporting cast works smoothly and the story idea itself is not only original but creates an entertaining character study. You could ask little more from a motion picture.

Barrymore plays a once brilliant historian who had worked himself to fame because of his wife's encouragement. But she is dead and he has become a drunken derelict, keeping himself and his two children by being a night watchman. The time is 1923; the New York ward bosses are going strong and prohibition is still a robust American entity. Barrymore's hero-worshiping children, jealous of their friends' fathers who are famous bosses, plot to get the old man into the papers again. They run away, find their way to a rich uncle's house and generally make things so hot that Barrymore finds no alternative but to rehabilitate himself. This is accomplished when it is discovered, on election day, that changes in the city have narrowed the population of the famous old 13th precinct to one voter; and that is Barrymore. And, historically, the other precincts always follow the lead of the 13th. You can see where this puts Barrymore. He is promised a job as school commissioner and incidentally falls in love with a schoolteacher, Katharine Alexander. Peter Holden and Virginia Weidler are the children.
IN England they pay Gracie Fields more money than any other star and when you see this British-made picture you will begin to understand why. The story, of course, is not purely for American consumption and thereby suffers somewhat, but try to stomach the desultory pace and the sequence distortion for the value of Miss Fields’ genius. In this picture you are regaled with the account of a show troupe, led by Fields, who find their manager is cheating them and strike out for themselves. Roaming the countryside, they go from country to houseboats on the Thames to a fun-house, which is the climax. Gracie chants “The Holy City” with a chair, puts over swing in “Swing Your Way to Happiness” and generally has fun. So will you.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

The Beachcomber The Great Man Votes
They Made Me a Criminal Kentucky
Paris Honeymoon Stand Up and Fight
Wings of the Navy Zaza

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Charles Laughton in “The Beachcomber”
Elsa Lanchester in “The Beachcomber”
John Barrymore in “The Great Man Votes”
Walter Brennan in “Kentucky”
Sidney Toler in “Charlie Chan in Honolulu”
Terry Kilburn in “A Christmas Carol”
Bing Crosby in “Paris Honeymoon”
Franciska Gaal in “Paris Honeymoon”
Gracie Fields in “Smiling Along”
Robert Taylor in “Stand Up and Fight”
John Garfield in “They Made Me a Criminal”
Claudette Colbert in “Zaza”

BY this time you may be pretty fed up with the Dead End Kids. You may feel, justifiably, that they have stopped being amusing and had better just have a bath and a good spanking. But here they are again, whining and irritating and slit-eyed, co-starring with Warners’ new find, John Garfield. The picture is tailor-made and in it Garfield plays a fighter who is quite tough, at first. He doesn’t like anybody and feels that the milk of human kindness is just so much sucker-juice. Then his racketeering in the ring catches up with him and he flies penniless, to a Western fruit ranch. The Dead End Kids are there.

Slowly but surely, Garfield begins to regenerate: he sees the need of the boys for a champion and, when in the end it is necessary for him to risk his freedom for their sake, he does not hesitate. Rather, he sails in and puts up a fight (with a visiting boxer) that will go down in film annals.

Garfield, of course, is an accomplished actor with the ability to adapt himself to almost any cinema circumstance. You believe in him as a fighter, just as you believe in him when he makes love to Ann Sheridan. Men of his type sometimes get over more sex implications than do matinee idols.

You will like Claude Rains as the persistent detective who follows Garfield across the country and who eventually has to make the choice between his duty and a new-found admiration for John’s new personality. There is no sentimentality in any phase of the story.

THE Crosby pictures certainly maintain a standard of entertainment. This one is frothier than the very fine “Sing, You Sinners,” but in its sphere is of high degree. The Bing has developed what we think should be called “Crosbiam Humor,” since it is purely individual: dry, happy and superbly modern. This time he is a rich cowboy (gold-mines) who starts to marry Shirley Ross, (helless) only to find her charming to a fault. While staying in Paris he proceeds to their honeymoon castle and there meets delicious Franciska Gaal, who is a peasant girl and queen of the rose festival. He thereupon succumbs to her allure. Miss Ross returns to snatch him back but in the end Franciska triumphs. That one has sex with a smile; watch her.

(Continued on page 56)
And was Mickey's face red when he had to appear in this get-up for "Huckleberry Finn"—what's worse, practical joker Rooney was framed.

American history gets a boost and dictators a nose-thumbing as the movie lots buzz with rebellion and new picture thrills get under way.

WE COVER

HOLLYWOOD is beginning to talk back to the dictators. At the same time, the movies are going American in a big way. Almost everywhere we stop this month we find a cinematic Declaration of Independence brewing. There's a reason, of course. American pictures are already banned in most dictator countries. With no totalitarian profits to gain, why should Hollywood worry about totalitarian prophets?

"Idiot's Delight," set aside once by Mussolini's imperial frown, heads the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer line-up of new pictures in the make. "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh," another verboten script, is being dusted off to shoot soon, whether Turkey likes it or not. Warners have "Concentration Camp" and "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" ready to roll any day. All the old taboo tales, including "It Can't Happen Here," are again creeping off their shelves for consideration as the rebellion roars.

It's quite an about-face, after all these years of headaches over what foreign Caesar will be offended and where. One of the main results is emphasis on motion pictures for Americans. Red-blooded native history is the order of the Hollywood day.

Paramount's "Union Pacific," Warners' "Dodge City" and Walter Wanger's "Stagecoach" are just a few star-spangled screenplays we find being film fitted around the lot.

"Idiot's Delight," at M-G-M, is really a piercing indictment of war-mad nations. The Robert Sherwood play which, decorated with ultra-modern comedy, handed the Lunts so much fun on the stage, now is doing the same thing for Clark Gable and Norma Shearer, who take the laughable leads—Clark, as the hardboiled vaudeville hoofer; Norma, as the acrobat turnedphony countess.

We're lucky enough to cut in on the climax of a running rib on Clark Gable the day we visit the set. All his Hollywood pals—and Carole Lombard—have been making life miserable for him ever since they learned he had to do a soft shoe dance in front of a chorus of barelegged cuties.

Carole had sent him a ballet costume just the day before and the wisecrackes have so ganged up on Clark that, right now, ready to go into the dance he's been prepping for ages, he is fit to be tied.

We've never seen Clark so jittery as he is now, done up in a tight striped theatrical suit and with a wide straw hat cocked on his head. The beautiful chorus babes surround him in the wings of a striking lobby set where Norma Shearer, in a straight blonde wig and a cigarette holder a yard long, sits with Edward Arnold, Pat Paterson, Charles Coburn and the rest of the cast. They're whispering and grinning expectantly and Clark knows it. His debut as a hoofer.
It had to happen—and it'd better be good—Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen, and W. C. Fields square off old scores in Universal's "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man"

"Three Smart Girls" made a star of one smart girl. That's why Deanna Durbin listens so attentively to Director Koster's instructions for the sequel, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up"
on next door on the "Huckleberry Finn" set where Mickey Rooney is bringing to life Mark Twain's little Mississippi River roughneck. They're trying to dress Mickey up in a long Mother Hubbard and a sunbonnet and Mickey is kicking like a mule.

It's the scene where the runaway Huck steals back into town disguised as a girl to unravel the mystery of Nigger Jim, if you remember your Huckleberry Finn. We arrive just as Richard Thorpe, the director, is attempting to get the feminine rig on Mickey. William Prawley, Walter Connolly and Elizabeth Risdon think it's very funny, but Mickey (they call him "Mickey Finn" on the set now) isn't worried about their chuckles. He blurs out his real woo.

"Okay," grumbles Mickey, "I'll wear the darn thing. But you've got to promise not to let Judy Garland on the set. If she sees me in this, my reputation is ruined!"

While Mickey stewed, a little mutt dog looked up wondering what it's all about. He's "Hobo," the only mutt ever to crash the movies. When the company was on location, Hobo, who belonged to a Chinaman, accidentally strayed into several scenes. They didn't discover it until, back in Hollywood, the rushes showed up the canine lens crasher. Then they had to send for Hobo, write in a part for him and hand him a contract!

We watch Mickey Finn mince through his scene, squeaking in a girlish treble, "Oh, sir, don't make sport of a poor little girl!" It's hard for us to keep from spoiling the scene with a snicker. When it's done, Mickey rips off the sunbonnet and slams it on the floor. Then a duct of feminine laughter peals out. Mickey whirls as if a bee had drilled him.

Cecilia Parker and Judy Garland, doubled up with laughter, are pointing at Mickey. They've been hiding through it all, watching.

"Oh, Mickey," bubbles Judy, "you look so cute!"

"Aw, gosh," grunts Mickey, supremely disgusted. "Framed!"

"Broadway Serenade" is our next M-G-M set. It's the picture that pairs Jeanette MacDonald with Lew Ayres romantically, the biggest step yet on Lew's sensational comeback trail. With Jeanette around, you might guess it has something to do with music. She's a singer who rockets to fame while husband Lew remains a poor composer. Oddly enough, Lew Ayres actually is a composer, with a symphony suite to his credit.

It's a tearful "parting is such sweet sorrow" scene we happen in on and when it comes to love-making Lew is there. In fact, after the third or fourth tearful farewell embrace, in the little theatrical boardinghouse set, the electrician makes a routine query. "Any kicks?" he cries. He's really talking to the cameraman and what he means is—are there any kicks of light in the camera lens? Jeanette answers him, laughing merrily. "No," she says, looking at Lew, "absolutely no kicks!" Which makes it official.

At Paramount, Cecil B. de Mille, the youngest looking old-timer in the business, has finally got steam up on his latest epic of Americana, "Union Pacific." After "The Plainsman" and "Buccaneer," de Mille rates our medal for the number one glorifier of American rough-and-ready days. We'll pick him, too, for the best personal showman in Hollywood. He's the last of the glamorous puttee and riding pants directors. Whenever de Mille shoots you get the impression, somehow, that the whole Paramount lot exists for nothing else but de Mille and his picture.

"Union Pacific" tells the familiar drama of the first transcontinental railroad. The love story, played against this background, is between Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. Barbara, in her first de Mille picture, confesses to us she's more excited about her job than she's ever been in her life.

The Union Pacific Limited which Paramount's set-builders have whipped up is split through the middle like a watermelon—topless and sideless.

In the scene we witness the red plush seats are crowded with noisy card sharers in flashy vests and raucous filles de joie, rouged and powdered, all headed for the easy gold of the railroad camp.

Among them sits Barbara, talking to Robert Preston, a handsome new Paramount leading man. Army rifles decorate the coach wall—for Indians, a sign over them, old and yellowed, warns: "Do not shoot buffalo from the train!" Well, we've never seen any buffalo on the Paramount lot, but you never can tell!

Someday soon, we hope, Claudette Colbert will come back to these United States and stick around, cinematically speaking. Seems like she's been in Paris so many times lately—I Met Him in Paris," "Pervench," and "Zaza."

"Midnight," her latest, goes on there, too, this time in a very elegant French chateau at Versailles where we find Claudette, John Barrymore... (Continued on page 85)

With red-corpsed native history the order of the day, Joel McCrea and Babs Stanwyck help glorify the first transcontinental railroad in C. B. de Mille's production, "Union Pacific."
... diaphanous gowns of chiffon gloriously tinted in floral hues. Fuchsia, violet and orchid exquisitely combine in the striped model (left) worn by Joan Valerie; graduated tones of cyclamen in the quaint camisole gown (right) posed by Jean Rogers. Designed for sweet slumber, their chic styling allows them to masquerade as party gowns. They may be purchased at the Saks Fifth Avenue shops in Beverly Hills, Chicago and New York. Miss Valerie is appearing in "Kentucky," Miss Rogers in "While New York Sleeps," both Twentieth Century-Fox films.
A buttercup yellow gown (left) highlighted by a corsage and coiffure clip of Talisman roses; a forget-me-not blue one (above) with matching opalescent embroidered jacket contrasted by a corsage of pink roses. Both gowns have shirred bodices, waistline yokes, flowing skirts and taffeta slips that softly murmur when in motion—both are worn by petite, dark and beautiful Maureen O'Sullivan, M-G-M star, who is appearing in Columbia's "Let Us Live." Miss O'Sullivan's evening gowns were created by Lilyan Graves, Los Angeles; corsages by Halchester, Hollywood.
It's the season again for
dressmaker ensembles. Pris-
cilla Lane, whose newest film
for Warner Brothers is "Yes,
My Darling Daughter," selects
one of printed and plain On-
ondaga crepes in classic black
and white. The coat has tux-
edo panels of white splashed
with black posies—the print
that fashions the tailored
frock beneath. Additional
smart style details are the
front and back bloused panels
and belt of reverse print.
Priscilla repeats the black
and white theme in her tiny
straw sailor. This ensemble
is on display at J. W. Rob-
inson, Los Angeles; Franklin
Simon's, New York; Carson
Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago
Olivia de Havilland, who'll next be seen in Warners' Technicolor production, "Dodge City," chooses a dressmaker suit of navy woolen individualized by jacket trim and blouse of tie silk boldly striped in navy and white. Note the broad shoulders and loose, flaring lines of the jacket, the drawstring neckline of the blouse. This suit and the matching fabric chapeau were selected from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. Add gay and colorful hats to your basic spring frock. A yarn sailor (center), candy-striped in cyclamen and white, worn with cyclamen gloves. A high-crown maize-colored panama (bottom) with band and bows of navy French taffeta ribbon embroidered in bright hues and, of course, a snood. Both François chapeaux by Frank Borel. Worn with her sailor, Olivia's basic one-piece frock of navy crepe, from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills, has interesting hand-fagot detail on blouse and sleeves.
Rita Hayworth (above) wears a one-piece frock of beige sheer woolen selected from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. Scallops join the blouse and skirt to a snug waistline inset of matching crepe; the scallops on the skirt release into ten gores that flow into a flaring hemline.

Rita's luxurious coat of Safari brown Alaska sealskin (left), with broad shoulders, roomy sleeves and collarless neckline, was designed by Willard George of Los Angeles. "Voyageur," her Knox hat of fuchsia felt, is styled with rakish brim and planed-off crown pierced with a green link pin to repeat color of the crown band. Rita found this newest Knox hat at the J. W. Robinson Company, Los Angeles. It is also on display at the White House, San Francisco; Marshall Field, Chicago; Lord and Taylor, New York. Rita is playing a featured rôle in Columbia's current "Plane No. 4"

Jean Parker (opposite page) steps from a Nineteenth Century carriage wearing a Twentieth Century costume influenced in design by the fashion of yesteryear. The broad-shouldered, fitted jacket, checked in navy and white, has contrast trim of navy woolen to match the fabric of the pleated skirt (which attaches to a short-sleeved shirtmaker blouse of the jacket check). Red and green quills pierce Jean's navy felt toque and a snood holds in her auburn curls. Navy suede heelless, toeless Tango pumps (far right) and short white gloves complete this costume chosen from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills, which is fresh as spring itself—no wonder we titled it after the Hal Roach film, "It's Spring Again," in which Jean is currently appearing. Columbia's "Romance of the Redwoods" is Jean's next assignment.
IT'S SPRING AGAIN
Photoplay Fashions

YOU WILL FIND IN THE SHOPS

Frances Mercer, who will next be seen in RKO’s “The Castles,” and Kay Sutton, currently appearing in RKO’s “Beauty for the Asking,” take turns modeling smart new straws and felts. Miss Sutton poses in “Santa Anita” (left), which is a good bet for your new spring knits. It is of soft felt in the newest of the pastel blues for spring, aquatone, with striking suede trim in shocking pink and purple. It is a flattering hat and classically right for spectator sports. By Roxford, and you know what that means. Kay Sutton looks up in “Flamingo” (center). It is Roxford’s version of the right kind of sailor to wear with your new spring tailored or dressmaker suit. The silly little brim is strictly on the level and the crown is just a shade deep, with an impudent rake “fore and aft.” It is made of straw braid, sewn with craftsmanship that is a sure sign of a Roxford hat. “Match Play” (below, center) is Byron’s indispensable topnote for golfing—lightweight navy felt, tailored with the precision only a man’s hatter achieves. The crown tucks, leather band and contrast suede disc trim lend a touch of femininity. Frances Mercer wears this model with her casual clothes. Frances also wears Byron’s new mushroom-brimmed sailor of soft lattice braid straw (bottom), “Coral Gables.” Note the season’s newest crown, definitely on the miniature side, and the print sash.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BACHRACH

STRAWS FOR STREET—FELTS FOR SPORTS

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown here are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail which, in your community the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all ages and in all popular shades.

Address your letter to:

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 46th St., New York, New York
When you go shopping for your spring utility coat or suit be sure to try on these three grand models posed here by Penny Singleton, who plays the leading role in Columbia’s “Blonde Steps Out.” You’ll agree Robert Piguet has a particular talent for designing tailored coats when you’ve carefully studied the detail of this herringbone tweed model (above, left). Notice the neatly fitted top, the black velvet collar, high revers, wide leather belt held in place with loops, and the smartly flared skirt. The season’s newest flannel-back is pictured above in a colorless version, fashioned of rich, multi-run vertically to match those of the tuxedo panels that finish the front. This coat will charmingly top any casual costume and you’ll have fun repeating any one of its many colors in your accessories. This striking black and white plaid coat (left) has a matching suit jacket which tops a black woolen skirt. It is a wardrobe staple for the career girl or co-ed, as it offers grand possibilities for changeable weather. All coats shown fashioned of “Tawna Mist,” a fabric by Kragshe.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIPPMAN
Pep up your winter coat with a lively print frock and saucy spring hat as does Gail Patrick, whom you will see in Paramount's "Grand Jury Secrets." Edith Head designed her purple and white "Mother Hubbard style" frock; Robert Galer, her purple straw sailor, frivolously trimmed with wisps of veiling and cockade of spring flowers. Gail's topcoat (left) is of black coney fur. A Paramount star, Gail will soon make "Wagons Westward" for Republic.
Amid the rebellious era of Flam- ing Youth, Melvyn Douglas fought for the right to live and to love

BY HOWARD SHARPE

The breeze said sullen, warm things in the eucalyptus trees and there was no moon; but there was white surf curling on the sand and the air was clean, so that Anne's perfume—Melvyn Douglas can remember even now the scent of it—faintly gave a questing message. This was love, not as he had ever known it could be but with the significance of eternity (he thought) about it.

He rather wanted to marry the girl.

"No," he said, as they stood on the beach that night, "until all this is over—until things are sane again and I'm mustered out of service—but then...."

She sighed. It was the kind of a night for sighing. "The Captain will be furious. I don't care. Did you know I was supposed to be dancing with him tonight?" She gave the next sentence to him like something on a platter. "But I wanted to be with you."

He twisted his sleeve so his new sergeant's stripes would show plainly. "Let's not think about the Captain."

"No."

In the brightening dawn, hours later, Sergeant Hesselberg limped a little as he paced out his guard duty. He was tired after a short night's sleep and reeling with hunger. The Captain of the regiment appeared suddenly around a barracks' corner and saluted.

"You look done in, Sergeant," he said. "Go on to breakfast. I'll finish your stint for you."

Here was unexpected kindness. Melvyn was too sleepy even to consider treachery. "Thanks," he said and went shuffling off to the mess hall.

He was stripped of his stripes the next day by superiors who, on the advice of the Captain, felt that a Sergeant who would desert his post was better off as a First-Class Private.

Anne consoled him. But one evening he stopped in at the Soldiers and Sailors Club and saw Anne dancing with Judas. And something turned upside down in his young heart. It's just as well a group of politicians and generals were even then pondering peace in an Austrian railway car, since if hostilities had continued much longer Melvyn, inspired to recklessness by his bitter disgust, might have gone overseas and been foolishly courageous. As it was, he exchanged khaki for broadcloth with no particular (Continued on page 79)
LOUISE CAMPBELL

"HAD my pride . . ."

Pretty, raven-haired Louise Campbell (yes, the heroine in Paramount's "Men with Wings") laughed as she said it, but there was a certain set to her little jaw. She had been dutifully answering questions about herself; now she had come to a significant and enlightening anecdote.

As the story goes, Louise's theatrical ambitions had taken her, in 1934, to New York and a certain theatrical producer, armed with letters of introduction. "Please give me a tryout," she had begged.

He had done so, but, after she had read about six lines, he had waved her out of the office. "Better go home and get married," had been his parting remark.

"Well," Louise said now, "I didn't go home and get married. I got a role in stock in 'Accent on Youth'!" And succeeded so well, subsequent history proves, that eventually she won the lead in Broadway's "Three Men on a Horse."

Yes, she's a stubborn little thing and she has her pride. She's always been that way. After seeing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the age of six, she decided she would be an actress. She never changed her mind through the following years.

After graduating from St. Michael's school in Chicago, she entered Northwestern University and, later, the Chicago School of Expression and De Paul University, absorbing every course in dramatic art. It was the theater or nothing—and, of course, she won out—a Paramount talent scout signed her for films.

Louise was married Christmas week at her home in Chicago to Horace MacMahon, Hollywood actor. Neither has been married before. They met when both were members of the "Three Men on a Horse" cast, but it wasn't until both were established in pictures that they fell in love.

Louise says she doesn't exactly know why that was. Maybe, she says, it was the "Hollywood influence.'

EDDIE ALBERT

MEETING him casually, you would never think of Eddie Albert as a Great Lover. Still, at the preview of "Brother Rat," that moment when he first embraced Jane Bryan (remember?) sort of sent thrills chattering up and down your spine. Afterward, we all said excitedly, "And did you see him kiss that girl!"

When the lights went up we all craned our necks for a sight of him.

But we didn't find him. He wasn't at the preview. He wasn't even in town. Having seen the picture previously in a studio projection room, Albert had decided he was a flop and now he was in New York telling himself what a dud he had been. Nor did the fact that Warners already had lifted his option cheer him up.

He thought they were duds, too. Motion-picture fans the world over have changed his mind for him—at least slightly.

Eddie's career began when, still a pupil at St. Stephen's Parochial School in Minneapolis, a "strong man" in a vaudeville show chose him from the audience to help him in his act. From that time on, Eddie was devoted to the theater. So, after two years at the University of Minnesota, he went to New York to try his luck as an actor. Eventually he landed a spot on the radio as Eddie of the Grace and Eddie team on the "Honeymoons" program.

Small parts in two or three stage plays followed, after which he won the role of "Bing Edwards" in the Broadway hit, "Brother Rat," which ran for a year and a half and resulted in his screen contract.

You would like Eddie if you knew him. He is quiet, shy and has a way of blushing when he talks to you. He is not married nor even engaged, but he would like to be. He admits it. But he would have to do the courting himself. A friend of mine who knows him well says he would run a mile if a female started to pursue him.

So, girls, you'll just have to wait until he asks you . . .
Talking About

RICHARD CARLSON

He is handsome. He can act. He has

unmmmmmp.

This was the verdict of "The Young in

Heart" preview audience concerning new-

comer Richard Carlson. They left the

theater wondering exactly who he was

and where he came from.

Well, I can tell you something about that.

He was born in Minnesota and he is

twenty-six years old. His father is a prom-

inent attorney of Minneapolis. He is a

graduate of the University of Minne-

sota, has an M.A. degree and owns a Phi

Beta Kappa key. He has had a lot of ex-

perience writing plays and once had one

produced on Broadway—a flop, sad to say.

After he left school, he accepted the post

of instructor at his own Alma Mater, but

only until he could, with the aid of scholar-

ship prize money, organize a theatrical

group called the Minneapolis Repertory

Company, of which he was manager, di-

rector, author and actor.

It was a pretty good company and the

plays produced were pretty good, too, but

Richard forgot to advertise them, with the

result that soon his money was gone, and

with it the Repertory Company.

He flipped a coin then, and came to

Hollywood. However, he didn't win much

in the way of a fortune in our film citadel.

Discouraged, finally, he went to New

York and talked his way into a rôle in

"Three Men on a Horse." This led to big-

ger and better things and two years later,

when Selznick needed a Duncan MacCrea

for "The Young in Heart," Dick was ready.

He is an engaging young man, is Carl-

son. He seems to have his fingers well

crossed and to feel that, despite this ap-

parent success, he is still not exactly God's

duly discovered gift to the movies.

A swell break, I've had," was all he'd

say. "I hope I get another."

He probably will!

P.S. Oh, yes, girls! I almost forgot. He

is not married!

ANN SHERIDAN

No woman likes to be told she lacks sex

appeal. Most women will do what they

can to disprove that accusation. Ann

Sheridan did. And thereby hangs this tale.

Ann had been in Hollywood for two

years and had had only casual success.

Then she left her home studio, Warners, to

appear in Universal's "Letter of Intro-
duction" and practically stole the show.

This is the story back of her sudden success.

It began after a preview in which she

had been only "so-so." But she had long

resigned herself to the conviction that she

would never be a star. The friend with

her, however, had different ideas. He

said bluntly, "You've got as much life on

the screen as a piece of cheese—and about

as much sex appeal."

Ann's Irish temper flared. "I'll thank you

to——" she began, but he interrupted.

"Yeah, I know. You'll thank me to mind

my business. But for once I'm not go-
ing to!" He didn't—the "dressing down"

lasted half an hour, ending when Ann,

speechless with rage, took a taxi home.

But when she cooled off, she began to

think. Perhaps . . .

Well, a week or so later, she went into

"Letter of Introduction." You know the

rest. After that preview, her name was

new.

Incidentally, she's twenty-three. She

was born in Dallas, Texas, and is a de-

cendant of the famous Civil War general,

"Little Phil" Sheridan. Until a week or

two before she came to Hollywood, she

hadn't the slightest intention of becoming

a screen actress. She was going to be a

schoolteacher. But she won a beauty con-
test; a talent scout saw her; a screen test

and a contract followed.

While, on the screen, hers is the sultry

type of beauty, in reality she is quite the

opposite. Irish ancestry has bequeathed

her keen wit and the proverbial Irish tem-

per. She is unusually athletic. She has

been married but it didn't "take."

WALTER PIDGEON

He never gets the girl—at least, almost

never—and you wonder why. For he is

handsome (dark hair, blue eyes and an

engaging grin); he is tall (six feet, three);

and he can make love as well as any Great

Lover on the screen today.

Meaning Walter Pidgeon. I should know

about his love-making. I saw them shoot

that scene in "I Take This Woman," where

he kissed Hedy Lamarr so convincingly

that the Hays Office banned the shot.

That Pidgeon guy has something!

He has been around Hollywood a long

time, off and on. He has dropped a couple

of times. But right now he has suddenly

become one of the most popular actors in

pictures with a box-office following that

even a Clark Gable wouldn't sneer at.

Walter is a Canadian, the son of a

wealthy wholesale dealer in New Bruns-

wick. He was a student at the University

of New Brunswick when the World War

broke out. He enlisted immediately. After

the war, he went back to college and, fol-

lowing graduation, established himself in

a brokerage business in Boston, only to

meet some students of the Copley Drama-

tic School and become interested in the

theater.

It was during his early theatrical days,

as a member of one of Elite Janis' com-

panies, that tragedy found him. His

young wife (a nonprofessional) died when

their daughter was born. For ten years

thereafter, Walter cared for his motherless

younger (known as "Pidge" and whom

he adores) before he remarried. That

marriage lasted six or seven years, but

only lately has gone on the rocks.

No, Walter is not a "gay young blade."

He is a little over forty and admits it. But

having kept his waistline, his hair and his

sense of humor, and having acquired in ad-

dition the pose, the aplomb, the sophisti-
cation which only years and experience

can bring, he is a man to be reckoned with
—at the box office or anywhere else.
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 51)

DIG Whirl! Fancy steps. Perfect timing. George danced as he never had before—or perhaps has since—and his mother danced with him. She was marveled giddily by the youth all around her, she caught for a moment the grace and gaiety of these days long ago, before the war, before she had been a carnival tramp. Her Latin love of life shone in her eyes. Her indomitable spirit made her beauty live.

On the side lines they appraised the slick-haired boy and the woman who followed his steps so effortlessly. And when it was over, the judges gave George and his mother the $50.

That was, as we say, a long time ago, but that contest set George along the road to success, as his mother had meant it should. And at the top, at last, he made his plan to repay her. He would build her a house. They would live there together. She would have everything she had ever wanted; everything she had been denied through the long, struggling years. George promised her that and promised himself.

But first, that night as the show was finished and she was making plans to travel West, George Raft's mother died. Peter and his mother had been in New York, a picture of the new home she was to have gone to so soon.

"Poetry, as we have said, this home that was to have been hers is a ghost house, swept by the chill and lonely winds of the canyon, friendless and alone. And out in front is a sign that says, "FOR SALE."

For George will never live there. He says he can't.

Snapping the Shuttle at the Stars This Month:

GEORGE BURNS says he's unhappy. Jack Benny says he has a thing to worry about, not even Mary's hats. Joan Crawford says no reconciliation with Franchot but a long European trip in the works. Bob Hope says he's busy doing too close and from whom? We're both of age.

Tyrone Power says, "Will I marry Annabella? Yes, it's a fine day, isn't it?"

Gee, Hollywood's Wonderful

"I WOULD rather be a milkman in Hollywood than the town mayor anywhere else." Our faithful deliverer of the coffee cream bowlled us over with this statement yesterday morning.

"You see," he explained, "I can smile at every Lanny Lamarr every morning on her way to work and she smiles back.

"You know something?" he added, sensing our curiosity, "Miss Lamarr rehearse her lines over and over every morning. Out load, too. It just happen her car and my truck meet near the corner of Cannon and Santa Monica Boulevard every morning and one morning I called, 'You're doing fine, Miss Lamarr. I can hardly wait to see the picture.' And she said, 'Thank you, I hope you'll like it in time.'"

Now he added, "I would be a wonderful being a milkman in Hollywood."
Protect daintiness—keep skin SWEET—the Hollywood way. The screen stars use LUX TOILET SOAP as a BATH soap, too. Use it every day. Its ACTIVE lather carries away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Leaves a delicate, clinging perfume on the skin.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

WITH FRAGRANT LUX SOAP IT IS SO EASY TO BE SURE OF THIS CHARMS

WHY ARE SO MANY SO CARELESS ABOUT DAINTINESS?

MEN FALL FOR SKIN THAT'S SMOOTH AND SWEET

GIRLS WHO DON'T PROTECT DAINTINESS LOSE OUT

EVERY WOMAN REALLY WANTS ROMANCE

I ALWAYS USE IT. IT LEAVES SKIN REALLY FRESH AND SWEET

SMOOTH AND DELICATELY FRAGRANT, TOO!

IT'S A WONDERFUL WAY TO PROTECT DAINTINESS. TRY IT!

MINGCCA YOUNG

Makes a UTILITY BATH THAT'S LUXURIOUS YET INEXPENSIVE

STARRING IN THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION "WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND"
stars have turned down. When I com-
municated with her, she said, 'I don't think a star knows when a story is right for her—or him. We read a script with an eye to our own part's role. Perhaps the story's whole. They've done pretty well for me. They've made me an important star and they pay me good money. Nothing just me in poor stories they leave my box-
office value and the returns on their in-
vestment. I'm afraid I couldn't sell you on the book. Why shouldn't I rely on their judgment?'

Today, when I recalled this conver-
sation, I thought, 'I've been a poor student all my life. I've been suspended and the time I was under suspension would have been added to the end of my con-
tract. So, instead of being free now, I would probably have had another year to go. And, even then, I'd have had no guarantee the stories I picked would have been any better. Even if they had been, the only difference would have been that I would be retiring in a blaze of glory instead of more inconspicuously—and this is the way I want it. I'll be forgotten quicker this way.'

'I have never branded a sword for the Little Theater Movement. I have never kidded myself about Art for Art's sake. I went into this business because I thought I could make more money in it than any other.'

'A man may manufacture automobiles or tires. He may make better cars or tires than his competitors. The knowl-
edge that he does may be a satisfaction to him, but he doesn't do it primarily for that reason. He does it because that's where he can make the most money. After he's made his pile, if he has any sense, he retires and enjoys it. That's the way I feel. I hold firmly with the theory advanced in 'You Can't Take It With You.'

'I've done everything I set out to do and now I'm going to enjoy myself. I've given ten years of my life to ac-
cumulating enough money to do the things I want to do. Ten years of never being able to travel when I wanted to, never being able to entertain when I wanted to, play or do what I wanted to—because picture schedules always had to be consulted before I could make plans on my own. My mother's future is provided for. I built a house for her and furnished it without her knowing anything about it. When it was all done I planned to move her into it on her maid's day off. The maid, instead of taking the day off, went over to the new house. I had picked up Mother's dogs the day before and told her I was going to take them to the veterinarian to be washed. Instead, they took them to the new house. Then I took Mother driving and when we passed the house I said, 'That's a cute place. Let's go out and look at it.' Her own maid answered the bell. Her dogs jumped up and down in welcome. I had arranged to have her best friend drop in for a visit.

'Afterward, the friend stayed with her when I left and I went home to tele-
phone her so the call from me was the first thing she heard. In the lobby, she established a trust fund for her when I first began making important money, so she is taken care of for life. As I told you myself, am concerned, I have just recently built the sort of house I've always wanted. It's what you might call 'a big little house' or 'a little big

house.' It's all paid for and I have four children with enough money that I can always keep it up on my income. It isn't an expensive place to run and the investment isn't so large I can't ac-
tend to it. But I'm afraid I'll be away—although I'm thrifty enough to subsidize it, probably.

'What about your forthcoming mar-
rriage?' I asked bluntly.
Kay laughed. 'I honestly don't know when it will be. If I did know, I wouldn't tell you—but I honestly don't know. When I am married it will be as a private citizen of no consequence. I won't be in the limelight any more and there is no reason my wedding should be given more than passing comment. It won't be immediately, though. I have rented my house because I intended going to Europe on Santa Barbara and San Francisco But I could never see them as often as I wished. Now I can renew all those friendships.

'I've been fortunate in acquiring more real friends than most people have. I think they are fond enough of me that they'll still enjoy seeing me whether I'm prominent or not.'

HAT last scene had been finished dur-
ing this conversation and Kay prepared to leave the set. 'May I come along to your dressing room and finish this con-
versation?' I asked.

Kay looked at me for a moment and her eyes misted.

'I have no dressing room any more,' she said simply. 'I purposely gave it up about a week ago. For the past week I've been going to Europe On the picture pictures. I plan to be gone indefi-
nitely and it may be that when I return no one will want me. But, as I told you before, if a producer should offer me a good part when I'm in Hollywood, I'll jump at it.

'The second thing concerns my age. When I first came out here I was under contract to Paramount. I have never been sensitive about my age and was perfectly willing to have it published. But Paramount said 'No!' They merely publicized the fact I was born on Fri-
day, the 13th of January. Reporters consulted almanacs and found the 13th of January fell on Friday in the years 1899 and 1911.

'One made me younger and the other older. They arbitrarily selected 1899 as the year of my birth. Actually it was 1905 and I am 34.'
Today's Debs Take EXTRA SKIN CARE—They Cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into their Skin*

in the Ritz-Carlton's Crystal Garden—Margaret Middle, Philadelphia deb, dances. She goes in for today's extra skin care... "I always cream extra 'skin-vitamin' into my skin by using Pond's Cold Cream."

Benefit opens Chicago's Opera Season—Tita Johnson, season's deb: "Extra 'skin-vitamin' in my daily Pond's creamings is just common sense."

Date Book—Four parties in one evening! No wonder Phoebe Thorne, New York deb, sleeps till noon. To keep that fresh, sparkling look she uses Pond's. "I believe in it."

White Week End—Boston debs frequently week-end at Peckett's in the White Mountains. (above) Adelaide Weld, debutante in Boston and New York. Faithful use of Pond's helps keep her skin smooth and soft. "It's so easy—I just cream my skin with Pond's."

Washington—Evalyn McLean chats between dances at her family's mansion, "Friendship," rendezvous of international society. She chose Pond's. "It's famous for smoothing skin to give make-up glamour plus."

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker. Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, price.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Monday, 8:30 P.M., N.T. Time, N.B.C.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.
N spring a young girl’s fancy turns to thoughts of clothes. Brand-new ones to match the fresh, gay mood of the season itself.

Photoplay brings you Hollywood’s side of the spring fashion story direct from two of cinema-town’s greatest designers—Howard Greer and Travis Banton—who, from their famous custom salon, create clothes for the personal wardrobes of the stars and the Southland’s elite, as well as for motion-picture wardrobes on special assignment. Howard Greer’s is an old established salon—Banton added his name to it shortly after his resignation from Paramount Studios last fall where he was head designer. Of course, you remember seeing the Greer models worn by Ginger Rogers in “Carefree” and Katharine Hepburn in “Bringing Up Baby.” Likewise, Banton’s glamour gowns brought to movie fame by Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard.

The spring fashion horizon, as seen through the eyes of Greer and Banton, is one of the most interesting and brilliant viewed in many a decade!

This coming season there will definitely be no set trends—no traditional “musts”—no prescribed fashion laws. One will not have to wear a straw hat to be chic in 1939, or select a town ensemble of print, or one of navy with trim of white piqué, or wear patent pumps, or even purchase a tailored suit.

In general, the trends will have a “little girl” look because of the old-fashioned dressmaker detail and the daintiness of line and trim. Skirts for daytime will be a wee bit shorter; the silhouette will be varied; there will be bloused models in both frocks and coats; pleated skirts; wee, flaring jackets and numerous modifications of the bolero; classic drapery for afternoon and evening gowns; corselied and pinched-in waistlines; sleeve shoulders that just out or up by means of Shirrings, gathers, pleats or padding.

Necklines will be variable. Many skirts will boast flounces; the dinner suit, long or short; ‘ill remain in great popularity; jacket suits, jacket frocks and coat and frock ensembles will have wider appeal than ever. Gaitery will persist in play clothes, with stripes, checks and plaids outstanding in the collections.

Hand-knit sweaters will see a smart revival and many will be seen in short dressy versions for formal wear.

The latter ones will frequently be embroidered with gay yarns or glittering pailettes. Hats will have more brim and less crowns; they will be made of exotic fabrics as well as felts and straws; they will be tied round with plaid and velvet ribbons and novel veilings; they will have a posy perched “now here, now there”; they will be piquant and picturesque!

Sheer woolen will become an important fabric for all daytime apparel as well as for evening wraps and frocks—this fabric will smartly challenge the previous popularity of “crepe” for spring. Prints, of course, will be shown, but their greatest interest will lie in the medium of tie silks.

They will fashion these tie silks into casual frocks for wear under sport coats; into those that will be worn with a companion coat or with one of sheer woolen colored from one of the lighter dominant figure notes of the tie silk; and into the perennially important “coat dress.”

The so-popular coat dress will boast a brand-new picturesqueness in its spring interpretation. Its styling will have a quaint femininity. Like all the clothes in the Greer-Banton spring collection, it will have a “dressed-up” look, for those two men stress femininity in women’s fashions.

Likewise, their redingote ensembles stress femininity. Colorful coats tops of frocks of contrast sheer woolens or, as mentioned previously, those of silk.

The soft little dressmaker suit of sheer woolen which allows feminine styling as well as the addition of bits of frill, and a chapeau that is veiled and flowered and flattering is more in the mood of the season than the strictly mannish tailleur. The former suit is more becoming and yet it embodies all the essentials of smart street grooming.

Even sports frocks heretofore plainly tailored for ease and action will take on a new feminine glory. For example, Greer and Banton suggest a shirtmaker frock of tie silk in shaded blues with collar and cuffs of white hand-embroidered batiste edged with lace—or one of pale green woolen (green in all its shades is the color news for spring) styled “jumper fashion” with a contrast blouse of pale yellow hand-embroidered linen edged at neck and sleeve with narrow baby lace.

Sport tweeds are as important as ever this spring. Stripes, subtle colorings and soft, open weaves are the high lights of these tweed collections. One of the lovliest color combinations I saw was of lettuce green, soft pink and mauve.

Tweed will be featured in greatcoats and in separate jackets that will top plain skirts that have plucked their coloring from one of the hues in the jacket tweed. Greatcoats will stress shoulder yokes and back flares—jackets will stress ample draping and long lines.

Greer and Banton, of course, favor the little jacket suit of navy. But they accent it with a colorful blouson of red and white checked gingham instead of “yesteryear’s must”—white piqué.

In summary, Greer and Banton feel that fashion this spring will reveal all there is to beauty in silhouette, color and fabric—that it will be truly feminine, truly picturesque!
(Continued from page 24.)

8. (Q) As a girl did you ever have romantic dreams of marrying some famous personality, and who was he?
   (A) Mary of Scotland—I was terribly envious when Katharine Hepburn played it.

9. (Q) What particular devilment were you most severely punished as a girl?
   (A) For talking back to my mother. I always wanted the last word—she still criticizes me for it.

10. (Q) Do you feel fans are disappointed in you when they see you in person?
    (A) I'm too busy worrying about how I look to feel anything.

11. (Q) What attempt in your life turned out to be the saddest fiasco?
    (A) Miss Colbert took the consequences. (Draw a picture of yourself.)

12. (Q) Have you ever been guilty of laughing in church and what was the occasion?
    (A) No. I was brought up too strictly for that.

13. (Q) What has ever caused your husband to put you “in the doghouse” for a time?
    (A) I am always forgetting to tell him ahead of time about dinner parties we are going to attend.

14. (Q) How well do you keep a secret?
    (A) As well as the average woman.

15. (Q) How do you react when your husband makes an admiring remark about another woman?
    (A) If I like her too, it's okay, but if not—well!

16. (Q) Do you consider yourself an easy person to get along with?
    (A) Yes, because I'm one of those lucky people who just happens to have a good disposition.

17. (Q) What role have you secretly desired which was won by another actress?

18. (Q) Do you wear false eyelashes off the screen?
    (A) No, they're too much trouble—and you can always tell that they're false, anyway.

19. (Q) Before you were married were you inclined to be flirtatious?
    (A) No. I have a horror of flirtatious women.

20. (Q) Before your husband asked you to marry him, had you already made up your mind that you were going to?
    (A) Miss Colbert took the consequences. (Let us publish a picture of you without make-up.)

21. (Q) Should you adopt a child, what would be your attitude later in informing him of the adoption?
    (A) I feel it is only fair to tell the child as soon as he is old enough to understand—to tell him before someone else does.

22. (Q) Which comedian amuses you most and why?
    (A) Charlie Ruggles, because his timing is so perfect. It isn't always what he says, but how.

23. (Q) Do you like to get together with close girl friends and talk about other women?
    (A) Yes, and I'd be fibbing if I said differently.

24. (Q) What mannerism or style of grooming have you changed to please your husband?
    (A) He's one of those men who dislikes bright-red nail polish. Ergo: I go colorless.

25. (Q) What one thing which you haven't done wish you had more than anything else in the world?
    (A) The part of Scarlett O'Hara in “Gone with the Wind.”

26. (Q) Are your charge accounts carried under the name of Claudette Colbert or Mrs. Joel Pressman, and which name do you prefer to use in your personal contacts?
    (A) I always use Mrs. Joel Jay Pressman and I am very put out when business or personal friends fail to address me by this name. I feel that every career woman in her private life should use her husband's name—for courtesy, as well as sentimental reasons.

You asked for it!

Letters have poured in questioning, “Why don't you publish more Errol Flynn stories?” Now—LET'S HUNT FOR TREASURE by Errol Flynn will appear in the April issue. Hidden gold, pirate's jewels, mysterious islands golden in the sunset, all are here—and true, too—from the pen of this remarkable young actor-adventurer. You'll enjoy every word of it.

In April PHOTOPLAY

The girl is Hollywood star ANDREA LEEDS now in Samuel Goldwyn's screen play "The Last Frontier," Her dress is made available to you through DOUBLE MINT GUM. Just buy SIMPLICITY pattern 2978 at Simplicity dealers.
VOLUPTE

How will you have your INTRIGUE?

Flaunt a dash of purple in your beauty life. Wear Volupté's exotic mauve-tinted shade, INTRIGUE! Wear it shamelessly shiny in that dazzling HUSSY of a lipstick "H"...

OR "rhythm and blues" hair made in Eastern style, blue and gold for just any mood. Plumed hair, top knot, is just for you. INTRIGUE! It's a look that pretends to be a dand. INVITE you to own it.

76

Penalty on Question No. 58.
This is a "consequence" Jean Arthur thought up last month—arrange your hair in its most unbecoming style and have your picture taken that way.

(A) I am constantly losing things, handkerchiefs especially—at the rate of two a day.

28. (Q) In selecting a list of Hollywood's ten best-dressed women to include on your list, who would you rank yourself, and why?

(Miss Colbert took the consequences. (Write an essay of a hundred words or more, à la Bob Burns.)

29. (Q) At what, acting excluded, do you consider yourself expert?

(A) Fishing. I cast a mean hook, let me tell you.

30. (Q) What slang expression do you most commonly use?

(A) "So what."

31. (Q) What do you consider your least attractive physical feature?

(A) My nose. It's not so much the bone of my existence, but cameron don't like it much.

32. (Q) What do you weigh, and what weight problem do you have?

(A) One hundred and fourteen pounds—and I am constantly stuffing to keep it up to that.

33. (Q) What percentage of your income do you save?

(A) One-tenth.

34. (Q) Has your happiness increased with your income?

(A) Not particularly. Naturally I have been able to enjoy more luxuries and a greater feeling of security, but happiness deals with something more important. Being happy is a talent which everyone should try to develop—and it can be developed without riches.

35. (Q) For what type of portrait do you consider yourself best suited?

(Miss Colbert took the consequences. (From your own collection grant us the most unglamorous photograph taken of you on one of your trips.)

36. (Q) What personal wish or like have you spent the most money to satisfy?

(A) I spend all my money on my horse... it gives me more gratification than anything else in the world.

37. (Q) How old were you when you had your first date, and what was it?

(A) I was seventeen and was invited to a Masonic Ball. The poor young man was much surprised when my entire family came along, too. One or more members of my family always chaperoned me everywhere.

38. (Q) What do you think has been your greatest handicap in your career?

(A) Neglecting to pose for sufficient publicity pictures.

39. (Q) What do you think has been your greatest asset?

(A) Always worrying about getting good stories, rather than good parts.

40. (Q) On what occasion and by whom have you ever been told to "mind your own business?"

(A) I always mind my own business. I have a terrible curiosity about other people, but I manage to control it.

41. (Q) Was there anything about you or your looks that separated you from children which caused other kids to ridicule you?

(A) Yes, I had to wear little ankle socks all year round as French children do and the others teased me—said it was because my family was too stingy to buy me stockings.

42. (Q) When have you ever resorted to tears to get something?

(Miss Colbert took the consequences. (Write a verse about La Congo, the dance being introduced in "Midnight.")

43. (Q) Do you boast a great deal of attention on small aches and pains?

(A) I used to—I was almost a hypochondriac, but marrying a doctor cured that.

44. (Q) In case of a misunderstanding are you quick to apologize or do you wait for the other to begin?

(A) I apologize immediately, because I can't stand friction.

45. (Q) Do you try to conceal your age?

(A) I can't conceal it, because it's been published for twelve years every place in the world; but I would like to forget it.

46. (Q) Do you consider yourself an informal person?

(A) About many things, yes... but in some connections I prefer to be formal. I dislike very much to have people "drop in" on me at home, for example. I'm not good at potluck hostessing... it gives me the jitters and all my friends know it by now.

47. (Q) Are you spoiled?

(A) Not enough! I love to be spoiled—especially when I'm feeling sorry for myself. Then I want lots of sympathy and to be told that I'm right.

48. (Q) Do you fear death?

(A) Yes, terribly.

49. (Q) What is the least amount of money per year on which you believe you could live comfortably?

(Miss Colbert took the consequences. (Since you admit, in your answer to question 38, that you haven't posed for enough publicity pictures, let us have a typical one of you now.)

50. (Q) What are your plans for retirement?

(A) I haven't any—I hope to go on and on.

51. (Q) On what subject do you believe yourself most qualified to advise someone else?

(A) Advice is awfully cheap and about as unenlightened... I know, because I've received lots of it and that's why I don't give it now.

52. (Q) When did you last make a faux pas?

(A) Last evening, and that was the third one yesterday. I am always making them—speaking out when I shouldn't, stooping to pick up something I dropped instead of waiting for the gentlemanly gesture of the man with whom I'm talking—bumped heads the result! Using the wrong fork, just because I'm absent-minded about such things. The result—I blush always and make foolish stuttering remarks trying to cover up.

53. (Q) If you had a daughter of sixteen would you allow her to smoke or go out unchaperoned?

(A) No. Decidedly.

54. (Q) Is it easy for you to trust people or are you inclined to be suspicious and on the defensive?

(A) I am very suspicious and on the defensive...always have been... and make dozens of inquiries before accepting any plan or business proposition put up to me.

55. (Q) Do you think women should dye their hair to hide grays?

(A) If they work for a living, yes.

56. (Q) How do you act when being interviewed?

(A) Very cagey, because I dread being miquoted.

57. (Q) Are you superstitious?

(A) Yes, I'm a wood-knocker.

58. (Q) Do you prefer the company of men or women, and why?

(Miss Colbert took the consequence Jean Arthur thought up last month. (Arrange your hair in its most unbecoming style and have your picture taken.)

59. (Q) Do you believe women should take an active part in politics, voting, etc., and do you?

(A) No, and I have never voted yet.

60. (Q) What bad habit do you have which annoys your friends?

(A) Slipping garlic into the soup when I invite them for a French dinner.
Illusion

There is something about her
that makes you think of
willow saplings swaying in the wind
...that something is known
as a Foundette

Designed to coax your figure into youthful curves. This lightweight
107L-"Lautex"-Foundette, with its
wonder-working new front panel of
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gives smooth control over abdomen
and diaphragm...but still keeps
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The Randi—An open back, open toe step-in of bisque suede with the heel and in-step of contrasting copperyalf. The interesting cut-out treatment gives this shoe added distinction—added smartness.

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The Toby—Interestingly spaced perforations cover this lovely shoe from heel to open toe. The comfortable Tango flexible in-step feature makes this pump doubly important in your Spring plans.

Paradise on Earth!

This Spring's Paradise Shoes Are As Glamorous As The Beach At Waikiki

...because I wanted to do something different. I had done only solo numbers for so long, I thought perhaps my audiences would appreciate a change.

"I am sure they appreciate this," I murmured.

"As for choosing Stewart Reburn," she smiled again, "well, in considering possible partners, I could think of only two, but one of those two was a solo skater like myself which really dimmed the situation down to one choice—the one I made.

"I had seen Stewart skate at Lake Placid in the 1932 Olympics and again at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, in 1936. He was paired with a Canadian girl named Louise Bertram and I never forgot him. He had, as you say, 'what it takes,' not only as a skater, but as a personality. And so..." she made a little gesture with hands and shoulders.

"I wired him in Toronto and asked him to meet me in New York upon my return from Norway last summer. He met me there and the agreement was made."

"Did you skate together before he was signed up for the Revue?" I asked her.

"No," she said, and the dimples played hard in her cheeks. "I suppose it was very unbusinesslike of me, but I was so sure we should get on perfectly, and there was so ice available just then, and so...well, actually, we never skated together until just two weeks ago today."

"I'll admit," she added, "that I was a little nervous the day we met in the Palace, here, for our first rehearsal. But it worked out all right.

"Yes, it 'worked out all right.' A friend of mine who had witnessed that initial rehearsal told me it 'worked out' from the instant those two joined hands on the ice.

Sonja had selected the music and had planned the steps they were to do. 'I'll show you,' she said to Reburn. But almost before she finished the first figure, he was at her side, timing his own strokes to hers, sensing, as only a trained pair-skater can, what would come next. And before that brief hour was over, the Gold Tango was a beautiful thing to see.

"You're good," Sonja said simply, when they had finished.

And he, blushing with pleasure at this praise from the queen of all skaters, withal he is himself a champion, replied, flippantly, "Thank you, Sonja. This is a proud moment for me."

"And what about it?" I asked Sonja on the night of the premiere. "Wouldn't you like to have him in a picture with you?"

Her answer was ready and frank. "Yes, I would. I hope he can be in my next." And so, since Sonja is a young lady who almost always gets her own way, we might be seeing him at our neighborhood theater one of these days when the tour of the Hollywood Ice Revue is ended. You can't tell..."

I also met the young man in question, that night. He has the clear complexion and clipped speech of a Dick Greene. His hair is light brown, thick and straight. His eyes are gray and smiling; his mouth full, yet finely chiselled. When he speaks, he looks at you with engaging directness; when you speak, he listens with flattering attention. He is of medium height and finely proportioned. If too tall, he would appear incongruous be- side the diminutive Sonja.

The two of them met in 1934 on a Saturday afternoon at a wallizing session in the Toronto Skating Club. Sonja, then an amateur, was there to headline the Toronto carnival. Howard Ridout, president of the club, introduced them. Young Reburn remembers all of this perfectly. He remembers, too, being so thrilled that he stumbled over his skates "like a clumsy fool." Of course, they had seen each other skate at Lake Placid two years before.

"At least," he adds modestly, "I saw her. Who wouldn't?"

It was a strange thing the way fate brought him to Sonja's side and back into skating. After winning a list of championships a yard or so long, he and his partner, Miss Bertram, captured the Canadian Pairs Championship and the Minto Cup which, he confided to me, was their goal. They retired, then, undefeated, and Stewart, deciding it was high time he made a niche for himself in the world of business, started to sell advertising. Then came the wire from Sonja, the trip to New York, the Holly- wood Ice Revue, a new life.

Romantic? Of course it is! Two people—so young, so attractive, neither in love with anyone else, and they have so much fun together. Naturally, I didn't ask them, "Is there a romance in the offing?" Such a question would only have embarrassed them. But I said to myself, if there is not, there should be.

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

Check your answers to the statements on page 11 with these correct ones:

1. Donald Crisp
2. Gary Cooper
3. Ann Sothern
4. Charles Chaplin
5. Gole Page
6. George Raft
7. James Cagney
8. Gene Lockhart
9. Frances Farmer
10. Claudette Colbert
11. Wayne Morris
12. Mickey Rooney
13. Henry Fonda
14. Richard Barthelmess
15. Lionel Barrymore in "A Family Affair"
16. Nancy Kelly
17. Shirley Temple
18. Richard Greene
19. James Roosevelt
20. Joan Crawford

Brauer Bros. Shoe Co. ST LOUIS

Photoplay
rejoicing and enthralled for Chicago, furiously convinced in his seventeen-year-old mind that there was no honor or justice left in the world and that all women were inherently untrustworthy.

Melvyn Hesselberg had spent an entire generation eagerly protesting against an order of things that was conventional and hidebound. Perhaps it was his family ancestry... Edouard Hesselberg, his musician father, was Russian-born; his mother a Kentucky farmer, with mother tongue English and harsh Scotch blood in her veins. They were people of a small world, of intense possessiveness.

In retrospect, Melvyn could remember many things that directly or indirectly had influenced him: the Mason, the Georgia house, furnished for comfort but not style; the music his father had collected which frightened him; the new house in Nashville; then a year in Germany; there was being eleven and moving to Toronto; his attempt to join the army at the age of fifteen and having his father quietly obtaining his release; and the girl from the burlesque show he had met; then there was the break with his boyhood best friend. Edouard, who drifted to Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1917; so there had been no one to stop him from joining the army. But the war had ended and now he was on his own again.

With the mad winter of 1918, his new adult life began. He had gone to Chicago because the break with his family had been a clean one and he was determined to keep it so. There was that winter, and his first job, which was selling pianos, and the room he took: faded wallpaper, a peculiar smell old rooming houses have; and there was quitting the job, because there wasn’t enough work attacked and his conscience hurt at taking the money, and there was the next job, in which he read gas meters, and there was the next job after that, as salesman in a store.

He met William Owen then, through the intervention of some strange providence. Owen was a retired stage star with a penchant for helping young theatrical talent and he was impressed with Melvyn, so that within a week the boy was established comfortably in his new residence, working at sundy jobs to pay his way, and studying Shakespeare under Owen’s tutelage, and every Owen’s table, and generally being a pet protege of Owen—which suited them both.

Thus, sheltered and protected, Melvyn had the freedom of time and money to flounder with his fellows in the immediate post-war mire. There were many to keep him company, acquired through Owen and Owen’s circle, and there was plenty of hire. His acquaintances were sundry, in a kind of pattern they were young writers, artists, actors, intellectuals with a leaning toward music as a form of expression, and they had madcap, creative impulses. They liked Turgenev, the early Greeks, gin and four o’clock in the morning. They were Chicago’s Greenwich Village set and, because of their vitality and the scope of their ideas, they were good for Melvyn.

He spent five years in Chicago. A few things, names, events—vividly remembered—were verifiable.

There was the arrival of Prohibition. Melvyn and his friends collected other friends and the money all of them had and, having spent the resultant large sum (there were 150 in the party) on liquor, settled down to a celebratory bender. It lasted three days, during which Melvyn, over 100 of the guests passed or dropped out of the group, unnoticed.

The remainder, led by Melvyn, were still going strong on the last night; with what change they had left, these hearties tramped down to the Congress Hotel where they found most of Chicago tipsily lined up at the bar. At the far end was a coffin containing the recumbent figure of John Barleycorn; and the crowd was filing past to kiss him goodbye. This was not too sanitary a gesture but it had its value, since, as one person’s lips touched those of John, a squirt of liquor shot out to cheer the parading.

NINETEEN-NINETEEN drifted past, with the main difference to Melvyn that Shakespeare began to make infinite sense and that Edouard Hesselberg began to have financial difficulties; whereas, upon his son, with sudden remembrance of filial regard, felt he had better get busy and make some extra money. This was accomplished in the next year, when Owen organized a real estate company, made Melvyn one of the leads, and went on the road.

When that was over the good Mr. Owen, whose health had failed, planted his protege as first lead with John Keller’s road company, at $60 a week.

Melvyn’s 1920 tour with the Keller company ended abruptly in Toronto, where Melvyn found himself without a nickel but with a wealth of experiences to consider. These, however, were not negotiable; and he was hungry. He walked along the early autumn streets of the Canadian city, his coat collar up against the cold, his hands deep in his empty pockets, and confronted Crisis.

There were alternatives. He could wire home for money, return to the possessive Lena and Edouard. Or he could call Owen collect. The first was refused by the decisive pattern that he had been building in his mind through the years; the second, by shame.

He stood staring into a shop window, blind to the contents, trying to find his way. A man, shabby and with a face that showed only resignation and a distillation for the razor, came to stand beside him. After a moment the man said, “I was going to ask you for coffee money, Bud. But you ain’t flat, ain’t you?”

“How did you know?”

“Y’get so you can tell, after a while. Listen. The cardboard from packages is better in your shoes than the kind the laundry puts in shirts, because of the glue. It lasts longer.” After a moment the man added, “No friends, Bud?”

“No,” Melvyn said. Then he turned to stare at the fellow. “Yes! I’d forgotten...” He searched in his pocket and found a quarter. “Here. And thanks.”

Melvyn began to trot down the street. He found a phone booth in a drug-store. “Information,” he said into the mouthpiece...

A moment later he was saying, “Johnnie, I punched your nose once at school and now you’re going to invite me to dinner.”

THAT night, at dinner, he watched his host plunge a fork into a plump roast chicken and saw the golden juice of chestnut dressing run out. His stomach began impatiently. “Now then,” the host muttered, carving.

By the open fire, afterwards, Melvyn,

(Continued from page 67)

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap! Use Cashmere Bouquet and the Costlier Perfume

MARCH, 1939

MEN DO FIND YOU MORE ALLURING! WHEN, BEFORE DATES, YOU BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!
stretched his legs and blinked vaguely. "But, of course, I'm still in a spot," he said. "Not that I wouldn't like enough money in the picture of your dining-room table. But what goes on from here?"

"Why not get a job in Toronto and stay? It's not so bad."

"A job?" Melvyn raised an eyebrow. "I'm an actor. It's the winter season, you know, Cap." His friend shrugged. "Those who can't, comma, teach. You've staked just now, kid, for sure. So touch other people to be actors. Open a dramatic school."

There was a long silence, while Melvyn considered. Then he said, "God, pity Canada's future crop of actors. I'll do it."

Three months later he sat in his room, reckoned his resources, and found he had been able to save a hundred dollars. Methodically he cut two pieces in the middle of one, and made a cardboard box from a package, put them away as mementos of the summer and on the rest of the package printed in black letters: "Sorry. But you're in a rut anyway."

He opened the door and tucked the sign in the middle of the panels, for his students to find the next day. They had not, after all, paid him for the past week.

Then he packed his clothes and caught the first train for Chicago.

The years blazed by, then, in a bright procession: 1921, and the summer, and the one thing that, he said, "Tomorrow, tomorrow, how happy I will be," and the community house for actors at which Melvyn Hesselberg lived, after the hundred dollars was gone. The classical theater, with stage and settings hand-built in the back yard of the community house, which he conceived and created with a friend named Gale Sondergedd; and the success of the theater, with resultant popularity and public acclaim.

That summer he met the girl who, at last long, made him forget Anne. . . . It made her and Anne's propensity for hurting him, so that in the following winter he came one afternoon to his room, once again packed his bags, called the Chauntauqua Troupe manager to accept the job he had offered and left on tour that afternoon.

It was the end of the Chicago interlude. Essentially, he was unchanged. And it was 1922—the Chauntauqua company was a form of Evangelical Society arrangement, playing week-long stands in tiny Wisconsin and Illinois hometowns. Remember, though it Melvyn got a little closer to raw America, the bigoted, the intolerant, the childishly unpatriotic America.

Observing with detachment, he found that he no longer felt any sense of scorn for the country people whose ideas were so different. Rather, he caught himself studying them, understanding their viewpoints, liking and envying the simplicity of their emotions.

The change, the growing up, was happening to him slowly. It would take a short time, which (which would be inevitable, of course) to snap him clear. But that would come later. . . . America rolled full blouse, shouting gleefully, into its most prosperous decade. A young intellectual, Melvyn had met earlier, named Ben Hecht, wrote a play and got it produced. The manufacturer, which another man named Melvyn had been working on had been published and now formed an endless pattern in the windows of bookshops across the nation: "This Side of Paradise," read the bright jackets, "by F. Scott Fitzgerald." "What Price Glory?" Melvyn Douglas came everywhere. Mahjong came in, and went out. Radios grew loud-speakers. And in Sioux City Melvyn, progress came to the American society, Melvyn Hesselberg when a modern stock company, full-rigged and really professional, hired him as leading man to an experienced lady for $30 a week.

But the coast of Madison, Wisconsin, his salary had been raised to $85 and he was an official asset.

Although he could not know it, the highly evolved personality toward which he had been working was crystallizing. His wild, unchartered rebellion against convention was assuming an intelligent aspect, despite the fact that his emotions were as muddled as ever.

Any case, he was shrewd enough, when the chance came, to leave his job and start his own stock company with backing from friends.

In it he alternated the Up-In-Mable's Room type of thing with classic plays. The experiment was pretty successful, except that the farces, by the overwhelming attention given them by Melvyn's college acquaintances, had to support the Art, which went almost unattended.

Nevertheless, this was accomplishment. This was something to get his teeth into. This was sufficient. . . .

Until, on New Year's Eve, 1924 and the final adjustment of Melvyn Hesselberg to the social order in which he lived were ushered in simultaneously with the banning on his apartment door of the Madison, Wisconsin police.

He had, earlier, met an architect and subsequently had taken the upper floor of one of his apartment buildings. Here young Mr. Hesselberg lived, rehearsed and entertained the many people he had met during the long Madison residence. And here, on the last night of 1924, he decided to give a party to end all parties.

"Have a good time," he enjoined each one, upon arrival.

And they did—such a noisy, such an unfettered good time, indeed, that at eleven-thirty the landlord gave a shake to her ponderous bosom, dozed her uncompromising piece nice and called the riot squad.

Melvyn himself opened the door to them. He had thought this might happen. He was ready. Now, for all time, would the not-be read.

He launched it in with fervor.

After ten minutes his audience found him still impassioned and still famous. They took him, and his guests, away.

The night court judge, peering benevolently over the bench, had smiled. But during the next weeks Melvyn could not help admitting that a queer thing had suddenly happened to him. He was bored with the life he had been leading, that he had a case of mental indigestion in New York.

At the end of three weeks, his tradition of rebellion shaken because its basic reason was lost, but with his money still a necessity since he was what he was, Melvyn stopped one day before the show window of a travel agency. The gaudy placards, inviting him to far and romantic places, seemed to hold the answer to his immediate problem. He went inside to ask for some folders and came out with a ticket—to Europe.

The stock company had been giving great guns all winter. It was at the peak of its success. But for the first time in his life Melvyn had a respectable sum of money in the bank; he needs must prove this accomplishment to himself in some special manner.

Also, he was thoroughly sick of this guy Melvyn Hesselberg, who couldn't seem to make up his mind clearly about life. Maybe, in a different and older world, he might find the answer to everything, if there were one. . . .

He had $1200. It kept him in Europe for the entire summer—in Paris for a time, then in a small coast town where the people were real and where he could learn French at first hand; he went for a long walking trip to the South of France, and met an American architect who had just returned from bicycling across the Continent, riding his bike, and, coming over, Melvyn bought a bike and set out.

When the summer was over, he caught the boat home with a sense of relief. In the mirror his eyes returned his stare, clear and untroubled.

The cure had worked. As he got off the boat, with $68 in his pocket, a Western Union boy was monotonously calling his name. He took the wire. It was to say distantly known for years in Chicago, and it said simply: "I've missed you."

The tone was thickly friendly, and she heard her mouth looked when she smiled and the amber glint of her hair under light. He remembered her voice. It was through.

He went directly to Chicago.

On the table damask in the Edgewater Beach Club's dining room he told her, "Something's changed me. I don't mean I've gone long-hair—but when I do things now I know why. I know what I want. One thing—I want you."

She was silent.

"Will you marry me?" Melvyn asked her.

"This minute?"

"I mean tomorrow."

She was silent. "I'll have to give you a luncheon date. But I guess it's worth it. Okay."

He ordered a coffee, and netted him a son, a confusion of experiences, twelve months of anxious, hard work and, finally, the orders of business came.

The trouble had been that he had missed her for love—for which he was ready at last—in reality she was only the symbol of that love.

There was just one woman with whom Melvyn had ever considered marriage. His meeting with her, their life together in Hollywood and his fight against film success came not to a successful story.

In April Photoplay

80

PHOTOPLAY

"How in the World Does the Boss Rest While Working so Hard?"

"Here's how he does it. He keeps a package of this famous Beech-Nut peppermint gum on his desk. What a pleasant way to relieve the tension!"

"Beech-Nut. One of America's Good Habits."

Visit the Beech-Nut Building at the New York World's Fair, if you drive, stop at Canarsie, N. Y., and see how Beech-Nut products are made.
It's the evening sight-seeing must Hollywood.

The Count Thea Rossi whom Ty mentions is one of the world's most eligible bachelors and the hero to the famous vermouth millions of the famous Martini & Rossi firm. So can you imagine what it must have done to the babes of Ecuador to have two such bachelors pile out of one plane—to say nothing of Bill, who is a bachelor, too, and most eligible, though weary?

Thursday

At the airport at five-thirty A.M. to take off for Arica, Chile. This early-o'clock, early-to-rise stuff is just like being on a picture shooting schedule. The weather was terrific, though, if for no other reason than seeing the sunrise from the air. That's always a thrill. Our first stop was Lima, Peru, very surprising in two scores. The place looks just like any other oil town, only here it is completely surrounded by desert. Then three girls turned up who proved to be from Tulsa, Oklahoma. Only came down at Lima long enough to refuel, but the city looked so beautiful from the air I wish we had arranged to stop here for a few days. We flew over some Inca ruins this afternoon and climbed up 6,000 feet to land at a city named Arequipa. It is situated at the base of Mt. Chachani which is 20,000 feet high, with two other mountains of almost equal height towering alongside. Pushed on to Arica, getting there at six, so dog tired we didn't even stop to eat. Just registered at the hotel and made a dive or the hay.

Friday

HE first dull day of the whole trip, till the fault of stormy weather. Out in the desert and driving through the dunes, but Valparaiso was a lice. Began to think that maybe we'd seen enough of the Fox representative down here, and to go with him to a dinner given by the representative of the British air line companies. Bowing after dinner at the Union Club; got back to the hotel at two A.M.

Saturday

OT going up in a plane this morning. Down to earth for three whole days, which is a relief for a change, and the city looks charming. Took a drive to Valparaiso and Viña del Mar. (Wonder if the "Bad Girl" author got her name from this town.) Lunched with members of the local press in the Castilio, a very modern restaurant overlooking the harbour of Valparaiso. In the afternoon, after a sight-seeing trip around the city, I had the pleasure of meeting the mayors of Viña del Mar, who invited Bill and me to be his guest at a dinner at the Casino. Did we feel happy when we arrived in our old black, open-neck shirts and sports coats and everybody else formal?

Sunday

DIDN'T stir till lunch which I had with Darryl Zanuck's mother, Mrs. Norton, who happens to be visiting here, too. We went on to the races and in the evening were guests of the American Ambassador for cocktails and then for dinner at a local golf club.

Monday

TWO weeks out of Hollywood. It seems like two years, not restful ones, certainly, but better, exciting ones. Could have stayed on in Santiago for another month, but we're scheduled to plane out today for Buenos Aires. Up over the Andes we had to sniff oxygen as we were flying at an altitude of 19,000 feet. From the plane it looked as though you could reach out and touch the sides of the mountains, but the steward said we weren't within a mile of the nearest peak. It adds up to one of the most thrilling and beautiful plane trips it is possible to take.

Before I even stepped out of the plane, they came on board with a microphone and asked me to say how I liked the city. And I'd only seen it from the air! Later, though, prowling around it I discovered how beautiful it was. Grand surprise here. Met two old pals of mine who are living down here and they insisted Bill and I be their guests during our stay here, which will be for five days. Delighted to accept.

I asked Ty if the press was just as horrible wherever you hit it. He said in this voice of his that could mean anything, "Why I love the press." Bill it was who explained that reporters are tough enough when you all speak the same language, but when a star has to speak through an interpreter, then the going gets really rough. Bill said, though, that Hollywood reporters might add some of the extreme Spanish-speaking politeness to their repertoire to which Mr. Power simply murmured, "Tsk, tsk," still very mockingly.

No smart woman risks offending—

make sure of your charm with MUM

HIS first "I love you"—the thrilling proposal, then the honeymoon—those are memories every woman hopes will never die. But it's so easy for a wife to think that time will strengthen love—to feel that, because her husband loved her once, he'll love her always!

Don't make that fatal mistake! Don't risk losing out in love because you're careless about underarm odor. Before you've won him—and after, too—avoid the dangers of offending. Prevent underarm odor with Mum! Remember, no bath is enough to prevent odor. A bath only takes care of past perspiration—Mum prevents odor from coming! Hours after your bath has faded Mum keeps you fresh!

SAVE TIME! Pat Mum under each arm until it disappears. Takes only 30 seconds!

SAVE WORRY! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundring tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving Mum is actually soothing to your skin.

SAVE ROMANCE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your druggist's today—use it daily and be sure of charm!

WHY NURSES PREFER MUM'S QUICK, SURE CARE!

... AND MORE NURSES, too, USE MUM THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT, IT'S SO QUICK, SAFE AND SURE.

For Sanitary Napkins
Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

DON'T LOSE THE MAN YOU WANT MOST TO KEEP

(Continued from page 19)
The Admiral looks grim but he’s a great guy! At the formal reception to the fleet, he asked me did I have any Beeman’s Gum. When I drew a fresh package out of my bag, his eyes twinkled like harbor beacons.

"Just the life preserver I was perishin’ for!" he said with a grin. "The refreshing tang of that Beeman’s flavor makes even shore duty a pleasure. It’s fresh as a 20-knot breeze. Beeman’s is the code word for a delicious treat any time. A salvo of thanks, my dear!" And the Admiral actually saluted!

But beyond words, all of it. Porto Alegre our only stop between Buenos Aires and Rio, but the most enthusiastic reception yet there. Landed at Rio in the fog and in the dawn’s bloom, saw the press, and then, with Darke de Mattos to be his guest for a day on his island of Paqueta. It is only twenty-six miles off the main land, a lovely spot.

Now right here, children, is where Ty begins not telling the half of it. He doesn’t tell you that in Buenos Aires for his beautiful women, breasting a heavy rain, brake a police car on the Mordon Airport (we did not make that same gaffe in Spain where it’s called). Windows in the airport administration building were broken as the lovebirds tried to make a get away. A couple leaped; several got hysterical, Ty escaped through a back door and into a waiting taxi. He wasn’t feeling too elegant, anyhow, what with an arm that had been nearly pulled off by the frantic mob in Porto Alegre.

But that omission is as nothing against his not reporting that Annabella was in Rio de Janeiro and that she, too, went out to the island of Mr. de Mattos for the day. In fact, she had dinner at the Santos Dumont airport, afterward, on her return from Paqueta, the girls were Iowa, others were Iowa, but when she saw the crush of other women who were likewise waiting there—and for the very same purpose—she left and returned to the Copacabana Hotel, where her suite was two floors above the one reserved for Ty. However, before he arrived there, she had checked out, only to meet him later in the day in Mr. de Mattos’ launch.

He doesn’t mention, and no one would expect him to, that when Annabella was interviewed in Paris in late October after the end of her divorce and was asked if she were going to marry again, she said: "I marry Tyrone Power? But that is silly. He is a nice boy, but that is all. Every day is the reason for our divorce. She meant herself and M. Marat’s divorce. Our work separates us for so long that it is impossible for us to remain married."

At that time, the papers said that she planned to sail for America about the middle of November. All of which seems to have been true, except that she didn’t say which America, and it turned out to be South, not North.

Tuesday to Monday

BACK to Rio de Janeiro for another engagement. I guess a permanent tourist, for I always want to see all the local sights and I never fail to get a kick out of them. I got something more than that here, though, for I shall never forget the sight of that statue of Christ of Corcovado, which dominates the entire city and harbor. "The bird’s-eye view of the city and its beaches from there is of breath-taking loveliness. We woke up to see this statue by daylight and then stayed on so that we could see it when the sun was down and the lights went on. I kept on the most part of the trip and I shall always remember the beauty of it. We did lots of other sight-seeing, too. Went with Annabella to a charity dinner given by the wife of the President for the newsboys of Rio. We visited a night club where we heard the native carnival music, the Samba, of which I bought all the recordings I could find. We toured to every spot anyone recommended and they were all marvelous.

Here all I can remark is that "Ice" is a wonderful word. "I" can only mean one person, but "Ice" can mean anything. I am happy to see to three hundred or more, it can mean just two. Certainly Tyrone and Annabella dined and danced and went sight-seeing to gather for that week in the romantic South American capital and most certainly there is no reason why they shouldn’t have, particularly if they are in love, and nothing would surprise me less. For I have seen them together and I’ve heard the special note that comes into Ty’s voice when he speaks of Annabella and if it isn’t love it is, at least, a major interest that might ripen into almost anything.

Fame makes it hard, however, to capture the moments of “we two together and the world shot out” which all romantically interested people crave. Still, if all the world loves a lover, even when the lover is just Joe Smith who works in the Stevens garage and the girl is Mary Brown who lives on Main Street, Avenel, N.J., what can we expect when, as in this case, the boy is one of the handsomest and most regular young men ever to come to fame, the girl a honey-haired charmer from Paris with laughing eyes and a seductive voice, and the setting of their possible courtship is lighted with a tropical moon, and shot through at long distance with the glitter and glamour that Hollywood sheds so lavishly over its favored children? Naturally, the public is interested. Both these stars understand that interest. Just the same, it is too difficult for them, what with reporters and photographers dogging their every footstep. Thus the next diary entry reads:

Monday

SAW Annabella off on a plane to Buenos Aires in the morning. In the afternoon returned to the airport to meet Count Rossi.

Thursday

BILL and I have decided to finish our journey by boat. Within two hours (plenty rushed, however) we had a ranged passage, cancelled our plane reservations and packed. We boarded the boat from a launch just before sailing time and stood at the rail of the ship till Rio, that beautiful city, disappeared from view.

There was one very amusing incident that Ty forgot to record in those last three days in Rio. One night he and I were invited to a formal evening party. While they were dressing, they discovered that somewhere in their travels they had lost a dress tie. It left them with just one black tie between them, since, naturally, traveling by plane they were traveling as light as possible. They checked out the neighborhood shops, but found them all closed. So, since two men can’t go out for a formal evening with one black tie between them, they tossed for it to see who’d get the date, and Bill won. Then, as the Peace corps was still there, wondering what he’d do with the empty evening and wishing he had brought along some money with hands on both sides, a waiter came in to inquire what they’d like done about their breakfast. The boys took one look and then tried to explain, in their limping Spanish, that they had no interest in breakfast but that they were fascinated by his tie and would pay for it. The waiter finally understood what they wanted, but not why, and I’ll wager if he told his wife about it when he went home he’s never seen that particular tie (which was returned to him the next morning) again. Madame Watier will undoubtedly have tucked it away to show to her grandchildren some day.

Friday

SPENT the day exploring the ship. When dinner was announced I made a sudden dash for the hidden cache of three hundred rum. The sea air had really given me an appétite. Halfway down the stairs to the dining room I paused to eat it, but I didn’t need any food at all that night. In fact, I nearly gave up what I had. Mal de mer had caught me.

Saturday

FEEL fine again. No more seasickness, Bill and I spent all our time on deck in our dressing suits, the only possible second we could play. I played the usual deck games, but swimming suited me best. In the evening we played bridge and saw some motion pictures, the first since leaving Hollywood.

Friday

OUR first sight of land in over a week. We have put in at Trinidad. Had five hours on shore stretching our legs and looking over the town. Sailed at midnight. The last leg of our journey, I’ll be glad to get back but, in another way, I hate to give all this up.

Tuesday

WE land in New York tomorrow. We are in the Gulf Stream and heading into a beautiful sun and the first cold weather we have experienced (except that one moment in Mexico) since leaving Los Angeles. Invited to a formal evening, had a deep bow for his courtesy in giving it all to Photoplay and with a bless you, my children, which is very much from the heart, too.
We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 56)

L A S T - M I N U T E  R E V I E W

* J E S S E J A M E S — 20th Century-Fox

The story of America's most famous, if least romantic, outlaw is brought to the screen as a minor epic in this roosting, slambang Wild Western. Jesse James was an exciting personality in a time and place at which he lived. He was caught up in the turmoil of the Civil War and the actions of many men during that period. Tyrone Power offers his own interpretation of Jesse James, a man who was both brave and reckless. He is portrayed as a complex character with a troubled past.

BEST PERFORMANCES—Henry Fonda, Tyrone Power

We've been chasing "Stagecoach," around for weeks, but it's as elusive as soap in a bathtub. Director John Ford is using six different Western locations to make its Wild West really wild, so Hollywood has hardly seen the company.

We won't go into the plot except to say it all centers around a stagecoach ride through the Apache country that is pretty important to all the passengers—John Wayne, Claire Trevor, Andy Devine, George Bancroft and Louise Platt, among others.

The scene we see is the one where Indians threaten the Apache Wells stage depot, as Louise Platt is about to have a baby. They're almost ready to go when a messenger runs on the set.

"Mr. Devine," he says.

Andy ambles over. The messenger says something and Andy almost does a cartwheel. "It's here!" he cries. His wife has just presented him with a real baby!

"Go on home," says Ford.

Well, we can hardly believe it ourselves—but while we're there another call comes and this time John Wayne rushes back, stammering that his wife is about to present him with an heir, too.

"Go on home," says Ford.

With the cast depleted by two real blessed events, there's not much chance to film the make-believe one! So

Hand Skin, ill-supplied with Moisture, suffers from "Winter Dryness"

"HOLLYWOOD HANDS," girls call them—the soft hands whose touch is delightful! Even busy girls can have them! Skin moisture-glands are less active in winter; water, wind and cold tend to dry out your hand skin. There's when roughness and chapping threaten. But take heart! Jergens Lotion supplements the insufficient natural moisture; helps do beautifying and softening work for your hand skin. Doctors have experience. To soften and smooth rough skin many physicians use 2 fine ingredients you have in Jergens Lotion. Regular use prevents chapping. Never sticky! Delightfully fragrant! Get Jergens Lotion today. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, $1.00 at beauty counters.

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE

NEW FACE CREAM—Jergens All-Purpose Face Cream helps against dry skin. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

* Ida Lupino and Warren William in a Columbia production based on the exploits of "THE LONE WOLF".

B O S T O N  L I T E R A T U R E  &  P R E S S
it's Spring Again" sounds so much like a love idyll that we can hardly believe it's the tag for a— we were about to say Laurel and Hardy comedy— but Harry Langdon is Babe Hardy's partner now.

Oddly enough, Harry Langdon was working for Stan Laurel as a gag man before his big chance for a comeback arrived. When Laurel stepped out, Harry, who had more mad Hollywood breaks than a china store in the past few years, was offered the spot. He thought he was out—but found he was in again. He and Stan Laurel are still great pals.

This story happens in 1920 in a Mississippi town and the love theme between Jean Parker and James Ellison is strictly family pride versus stubborn love. The comedy enters when Harry Langdon and his sick elephant come to town. Oliver Hardy, a horse doctor of sorts, cures the pachyderm who immediately gets a crush on him and Harry sus for alienation of affections.

THE secret of making Zenobia care in a big way for Oliver is a pocketful of apples. But there's no way to make Oliver care for Zenobia. In fact, it looks to us as though he's scared to death of his little playmate. When the poor beastie trumpets in his ear for another pipin', Babe steps out like Jesse Owens and yells bloody murder. It takes half the camera crew to haul him back.

"She doesn't like me," says Oliver. "Let's rewrite the script and have her get a crush on Harry!"

Harry isn't around to defend himself. But the trainer pook-a-pooks Oliver's fears. Zenobia, he says, is very affectionate and he'll prove it. Whereupon he gives the order and Zenobia's huge trunk coils out and embraces Oliver. The horrified Hardy shouts and screams are terrible to hear.

Billie Burke, we hear, is the only member of the cast who goes for Zenobia in a big way.

THERE'S not one super-special on the Twentieth-Century-Fox lot when we call. In a way, though, it's a relief to dodge the high-powered press agent jingles and slip quietly on to the "Mr. Moto in Porto Rico" set.

We like Mr. Moto. Charlie Chan is such a gentle, calm and uncanny fellow, but Mr. Moto is more exciting.

The action, though, is a little stuffy today—everybody's in white dinner jackets, everybody beers, everybody in-sinutes and looks mysterious—but nothing happens to raise our blood pressure, so we go over to Warners, hoping to see Errol Flynn, the battling Irishman, do a ki-yippee in 'Dodge City.' Errol must have heard about our plans, because the company retreated far too fast for the mountains for us to follow. Errol is a little sensitive about the kidding he's getting for playing a wild and woolly Kansas gunman—with his accent.

The best comes at the last of our studio circuit this month. We've been waiting far too long, it seems, for W. C. Fields and Charlie McCarthy to square off on the screen and for these delightful little schemers, the "Three Smart Girls," to get to work again. "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" is the title Universal picks for Deanna Durbin's sequel to the film that made her famous.

The trio are Deanna, Nan Grey and Helen Parrish. Charles Winninger and Nella Walker handle the adult side of the story, which isn't so important this time. Deanna devotes her busbody energies to fixing up romances for all the girl friends and ends by getting them in trouble instead.

Henry Koster directs Deanna in an easy, rollicking manner. Every time he says something she curtsies with her fingers to her chin and says, "Yes, Monsieur Kostaire!"

It seems strange to find W. C. Fields at Universal, after all his years with Paramount. But there he is, the one and only Fields, fat and saisty again after his multiple miseries. And there is Charlie McCarthy, too, pert and imperious as a miniature masher."

"You Can't Cheat an Honest Man" is the marquee wrecker Fields himself cooked up to usher him back into a movie starring picture. It's Bill's story idea, too, and most of the gags are his.

W. C. has cast himself in this film as the proprietor of a tank-town circus, one jump ahead of the sheriff. He sells tickets, doubles for the bearded lady and even has his own ventriloquist's dummy. "Oliver," to slip in when Charlie is indisposed. There are plot complications, mainly about a son and daughter Bill tries to keep away at school and out of circus life. But the fun's all around the big tent— Bill, Charlie, and Bergen.

On the Radio Rialto we find Hollywood stars very much in the headlines. Carole Lombard, with her usual flair for stealing the show, got caught between hot fuses when she signed for two big national shows scheduled to appear on the air only a few days apart. Both Kellogg's new Hollywood sweetie and the Gulf Co's Screen Actors' Guild program signed Carole on the dotted line. Both contracts specified she couldn't do another radio act inside thirty days. They were still wrangling over her fair white body when we left.

Carole is the number one Hollywood picture draw on the air.

Maxwell House's "Good News" has moved into the new NBC building (from the El Capitan Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. All the fans knew it at once; everybody, in fact, but Frank Morgan.

The first broadcasts after the switch. Frank was missing only minutes before the broadcast. His home said he had left for the broadcast. Somebody's bright idea sent a cab racing to the El Capitan. There was Frank, with his long gray hair sprouted for "The Wizard of Oz," hanging around looking very perplexed. "This is Thursday, isn't it?" he inquired. "Yes," they told him, "but the show has moved." "Well," said Frank, "I suppose I'll have to move with it—ha, ha." They got him there one minute before curtain!

Frank and Ned Sparks have been trying to outdo one another in the rage for fancy costumes that has been mak- ing Hollywood stars a bunch of exhibitionists when they step before a mike. Ned's latest on the Texaco Star Theatre is a leopard skin and hairy legs à la Weismuller. But the most amazing of all fancy costumes was Bing Crosby's full dress suit which he flashed the other day at NBC. Bing has been showing up for years in old flour sacks and something resembling Dixie Lee's kitchen curtains. The information boy wouldn't let him in the studio when he strolled in to talk! Jean Hersholt's decision to desert movies after twenty years and give all his time to his "Dr. Christian" broadcast may be an indication of the trend of Hollywood talent. Jack Haley wants to make radio his life's work now and Lionel Barrymore may give the movie lots the go-by before long and find himself a steady job at the mike.

"Swing-master" ARTIE SHAW

FOR YOUR ADDED PLEASURE extra choice, extra long-aged tabac- cos give extra rich flavor . . . extra Cellophane wrapper assures extra freshness.

TRY THE 1939 Double-Mellow Old Gold

ALWAYS FRESH! Doubly protected by not one but two jackets of Cellophane, OUTER jacket opens at BOTTOM of pack.

"Swing-master" ARTIE SHAW

TUNE IN on "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S ORCHESTRA, Sunday Nights, Columbia Network

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84
Mr. Muni at Home

(Continued from page 27)

always doin' Mizz Muni—thinkin' of the boss first!"

"In other words," commented the boss on hearing the story, "they're both riding me up."

The third cherished member of the Muni family, the Airedale—so called after the character played by Muni in "Counselor at Law." Some time ago, they thought it would be nice to have a second dog and bought a chihuahua. From the moment he was introduced into the scene, Simon lanz

ished. Concerned for the newcomer's welfare, Muni would steal out to the laundry a dozen times a day to see whether he was too hot, whether he wanted a drink, whether he was lying by a draft. Presently he got the uncomfortable feeling that Simon was watching him, counting the number of his visits to the intruder. He began feeling apologetic. "After all, he's only a puppy, Simon," he explained. It was no use. Simon lapsed into melancholy.

He refused to make his regular morning call with the cook on Mrs. Muni. He refused to eat. He skulked under chairs. Even the magic word, "walk," formerly sufficient to drive him into panting ecstasies, failed to move him now. He merely lifted an apathetic head and dropped it again.

So the chihuahua was sent to friends and Simon became a new man. "What would we do?" shrugged his master. "He's our first-born."

The house proper has three gathering places. "This is the howdy room," says Mrs. Muni, at the door of a lovely formal drawing room. "We don't use it very often—only when we have to live up to the movies. This is the ranch room—"

The ranch room was transported almost bodily from the house in the valley. Even on this gray day it looked sunny. Except for one turkey-red beauty, the soft chairs and sofas are covered in warm creams and taupes, to harmonize with the rubbery rug. Low tables hold cigarette boxes and bowls of flowers and book shelves have been built where they wouldn't interfere with the阳光.

"Up there was a Juliet balcony that asked for a Spanish shawl—"

"But don't live here any more, so we had it torn out."

"Here's where I'm allowed to sit on the floor," said Muni.

"And here's where he sits on the floor without permission," said Mrs. Muni, leading the way upstairs.

A paneled, book-lined room, with a fireplace at one end and a desk at the window that overlooks the sea, is Mr. Muni's study. Beside the desk, a small, pulpilette stand held a large dictionary. Mrs. Muni displayed its points, while her husband squirmed—the light cunningly installed at the head of the incline, the cubbyhole for scripts behind, the catchall below. Muni designed it. "I sort of nicked, when he was telling me about it. Another of Muni's brainstorms. I thought. But it really works—"

"S terrific," said Muni airily. "I'm an inventor."

Here he does much of the work which will eventually be translated into one of those three-dimensional characterizations which he alone has brought to the screen.

He's an early riser, gets up at seven unless he's been out till two or three, when he may loll till eight.

Breakfast is brought to him at his desk. The morning papers and mail disposed of, he sets to work.

His new contract gives him absolute decision over what he shall and shall not play. This makes him, not less, but more conscientious. "If I fail, I can lay the blame at no door but my own. I have no alibi."

He reads and discards dozens of scripts.

Eventually he finds a script, "which seems to come within my scope." The present one is "Juarez," now in production. But before it went before the cameras, Muni had read every scrap of material he could lay his hands on that had anything to do with Juarez. That is the way he works.

Research goes on for weeks. When it's finished, Muni makes an ordered summary of his rough notes and dictates it to his secretary. The summary forms a basis of discussion with producer, director and script writers, with whom he works closely, though not by any fixed and orthodox rules—just in this searchy way I've evolved for myself.

Through work and work and yet more work, he masters his characterization to a point where he can control its every shade and inflection.

His day at the desk is broken by a

YOUTH TAKES A FLING

The missing links in PHOTOPLAY'S picture story appearing on pages 46 and 47 are:

1. Girl of the Golden West 12. All Quiet on the Western Front
4. Four Daughters 15. Big City
5. Beloved Brat 16. 52nd Street
6. The Hasty Hare 17. There's a Woman Again
7. Listen, Darling 18. Mad About Music
8. Boy Meets Girl 19. Made for Each Other
9. Man-Proof 20. Vivacious Lady
11. There Goes My Heart 22. Road to Reno
23. Bringing Up Baby

MARCH, 1939

Franciska Gaal

IN PARAMOUNT'S

"PARIS HONEYMOON"

"This Lipstick never dries my Lips"

It's Max Factor's new Tru-Color Lipstick...Hollywood's latest sensation. Just imagine a lipstick with these four amazing features...

1. lifelike red of your lips
2. non-drying, but indelible
3. safe for sensitive lips
4. eliminates lipstick line

For your most thrilling lipstick experience, try this wonderful new Tru-Color Lipstick created by Max Factor, Hollywood, for the screen stars and you....It's perfect! There's a color harmony shade for you whether you are blonde, brunette, brunette or redhead. Remember to ask for Max Factor's TRU-COLOR Lipstick...$1.00

Do you know your type in make-up?

Discover Hollywood's beauty secret: it's color harmony. Color harmony in make-up, originated by Max Factor. You can actually look lovelier, more alluring, more attractive with powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony for your type. Note the coupon for special make-up test.

FACE POWDER...

Your skin will look lovelier, more youthful, if your powder is the color harmony shade for your type. This is the secret of Max Factor's Pow-Der. Satin smooth clinging, it really stays on. $1.00

ROUGE Are you blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead? There's a color harmony shade of Max Factor's Rouge that will be amazingly flattering to you. Smooth, smooth it blends easily, evenly...50c

Max Factor

Hollywood

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE and LIPSTICK in YOUR COLOR HARMONY

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Address your inquiries with a check or money order and we will promptly send you a color harmony analysis and complete instructions for using your Max Factor Cosmetics. No obligation.

*Hollywood

Navajo Rose 844

Rouge

Rosebud 

Rouge

Coral

Rouge

Blondie

Rouge

Cherry

Rouge

Cherry Red

Rouge

Vermilion

Rouge

Burgundy

Rouge

Deep Red

Rouge

Lipstick

Dolce vita

Lipstick

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Happy Landing
FOR THE GIRL WITH
Petals Smooth Skin

SKIN NEVER ROUGH, DRY OR WEATHERED LOOKING—THERE'S NO DAMAGE TO MY COMPLEXION IN ANY AMOUNT OF SPORT SO LONG AS I USE POND'S CREAMS FAITHFULLY, BEFORE POWDERING, POND'S VANISHING CREAM MAKES MY SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH INSTANTLY

NOW-EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" IN A FAMOUS POWDER BASE*

WOMEN everywhere praise Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base...now they're excited over the extra skin care this famous cream brings. Now Pond's contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" necessary for skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that wounds and burns healed quicker when "skin-vitamin" was applied to them.

Use Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and for overnight to help supply extra "skin-vitamin" for your skin. Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

Lady Harmsworth uses Pond's Vanishing Cream daily. "Thanks for giving us this newest development in skin care—the 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's."

Close Ups and Long Shots (Continued from page 12)

white broadcloth or in gay flannels cut on the lines of a cowboy's shirt...both sexes have in rodeo patches...the major part of all this severe tailoring with its emphasis on wide shoulders and narrow hips is that it only succeeds in making the girls look more masculine and the men more male...which was probably the big idea the Hollywood girls had in mind all the time...they are smart that way...another thing that they are smart about is the realization that while a man never understands why a simple dress should be so expensive as it is, he is always appreciative of the cost of good tailoring...maybe the Hollywood girls don't always know how to keep their men, but any of us can take lessons from them on how to get theirs.

Carole Lombard hasn't re-signed with Warners yet...she has a one-picture-a-year deal with Selznick International with whom she has made her biggest successes...Dick Powell and Joan Blondell have got their release from Warners...it will be interesting to see how these three go it on their own...Gary Cooper and the Warners have got the same experiment, and Ronald Colman have done magnificently at it....outside March has proved to be a better story for Carole has a percentage arrangement with RKO to make 'Memory of Love' in which Claude Rains plays this down South that is, Carole will take a shade less than her usual salary for the straight shooting of the picture and then a percentage of the profits...it is interesting to see actors as business people...I don't see why they shouldn't do as well as it at as many producers...as well as Sam Goldwyn, for instance, of whom it was said when he signed Jimmy Roosevelt, as vice-president of his company that so far this year he had three vice-presidents and one picture...

Our Thought for the Month Dept: Hedy Lamarr will go very far, but Mila Kouris isn't so gurgy.

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducted various non-profit enterprises. The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, is open all year round. The Florida Beach. For reservations, write to Mrs. Bernier Macfadden, 121 E. 63rd St., New York. The Physical Culture Hotel, Danville, New York, will be open the winter, with accommodations at greatly reduced prices, for health building and recreation.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Danville, New York, will be open the winter, with accommodations at greatly reduced prices, for health building and recreation. For reservations, write to Mrs. Bernier Macfadden, 121 E. 63rd St., New York. The Foundation and Bernier Macfadden are dedicated to the eradication of disease and to the public welfare. The Foundation is a non-profit corporation and all contributions are tax deductible. Contributions are accepted in all stages of this deadly disease.

The Castle Nights, a women's auxiliary, is the most important committee. The Castle Nights is the women's auxiliary of the Castle and is the Castle's accredited school for the treatment of Tuberculosis. For reservations, write to Mrs. Bernier Macfadden, 121 E. 63rd St., New York. The Foundation is a non-profit corporation and all contributions are tax deductible. Contributions are accepted in all stages of this deadly disease.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from three to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tone In on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, H. B. C.
Dear Rossman,

I’m satisfied, and I have my Berkshire—the prettiest stockings I’ve ever worn. They’re sheer—they’re color-right—they wear! (F.S. Dad’s so pleased with himself that he’s no trouble to me at all!)

MARCH, 1939
very reliable woman as caretaker but no children or dogs and the party she hires will get only that I at least get the offer of a test and they didn't know I was related to you at all! Why won't you let me call up Chris Beall and say let's try it?"

Well, naturally, this was about as cheering as a death sentence at a football game. Here I was playing a janitress part for Betty's sake and running a risk by using the house instead of just the servants' rooms and Betty never suspecting anything except that I was a jird! I hated to tell her why she couldn't go to Gold- mont. But I did begin to see that maybe my campaign had failed, as Napoleone had said at Waterloo Station, and so when the next day I read in the Reporter where Benny Rosman had gone to New York for his annual trip, I finally told Betty to go ahead and call her young man.

"All right, I'll do that thing?" says Betty loftily, "but you keep out of this, Gram. I feel I can handle it myself.

And she did! One evening she came in and threw down her hat like it was in the ring and shook her bright curls triumphantly.

"I've got it!" she said. "The test is in the can. And my name, from now on, is Gallante!"

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Gallante!" I say mildly, and "I hope to see you on the screen, I'm sure you are going to be a success!"

"You will on Wednesday?" says Betty importantly, busy at the mirror. "Of course you'll want to see the test, or you won't mind if I intro- duce you at the studio as Mrs. James Smith, will you?"

"I have been ashamed of my hus- band's name yet," I say, quietly. Betty could blush and did, to give her credit. She put an arm around me and said "Darling" she says, "I didn't mean to be rude. It's just for business rea- sons.

Well, on Wednesday we saw the test. Chris Beall, a nice young man with a face as open as a California market, sat with us and treated me with great re- spect. The Front Office sat in the back as usual, all but the absent Benny, who had gone to his test, and they didn't go nearly as wild over Betty as they did over a trained duck, which also had a name in- no- ward, because if the duck did not click after they signed it, they could always re-sign it. But when we came out of the projection room Chris seemed satisfied.

"She's a little stiff," he told me, because somehow we got along fine right away, and he spoke as if Betty wasn't even there, "but they'll let me have her, I expect."

"Why, I thought I was quite good!" Betty puts in, hurt.

"Beautiful," says Chris. "You are easy to look at and I'm nuts about you, but making pictures is my business and if you work for me I'll let you just as brutally as if we were mar- ried! Practice relaxing until we meet again. I'll let you know what they think about your test."

WELL, I am not going to tax the pa- tience of my public (with all we suf- fered while waiting for the verdict) I had nursed Betty through measles, whooping cough, etc., and now simply nursed her through an attack of artis- tic temperament, using calomel as be- fore. And I had pretty near been straightened out when she started to cry as a result of my all on account of getting a contract to play the slavest part in Chris' picture, which was called "Bring- ing Up Mother."
It was a small part with only a few lines, but Betty suddenly thought she had the fate of the industry on her shoulders and, what was even worse, she thought she could carry it easily. Well, I had no objections to believing her, especially as all of her sudden attention to her sister-favor Betty did not keep out of the kitchen.

The crowning burst of Betty's cooking (and no, however, on the night we had a little celebration about the contract and invited that old cat Lydia Walt to come down. And right here was where Alex Lorn came into this history. He was the type who would do practically anything for work and was going around Hollywood trying to put himself on in an original adagio swing act—but not trying too hard. However, it's the poet says, "All God's creatures have their use," and I suppose escorting an old trout like Lydia around has its use to Lydia, anyways.

And I can't say as I entirely blame Lorn for going for Betty, especially after months of Lydia. But somehow as I watched him and Betty together I got the idea that the big house we were living in was a sort of Lorn most of all. Anyways, after that first evening he came back several times and I knew he was =nade unexpectedly and found him and Betty out on the terrace. They didn't hear me in but I heard something I didn't care for at all.

"You must have a wonderful contract with Goldmont to afford this place," I said, "and the next thing you know you'll be on the cover of " magazine saying, "Betty is a rising star and the next thing you know she'll be in a movie."

"Oh, but that's not what pays for this," said Betty.

"Then you don't have to work if you don't want to?" I asked her.

"I should say not," says Betty. "My husband provides for us all."

Well, I just turned away quietly without saying a word. Because, after all, what do I care? Here it was plain that Alex Lorn figgered Betty was rich and that I was living off her and, without realizing it, Betty had confirmed the idea. But while I said nothing I decided to keep an eye on that young heiress-hound.

Well, about this time the studio was ready for Betty's stuff. The night before she had to work Chris Beall and I got to supper and when he got through he pulled me down on the sofa beside him, while Betty went for cof-

"If that girl can act like she cooks," she says with a sigh of satisfaction, "the pictures will have come into their own at last!"

"Well, she ought to be good," I says.

She certainly comes from a family—..." Then I realized where I'd pretty near made a bad break and clamped my hand in front of my mouth quick. But Chris drew it away and held it in his own, smiling gently.

"I know what I am, Marie La Tour," he says, "you don't really think you were fooling me, did you? And now listen! This is the greatest respect for you and I want your help."

"Granted, of course," I says rather dazed, "but about what?"

"About what?" he says. "She's nerv-
us and strained, although she'd never admit it. I want you to be on the set tomorrow and give her the benefit of your advice and help her self-confi-
dently."

"Holy Catfish, I can't!" I gasped.

"You may not know it, but I am per-
sons a genius at your studio—espe-
ially with Rossman!"

"Nonsense!" he insisted. "Rossman's in the East on his annual trip anyway and I really want you there. You see, "Bringing Up Mother" means a lot to me. It's not only my first picture with Goldmont, it's the first big job I've had. It's got to be good! Every foot of it!"

"And Betty is probably the weak spot in it," I said, "or at least she may be. If you felt like that why didn't you say so?"

"Because I'm in love with her," he said simply. "However, I'm not com-
pletely soft in the head and we are going to make sure she gets all the help she needs."

I drew a long breath. Betty, for all she pretended to be so competent and independent, did need me. She was only a kid and I ought to stand by. So supposing Benny Rossman did find out I'd been on his lot? So what?"

"Okay," I says at last, "but I'm Mrs. Smith, see?"

"Okay, Mrs. Smith to the studio!" he echoed, "but to me, one of the grandest trouper's that ever lived!"

There is a smell about a studio like there is about a circus, only the studio doesn't actually smell, but it stirs up something in you which you may of suppressed, but can never get rid of, if you have ever worked in one. And I must say that the very first day I went on that set with Betty I forgot I was asking for trouble and caught up in twenty lost years which I hadn't realized I had lost until then. Everything would of been perfect except for Betty. It made my heart ache to see how nervous and stiff she was and no matter how many times Chris made her go through that first scene, she got steadily worse. At last I couldn't stand it any longer and I went over and nudged Chris.

"Let me show her, once!" I says.

"When you try, she's so anxious to please, she freezes. But if I show her, she'll get mad and try to show me," Chris nodded and I didn't wait for in-
structions. I tucked in my collar, turned up my dress, tied a handker-
chief round my head and grabbed the broom away from Betty.

"Try how it would go like this," I says. Betty looked kind of mortified. But at a word from Chris she stepped out and I ran through the scene with-
out using the sides, because after read-
ing them back to Betty all the times I had, I knew them by heart.

Well, there was a few titters when I commenced, but I tried not to hear, and pretty soon I realized that there was a most unusual silence going on. Then, when I had done, and was just about to give Betty back her props, Chris Beall held up his hands.

"Just run through that again the same way, will you?" he asked me. "I'm going to preserve it, just for ducks!" Then he called to the crew. "Hey, boys, lights! This will be a take!" But, Chris! I says, 'I'd feel like a foot!'"

"It's all in fun," says he. "Come on, just for a gag?"

"Oh, well, if it's just a gag!" I agreed. "Quiet! It's a take!" calls the assist-
ant. The word echoed around "Take! Quiet! Take!" and then I was. For a moment it felt like old times. I did the very best I could because I knew Betty was watching me carefully and this was all to help her. But when it was over I was trembling a little."

"That's fine!" says Chris. "Then he turned to Betty. "And now, Angeline, go on out and do it just the same way your Gram did it—combaining all those bits of business with the dustpan!" Betty shot him a look which had scorn and love mad all mixed up in it and out of her to show us particularly, just like I'd calculated. And she was lots better than she'd been be-
fore. On the second rehearsal she was ready for the take and, after it was

It's fun to buy shoes this year (particularly Enna Jetticks). For this year's shoes have the dash and originality of costume jewelry (especially Enna Jetticks). They're young-looking . . . yet very sophisticated (most of all Enna Jetticks).

And now, two practical reasons for choosing Enna Jetticks. First, they fit . . . as beautifully as a lock fits its key. Some styles may be had in sizes 1 to 12, within the . . . EEE. Second, they're comfort-
able from the first step. All Enna Jetticks are "hand-fitted." Meaning—broken in by hand on specially designed blocks.

So don't pay more than five to six dollars without first seeing (and feeling) the new Spring styles in Enna Jetticks.
"I'm living that missing month again"

"Before I tried it, I was really giving up living a month a year—weekly surrendering to several days of miserable inactivity each time my regular pains came on."

"Now, thanks to you and Midol, I'm living that missing month again. Not only keeping on my feet, but keeping comfortable. Too bad all women don't know how much Midol helps."

IF functional menstrual pain makes you miserable at least one day each month, and keeps you uncomfortable and inactive days more, give Midol a chance to redeem that precious time for living. It probably can. For unless there is some organic disorder demanding medical or surgical treatment, Midol helps most women who try it. Midol is made for this special purpose. It acts quickly, not only to relieve functional periodic pain, but to lessen discomfort. Keep Midol on hand. A few Midol tablets should see you serenely through your worst day. Trim, inexpensive aluminum cases at all drug stores.

Mike, Chris was beaming.

"You're a regular hypnotist, Mrs. Smith!" he exclaimed. "I'm not as afraid of the rushes tonight as I thought I was going to be! Thanks a lot!"

WELL, I had no idea of what he meant by that, but I didn't give it much thought. Betty was all puffed up over Chris being satisfied and that meant a pleasant evening at home. Then next day, before we started shooting, Chris got me alone for a minute.

"Look here!" he says. "That stunt of your running through the scene worked so well yesterday that I'd like to repeat it. How's about it?"

"Okey," I says. "I will make you a present of my sense of humor for a couple of weeks, if you like. So 'Shoot if you must this old gray head,' to quote the poet.

After that things moved pretty smoothly and, with me showing how, Betty was getting by. I could see that something was eating Chris. The further we got into the picture the worse the strained look on his face grew. To anybody with half an eye it was plain he was having a mental wrestling match with himself, but he didn't say anything and I sort of fig- gered it might be due to that Alex Lorn having got into the habit of call- ing for us at the studio each night and sometimes even hanging around the set.

But what was actually giving Chris directors'-dyspepsia didn't come out until the night when the film had its final evening's shooting, you and I being together and was ready for its first fitting. That is to say they were going to run it in one of the studio projection rooms for the Front Office. I and Betty were to be let see it and somehow at the last mo- ment that Alex Lorn turned up and thumbed his nose at us. And with that he sat a few seats off from me and I could see he was making a lot of over her which I didn't like, but I didn't get a chance to break it up because Chris had got on his feet and was speak- ing. His face looked more thin and drawn than ever and it was easy to tell there was something important behind the simple thing he said.

"When we've run the picture once," he remarked, "I want you all to wait and though it a little longer, I've made two slightly different versions and I want an honest opinion on both. Okay, operator, let's go!"

WELL, "Bringing Up Mother" was one of those stories which are best de- scribed by the implications. There's nothing very startling—"To be truthful," he said, "that is to say nothing very startling in the story itself. It's all about a farcical sort of thing which I'm not sure you all can understand."

It was a story of marriage and the trials of keeping up appearances, the sort of thing which I'm not sure you all can understand."

"I'm going out on my own!" she shouts.

"I'm going to show you where you get off. And I'm never coming back!"

Pathos and love—and over it all a sweet and optimistic spirit. Mrs. Ma- rie continues her Hollywood campaign —and with what results! Continue this absorbing story in April Photoplay.
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood
(Continued from page 70)

gles, directors' options and producers' brainstorming. It is also strongly rumored that Eastern production, booming as suspiciously with "Back Door to Heaven" and "One-third of a Nation...", will not terminate with the completion of these pictures, but continue in quantity than ever.

The report goes that William K. Howard already has another Eastern production, entitled "The Cage, New York." Like Paramount's "Cafe Society," it deals with local night life and Holmwood, the subject, plans to star Patricia Ellis in it. John O'Hara, the novelist and bistro-frequentor, is scheduled to do the script.

Howard sums up the problem of Eastern production when he says that "given a good story, cast and equipment, a director can turn out a great picture anywhere. Film production knows no geographic barriers and I find that the East is as good a place to work in as Hollywood, Denham or Paris."

Hal Wallis has a flair for what is known as the "trick ending." Examples: Bette Davis, Anita Louise and Jane Bryan standing side by side on the ballroom floor in "The Sisters," looking up while the dancers mill around them... Priscilla Lane and Jeffrey Lynn swaying on the gate in "Four Daughters..." Eddie Albert thrusting into his Commandant's hand a cigar, incribed: "It's a boy," in "Brother Rat." Mr. Wallis does not consider these finales "trick," however. He points out that in every instance the ending really "clinches" the story, symbolizing its logical consummation. He has no time for films without a point. All motion pictures should have a reason for being, he told us.

Much of picture-making is also a gamble, he pointed out. You always gamble on the story. You often gamble on the players. Wallis gambled on the then unknown Errol Flynn when a deal to star Robert Donat in "Captain Blood" fell through. John Payne was a gamble in his big part in "Garden of the Moon," when Dick Powell reneged. Jeffrey Lynn, an unknown, got a stellar role in "Four Daughters" when Errol Flynn went fishing in Florida. Priscilla Lane and John Garfield, also in "Four Daughters," and Eddie Albert in "Brother Rat" were gambles. The kind a producer must make if he is to keep his product fresh. If he wins, he continues to be a Big Shot; if he loses once too often, his name is Mud.

HAL WALLIS got his first job at the age of fourteen, as office boy in a Chicago real-estate office. Like a smart young man, he also went to night school and learned commercial law, accounting and stenography. Then he landed with General Electric. Four years later and still in his teens, he was sales representative for four states.

In 1922 he came to California to manage a Los Angeles theater. Then he went to Hollywood as publicity manager for Warner Brothers. From that time on, although not always in the employ of Warners, his career provided shining proof of the thesis, "If you're good, you get there."

He is happily married to Louise Fazenda and they have a five-year-old youngster, name of Hal Brent Wallis, whose picture we noticed on his father's desk.

And speaking of the Wallis desk... well, we always had expected the furnishings of a producer's inner sanctum to be the last word in luxury. You know... rugs so thick you stumble over the nap. etc. But this one was just a fair-sized, comfortable room with two or three leather chairs, a desk that looked like any businessman's; a couple of modest paintings on the wall and a carpet, tasteful and durable, but no thicker than our own at home.

Of course, there were double doors, one in front of the other, between his and the outer office. But maybe they were to keep out drafts, rather than to keep in the Big Secrets which a Big Producer whispers in conference.

A Hirsute Tale on Niven
HAL the charm of Hollywood lies in its childlike ability to turn its concentration from world-dwellers problems to the simplest trifle dealing with motion pictures.

Hence, it seemed a perfectly normal turn of affairs when the fervor of an...
The company of "You Can't Beat an Honest Man," wanted and watching the Great Balsamian, the chap who hypnotizes lions to the point where he can bite them on the nose. Balsamian, at this particular time, was escorting a group of twelve large crocodiles that he had hypnotized from their pens to the middle of the stage where they were to work. Just as they were about to reach their camera positions the lightning began to flash—and the lights on the big stage went out!

To say there was a panic is putting it mildly. The cast and crew dispersed hastily and took to the rafters and other high spots while Balsamian and his two assistants worked frantically to corral the beasts in the dark. When the lights flashed back on the stage was a scene of wild disorder, but the beasts were quickly reassembled and rehypnotized. The company didn't recover from the jitters any too quickly, though.

Surprise Story

ARTHUR TREADER'S new neighbors have a pleasant surprise awaiting them whenever they come home from their pens—ever they have gone on that vacation trip. Treader has just moved into his new home at Encino. Being a very orderly soul, the view from his windows of a badly cluttered yard next door annoyed him no end. After several days he came to the conclusion that his neighbors were away and that whoever had been left in charge of their home was falling down on the job badly.

So the Twentieth Century-Fox player finally took matters into his own hands and, with the help of his hired man, went over and put the place into first-class shape. But, being a very courteous person, he left a note of apology under the front door. All for trespasing.

Withers Anecdote

WHEN small Jane Withers started on her personal appearance tour recently, her first port of call was San Francisco where she was met by an enthusiastic group of newspaper reporters and fans.

"Well, Jane," queried one of the Press, on showing the younger the sights of the town, "what do you want to see first?"

"Alcatraz Island," promptly retorted Jane, "and the bombed Fourth Estator.

"Oh, not Alcatraz Island—you mean Treasure Island where the Fair will be held," said the reporter. But Jane's excitement prompted a more or less aghast Mrs. Withers.

To which Jane answered, "Oh, no, Mom, I mean Alcatraz all right!"

So Janie got her wish—within limits, of course—for she was taken as a special guest on a cruise to the Island aboard a boat that brought 400 soldiers back from the fortress in the Bay—as close to the famous "Rock" as any civilian is ever allowed to come.

Charming Robber

WHILE working at Columbia Studios in "Let Us Live," Maurice Sullivan was handed a small box by an unidentified boy. In the box was one of her jade rings, part of the loot in a recent robbery at her San Fernando Valley home.

With the ring was this note "This looks like an heirloom and may be of personal value to you. Please accept it with my compliments." It was signed "Lancelot," and Maureen felt that she had an odd mixture of pseudo-honesty and charm. "The ring, a gift from her father, was one she prized highly."

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Sylvia of Hollywood

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the Beauty of the Screen Stars

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Achieves a velvety, flattering complexion.

Charmingly yours,

Rachelle, Brunette, Flesh, Suntan, and three Rouge shades.
Hollywood, We Are Coming

(Continued from page 31)

"Bon jour" in French.
Barb remembered reading that Olivia's favorite food was cold lamb chops with silt, so after our steak we ordered two portions, too. I suppose it came as a surprise but one can eat as much as one wants on boats. Some people being able to handle a lot of fish, I suppose it comes out even. We wrapped the chops in a napkin and took a salt cellar. The people at the table thought we had a dog who was on special diet. I wonder what the right thing to wear to tea on board a ship.

6:30 P.M.
Between Tea and Apricot Hour
Ship's Log

HATE to waste a minute writing, but I might forget something if I don't jot it down.

When we arrived there were several people from our party. I can't remember because they weren't celebs. Liville was dressed in a diaphanous opalescent muslin housedress with yellow or none. She was a beautiful but talks like a private person, so we were a little disappointed, expecting glamour. I bet we present her, it being her idea. "You'll never guess what we brought you," she said.

They all tried to guess and no one was even luke warm, so it was a real surprise.

They talked about world affairs. Olivia having been to Europe. I must try to remember to read the front page of the newspaper sometimes.

Mac asked me what I thought of it all so I said that with Central Europe being something of a colonial tinder box and some revolving on its axis, I thought we were sitting on a veritable tornado. He agreed with me. Then he asked what I thought of the war between China and Japan and vice versa. It was made my heart bleed for poor Anna May Wong. He swallowed his the wrong way and had to leave the cabin for a few minutes.

Barb referred to Olivia that she had been in love with Basil Rathbone a year ago last Feb. She wanted to know if this man was really happy. Barb has a penchant for villains, having gone through Rafi, Bogart and Cesar Romero. Pop says Freud has a word for it, and anything Freud has a word for a terrible.
That's why I'm relieved she's in love with Herb Marshall who is at least clean and wholesome.

Then B. asked if her favorite color were still blue and her pet aversions for strakes and parasols and Olivia said "definitely."

I knew she was interested in painting, poetry, sculpture, music, athletics and Life, so there was no use asking that, so I said: "Miss de Havilland, which of the colors do you like to marry if you could get him?" She didn't answer the question several times.

Meanwhile B. and I were casting our glams about to see what we could lift and it must have been telepathy because Olivia signed us in to give each young lady a momento," and she gave us each a chiffon handkerchief with her initials for Barb and a yellow for me ... and we shall treasure them forever and take them with us when we see her pictures, because we think she is utterly utterly.

But don't worry, Bette darling. I am faithful to you, will and ever shall be. The others all left and Olivia said she was tired, so Barb and I took the hint at once. Mac said he would like to talk to me some time as he found me very stimulating. I suggested right away but he said let's meet for an aperitif (French for cocktail) in the lounge at 7.

Have to go down to dress.
Barb is playing shuffle board with a child of 16 who doesn't shave yet and wears a pink perspiration shirt. I can't do anything with her.

In cabin 2 A.M.

I THINK I have a real hangover. This is life.
I put on my chiffon dress with the dropped shoulders which makes me look Myrna Loyish. I was about four minutes late, so as not to seem too anxious. Barb was sitting with her Infant Prodigal playing backgammon and not having any drinks. Mac was waiting for me in a white mess jacket. He rose when I came to the table ... naturally. He ordered a Bacardi and I forgot that Vermouth Cassis in French. Poor Barb looked over at us with her tongue hanging out (figuratively). Humphrey asked me to have a drink with him and Mac asked him to join us. They both questioned me about the Fan business. I told them about the Central Club and the Penn. Drug Co. and the L.A. and the Unwritten Codes, and our opinions of the stars' personal conduct. Then I told them about Freddy March having taken me to dinner (some of which was exaggerated on acetate) I had 2 vermouths (cassis). I believe I may have said if I had any special talents, so I told him about my profile, and the people had said I had a Camera Complex. Barb excused herself and came strolling past our table and pretended to be surprised when I said hello. So they invited her to have a drink which was what she had intimated. Adolescent youths are alright on the sports deck where everything is free. She looked cute in her dirndl model which hides her hips. I told them what a beautiful figure she had when she got down to it.

We had another round and Humph told Mac about my talent for the camera, and made me read the poem about "I wish I had, etc," Mac liked it so much he wrote it down. He said he could easily get it published as the world was clamouring for that sort of thing. That'll learn Sour Puss.
He said he bit my friends said I wrote wonderful letters. I wonder how he knew.

Then Humph and I began carrying on a conversation in French. He said "Comment alles vous?" and I said "Très bien, et vous?" and he replied "Très bien, merveille," which things made things very cosmopolitan.

We had more drinks and began to feel sweellegant and told all about carrying the torch for Bette and Joan and what we thought of her leaving Franchot and how I had to see an album to Vera Bailey. Mac said I needn't worry, that when we arrived in Hollywood we would be met by crowds of stars all clamouring to give us their signatures. (We didn't mention we were being sent back at Havana.) We told them how Greta was hard-boiled for fans, and Dietrich a push-over and that Chaplin puns on temperaments.
It got towards the last call for dinner and they had to help us down to the dining salon because the ship was rolling also.

And that's why so many prefer this clean, golden, liquid lotion that isn't thick nor gummy. It's ideal for hands, arms, and wherever skin is rough or chapped. It soothes as it smooths away roughness and resulting redness ... helps to keep skin soft, smooth and young looking. Next time you buy, try Chamberlain's Lotion.

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93

March, 1939
If we could only stay on the boat! I'm sure we would end up with contrition for something. Just when we are making such wonderful contacts, we're sent home. Helen Dallamation.

S.S. Oriente
Homeward Bound
Sea: High
Spirits: Low

This is also a terrific boat but going in the wrong direction and not a soul knows who we are. Looked thru passenger list for celebs, but a luck! We'll just have to play games, see the pictures and sneer at males. But I warned Barb, that it is a Low Field.

Havana is wonderful! Barb said wouldn't it be a marvelous setting for Manon: La Fantome? I was just thinking the exact same thing. We often think alike. Great Minds.

Went to Playa (The Beach) with a Cuban boy Barb picked up on the boat and then to a Jai Alia game which I now prefer to baseball. There were also cathedrals and a Fort named after that ship that sank. There were lots of Señores and Sorforitas towards eve-

ning trip to Chinatown After Dark, and then to a place called Suns-Sonue (French for Without Care) where I learned all about Cuban Barythm and danced with a stunning Señor. José (Barb's boy friend) took us. A couple did the dernière envy in humblies and a beautiful girl did the Dance of the Seven Beads from Salome and we shouldn't have been there. Until we should have been there. We're not cruising a New York.

Time for Tea. B's diet has been shot to blazes and she is cooling off on Herb Soups! Not a very good day but a little better. 7 meals per day, including breakfast in berth. B, has taken on 5 lbs, and is sitting on the fat of the land.

I adore nautical life.

There is a grouch in the next deck chair who does nothing but read. He said he was studying to be a Globe Trotter. I wonder what you have to study.

Ship's Log
Sea: Heavy

TOMORROW it will all be over.

No more Night life
Top Deck
* pools (ship's and swing-
ing)
* Aperitifs
* 7 meals a day

The thought of going back to the grind of school would be Babylonian barter to the banquet this evening we have been eating 7 meals a day, except for the kick we get off telling the gang our adventures. We are going to call a special meeting of the club to show them our trophies (handker-
chiefs, champagne swizzle, fans, menus, hat bands, spoons, toasters, ticket stubs, pins) without charge.

Of course I'll be glad to see poor old Mr. and Mrs. Walter Connolly enjoying their dinner, but is it not a little bit early to be scheduled to play the roistering father of Scarlett in "Gone with the You Know" and no one was better suited to the role—but we aren't making any promises! Remember him as the late news-
reel editor, Gable's boss in "Too Hot to Handle"?

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Connolly enjoying their dinner, but is it not a little bit early to be scheduled to play the roistering father of Scarlett in "Gone with the You Know" and no one was better suited to the role—but we aren't making any promises! Remember him as the late news-
reel editor, Gable's boss in "Too Hot to Handle"?

The snake in the grasses . . . or rather snakes in the grasses! There are people in this world who are just stink-stumps. I wonder if an epidemic really hurts very much.
A woman's habit should resemble men's clothes, those of the conservative Bond Street variety. "When it comes to riding boots, Hollywood and a great many other places go haywire. They should be low-heeled, with the heel against the back of the top. They should not be fancy in shape. There should be nothing to identify you as the guest of honor. Hollywood should remember that correct riding clothes are not fashion but form."

"Even worse than the boots is the tendency of women to wear curls flying over their faces. Not a vestige of hair should be seen in the hair. In fact, a hunting hair net should be worn. If a woman feels she has to wear a hat, let her do it on a boat, but she must stay off a horse!"

"My favorite dancer is Fred Astaire. His clothes, off the screen, are, I've heard, correct. So, in Picture Five, does he permit someone to present him with a card, thus carrying that social parish ... an ebony stick with an ivory top. After all, he is meant to represent a gentleman. His stick should have been plain black."

"In Picture Six, from 'Topper,' the clock on the mantel points to twenty-five and twenty. In the morning, then, Almond Way is wrong. In the early morning a butter wears an ordinary sack suit with a dark, inconspicuous tie. For luncheon, or earlier, if he is on duty at the door, he wears black trousers with gray stripes, a double-breasted high-cut black waistcoat and black swallow-tailed coat without satin on the revers, a white stuff-foamed coat with a black four-in-hand tie. However, if this is at night, then Roland Young is wrong, for he wears tweeds."

"Picture Seven points up a social error that many men may be guilty of ... that of puffing smoke into one's partner's face."

"In Number Eight it would have been better had Gene Raymond removed his hat when greeting his mother-in-law. And Dolores Del Rio's make-up is definitely an exhibition in Nine. Apply- ing make-up all over one's face does it privately or untroubulously, but a public performance is something else."

"NUMBER TEN seems to be typically Hollywood. Walter Wanger is dressed in a tailor's suit, the same suit, as everyone will expect me to disapprove of this, but I don't! There is no food on the table. They are evidently enjoying conversation. There is nothing formal about it ... so clothes are all right."

"The next picture is the table of our stars. Since the picture was originally captioned as 'a formal table,' I see no reason to change it. So the butter plates should have been omitted. No butter is ever served at a formal dinner, or, for that matter, can be considered an eating table. A damask cloth would have been the proper thing. On the other hand, as a supplement to Mr. Wanger, in 'That's about all,' said Mrs. Post, regarding the list. "Except you might add that if the producers would only realize what one drop of liquor will do to a glass of water, they could easily see how seemingly unimportant trifles can make what might have been a great picture!"
If you are troubled by constipation and its often resulting bad breath, headaches, mental dullness, lack of pep, dull eyes and aggravated skin—DON'T TAKE HARSH MEDICINES—especially when you can enjoy the gentle yet most effective action of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets (used successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in his own private practice). Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are harmless. And WHAT'S IMPORTANT is that they ALSO stimulate liver bile flow to help digest fatty foods. Test their goodness TONIGHT! Yes, go and get them. All druggists.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

**The Shadow's Stage**
(Continued from page 32)

**PACIFIC LINER—RKO-Radio**

Since this has a cholera plaque aboard a ship, those of you who hold a brief for the morbid should have expectations. Otherwise, a pretty first-rate drama. The situation is fine, but McLaughlin, Chester Morris and Wendy Barrie carry on to the end; Victor as the chief engineer, Chester as the doctor and Wendy as the nurse. Then the picture ends and you go home. A Hale Hale and Barry Fitz-gerald have small bits with which to struggle.

**VIVIAN DONNER'S FASHION FORECAST—20th-Century-Fox**

Usually during a "fashion short" you take time out to stop looking at the clothes. Your interest is riveted to what did your mother mean by that remark about my new hat! This time, you'll forget your hat. In this technical showing of "War-drobes for War-drum" for both Northern and Southern climes, the girls are so stunning, the clothes so delectable (even if you can't wear them to the office) and Chau's remark so witty that it leaves the usual dull storyline showing back at the post. It's the gal who will intrigue your beau—but definitely. They are perky and green and as far from old-age as you'd be willing to go. Perhaps you'll be tempted, and this reviewer believes it.

**BURN 'EM UP O'CONNOR—M-G-M**

First in another series, this has Dennis O'Keefe as a has-been seafood boy who likes to race cars and uses the midget racing field as a stage. He is smart-aleck for sure and thus Cecil Parker, whose father is a jinxed car-manufacturier, doesn't think much of him at first. But then Dennis comes through with honesty and courage, and loves you. See this is because there is a crooked deal at the track and Dennis washes out the eyes of the drivers before each starting gun. Coincidentally, one pilot crashes in one of Cecil's father's cars at every race. Dennis gets a hunch, practices driving the track blindfolded (as they say) and when you find an unusual and dramatic climax. The value of this picture rests in the pace set by the miniature cars. See it if you like midget racing.

**THE GIRL DOWNSTAIRS—M-G-M**

When a girl can shine in a role like this, she's great cinema material. But then that's not news about Franciska Gaal, who plays the pretty Swiss society maid in this. Her Joan Fontaine, who dates her in order to see the girl she works for. Then, of course, he finds it's Franciska he loves after all. The picture isn't much, but Franciska is; see this for the scenes in which she appears.

**NANCY DREW—DETECTIVE—Warner's**

Another series, boys, but nothing to hold your interest over. There's the usual Bonita Granville in it. When a rich graduate of Bonita's school is kidnapped before she can endow the place with a swimming pool, unless aider and abettor is a d—after incredible difficulties—she solves the mystery. Short-wave radio and camera fowling are the running roles. So is attractive young Frankie Thomas.

**A CHRISTMAS CAROL—M-G-M**

This is an amazing picture, totally touching and corny. In some scenes you never saw such hammering and one of the Spirits comes to Scrooge in a marelled blend wig topped by that looks like a Christmas tree ornament. There is not as much dialogue as you'd like but that's that. It's up to a good laugh at the expense of the production, along comes a sequence so non-involving that he web you with. But then that's Dickens for you. Regi- nald Owen plays Scrooge, the miser who thinks he's got enough homburg until, on the holiday Eve, a ghost comes around to show him the light. Terry Kilburn is wistful as Tiny Tim, the crippled boy, and the scene with his parents. Barry Mackay and Lynne Carver are the lovers. Leo G. Carroll does the ghost of old Scrooge's dead business partner and looks awfully sick, the while banging his chains around with a sort of earnest delight as if they were toys. The main effect of this whole picture is to make you rush right out and give all your money away to the corner newsboy.

**KENTUCKY—20th-Century-Fox**

Mr. ZANUCK thought so much of this one that he made it in Technicolor and gave it a Carthay Circle premiere-preview. Whether or not you will agree with him I'm not sure. First of all we've got the usual stab of stories given magnificent produc- tion; it has a feud between two old Kentucky families and a mystery in which the heroine's horse is entered in order to save the mortgage ("Blue- grass must win, huh") and even the subplot of a man, murdered, and his friends go between the daughter of one family and the son of the other. These, respec- tively, are Loretta Young and Richard Greene. No one in the picture even has a trace of a Southern drawl. Walter Brennan gives a grand, if slightly rapsing, performance as the gentle horse breeder, but the real star of the piece is the color in the library. It catches in the light. The most conspicuous KENTUCKY landscape across which moves, in real poetry of rhythm and movement, is the magnificent thor- oughbred. The show, in any analysis, is an orgy for horse lovers.

**THE LAST WARNING—Universal**

Detectives Preston Foster and Frank Jenks are hired by a rich young man to trace threats which have been made against him. They are the beige house party which loses its gaiety when two people are murdered and the host's sister kidnapped. Then, E. C. Colville, the estate's administrator, Albert Dekker, the butler, and a few others for you to sus- pect. But you'll probably be wrong, al- though in any case the picture is the cinema equivalent of a paper-backed murder story. There's not much gore and hardly a shock scene.

**GOING PLACES—Warner's**

Here again Dick Powell is cast as an innobuous young hero who sings and watches the races. Maxine Sullivan gives out with her jazz chamber music and great voice. It is under the direction of her husband. Never mind the story; just go and see Louis Armstrong's trumpet and to lis- ten to: "Keep that Ghostly Creepers Creepers" and "Oh, What a Horse Was Charlie." Powell is in great voice. Anita Louise sings a number.

**TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE—Paramount**

This was a swell yarn when Mark Twain wrote it, and below how the produc- bery and Billy Cook (as Tom) do not quite catch the feeling of the original character. You may remember that here is the story of Tom and Huck Finn on Uncle Silas' farm; there's a murder and there are two to make the mistaken identity theme hold good. Porter Hall and Philip Warren are in the cast, with Hall playing the vague but lovable Uncle Silas.

**SWING, SISTER, SWING—Universal**

Just in case it is fisked on you when you sit down to watch the picture of a little B Minus movie, featuring Ken Murray and Johnny Downs. Small- town jittersbugs in the big city have a hard choice to make: they can stay in their little world or go home and start a service station. But the hero takes everything too big and is knocked down to his right size, which is Johnny Downs' size and so not very impressive. Eddie Quillan is in there pitching.
So Smart!
So Parisienne!

says lovely ANNE SHIRLEY
star of "BOY SLAVES" an R.K.O. Picture

FOR spring Paris and Hollywood say "open
backs and open toes!"... and here they are in
gorgeous PARIS FASHION SHOES—another
American triumph at their moderate prices! Look
at the lines... the colors... the French detail... you
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PARIS FASHION SHOES at your dealer's now!
Write Dept. P-1 for style booklet and dealer's name.
WOHL SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS

Backless and toeless—of
patent with gabardine or
cranberry gabardine
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tan or white elasticized doe-
skin, crushed kid or
watermack.

$3 to $4

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Backless and toeless—
of japoneca tan calf.
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FRED EVANS of Danville, Va., has been an independent tobacco buyer for 18 years. His record shows he knows tobacco. Mr. Evans says: "I've smoked Luckies 12 years—I've seen that they always buy the best line of tobacco." Most other independent experts also smoke Luckies.

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RECENT tobacco crops have been outstanding in quality. New methods, sponsored by the United States Government, have helped the farmer grow finer tobacco. Luckies have been buying the cream of these finer crops. So Luckies are better than ever. Have you tried a Lucky lately? Try them a week and see why... WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO
It
NORMA SHEARER
By Paul Hesse
SPRING FASHIONS FROM HOU
Exclusive Forecast of What the America
y I Waited Five Years" Nelson Eddy's Own Sto
Reborn! — How GEORGE BRENT Brought New
Marriage
In addition to appearing in the motion picture publications, this column also appears every month in American, Cosmopolitan, College Humor, McCall’s, Redbook, Look and Liberty magazines.

March comes in like a lion. (adit.)

Below is a picture of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

He is standing on the shoulders of Mr. William (Bard of Avon) Shakespeare.

That is where Mr. Shaw says he stands. It’s his way of describing the natural advantages which made him able to write his first motion picture “Pygmalion.”

Mr. Shaw confesses that his film is wonderful and advises that each person should see it at least twenty times.

We have written the Shavian epitaph: Author, Critic, and Salesman.

The singing West, the great outdoors, the open plain—action, action and more action…

In other words, Nelson Eddy in “Let Freedom Ring,” plus Victor McLaglen, Virginia Bruce, Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold.

Let Freedom Ring! So say we all of us.

Soon our readers may say a gay hello to “Good-Bye Mr. Chips,” Robert Donat, of Citadel fame, plays the heart-warming schoolmaster. “The Wizard of Oz,” now in production, will be the last word. Keep this confidential.

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Did you receive the photo of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy? Or the one of Mickey Rooney in “Huck Finn”? We now present Miss Joan Crawford. Address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Box W, Culver City, Cal.

THE ICE BALLET in Technicolor is magnificent, featuring Skating Stars of the INTERNATIONAL ICE FOLLIES including BESS ERNARDT, ROY SHIPSTAD and EDDIE SHIPSTAD and OSCAR JOHNSON!
PHOTOPLAY
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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On the Cover—Norma Shearer, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Vienna Farewell

Dramatic glimpse into the past of Hedy Lamarr

Reborn! How George Brent Brought New Faith to Bette Davis

Compelling story of a winning battle against heartache and failure

Play Truth and Consequences with Alice Faye

This amusing interview makes a delectable blonde its victim

Let's Hunt for Treasure

Errol Flynn

Come share adventures, gay and exciting, with this thrill-seeker

Glamour Girl Number 17,268

Glamour Girl 17,268

The Gay Romance of Cary Grant

He's a madcap, in love with Phyllis Brooks—and vice versa

Second Chance

The story of Marie La Tour and her comeback

They're Talking About

Six up-and-coming players prove themselves newsworthy

"I'll Tell You About My Marriage"

Nelson Eddy's own story—why he waited five years

Spring Fashions from Hollywood

Exclusive forecast of what the American girl will wear

Melvyn of the Movies

The vivid life of a rebel—Melvyn Douglas

The Camera Speaks—

Penny of Umph!

A stepped-up, swing version of glamour

"So You Want to Be a Star!"

Stunts make for stardom, as witness Norma Shearer's

Photoplay Discovers Another New Photographer—Director Lew Landers

A third exposure in this "exceptional photographers" series

We Love 'em Natural

Candid or coy—how do you prefer them?

Happy Birthday to You

A toast to Charlie Chaplin on his fiftieth birthday

Boos and Bouquets

6

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

7

Close Ups and Long Shots

8

PHOTOPLAY'S Own Beauty Shop

9

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

10

The Shadow Stage

11

We Cover the Studios

12

Fashion Letter

13

Movies in Your Home

14

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

15

Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

16

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THE intellectual press is hailing "Dawn Patrol" as a fine achievement because it is an indirect sermon against War. I agree.

The Press also praises Warner Bros. for courage in producing a picture of men without women. They point to the box-office success of "Dawn Patrol" as an indication that the public is tired of "boy meets girl" pictures and will welcome more pictures of social significance, uncomplicated by "unimportant love stories."

Almost a thousand years ago lived a great thinker who wrote many works on logic and theology. He it was who, in an age of blind fanaticism, first preached that no belief should be compulsory unless it was first understood. Never heard of him? Yes, you did. For his name was Abelard, but the judgment of the centuries awards him an Oscar only for his love letters to Heloise. His sermons on social significance are forgotten.

The Garden of Eden proved rather dull until God had Adam meet Eve. If Eden couldn't be run long without women, do you think Hollywood can? An occasional "Dawn Patrol" is okay. But don't make a habit of it. Love is important.

QUESTIN PUTNAM
Brentwood, Maryland.

THANKS FOR A GOOD READER

PART of the function of a good editor is to provide a shoulder for the sobs of the world, so I know you are used to "taking it." Why, oh why, the "Unmarried" article? It was good reading surely—but what Hollywood understands and condones does not set the standards for the rest of the world.

And why not some good publicity on this John Payne boy—he can put a song over better than anyone in pictures (except Bing, of course) and we'd like to see him often.

I love Jeannette MacDonald's singing, but isn't it odd that the only song in "Sweethearts" which got enthusiastic applause, when I saw it, was the "Parade" recording song which Nelson Eddy did. I'll bet that burns up the MacDonald fans who seem to wage eternal warfare for some unknown reason with the Eddy fans. "Sweethearts" should satisfy both sides.

Thanks for a good magazine.

DOROTHY MASON
Los Angeles, Calif.

This seems to be Mr. Eddy's year! For illuminating copy on John Payne that you asked for—see Page 31.

SEE AMERICA FIRST

THE other day Edwin C. Hill in his syndicated column, "The Human Side of the News," quoted a French explorer and anthropologist who was visiting New York and who had lived most of his life in jungle deeps as follows: "I should like to see an equally revealing pictorial study of your quaint and indigenous tribal life." The explorer had just viewed "Dark Rapture" and had then turned his attention to American ways.

As I read this story by Mr. Hill, I recalled the film, "The Shining Hour," which had, for the most part, a Wisconsin locale. But such fleeting glimpses of Wisconsin scenery as the picture revealed could never be found in Wisconsin. The view of the inland lake, yes; but never the California mountains in the background.

So, to the question: Why not more American pictures really set in genuine American scenes? Films, many of them made in England, Ireland, Russia, Germany, often take pains to make capital of their settings, "in the Bavarian Alps," etc.

I realize, of course, that you can't go hauling a "Gunga Din" all over the face of the U. S. And that in many portions of the U. S. location work, except for winter scenes, could be done only two or three months of the year. But that could be time enough. And perhaps if you give a director a paltry few hundred thousand dollars instead of a million, he could do very well in an Iowa cornfield.

I think America would enjoy seeing itself really, not just simulated—and with those ever present California mountains in the background. And it isn't wholly incidental that it would be good for us to look at ourselves, good for California to see a few pictures of Indiana and Louisiana, good for New York to look at Wisconsin and Florida. It might help us to cling a little harder to our faith in the U. S. A. and knowing it better, love it more.

Here are a few places that would make mighty interesting locations:

Both the upper and lower valleys of the Mississippi.

The Great Lakes (You just can't make the Pacific look like Lake Michigan or Superior.)

Brown County in southern Indiana.

The Gulf of Mexico.

The Kentucky mountains.

The Ohio valley.

Michigan and Minnesota.

I suggest further the actual use of American cities, not Hollywood's idea of "typical cities"—with all their particular peculiarities: Minneapolis, Memphis, Charleston, Milwaukee and Cincinnati.

(Continued on page 10)
A great classic comes to life in glorious Technicolor!

Shirley Temple
in
The Little Princess

Shirley!...at last in Technicolor

RICHARD GREENE
ANITA LOUISE
IAN HUNTER • CESAR ROMERO
ARTHUR TREACHER • MARY NASH
SYBIL JASON • MILES MANDER
MARCIA MAE JONES

Directed by Walter Lang • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Ethel Hill and Walter Ferris
Based on the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

April, 1939
CONSULT THIS MOVIE SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION.

PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE

AMBUSH—Paramount
BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING—RKO Radio
BOY SLAYS—Universal
BOY TROUBLE—Paramount
CAFE SOCIETY—Paramount
CODE OF THE STREET—Universal
FISHERMAN'S WHARF—Principal—RKO Radio
FOUR GIRLS IN WHITE—M-G-M
GUNGA DIN—RKO Radio
HONOLULU—M-G-M
IDIOTS DELIGHT—M-G-M
KING OF THE TERRITORY—Small—Artists
LET FREEDOM RING—M-G-M
LONE WOLF SPY HUNT—THE Columbia
MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Selznick—U. A.
MIKIADO, THE—Tea—Universal
THE KING OF THE WEST—Republic
ONE THOUSAND OF A NATION—Orlib—Paramount
PERSON'S IN HIDING—Paramount
THE PRIDE OF THE NAVY—Republic
SON OF FRANKENSTEIN—Universal
STAGECOACH—Wagner—Artists United
ST. LOUIS BLUES—Paramount
TAIL SPIN—20th Century-Fox
THREE MUSKETEERS, THE—20th Century-Fox
WOMAN DOCTOR—Republic
YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—Warner
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER—Warner

ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES—Warner

Compelling power, brilliant screenmanship, pace and a magnificent cast make this by all odds the finest crime picture ever on the screen. (Imp.)

ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD—Paramount

The P.I. edition of this yearly feature has a multitude of good, not a risk in a top-name re-emergence and enough to keep theater-going fans busy. (See.)

BEACHCOMBER, THE—Mayfair—Paramount

Signoret Maughran's view of the preservation of an English seashore with the picture that has a historical background as the scenery, so it has Charles Lannigan that has any of the picture. (See.)

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—Warners

You remember the excellent work done by John Garfield in "Four Daughters." This time he is the hard-living reporter who exposes sexual prison conditions. Rosamund Lane is the police woman's sister who loves him, Victor Jory, Stanley Fields and Dick Purcell are in the cast. Parallel amount of punch. (Feb.)

BLOUNDER—Columbia

Releasing a series based on the comic strip followed by millions, this should be mildly important. Percyighton is Breakdown, a lawyer, who is sent to a penal. In "A Jury in Trial" Larry Simms is a Baby Dunghill; Gene Lockhart, David's brother, is sure to turn a grim role to his best advantage. (Feb.)

BROTHER RAIN—Warners

Might with fervor and frankness, this tale of three culprits at Virginia Military Academy depart from the standard campus story. Wayne Morris, Eddie Albert and Ronald Reagan have three ideas — women (Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman and Jane Bryant) graduating, and winning the big game. Everything is like at a school. A song. (Jan.)

BURN 'EM UP O'CONNOR—M-G-M

First of another new series, this has Dennis O'Keefe as the country boy who likes to race cars, and uses the mudstone-racing field as locale. Cecilia Parker is the car manufacturer's daughter. Love stories, there is conflict with a crooked race track doctor, and life gets lively. (Feb.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU—20th Century-Fox

The witty Oriental detective's newest adventure deserves special mention as is. One new Charlie Chan, Sidney Toler. He does not copy the late Warner Oland, but has the result sincerely successful. He acts a Honolulu cop so well, you'd better bring your smiling pills. (March)

CHRISTMAS CAROL, A—M-G-M

Bustle and jingle in the sentimental spirit in which it was written by Dickens, Reginald Owen plays Scrooge, the miser who thinks Xmas is just a holiday, and finds he has made a mistake. Terry Kilburn is delighted as Tiny Tim, the cripple, and the Lockharts (Gene and Kathleen) are Mr. and Mrs. Cratchit. (Dec.)

CITADEL, THE—M-G-M

Made by the M-G-M unit in England, A. J. Cronin's touching novel is made up by an idealistic young doctor who does not find the easy way out protected. He is first transferred by his best friend and his loyal wife. The sum theme of Robert Donat, Ronald Randell and Ralph Richardson makes it a very fine attempt, perhaps the best of the year. (Jan.)

COWBOY AND THE LADY, THE—Goldwyn—United Artists

Rich girl, poor boy again, but as you say your new boy and done in the usual God Comedy style—which glibly. Millie Oberon is a kind of unruly English Lady Lombard, Gene Coop is the new, but nice, cowboy and for laughs and it amounts to a charming interlude in your work. (Feb.)

DAWN PATROL, THE—Warner

A stirring drama of war in the air with a beautiful girl in sight, this is certainly entertaining, ingeniously photographed and staged, and the effect. Fred Flyn, David Niven, Sam Rolles, Dorothy Griffin and a host of other held in a picture of brightness and music that will leave you thankful—and thankful that Warners remade this picture. (Feb.)

DRAMATIC SCHOOL—M-G-M

For those who love the theater, this is a handsome and well-paced piece of education. I have not seen so much of the camera, but Charles Lannigan has any of the script. Add to this fine production Eila Landesberg's acting and you have a movie masterpiece. (Jan.)

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—Warners

You remember the excellent work done by John Garfield in "Four Daughters." This time he is the hard-living reporter who exposes sexual prison conditions. Rosamund Lane is the policeman's

PHOTOPLAY
EIGHT YEARS SHE HAS WAITED TO PLAY THIS ROLE!

Deep in the heart of every actress lives the ideal role she longs to play—a role that embodies every talent she possesses. Now such a role has come to Bette Davis in “Dark Victory.” Not a “character” part, but a natural, normal woman who faces all that fate can offer—all the sweet and bitter of life—all the joy and pain of love—and comes through the dark with colors gloriously flying. Eight years she has waited to play this role. We sincerely believe it’s her greatest screen performance.

Warner Bros.
Another of those factors is his instinctive modesty...he says now about being the new "king"..."I hope my future pictures will justify this confidence"...no big "I" stuff, you notice...no promises about what "I" shall do...but just the quiet sensible attitude of merging himself into his productions...which, of course, is merely intelligence on Ty's part, for productions have had much to do with his present popularity, though they are not entirely responsible for it by any means...

I take Clark Gable who ran second to Ty in this voting and who won out last year...in 1938 Gable had one fine picture, "Test Pilot," and one so-so picture, "Too Hot to Handle," but both of them added together did not equal in sheer production value any one of the pictures that Mr. Power has been in...Ty certainly didn't look much like an eighteenth-century Swedish count in "Marie Antoinette" nor a nineteenth-century canal builder in "Suez,"...he certainly was made to appear silly in "Alexander's Ragtime Band" where he lived through some thirty years and didn't age by so much as one wrinkle...it is very much to his credit that he played these diverse and miscast roles so convincingly that it was only after leaving the theatre that you were able to pick any flaws in them.

But even allowing for Tyrone's charm and his acting ability, the fact yet remains that Darryl Zanuck put such elements into those pictures (excepting, of course, "Antoinette" which was an M-G-M production) that even if they were goofy on facts of time and history they were distinctly swell on the entertainment side...

Gable was up against a stiffer problem to maintain his popularity than Tyrone Power was...boiled down into essentials "Test Pilot" wasn't so much of a story and "Too Hot to Handle" was plain goofy and it was the Gable personality (combined with Myrna Loy's, which is no slouch, either) that actually put both pictures across...in other words, his studio didn't back him up as well as Twentieth Century backed Power...

Yet it is characteristic of that Gable guy, too, that he said of Power's winning...

"It couldn't have happened to a nicer kid"...which is absolutely true...it couldn't have happened to a nicer kid unless it happened to Gable himself...who, I bet, wasn't called a kid even at the age of ten...being always too loaded with that adult male ummph..."

Now Jeannette MacDonald's winning out as "Queen" is even more of a pure triumph of personality than Power's...for this glamorous redhead has been associated in the public mind with Nelson Eddy...as half of a team, that is...when Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers used to lead in box-office polls they won as a combination and never separately...but Nelson Eddy, despite the fanatic loyalty of his personal fans, has never showed in the important voting...yet here is Jeannette, his co-star, triumphing alone and over every other girl in the movie business...and if you don't think I'll be able to find a moral in all that you just don't realize what an old moral hunter I am by nature...seriously, though, I think it does prove that a right attitude toward one's public reflects itself from the screen...that plus, as in Ty's case, the terrific factors of ability, personality, charm and temperament...for Nelson Eddy, Astaire and Rogers, in fact every star in pictures has those latter assets, too...but few, indeed, possess such a wish to always do the right thing that will endear themselves to the public that Jeannette has...Joan Crawford is...
The heartbreak of two young people in love...facing the world with song in their hearts. Laughter...melodrama...and Carole Lombard in a brilliant transition from comedienne to dramatic star!

Carole
James
Lombard · Stewart
Made for Each Other

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK
Directed by John Cromwell · Screen play by Jo Swerling
Presented by Selznick International
Released thru United Artists

APRIL, 1939
MODERN WAY TO BEAUTY—Rita Hayworth finished a difficult scene with Cary Grant for "Plane No. 4" and walked off the set. I had watched her rehearse the scene several times before this last take, and the terrific amount of energy it required to do the same thing over and over until it was done perfectly had practically exhausted me, even though I had nothing to do with it.

But Rita wasn't exhausted. She didn't even look tired. As a matter of fact, she looked more glowing and lovely than I had ever seen her.

"Nice going," I said. "I needn't ask how you are. You look wonderful."

"Oh, I feel marvelous," she laughed, "even though I'm working so hard. You know, this is really my big chance. It's the best part I've had, playing second lead to Jean Arthur, and I've just got to feel well and look well."

"How do you do it?" I asked. I felt positively haggard in contrast.

"It's simple," she said, "and you can see what it's done for me. I don't let myself get run down or tired. You know the importance of vitamins to health and beauty. I just supplement my regular diet by taking vitamins in concentrated form. They do wonders for you."

HEALTH and beauty are even more important to screen stars than to us. The cameras magnify every blemish, even the faintest sign of ill health or exhaustion, and the strain of spending emotions under hot lights too often leaves its mark upon a star's face unless her health is superb.

It's a wise girl who realizes that the basis of beauty is health; that bright eyes, shining hair and clear skin come from within.

Modern living demands so much from girls today, not only in the picture business, but in every walk of life. We rush around madly under tension all the time, yet we expect to look as rested and relaxed as though we did absolutely nothing all day long. But we don't stop to think that our hair and skin and eyes, even our capacity for having fun and enjoying life are all dependent upon those little things that we can't see—vitamins.

We find them in everything we eat, of course, but even a carefully selected diet, with plenty of fresh vegetables and fruits, can be low in vitamins, which are vital food substances needed to maintain good health, the basis of beauty. Modern refining of foods often destroys the vitamins, so that we see the result in our loss of vitality, our lowered resistance to colds, our wonder as to what can be happening to our looks and our definite suspicion that we're losing them.

When that happens to us, something has got to be done, and vitamins in concentrated form are the answer. They give us back our zest for living, our vitality; they restore lost color to our skins,uster to our hair, brightness to our eyes. They're modern science's answer to a woman's prayer.

HE life of a Hollywood star seems to consist of glamour and ease and ordered living to the rest of us who are harassed by the details of everyday life. But we forget the strain under which stars work on a picture, the concentration they must give to every scene, the tiresome rehearsals, the consistent striving toward acting perfection.

It's no fun to get up at five o'clock in the morning, dash to the studio to be made up and gotten ready for the set, to work all day before going home again to sleep wearily into bed and start it all over again the next day. They must combat this strain and its effect upon their nerves and health and beauty.

Arleen Whelan, who's one of the town's most active and popular girls—she's always doing something, dancing or playing tennis or riding—takes advantage of what modern science can do for her. She knows that she must have sufficient vitamins in her daily routine to keep herself looking lovely and to give her vitality to carry on her picture career as well as her social life. Since her health is superb, she's able to relax after a hard day at the studio and enjoy herself in the evening.

Business girls often don't get enough fun out of life. Not because they're in business, but because they work so hard and are so intent upon getting ahead in their jobs that they're worn out at the end of the day. They're too likely to grab a quick sandwich for lunch when they've had nothing but a cup of coffee for breakfast, and work all through the day with no other nourishment. They can't get sufficient vitamins, the essential food substances, that way. They've thrown all their energies into their office work, so no wonder they lack the vitality after they've finished the day to drag themselves out to a show or to a party.

That's very bad, because it's too easy to lose (Continued on page 87)
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another example of this is why Joan has lasted in the big brackets as long as she has, I believe. . . .

Jeanette starts off by working like the grubbiest wage slave you ever knew . . . there is never a time that she isn’t in some phase of production on her pictures, musicals being so much harder to prepare and finish than dramatic productions . . . there are always scores to be learned, all gestures to be mastered, costumes to be fitted . . . there are pre-recordings of songs . . . there are those big-crowd scenes, inevitable to musical pictures, to be shot and they usually take several days to get on the screen . . . dramatic pictures today average two to four weeks in production . . . the MacDonald-Eddy musicals average about five months each . . . but despite these time demands . . . despite her running her home perfectly and keeping her husband content . . . Jeanette took time for that daily singing lesson . . . for posing for any and all pictures that are requested of her . . . for giving out interviews whenever they are asked for . . . for always being gracious to the public.

In contrast, Nelson Eddy doesn’t like to give interviews or pose for pictures . . . neither does Rogers or Astaire . . . and neither does Myrna Loy, who was queen last year . . . it isn’t that Myrna, for example, isn’t a darling when you get to her . . . but try and get to her . . . it one took this magazine two solid years to get a cover photograph made of her.

I DON’T mean to say that being nice about interviews and photographs is what makes a star . . . if that alone did it Toby Wing or Betty Grable or any one of fifty cute kids would be the biggest pin-ups in Hollywood . . . you’ve got to have great talent to go with this . . . but I do believe they are most important for major stars . . . if you don’t hear about stars and see provocative pictures of them between blood-curdling success and embarrassing failure . . . it may be that the modern audience, the one of fifty years ago, who used to go to the movies to see the stars, who used to be affected by the glamour and the magic . . . is not the same as the audience today . . . but there are still those who can be affected by those things and there are still those who can be affected by the glamour and the magic.

W. C. Fields—long may he wave! In Universals’ "You Can’t Cheat An Honest Man," the famed comician comedian, something he has not done since he was in the Ziegfeld decade ago. It’s all due to that imp, Charlie McCarthy, as you’ll find out when you see the picture
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RENDEZVOUS

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appearing in the OKLAHOMA
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APRIL, 1939
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A dramatic episode in the life of Hedy Lamarr, revealed for the first time by a writer new to America

Vienna Farewell

BY HEINZ LIEPMANN

VIENNA, night of November 22, 1934... Vienna—the gayest capital of Europe; the town known the world over for its waltz music, pretty girls and easy life; Vienna, now dark and deserted. On the Kaertner Strasse and around the Steffansdome, where, in former days, music, light and laughter ruled, there is now silence and darkness. The only steps one can hear are those of the patrolling guards of the Heimwehr, the Storm Troopers of Austria.

Vienna is dying. Only nine months have passed since Dollfuss' cannons and machine guns smashed houses and streets in Vienna and slaughtered the last Austrian Liberals. But behind the five-foot Chancellor Dollfuss, who now governs the unfortunate country with terror and tears, stands another man, six feet, five inches tall, a member of the oldest and proudest nobility of Europe, fabulously wealthy—Vice-Chancellor Rüdiger Prince von Starhemberg, Master of the Heimwehr and therefore Master of Austria. And whereas the streets of gay Vienna lie dark and deserted, and the easy-going Viennese sit in their houses, silent, poor and hungry, the palace of Prince von Starhemberg shines, full of light, gaiety, music and (Continued on page 83)
Reborn!

How George Brent Brought

The touching story of a valiant woman who battled heartache and failure to come through—a champion

By Adele Whitley Fletcher

If the camera and the microphone should be turned on the lives which the players live on the side lines while a picture is being made, oftentimes an even greater story would be filmed.

Take the Warner picture, "Dark Victory." It's a hauntingly beautiful love story. But the emotion felt on the side lines while this picture was in production frequently was equal to the emotion that was distilled on the set. During the making of this picture George Brent, who had worked in a series of pictures he had not cared for, became hopeful and enthusiastic again, while Bette Davis, separated from Harmon Nelson preparatory to a divorce, met up with an experience she was unable to take in her customary gallant, fighting stride.

The "Dark Victory" company sat on the side lines of a set that represented a doctor's office. Here the first scenes of the picture would take place. Edmund Goulding, the director, described the mood he wanted the picture to have. "Actually, you see," Goulding was saying, "death, in this story, becomes the most beautiful and constructive thing of all. It is as she faces death that Judith learns how to live. And it is from watching Judith that a lot of other people learn this, too."

George Brent turned to Bette Davis. "I believe in this one," he told her. "Yes, I think it's marvelous."

Enthusiasm usually crackles from Bette, like current from an electric wire. Now it came, forced. Nevertheless, it was better than her silence. George relaxed. So did Goulding and Humphrey Bogart and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

Two days later, George and Bette were working together. They were doctor and patient in his office. The mood between them shifted subtly and often.

All morning they worked; all afternoon, too. "Listen, Doctor," Bette, as Judith, said, "I've never taken orders from anyone. And here's something else... I'm well, absolutely well. I'm young and strong. Nothing can touch me. You can't make an invalid out of me. I won't let you. I'm going..."

"That's right," he told her, "run away! Run away because you're frightened..." "Just a minute," Goulding interrupted George and Bette. "I want you to take this sequence easy. It's long and it's complicated. In it we've got to plant the keynote for everything that's still to come."

The two started from the beginning again. They tried a different tempo.

Now, when the studio door opened, no sunshine fell in. It was dark outside. Bette, Bette came off the set and threw herself in her chair. George, looking up as she came towards him, was frightened for her.

Two years of strain and struggle had preceded Bette's separation from Harmon Nelson. The separation, which might have been expected to be a relief, was, instead, a blow that had struck at the very roots of Bette's life. Bette isn't constituted to take failure easily. Besides, she's enough of an idealist to hold
things like marriage vows just a little sacred: she's enough of a realist to know what little chance of happiness there is for a woman, alone.

"Maybe," Bette said to George, disciplining her voice to keep it steady, "maybe I should quit right now... before we really get into this and it means time and money to replace me."

George knew this was the crisis for her.

"You won't crack," he said calmly. "You have too much vitality—too much pride."

Bette straightened a little in her chair. "I hope you're right," she told him.

The truth is that with that simple sentence George saved Bette.

"Because," as she says herself, "when someone you respect counts on you for something you give it to him."

George and Bette don't have to say much to each other. They've come a long way together. Years ago, it looked as if they were going to make their screen tests at the same time. But plans were changed and it was actually on the Universal lot that they met first. Their experiences there were equally unfortunate and many times they used what little courage they had left to encourage each other. Then, simultaneously, they signed with Warners to play together in "The Rich Are Always With Us," with Ruth Chatterton, whom George later married. Since then they have made a dozen pictures, good and bad.

It isn't, however, from Bette's and George's professional intimacy that their sympathies comes. They are out of the same mold. They're both rebels. They have the same uncompro-mising sense of justice and the same clean-cut intelligence. And they're both complete fools about sticking their necks out.

They had fun on the side lines of "Dark Victory," too. When the day's work was over the company would collect in someone's dressing

(Continued on page 86)
An amusing new kind of interview originated by KATHARINE HARTLEY

Third in a series of talk-provoking interviews in which the stars enter into the spirit of that old game—Truth and Consequences. They answer with the absolute truth questions that would ordinarily set them back on their heels—or pay a penalty. This month, Alice Faye, famous for her frankness, tells all—all but the answers to six. But when you read those questions, you won’t blame Alice for taking the consequences that are shown opposite.

1. (Q) What is your habitual costume around the house?
   (A) I’ve been converted to the slack style . . . should anyone drop in on me from ten until four they’ll always find me in about the same outfit—a blue flannel pair of slacks. They’re not elegant, but comfortable and practical. I’ll leave the hostess gowns to somebody else.

2. (Q) What advantage do you believe you have lacked in life?
   (A) A further education. I had to leave school early to go to work. I remember that it broke my heart because at that time my greatest desire was to become a school teacher, with all sorts of fancy degrees. The only point on which I could qualify for such a career now is—patience.

3. (Q) Do royal titles impress you?
   (A) Heavens, no, and it’s the truth! Though as a young girl I must admit that I did look forward to meeting Prince Charming.

4. (Q) Have you ever sought revenge, and did you find it “sweet”?
   (A) I’m afraid I’m not the type to seek revenge. I am more inclined to let bygones be bygones.

5. (Q) Do children annoy you?
   (A) Not at all. I adore them, love to be with them, and always learn a lot from them. Their directness and simplicity are what I enjoy most.

6. (Q) Who has been a heroine to you?
   (A) Marilyn Miller. I worshipped her for years, because she was so much of everything I wanted to be.

7. (Q) On what subject do you consider yourself most uninformed?
   (A) History. I never could remember dates—and I still have difficulty.

8. (Q) Of what things are you afraid?
   (A) The dark. I can’t help it.

9. (Q) Have you ever written a letter of complaint or protest? If so, to whom?
   (A) Miss Faye took the consequences. (Let (Continued on page 72)
An "unglamorous picture" was the forfeit Alice made for failing to answer question No. 9. The little Faye knows when it's more discreet to remain silent.

We thought we had Alice on this penalty, when she refused to answer question No. 54; instead, look what she produced—the Alice Faye lapel hat, a miniature hat which may be worn on the lapel or in the hair. She launched the style herself and the hats are now being marketed.

As a consequence Miss Faye was asked to select from each list below the item which, in her own opinion, symbolizes her. Put them all together and you have a portrait of Alice as she sees herself.

1. If you were a flower?
   - calla lily
   - daisy
   - poppy
   - American beauty
   - tea rose
   - lily of the valley

2. If you were a color?
   - pink
   - blue
   - red
   - orange
   - green
   - crimson

3. If you were a pet?
   - fox terrier
   - Scotty
   - canary
   - Angora kitten
   - Pekingese
   - pony

4. If you were a sound?
   - chimes
   - siren
   - bicycle bell
   - alarm clock
   - a purr
   - a loud shout

5. If you were a fabric?
   - mousseline de soie
   - velvet
   - chiffon
   - calico
   - satin
   - gingham

6. If you were a vehicle?
   - roadster with top down
   - station wagon
   - hansom cab
   - pony cart
   - town car
   - limousine

7. If you were an article of clothing?
   - negligee
   - sheer black hose
   - white kid gloves
   - evening kerchief
   - cocktail dress
   - ribbon sash

8. If you were a food?
   - vanilla fudge
   - mixed green salad
   - souffle
   - strawberry ice cream
   - bread and butter applesauce

There would have been reverberations aplenty had Alice answered No. 33. She prefers to jump rope.

Consequence on No. 39—these two notes monogram the Martin stationery and Xmas cards.
Alaska to Addis Ababa in search of buried loot—the secret dream of every man! Here are adventures exciting and gay enough to fill to brimming six ordinary lifetimes.
FOR some reason that I’ve never been able to understand, people are envious of a lucky break. Way down deep, they sneer at luck—unless they’re the ones who have it. That, of course, makes the whole thing different. For the same reason, they seem to find it excruciatingly funny when someone else follows his luck and it turns out to be all bad.

I’ve had my share of both.

There’s a small mountain in Alaska named after me. It’s called Flynn’s Folly. Yes, I was the goat in that deal. There’s a cove in New Guinea, a tiny little spot where the sea battles with the jungle unceasingly. Its name, translated into pigeon-English, is Man-Go-Along-Dog. That’s me—the natives couldn’t pronounce my name. It’s another spot where my luck ran out and provided laughs for the boys in the island bars. There’s an abandoned shaft up the Sepik River in Papua... but why go on with the grisly list?

Friends and business associates and relatives have come to me dozens of times with sad head-shakings and asked, "Look, old boy, why not drop this? It’s a harebrained scheme. You’ll lose your shirt." To which I usually reply that I’d sooner lose it than wear it out. The tragedy of life is in its frayed edges and all that they imply. I don’t like that. Right royal robes or sackcloth. One end or the other. Never mediocrity.

The result is that at heart I’m a treasure hunter. I always have been, since I was a lad digging in a garden of a suburban villa near Sydney, Australia. I’d heard that the previous and deceased owner had been a miser. In all the books I had ever read, misers invariably buried their hoards in the cellar or in the back yard. We had no cellar, so it was the holly-hock beds that were elected to suffer under my youthful but enthusiastic spading.

In one way or another I’ve been at it ever since.

Nor am I alone in that urge. I think that nine men out of ten have the same instinct, but not all have the opportunity to gratify it. Still others have the chance but are afraid they’ll be laughed at if they lose out.

Personally, I don’t care. Lest I sound whimsical, let me point out that my treasure seeking is quite practical. I’m still a little ahead, by and large, even including the more obvious financial failures.

But, most important, I’ve enjoyed myself doing it.

I’ve even got a laugh out of all the wild stories that have been circulated through the taprooms, mostly untrue, about my so-called adventures. But, if the truth of them is not quite up to the elaborately concocted tales told over a whiskey—and, they were still not run-of-the-mill and were delightfully absorbing while they were going on. Beside them, Hollywood is a very tame place. People out here work very seriously to make a living. I’d never done that before. I’d played to make a living and, I hope, always will. When a job got to be serious and seemed to be jeopardizing my personal liberty, I quit.

There was always some treasure, a mine, a jewel, a pearl or trochus shell bed on a forgotten shoal around the corner or across the seas that seemed much more worth while than any job whose familiarity was beginning to make it prosaic.

Hollywood was the first place I had ever found that paid enough money to make it worth while to endure the bsanities of maintaining a permanent anchorage in any harbor. But even with the money and the pleasure of working at a pleasant job, I’d chuck it in a minute if I couldn’t have a few months every year in which to get back to that fascinating game of bucking mesdames, The Lady Luck and Mother Nature.

One of my really successful treasure hunts was for a mine, up in the wilds of the head-hunting country on the Wau Plateau in Morobe, New Guinea. Before I left there I’d seen the air-plane shorten that long, arduous overland safari: formerly it had taken a traveler eleven days to make it and almost another eleven to recuperate. I made money for myself and three pals. It didn’t last long, but then, what’s money for?

It was not so long ago that I heard of a mine up in Alaska. The whole situation surrounding it seemed ideal. One of my best friends, Bud Ernst, was at loose ends. He pitched in with me and we began on that delightful stage of treasure hunting accomplished with elaborate maps, one bottle of ink, a pen, one bottle of ink, pipes, tobacco and an open fire. That’s the time when all the participants make at least seven million dollars apiece, find Paradise Lost and meet the beautiful Eurasian Princess who will fall in love and be in love with you. It’s always you she falls in love with—never the other guy.

Of course, in your heart you know from previous experience that you’ll probably lose even the pipes and tobacco, get knifed by a native who never heard of paradise and doesn’t want to and the beautiful Eurasian Princess will turn out to be more Asian than Eur with most of her teeth gone from too little hygiene and too much betel nut. She will also have four angry husbands and a child in every port. But never let these sober reflections dampen your ardor.

But I did decide that the Alaskan adventure would have to be experienced by air. Any other route would mean months of overland mashing and neither of us could afford that time. We bought a ship, a used Waeco in excellent condition, and proceeded to trim her down and outfit her for the flight. Days were spent in test

(Continued on page 35)
My sex appeal is factory made—strictly to order. I'm on the production line to stardom. What price fame? See how you'd like it!

By Glamour Girl 17,268

Editors' note: here is an unsolicited manuscript, written by a young starlet under contract to one of the major studios. It is the story of her actual experiences in the hands of the experts and, with minor variations, it's the story of all rising stars in Hollywood.

I am Hollywood Glamour Girl and I hope I'm satisfied. Perhaps it sounds a bit vain to come right out flat-footed with a statement like, "I am a Glamour Girl." It's like saying, "I am beautiful," and I've always hated women who say such things about themselves. But the fact remains that a Glamour Girl is exactly what I am, technically speaking. It's like saying, "I am a cameraman," or "I am a director." Whatever you are in this motion-picture business, you are; there's a term for you, and you're it.

So I'm a Glamour Girl. I'm by way of being a successful one, too. Not in too big a way, of course, but I've had my second option lifted, which means I'm on the paymaster's list for my third consecutive six-months period. Most of us fall by the wayside after our initial six months. By that I mean we're dropped by the studio which signed us. Then we either go back home or marry a Los Angeles hosiery salesman or stick around trying to get a break in another studio—while the rent and other little incidentals go merrily and devastatingly on.

They tell me that's no fun, that business of just waiting around for another break. But, of course, I, in the smug sense of my own ability and importance, can't imagine anything like that happening to me. To others, perhaps, but never to me.

At best, though, it's pretty nerve-racking. You can see thousands of people walking around Hollywood with their ears cocked for the sound of a dropped option.

The face I hold out to the motion-picture world is a bold, confident face; but deep down inside me is that gnawing uncertainty about the inevitable option time. By the time this little confession reaches print, I may be a has-been, a new recruit to the large army of up-and-coming hopefuls to whom Thursday has become just another day.

Mostly it's a case of cold economics to the studios. If they think you may make money for them, very good—they're willing to gamble on you for a while. They'll spend large quantities of money on embryonic star material, but if the embryo doesn't develop satisfactorily the ax falls—on your neck. And that economic angle is what worries me; for, in my first six months in Hollywood, I worked exactly seven days before the camera! Figured on the basis of my regular weekly salary, each of those seven days cost my studio as much as the working salary of almost any well-known featured player.

Why was I considered a valuable enough piece of acting property to be signed by one of the world's largest movie studios? The same reason why hundreds of other youngsters are signed every year: hope on the part of the producers that an occasional star or featured player may be culled from the legion of potentials.

And how did I get around to being screen-tested? Simply by starting out, at the age of about seven, to become an actress. I played in at least a million school productions. By the time I reached high school, I was ready for leads. After high school, college—and more plays. Then a sort of borrowing arrangement, similar to the system employed by the movie companies in the handling of stars, put me to work with male college groups who needed female actors (technically speaking, you know; an actress is a "female actor"). I reached the apex of my amateur career, in my own opinion at least, when I played the title role in George Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan." I did the rest of the company dirt by coming down with a streptococcus throat infection three days before opening, but they did me the honor of postponing opening night for a week, chiefly because the gal who had been understudying the part said she knew she couldn't do justice to it after having seen me play the part. Giddy praise for a young punk like me.

Probably ten days in the hospital gave me a sort of unearned quality that suited Saint Joan, for I was terrific—a good Hollywood word—in the role. By the time we had finished our little run I had definitely made up my mind that Bernhardt, Duse and Maude Adams were mere tyros in comparison to me; a conviction which still lingers in my soul, though I've pushed it way back inside of me where people who wouldn't understand can't see it.

However, a terrific amateur success is hardly more than a professional yawn. Still, I had to be a professional. The jump from one plane to the other is an easy one—if you can get a job. I was lucky enough to get one with a good summer stock company in one of those fashionable New England resorts.

With that summer behind me, I saw no reason why Broadway managers shouldn't be eagerly awaiting me in their plush offices.
you see, I wasn’t a Glamour Girl at that time.
I annoyed lots of people so utterly to death
that at last I got myself a part in a Broadway
production I ebullied the same two lines eight
performances a week for six months. Some
time later, I got another part, and another after
that. That wrote at least a temporary finis to
my career on the legitimate stage, for I was
screen-tested and shipped off to the Hollywood.
I was supplied with a ticket entitling me to
a lower berth. I had to pay eight dollars more
for the upper so that I could have a whole com-
partment to myself, but I felt entitled to that
much luxury—for was I not on my way to fab-
ulous Hollywood?
I had a cold and an earache all the way out;
due, no doubt, to the air-conditioned comfort of
the train. When I reached Los Angeles I felt
like anything but a Glamour Girl; I felt just
plain lousy.
There was a man from the publicity depart-
ment of the studio there to meet me, and he had
brought a photographer. They took a lot of
pictures of me: grinning and waving from the
steps; sitting atop somebody’s trunk (not mine)
with my legs crossed; swinging happily down
the platform with an orange in my hand, and
all that sort of thing.
The publicity boys drove me to the Holly-
wood Studio Club, where I was going to live.
They made a point of passing the studio en
route.
“Are you impressed?” the photographer asked.
“Terribly!” I managed to answer brightly, but
as a matter of fact I was too sick to be impressed
by anything short of having Darryl Zanuck and
Sam Goldwyn act as bellhops for my bags.
When they dropped me at the Club, the pub-
licity boys uttered the words that have become
famous as a greeting to contracted newcomers:
“Just relax and take it easy for a few days.
Honey—you’re on salary!”

Next day I went to the studio and was shown
around by a young man who was on the payroll
just for that sort of thing. He asked me for a
date.
Somebody showed me my arrival picture in
the Los Angeles Times. I bought a dozen copies
to send home to the folks. The gist of the cap-
tion under the picture was that I was one of
the more famous of Broadway’s reigning ac-
tresses, and had arrived in Hollywood to play
leads at once.
I was introduced to all the members of the
casting department, and to the director and in-
mates of the stock school on the lot. I thought
I measured up pretty well against the other kids
of my own professional level, so it was a bitter
blow to have an assistant casting director tell
me that I wasn’t so hot from a glamour point
of view. He offered Westmores’ as a possible
solution.

So I went to Westmores’ and put myself in the hands of an
operator who surveyed me with the disinterested professional-
ism of a medico who is about to perform an appendectomy.

But miracles were wrought.
Back in New York we had always thought that we knew
how to smear on the glamour.

(Continued on page 70)
THE
Gay Romance
of
CARY GRANT
It's perfect the way it is—but when impulse snags up against impulse, keep your eyes on these Mad Hatters

BY RUTH WATERBURY

In order to get even the dimmest perspective on the gay romance of Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks you have to understand Cary himself. And that is just as simple of accomplishment as your working out one of those puzzles that consists of a box within a box within a box with a key inside.

You have only to see these two magnificently complementary young people together to know that they are riotously in love. No casting director could possibly pick two types more beautifully cary so dark and tall and masculine and Phyllis so slight and blonde and feminine. You have only to hear their mutual hoots of laughter over the silliest nonsense to know that they have more fun together than a bunch of ten-year-olds dancing around a Christmas tree. But to try to figure out what their "intentions" are toward each other is just as profitable as attempting an exact forecast of the weather for next June tenth. The signs would seem to indicate that it will be fair and warmer. But it all depends, with the weather. And it all depends with these two enchanting clowns.

As for example: the last time I had seen Cary had been on an intensely gloomy, sticky day in California. (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, please don't note.) Cary himself swung open the door to his simple beach house. His scowl was blacker than his hair and he said, "What a fool day. Come on in. Have some tea." It was a no-account hour, eleven in the morning, to be exact, midway between breakfast and luncheon. But we had tea and five minutes later Cary murmured, "Gee, I feel fine." Then he laughed that great ringing laugh of his and explained, "See how a cup of tea does to me? That's why the English stick to it." The next time I ran into Cary (and "ran into" is most certainly not the word—the meeting was arranged by way of a series of telephone calls as long as your arm) was in New York and the weather was even worse. It was bitingly cold. (The New York Chamber of Commerce can note and see if I care.) The wind was howling around and there were biting snow flurries in the air. I was prepared for gloom or even icicles dripping off the glib Grant tongue. For the day was bad enough, but to add to it, it was right at the time that the metropolitan newspaper boys were badgering the life out of our hero asking Cary when he and the beautiful Brooks bundle, who also happened to be in New York at the same time, were going to wed.

I knew that Cary hated New York and anything cold. I knew that he hates being cooped up in small rooms, though the extreme luxury of the penthouse apartment where I saw him would have made the experience a great pleasure. I was only too aware that he loathed any questions that touch, even remotely, upon his private life. The entire RKO press department had warned me that I would suffer a fate worse than death if I dared even mention the initials PB. Thus I expected anything—anything, that is, except Cary's bounding out, carol-

La Brooks has a quality in common with Cary that makes their plans as unpredictable as the weathering, "Gee, isn't this a swell day? Come on in. Have a cup of tea.

So over that unity tea, which we had in a jewel of a tiny library, sitting vis-a-vis in red leather chairs before a small open fire, I decided I might just as well see myself in strong with him. Therefore, I remarked (subtle like a hang-over), "I know I'm not supposed to talk about Phyllis and marriage to you."

"Why not?" said Cary, while I fainted.

Such unbalanced inconsistency is why I did not believe Cary when he went on to add (after I had come back to a bemused consciousness) that he honestly doesn't know whether he is going to get married or not. For he undoubtedly doesn't. From what I've seen of him in Hollywood and heard about him from his friends, he never does appear to know five minutes ahead (except when it comes to his career) New York was that he was returning from a trip he had made back home to Bristol, England, to see his parents. He is devoted to those parents, and to England, too, being still an English citizen, even if he does prefer to live in California. So, whenever he gets time enough, he dashes cross continent and the Atlantic Ocean to visit them. This winter he had lost a lot of weight and was tired out from working down in the desert on "Gunga Din." Columbia, who had claimed him professionally, didn't have a script ready. So it worked out that he had time enough for one of those six-thousand-mile vacations of his.

But returning from abroad, he was suddenly aware of missing Phyllis is very much indeed. He missed her so poignantly, in fact, that he couldn't wait a second longer to hear her voice. So, with the boat still one day out from New York, he put in a telephone call from the ship to her in California. He told her he did wish she were going to be in New York next morning; as he was to be, to see the shows with him. It was a thing they had long dreamed of doing; but alas, she was working on a picture and he wouldn't have time to stay in New York until she was free, so that was that, and she was an angel, anyhow.

Now putting through a telephone call from a ship at sea all the way out to a girl in Hollywood is no mere trifle, not one of those things you just do every morning, like your teeth, let's say. So Cary was a bit miffed that for all of Phyllis' sounding gay as a butter-cup at hearing from him, she also sounded mad and mad.

To be blunt about it, he got the distinct impression that she had hung up the very instant she could. It annoyed him so that he gloomed around the boat all the rest of the time—thinking hard thoughts about dames in general and about one saucy-faced little blonde in particular.

NEXT morning, he came down the gangplank—still sulky, still sore. Then he loosened up and figured he had gone completely wacky. For there, at the foot of the gangplank, was Phyllis. What had made her sound rushed on the telephone was because she was rushed, having decided the instant she heard him that he was going to fly to New York to meet him, picture or no picture, but that she hadn't a moment to waste if she was to make it on time.

Well, did that set off a lot of steam whistles. Instantly, Cary arranged to stay with his friend, Bert Taylor, whose sister, the Countess di Frasso, is Cary's favorite Hollywood hostess. Phyllis ensonced herself in one of Manhattan's most glittering hostels. They were so gay that the very bird on Phyllis hat started to sing.

As soon as they were unpacked Cary and his little lamb planned to go to town. But everywhere that Cary went, a pack of reporters was sure to go.

Were he and Miss Brooks being married in New York, asked the reporters. If so, just when? Just where? Was it true that Miss Brooks was now sporting a troussseau and that he preferred pink? Would he demand that she give up her career after marriage? If not, why not? If so, why so? Who, what, where, when?

"Eeeeeeeyah," cried Cary at me behind those very white teeth of his as he told me about it. He got up, nearly knocking over the tea tray, and took one stride up the room and one stride back (the latter with no permit) and gave a fine burlesque of a man in a (Continued on page 34)
"When I got that snapshot you sent, Marie," Jelliff explained, "and saw what a swell setup you had and how well you must be doing, I thought I'd drop on out."

The story thus far:

WHEN Marie La Tour, famous star of silent days, discovered that she was almost penniless, except for a heavily mortgaged Long Island estate, she hit on the idea of launching Betty, her orphaned granddaughter, on a Hollywood career. Her first setback came when she learned that her old producer was no longer in charge of Goldmont Studio. Instead, Benny Rossman, an enemy of long standing, was now production head. He refused to give work to her, or any member of her family, on the grounds that she was a troublemaker.

Still another blow awaited Marie. Jack Jelliff, ex-hoofer and friend for many years, had handled the sale of Marie's home, but with disastrous results. No money was left, so Marie took work as a caretaker of a Beverly Hills home during the absence of the owners. She kept Betty ignorant of her true financial state, pretending that she was renting the house.

Through Lydia Watts, an ex-burlesque queen and former friend of Marie's, Betty met Christie Beall, a young director at Goldmont, and, using the name of Betty Smith, persuaded him to test her for a rôle in "Bringing Up Mother." The test was a success.

On the first day of shooting, Chris, who had been aware of Marie's identity all along, asked her to be on the set to give Betty confidence. Since Rossman, Marie's enemy, was out of town, she agreed. Chris asked Marie to run through the scene for Betty. He shot it "just for a gag," a technique which he followed through the entire production.

At the studio preview, the audience was only lukewarm to Betty's performance, that is, with the exception of Alex Lorm, a fortune-hunting adagio dancer who had been playing up to Betty. A second version was then run and Marie saw herself on the screen in Betty's rôle. She was a success. Once home, Betty accused Marie of double-crossing her. "I'm going out on my own," she shouted. "I'm going to show you where to get off, and I'm never coming back!"

Now continue Marie's story.
"Marie La Tour"—spelled out in lights! But that thrill was as nothing compared with the jolt in store for this grand old trouper.

When you think you have come to the end of your rope you most generally find another length left that you hadn't known was there. And that was what happened to me the night Betty slammed out of the house saying she would never return.

Of course I followed her as far as the drive-way calling out for her to come back. But when I got outside she had already started up the car, and the old thing made such a noise that she either didn't hear me, or else had a swell excuse to pretend she hadn't. Anyway she drove off, and I walked back on into that big empty house feeling as shut off as an unwelcome radio program.

Of course when a person gets to be my age, no matter what a member of the younger generation says, why we don't see it anywhere from ninety per cent up, and it just didn't seem possible that Betty could actually believe even ten per cent of the terrible things she had accused me of. However, not to be sentimental or anything, I certainly was upset and shocked; in fact so shocked I couldn't as yet realize what had happened. Betty would calm down and feel sorry, I was sure. So I tried to do the same.

Well, I waited supper, and put a light in the porte-cochère, and did all the other things which is supposed to be done for errand children in hopes they will finish their errand and remember to come on back home. But as the hours went by so did a lot of cars, none of which stopped to let Betty out, and by two a.m. I finally admitted to myself that the poor kid must have been pretty serious. I couldn't very well go looking for her in case she came back while I was gone, or telephone the Bureau of Missing Persons: because my missing Betty did not as yet mean anything except that she was temporarily mislaid. So I spent a bad night fighting with my bed and beating up the covers every time I thought of those fatal sequences. However, finally the bed won and I dozed off, only to wake up with a start after what seemed like about one minute. It was eight o'clock and just as I noticed the time, I heard a car stop in front of the door.

Well, without even looking out of the window I flew into my wrapper and down the stairs, all set to tell Betty exactly what I thought of her putting on such an unholy show. For now that she was back I was mad clean through. I commenced to let her know it even as I was opening the door.

"Of all the outrageous things to do!" I shouted. "What do you think I am anyways? Come on in this minute while I box your ears for you!" And here I stopped dead on account it wasn't Betty on the steps at all, but Jack Jelliff with two large straw suitcases, one on either side of him, and a taxicab waiting behind.

"What?" he says. "That's a nice welcome! I suppose I ought to turn around and go right back where I come from, but..."

"Jack, I says, 'excuse me!' I thought you was somebody else—you're as welcome as a government refund! Come right on in." He looked relieved and broke into a smile.

"Sure!" he says. "I'd love to, but..." he jerked his head towards the taxi.

Well, half an hour later we was having coffee, both of us trying to talk at once.

"When I got that snapshot you sent me," he explained, "and saw what a swell setup you had, and how well you must be doing, I thought I'd drop on out.

"My leg hurts pretty bad in the cold weather, you know, and besides I couldn't help feeling you hadn't ought to be out here without a man's protection!"

"Why didn't you let me know you were coming?" I asks. Jelliff rubbed his bad knee the way he does when he can't think of a quick one.

"Well," he says at last, "I was afraid you might feel embarrassed about accepting my help, but I wanted to show you there was a strong right arm behind this man's cuff."

Of course, I knew perfectly well Jelliff had come out simply because he couldn't get on without me and I don't mean only in a financial sense either. I and he had been too close too long, for either of us to break away easily. But I was upset by Jelliff's hinting that he hoped he was going to be worth the money I was giving him. So I pretended I didn't get the double entender though his eyes was very tendered indeed.

"Jelliff," I says earnestly. "I am not only glad to accept your help, but I need it bad. As for how I am doing, for the moment I will allow this house to speak for itself. If it says something it don't really mean, why we can go into that later. But meanwhile I am in trouble, Jelliff!"

And then I gave him the case history of Betty.

(Continued on page 79)
T HE name is pronounced "Lee." She is very beautiful, with red-brown hair and sea-green eyes. She is very talented. At first, she wasn't sure she wanted the role of Scarlett O'Hara; but now she has it... which means that Vivien Leigh, the British actress comparatively unknown in this country, finally selected for the heroine of "Gone with the Wind," is a name that's on the tip of everyone's tongue.

It also means that Vivien Leigh is in what Hollywood terms a "tough spot." Already we are describing her natural English reserve as "high-hattedness." Already we are complaining, "At least, they could have chosen an American girl!"

But Vivien Leigh is a trouper. She is tackling her hazardous assignment with quiet courage. David Selznick chose her for the role. Well, she will do her best. "It is all I can do," she said to me the other day. And then she added, and I liked her for it, "But between you and me, I am frightened to death!"

Despite the fact that we call her English, Vivien Leigh has the ancestry of Scarlett. Her father, Ernest Richard Hartley, onetime stock broker of Calcutta, India, came of French forebears and her mother was Irish. Vivien, however, has a far more cosmopolitan background and education than that of Scarlett. Born in the town of Darjeeling, India, at the foot of the Himalayas, she was educated in schools scattered throughout Europe, always the finest. She speaks German, French and Italian as well as she does English and her dramatic education was gained at the famous Academy of Dramatic Art, in London. We Americans will remember her as the husky wife of the book dealer in Bob Taylor's picture, "A Yank at Oxford."

She is married to Leigh Holman, a barrister of London, and they have a five-year-old daughter, Suzanne.

Will she succeed as Scarlett? That, of course, remains to be seen. Meanwhile, wouldn't it be sporting to withhold judgment until "Gone with the Wind" is finished?

B OB HOPE, he of "Thanks for the Memory" fame, is a chap who grows on you. You see him in a picture and at first you're a little disappointed—at least, I was—because he isn't very good-looking. But somehow when the picture is over you find yourself remembering his wisecracks; for instance, his eulogy of Southern California... "What could be finer than getting up in the morning and picking oranges in your own back yard. Yaaah! And then in the afternoon going out to Santa Anita race track and picking lemons." You laugh... and all of a sudden you are a Bob Hope fan.

According to Bob's own story of his life, he was born in England, the youngest of eight brothers, but was brought, when he was very small, to this country to live in Cleveland, Ohio. When he had finished his "education" he became an automobile salesman, which job he insists he kept solely because they needed a master-of-ceremonies at salesmen's meetings.

Fired at last, he went into vaudeville, ultimately got a break. Asked by a theater manager in Newcastle, Indiana, to announce an act, he began to tell stories in approved "emcee" style. He stopped the show. From then on he was booked as a comedian, at first playing small houses, then later Big Time.

As vaudeville began to wane, come screen offers came. He was tested first by Pathe. "That test was a flop," he says. Came a lull in the screen offers and he went into radio. But motion pictures looked him up again and he finally went to work for Paramount. He has a long-term contract now and he and his wife figure they are all set.

"Hollywood is a great place," Bob says. "I live out in the Toluca Lake district where all the big stars are enconced. (Remind me to look that word up.) When sight-seeing busses pass by Walt Disney's house, the guide says, 'That's Walt Disney's house.' Then they pass by Jim Tully's house and the guide says, 'That's Jim Tully's house.' Then they pass by my house... now don't get me wrong. I love Hollywood!"

J EFFREY LYNN, living on a New England farm, never saw a motion picture until he was fifteen years old. The picture was "Abraham Lincoln." He saw it in the basement of the Auburn, Massachusetts Methodist church. And he thought it was so wonderful he decided then and there to be a motion-picture actor.

Of course, as time went on and he attended high school in Worcester and Bates College in Maine, he kind of forgot his histrionic ambitions. But after he had graduated and had secured a dull job with a telephone company, he got to thinking about them all over again... and never changed his mind after that.

Followed jobs as English instructor and dramatic coach at the Lisbon, Maine high school; dry-goods clerk in Worcester; night doorman at the Embassy Newsreel Theater in New York; clerk at Macy's department store; and hungry interludes in which he didn't work at all and seldom ate.

Finally, though, he secured a summer stock engagement at Abingdon, Virginia and this led to a bona fide Broadway spot in "A Slight Case of Murder." Came a job with the touring company of "Lady Precious Stream" in which he did so well he was signed for the lead in the road company of "Brother Rat."

This company came to Los Angeles. Talent scouts spotted him. He made a screen test for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Warner Brothers saw it and snapped him up. At first, he played minor roles in such pictures as "Cowboy from Brooklyn" and "When Were You Born?" But when Errol Flynn staged his famous hockey act, Jeffrey was given his role in "Four Daughters." He's been news ever since.

He is Irish, this Lynn, with more than his share of Irish humor, but he takes his work seriously... so seriously that he vowed to me a few months ago he wouldn't marry for four years. "I've too much else to do," he insisted. "Marriage wouldn't be practical."

Still, I have seen him so often, lately, with that pretty Doris Carson... after all, when was love ever practical?
OU see his name in lights, now—John Payne. Since "Garden of the Moon" and particularly since "Wings of the Navy," you mention him among the first when you talk about Hollywood's new stars. You say, "Bob Taylor and Ty Power had better watch out!"

As a matter of fact, anything you say along this line is about right. For young John Payne, grandnephew of the John Howard Payne who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," six feet, two, broad-shoulderred and handsome, gifted with a good singing voice as well as a flair for dramatics, has what it takes to get by in pictures.

A good many things happened to him, however, before he ever faced a movie camera. In 1929, when he was seventeen, living in Roxbury, Massachusetts, as a rich man's son, his father died. And when his will was read it developed that each of the three Payne boys must turn thirty-five before inheriting his share of an estate valued at $1,500,000.

Whereupon, John, never having earned a cent in his life, started out to seek his fortune. First he was a bouncer in various places he describes as "joints." Then, endowed with a talent for wrestling, he took it up professionally—again, according to his own admission, not very successfully. Writing came next and ultimately he sold to the "pulps."

Finally, he tried his hand at acting in stock at Roxbury, Massachusetts, then landed a Broadway job in Beatrice Lillie's "At Home Abroad," at $35 a week. Goldwyn saw him, offered him $350 a week and brought him to Hollywood.

That was three years ago. John never made a picture for Goldwyn nor did he do much at Paramount, where he later had a contract. But Hal Wallis at Warner Brothers noticed him, thought him a good bet and featured him.

In the summer of '37, John met Anne Shirley at a cocktail party; proposed to her within a week and married her a month later. They are now "living happily ever after," having a lot of fun and saving their money, which two "musts" constitute a big part of their life's philosophy.

GOOD many movie children are to be found in Hollywood but, according to my mind, it is small, pig-tailed Virginia Weidler who, of them all, has remained the most completely untouched by fame and fortune—the reason, perhaps, that we like her better with each succeeding picture, especially as Andy Hardy's pal in "Out West with the Hardys" and as John Barrymore's daughter in "The Great Man Votes."

She is eleven now and she played in her first picture, "Moby Dick," at the age of three. But to see Virginia away from the studio, you would never know she had a career.

Perhaps it is because of the size and character of the Weidler (pronounced to rhyme with "side") family. There is the father, a quiet, kindly woodworker, German by birth, the mother, quiet, too, and comely and sensible; two elder sisters and three brothers nearer Virgin-ia's age. They live in a big old house in the mountains above Santa Monica. They own two dogs, some chickens, two ducks, six cats, a honey bear, a couple of love birds, a baby burro and two goats, to say nothing of an automobile and a sailboat. They have no servants.

A healthy, normal little girl a bit on the tomboyish side, Virginia's real interests are centered in the boat she and her brothers are building, the family pets and the dramatics they stage regularly in the garage. She, pardon me, theater.

I spent an afternoon out there not long ago and picked up considerable information. One of the dogs is named "Laddie," inappropriately, "because we didn't know he was a she until we had named her a him," according to Virginia. The love birds are "W. C. Fields" and "ZaSu Pitts." The company's latest dramatic offering was "The Midget's Revenge." Virginia played the midget, not wholly successfully, it seems.

"I'm gettin' too big," she remarked, ruefully.

"By the way, do you like being in pictures?" I inquired.

She looked vague. "Pictures? Oh, sure. But I like lotsa other things better. Come on, I gotta get the fleas off'n Laddie."

WHEN I told young Nancy Kelly I was going to write a piece about her, she made a gay wisecrack. "Don't forget to glamour me up," she said. "Me—I've been reading about Hedy Lamarr!"

Still, when you think about it, Nancy Kelly, 20th Century-Fox's new-found star (see "Submarine Patrol," "Jesse James" and "Tail Spin") doesn't need "glamouring up." To my mind, she stands personally and professionally on her own two feet, a lively, pretty, intelligent American girl.

Nancy was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, but she has spent most of her seventeen years in Astoria, Long Island. Her father is Jack Kelly, formerly a theatrical ticket broker, and her mother is the Nan Kelly who was once a model for James Montgomery Flagg. From Nancy's very babyhood, she and her mother were "friends." Nan—and Nancy calls her that—taught her to act. They dramatized every child's story they knew and Nancy loved it all, even to turning on the histrionic tears.

Her break came the day Nan Kelly took her to watch the filming of "The Untamed Lady" on Paramount's Long Island lot, in which Gloria Swanson was being starred. The director, looking for a child who could cry, noticed four-year-old Nancy. And when he learned she could weep at will, gave her a part in the picture.

From then on until she reached the "awkward age," she played in silent pictures, her list numbering fifty-two, none of which she ever saw, incidentally. Finally, though, she outgrew her cuteness and decided to transfer to radio as the ingénue on the "March of Time."

The years passed and Nancy came into her early teens. One day she tried out for Gertrude Lawrence's play, "Susan and God"; got the part and did so well that a 20th-Century scout noticed her. Hollywood resulted.

Still, she isn't too set up about this seemingly easy success. "I've a lot to learn," she admits, readly, "an awful lot." Which becoming modestly means, I should say, that she is the girl who can do it.
Nelson Eddy, in his own story of his surprise elopement, tells why he waited so long for what he wanted most

BY SARA HAMILTON

We wanted each other more than anything else in the world," and so Nelson Eddy and Ann Franklin were married.

Behind that statement of Nelson's, given exclusively to us in the name of friendship (and deeply cherished on our part) lies the story of Hollywood's sweetest romance.

A romance that has kept itself lodged deeply within the hearts of Nelson and Ann, skipping the headlines, the gossip columns, the usual brass-band publicity of Hollywood. The only kind of romance of which Nelson Eddy could be capable.

"I know I've been criticized for not going out more often with girls, being seen at a certain night club one night with one girl and another night club next night with a different girl," Nelson told us, "but you know that isn't my way. Besides, five years ago I found the ideal girl for me and that was all I wanted—just the one girl in the world for me."

Here's how it happened—that meeting. Over five years ago, when the name Nelson Eddy was known only to concert audiences, the singer came to Hollywood to find a place on the screen. Under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he was permitted to remain idle for many long months. During that period, when things seemed pretty hopeless, Nelson popped over one afternoon to see his old friend, Doris Kenyon, and have a game of tennis.

"This is Ann Franklin, Nelson," Doris said that day, introducing a tiny blonde woman with a deep infectious smile that matched her bright gaiety.

They played tennis together—Ann and Nelson—and afterwards, talking, Ann Franklin sensed the unrest that was his. As a director's wife (Ann had, only the year before, divorced Director Sidney Franklin), she had known many of the angles and problems of the movie world and she could tell how hard this man was finding it to adjust himself to Hollywood's way of doing things.

So, before he left Doris' that afternoon, she spoke a word of encouragement and advice to Nelson. He stood and looked down at her, at her blonde prettiness, her bright smile, and caught beneath it all the deep understanding in her heart.

"When may I see you again?" he asked her, solemnly. "It's tomorrow night all right?

It's never been anyone else for Nelson Eddy from that moment on.

Circumstances have thrown some of the most beautiful women in the world in his path; social debs and celebrities have sought him out after parties and concerts in Hollywood and on tour; but to Nelson it's never been anyone but Ann. And to Ann it's never been anyone but Nelson. They wisely postponed marriage until Nelson could get definitely established in his work; until the gruelling grind and the uncertainty of public reception and fancy were over.

"And it's worked out swell," the actor said. "I don't believe it will make a bit of difference to the fans."

"In fact, I'm deeply touched at the hundreds and hundreds of cards and wires and messages that have poured in from fans all over the country."

But, even so, Nelson had agreed upon one thing in his heart—he wanted Ann more than anything else in the world. And his fans are applauding his stand.

"There will be no period of adjustment for Ann and me," he said. "We've come to know each other so well after five years. She knows my moods, my likes and dislikes in foods, my preferences in people, books and recreation and I think I know Ann pretty well. My marriage won't make any difference at all in my work. I'm going right on with my concert tour and Mrs. Eddy is going along. When I return there will be pictures to make and more radio work."

"Is your bride musical, Nelson?" I asked him.

"Thanks heavens, no," he said. "The papers were all wrong about that. Ann loves music but doesn't make music of her own. I'll tell you something about that too: I was always afraid I might someday fall in love with a musician and thank heavens I didn't. You see, this way," and his turned-up-at-the-corner-grin widened, "Ann can ask me if such and such is true about a certain piece of music and I can authoritatively say 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"Good idea, don't you think? I mean, to have at least one good 'yes' or 'no' always ready."

Last October he gave Ann an engagement ring.

"She wore it under her glove and kept it hidden," Nelson said, "for we didn't want the engagement announced. You can understand why we didn't want the publicity."

"I can understand you wouldn't give anyone a darned bit of satisfaction when they tried to pry it out of you," I said.

In fact, Nelson and Ann kept their secret so well hidden even their closest newspaper friend knew nothing of it. They made no effort to conceal their friendship, dining here and there together, but Hollywood had grown so used to seeing Ann and Nelson together they more or less accepted it as just that—two companionable people enjoying fine friendship.

Once I heard Ann say in answer to the same old question of their marriage plans, "But we're old friends, Nelson and I. You should know that by this time."

But a deep glow rose crept up Ann's cheek to her blonde hair as she spoke, for even then, under her glove, was Nelson's engagement ring.
A duet finale that culminates five years of love's old sweet song: Ann Denitz Franklin becomes Mrs. Nelson Eddy to the tune of a surprise elopement, the applause of Hollywood and the envy of a goodly percentage of the female film audience.

Hymen Fink
A stepped-up, swing version of glamour—these close-ups of gals who have what it takes to make women worry and men woo—

Plenty of Umph!

Sheila Bromley of Warners' "Nancy Drew, Reporter"
In tune with our times are these pictures of Hollywood lovelies for nowadays "umph" is as essential to a modern star as a swing band to a jitterbug. When Joan Crawford first starred in films in the first years that Hollywood offered; but later, in the first years, she returned to a too, too long and limp with taboo. Today this new picture of Joan Crawford posing in a bathing suit—something she hasn't done in years—while up-and-coming younger satellites like Betty Grable follow suit with poses that you'll look at twice.
With the smallest dog in the world

Little curl for cute little girl

At home with the birds

Slink, sister, slink!

"SO YO

The reason why the collitch boys cheered

Nice work—if you want to get it

"This is easy."
(Norma in 1926)

With the smallest dog in the world
Then you'll have to be prepared to be as good a sport about posing for publicity shots as was Norma Shearer, for stunts make for stardom. But she who stoops to folly stoops to conquer in Hollywood: i.e., she wins fame. Whereupon, she can forego giggles for glamour, be poised instead of posed.

Bang-up pose with the smallest pistol in the world
John Garfield: born in the Bronx, reared in a "difficult boys' school, matured in the theater, who brings to the role of Diab "Juarez" a strange medley of beauty, tragedy and passion unique to Hollywood.
Jean Parker: the lighter side of celluloid, refreshing hazel-eyed breeze of "It's Spring Again," who talks modestly of her talent, proudly of her husband and is, most emphatically, an ingénue sprinkled with stardust.
PHOTOPLAY

DISCOVERS

ANOTHER NEW PHOTOGRAPHER

DIRECTOR LEW LANDERS

A third exposure in our "Exceptional Photographers" series—Lew Landers. We found him in Hollywood's own back yard, clicking while he worked. Picture-making is his business; picture-taking, his hobby. Here's how Hollywood appears to his candid-camera eyes.
Our Neighbors broadcast—and are 

Eduardo Ciannelli—camera loot from a visit to "Gunga Din"

"Pacific Liner"—Landers deserts megaphone for camera

Paul Guilfoyle—of Landers' most recent film, "Pacific Liner"

"Pipe down"—Chester Morris relaxes between scenes
WE LOVE 'EM

To gild or not to gild the star, that’s the question. Some like them candid; some like them coy. Photoplay prefers them with a big helping of naturalness. And how about you?
Prominent unattached stag of Hollywood—David Niven, who shed Scotch formality, an army commission and a family title to explore America and trouble in a Cuban revolution. He sailed for San Francisco; became a protégé of Sam Goldwyn at a dinner party and in "Wuthering Heights" one of the best bets in the business.
A quiet, dark-eyed young woman with an oddly chiseled face — Claudette Colbert of Paramount’s rollicking “Midnight” company. At six, she was pupil Lily Chauchoin, French import in New York’s P.S. 59; at eighteen, she was the girl who’d come to Broadway on a casual tea-party bet. To Hollywood today, she is the dynamic Mrs. Joel Pressman, modern exponent of the art of well-bred sophistication.
A toast to Charlot of the past and to Chaplin, personage of today, marking the fifty-year run of a great performance.

The man whom the public never forgets—the unassuming, gray-haired Chaplin. English born, he started stage work at twelve, toured in vaudeville; then, in 1913, entered the film industry. His private life made headlines: his two marriages, to Mildred Harris in 1918 and to Lita Grey in 1924; the birth of two sons; his divorces—yet to the American public he remained primarily the Tramp of the baggy trousers and soulful eyes. After eight years of inactivity, he produced, in 1936, "Modern Times," found the public as Chaplin-conscious as ever and is now busy, on his fiftieth birthday, with production of a political satire, "The Dictator." Interesting commentary on this newest effort is that Chaplin is but four days older than Germany's Adolph Hitler.
Chaplin meets Gandhi. His 1931 tour was punctuated by interviews with the famous.

Tokyo: with Kichiemon Nakamura, famous Kabuki actor.

Singapore: Chaplin with his brother, Sydney, and two of the native police.

"Modern Times"— 1936: Chaplin, with his modern leading lady, Paulette Goddard.

Far left: Chaplin with his famous leading lady, Edna Purviance, and J. D. Williams.

"I'm very nervous," said Chaplin. "I'm nobody to be afraid of," chuckled George Bernard Shaw.

Berlin: with the 1931 German idol, Dietrich.

Bottom, opposite page: Francis X. Bushman, Chaplin, "Broncho Billy" Anderson.
Outstanding clamor girl of Hollywood is Martha Raye, who produces loud and funny nonsense for the motion-picture industry. Natural resources: wide-open face, big mouth and an innate knack of knowing how to use both profitably. Hereewith the Raye formula for stardom: be born backstage in a theater; debut at three in your parents' vaudeville act; sing your way through the night clubs and then leave the rest to Hollywood
Cut Short

COMPLETELY ignored by the eager little fans who come to Hollywood searching for stars are the local barbershops.

Not the swanky, red-leathered affairs, but the little side-street shops that often offer a welcome retreat to male stars.

Dropping into a tiny two-by-four shop on Sunset Boulevard one day for a "quickie" hair trim, one of Cal York's "Gal Fridays" demanded the barber leave at least a suggestion of curly locks over the ears.

"So that's the way you like it, eh?" came a voice from the only other chair in the shop. Twirling quickly, she gazed, with considerable astonishment, into the twinkling eyes of her old friend, Benedict Nelson Eddy.

And there's the Hollywood High School lad who dashed into another small barber shop on Santa Monica Boulevard and demanded to be made into a glamour boy.

"Got a heavy date," he laughed, "and if I don't come out of this looking like Tyrone Power I want my money back."

"I demand you get your money back right now," said the customer in the next chair, removing the hot towel from his face.

The high school boy sat open-mouthed and big-eyed with surprise.

The other customer was only Tyrone Power himself.

This Month—In Review:

FRANCIS LEDERER becomes an American citizen. Since last autumn Lederer has been practically "a man without a country," for his native Czechoslovakia was dismembered by Hitler. Lederer, needless to say, is Hollywood's happiest man. . .

Margaret Sullavan has at last come into her own—she's boosted to stardom by M-G-M. . .

Elsa Maxwell came to town and the town became Elsa's. . .

June Travis and Allan Lane call off their engagement. . .

Alan Curtis and Priscilla Lawson call off their marriage. . .
We Pause to Wonder:

*The selection by New York critics of the foreign films, "The Citadel" and "Grand Illusion," as the best of the year has all Hollywood gathered in quiet, sober little groups, discussing the subject pro and con.*

*"What is hampering our films?" is the question from producer right down to bit player. And the answer is always the same—heavy-handed censorship.*

Censorship that has eliminated all sparkle, all spontaneity, all life from present-day pictures. Censorship that has motion-picture fans everywhere recalling, with nostalgic longing, the bittersweet memories of "Broken Blossoms," "The Cheat," "The Letter," the Valentino heart throbs.

Certainly Hollywood is against suggestiveness or indecency in films, but desperately it cries, like a drowning man, for a lighter hand in presenting unhindered to intelligent audiences stories of the classics and everyday happenings. Will this death clutch on movies be lightened, or is the fifth greatest industry in the world to stagger under a load which it cannot possibly survive?

Taylor Marriage Talk

*If Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck march afterward (and Hollywood is wondering whether they will or not) it will be because Bob's studio unwittingly opened the way.*

It's no secret M-G-M has constantly advised Bob that a bachelor at the box office is worth two benefits in "B" productions. It's even said a clause in Bob's contract demands he remain single; but such a clause cannot be legally binding if a star chooses to ignore it.

But now Bob need no longer depend on his bachelor rating for future security. His studio has presented him with a brand-new contract (at Bob's suggestion, of course) that guarantees a man-sized fortune at the end of three years. And since Bob has been genuinely in love with Barbara for several years, there seems to be no particular reason for delaying.

Is It True What They Say About Power?

*To those who have doubted the sincerity of Tyrone Power's love for little Annabella, take a tip from Col. It's the McCoy.*

Recently we were given an opportunity to observe the two at close range and all we can say is, if it isn't love it's the best imitation that's ever been given. Across a room little bridges run,

Once at the box in the home of a friend, Tyrone softly whistled a little Spanish air which instantly turned the starry eyes of Annabella in his direction. Some music remembered from a South American rendezvous all their own.

Yes, you can take our word for it, it's love.

Lamarr or Politics?

*Hedy Lamarr was a dinner guest at the Jack Warner's the other night and her partner was a certain attractive young man from New York (non-professional). They seemed to enjoy each other at first, but, after a while, the young man turned his attention to the woman on his other side, leaving the beautiful Hedy pretty much alone.*

After dinner was over and the guests assembled in the drawing room, he still seemed to prefer the company of this other woman. Presently, Hedy went home.

But she needn't have been jealous, if, indeed, she was, because her "rival" was a married woman, notably in love with her husband—Dolores Del Rio. And we happen to know that she and the young man were discussing South American politics!

Pay-as-You-Go Miracles

*We've just come to the amazed conclusion that Hollywood miracles are not confined to those which appear on the screen. Not by a jugful! Having heard of a couple of private miracles performed recently, we've been doing a little scrounging and have discovered many others on tap, so to speak, just waiting for someone to say the word and, of course, pay the price . . . yes, miracles do come high.*

One miracle to be supplied by a certain Hollywood firm for the asking—and for the paying—is the installing of a portable dance floor, any size, any place, in less than a day's notice. So, if a hostess is going to have a garden party and at the last minute decides to change it into a tea dance, all she has to do is call up this certain firm and the floor is hers.

Another miracle available and particularly nice for an outing takes the form of a kitchen on wheels which, manned by expert cooks, will go anywhere and produce any kind of a repast on a moment's notice.

Another firm will supply, in practically nothing flat, a tent which will fit your particular tennis court, making it into a pavilion for parties. Still another guarantees to deliver box.
You can take our word for it, it's love, says Cal on these pages about little Annabella and No. 1 Screen Hero—Ty Power

lunches in any number and to any spot in just the time it takes a car to get there.

Representatives from a dressmaking concern will, when called, arrive with bolts of yard goods and, when milady has selected material she likes, will create a gown for her in half an hour. A certain Hollywood millinery establishment will supply a hat in much the same way and with the same speed. There is also a concern whose sole business is to come and clean up after a party, bringing along a handy man to mend furniture, obliterate cigarette burns and spots and repair other damage done.

These various service establishments do little advertising. They rely on that best of all publicity, the word-of-mouth variety. Several are offshoots of others whose business it is to supply strange service and strange properties to the motion-picture industry, itself.

And Hollywoodites, used to miracles in the business, call upon them as casually as you or I would telephone the grocer and order a can of tomatoes.

Age, 72

SIXTY-SEVEN years is a long time to have been an actor, you might think, but Harry Davenport (he played the judge in "You Can't Take It with You" and did that "jitterbug" dance in "The Cowboy and the Lady") doesn't agree. Seventy-two and still able to swing a mean golf club and to steal a scene when he has a mind to, he looks forward to a good many more years before the camera or behind the footlights.

The Davenport family has been in the theater for generations. Harry's great grandfather was Jack Johnstone, the famous Irish comedian during the reign of George IV. Johnstone's daughter married Fred Vining, another famous actor in Great Britain and Ireland, and their daughter, Fannie Vining, who followed in her parents' footsteps, was Harry's mother. He is also related by marriage to the Drew and Barrymore family.

He began his own theatrical career at the age of five in "Damon and Pythias" at the old Chestnut street theater in Philadelphia in 1871. He had one line to speak: "I want to be a soldier like Pythias." After it was over his father, who was manager of the theater, gave him a five-dollar gold piece dated that year, which he never spent and now keeps in a specially made leather case as his most cherished possession.

Since that first appearance, he has played, he thinks, in half the theaters of the United States and also in innumerable motion pictures, silent and talking. His last sojourn in Hollywood began two years ago. Since then he has appeared in thirty-four pictures; has had every kind of a part, he says, from a beachcomber to

--- well, to the Judge in "You Can't Take It with You." It was in that rôle that he really made a name for himself. Frank Capra had tested a good many actors for it, but when he saw Davenport's test, it was all over. Harry got the part and turned out to be one of the hits of the picture.

The rôle of Morley Oberon's "jitterbug" uncle in "The Cowboy and the Lady" followed. Now he is appearing in "Juarez."

Harry lives in Hollywood with his two sons, Arthur Rankin, under contract to 20th Century-Fox, and E. L. Doherty, and his two daughters, Kate and Fanny Davenport. His actress wife, Phyllis Rankin, is dead. While Arthur is the only member of the family who has a contract, the others work in pictures regularly . . . none, however, with more gusto than Harry himself.

Rhapsody in Blue

WE suppose it could only have happened in Hollywood. Anyway, the other day a Hollywood automobile dealer called around at Loretta Young's with a brand-new car and a photographer, ready to photograph Loretta with the car for a beautiful color layout—object: advertising.

But immediately a fly appeared in the ointment, despite the fact that complete arrangements had been made in advance. The car was a blue car; Loretta had elected to wear a blue costume and the two blues didn't "jibe."

"Won't you change your dress, Miss Young?" the photographer asked.

But despite the fact that Loretta was to have been given the car as reward for her endorsement, she reneged.

"I just don't want to bother," she said, sweetly.

"Crazy? Well, maybe. But, after all, her income is up in those brackets where to have received such a gift would have cost her $300 in taxes.

Steam Story

YES, directors do have their trials and tribulations. And they take various means of letting off steam.

We can't mention names, but we heard this ourselves during the making of a very important picture at a very important studio.

It was a love scene between two very important stars and it was going badly. The hero was okay, but the heroine, never noted for her dramatic talent, didn't give a hoot.

"You're so lovely. You're so beautiful. You're all a man could dream of..." Over and over again, the hero thus avowed his love and over and over again his words met a wooden reception.

"Rehearse it again!" the director snapped. They did. Then it was we heard the director muttering to himself in unison with the lover. He was saying: "You're so terrible. You're so lousy. You'd send a man into D. T.'s..."

Sorry—but we can't tell you who!

Toto

WEY've insured Terry for $10,000 at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which is a pretty high figure, considering Terry is just a dog, and a dog who never won any blue ribbons, at that. Just the

(Continued on page 90)

Angle on a Triangle

we had lunch with the two feminine members of one of Hollywood's newest and most modern triangles last week... meaning Ann Sheridan and Margaret Lindsay. Our date was with Ann, but Margaret happened by and, to Ann's invitation, she joined us. The third member of the triangle, Eddie Norris, formerly Ann's husband and now Margaret's boy friend, was absent, but he was discussed with disarming casuallness by both Margaret and Ann.

It seemed that Margaret and Eddie had been invited to become members of a new Beverly Hills badinage club and Margaret, being a thrifty lass, as Hollywood beauties are wont to be these days, was wondering if it would be necessary for them both to join, since members can always take guests to tournaments, parties, meetings and such.

"I shouldn't think you would have to join if Eddie is going to," Ann said, practically. "Eddie can always take you".

"Well..." Margaret looked doubtful, "perhaps he would like to take someone else once in a while.

But Ann came back promptly. "Not if what I hear he thinks of you is true," she said. "He thinks you are the One and Only." The clear, direct look she gave Margaret was as friendly as though she, herself, were practically a stranger to the young man in question.

Funny thing about the handsome Eddie... during the time he and Ann were married she got all the screen breaks and he mairy a one. But almost simultaneously with their divorce his luck picked up and he is at present doing fine... as you will realize when you see the good part he has in 20th Century-Fox's "Talk Spree."
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER—Warners

If you have seen even half of Warner Brothers' recent pictures you cannot get away from thinking morbidly that this studio is in a rut. The question is, what will they do when they have run out of U. S. prisons? Once more Humphrey Bogart is the icy-eyed killer, busily doing a Fagan with Billy Halop. Billy thinks it's fine to learn the stick-up racket until he sees murder done. Then he wants to quit, finds Bogart won't let him. Since it is a current literary rule that all slum kids who go Wrong must have a pure sister to weep for them, Gale Page has a rôle in this. More, she has a romantic interest, Harvey Stephens. Harvey almost gets stuck with a murder rap, so you can see poor Miss Page has a bad time.

YOU WILL want to see this for its novelty and for its breath-taking speed thrills, although, without these selling points, there would not be much picture. The film deals with the girls who slave to compete with rateltrap ships in the Powder Puff Derby—women's air races, to the multitude. After several reels exploiting the perils and sacrificial of Alice Faye, Nancy Kelly and Jane Wyman, up pops heiress Constance Bennett, who brings her special plane to the Derby—not for the money, but to show the man she loves (Kane Richmond) that she has courage. There is a beautiful love story between Miss Kelly and Edward Norris; Joan Davis and Wally Vernon work at starchy comedy. Alice Faye has a poor rôle, but manages to survive.

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

THE FASHION of hysterical fighting between lovers is still going strong, apparently. Anyway, this hectic comedy is just one long series of brawls between Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray. At least, you never worry about their meaning it, because you know that when people earnestly hate each other they are quiet and deadly when quarrelling. The story is built on the controversial premise that all cafe society is as dull as junket, a snobby conglomeration of females with ignoble ideas and of men without any ideas at all. Thus, you see Miss Carroll as an eye-filling but misguided dish, who is the leader of cafe society. She decides to marry ship reporter Fred MacMurray, just to prove she can keep the gossip columns newsy.

This seems like a pretty insconsiderate motive when you take a look at the stalwart handsome Fred, but let that pass. He discovers all finally and is pretty sored. The first fight—a humdinger—comes at this point. Then Madeleine's grandfather persuades the couple to make a show of enjoying their marriage in order to silence the gossip, and to this the young people agree. They do try. It is only that every time they go out in public they disagree about something and start another battle. Meanwhile, Fred has kept his interest in Shirley Ross, a singer whom he has helped.

All the players have a good deal of vitality, which they certainly need and the picture hops from scene to scene with very few dull moments. You will get a good laugh out of this, in any case.
HOLLYWOOD seems incapable of making a picture just for the fun of it. Even minor efforts, like this, must make a plea for something. "Four Girls in White" pleads with medicine to stop trying for the big dough and start worrying about the health of the poor. In this case there's an amusing, if reminiscent story. Florence Rice plays a shrewd young miss who takes up nursing solely for the purpose of getting a rich husband. She hooks a famous surgeon, only to be disappointed in him because his ideals keep him in a $5,000 a year job when he could be getting the hypochondriac trade. Annoyed, Florence goes after a playboy, but loses him to her sister. This makes Florence think. Can she redeem herself with Alan Marshal, the surgeon?

Here's as dismal a preachment as ever emerged from Hollywood—or anywhere else, for that matter. If you're an inveterate reformer and are wallowing in the current run of pictures which make a point of depicting the unfortunate, you'll probably love this. With relentless, cold anger it choops the deep South as locale and paints a picture of child labor as it is supposed to exist there. Fine technique gives the film good rating as a cinema study; Ann Shirley, James McCallion and Roger Daniel all do beautiful work in morbid characterization. But the story is not there, nor is there a high spot for relief. Maybe if this were used purely as humanitarian propaganda it might do some good, but any idea of entertainment is sacrificed to realism.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

- Ambush
- Cafe Society
- Gunga Din
- Honolulu
- Idiot's Delight
- Let Freedom Ring
- Made for Each Other
- The Mikado
- One Third of a Nation
- Stagecoach
- Tail Spin
- Yes, My Darling Daughter

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

- Cary Grant in "Gunga Din"
- Victor McLaglen in "Gunga Din"
- Norma Shearer in "Idiot's Delight"
- Clark Gable in "Idiot's Delight"
- Charles Coburn in "Idiot's Delight"
- Madeleine Carroll in "Cafe Society"
- Fred MacMurray in "Cafe Society"
- Eleanor Powell in "Honolulu"
- Gracie Allen in "Honolulu"
- Nelson Eddy in "Let Freedom Ring"
- Carole Lombard in "Made for Each Other"
- Jimmie Stewart in "Made for Each Other"
- Lucile Watson in "Made for Each Other"
- Nancy Kelly in "Tail Spin"
- Claire Trevor in "Stagecoach"
- Thomas Mitchell in "Stagecoach"
- Priscilla Lane in "Yes, My Darling Daughter"
- Jeffrey Lynn in "Yes, My Darling Daughter"
- Fay Bainter in "Yes, My Darling Daughter"

★ LET FREEDOM RING—M-G-M

This is the picture in which Nelson Eddy beats up Victor McLaglen in a fist fight. That alone should be enough to make you spend your money at the box office. But there's a lot more: once again, as in "Jesse James," the railroad plays the villain.

Nelson probably will gain new fans through his portrayal of Steve Logan, who wages a winning fight for the ranchers against the suave villainy of Edward Arnold, oyster promoter, and his henchmen. It's a tale of the days when the West fought, without guns or banners, the eternal struggle against oppression and won for another generation the gift of simple liberty. There is music, of course, but always motivating to the story. Nelson, it seems, has been recalled from school to help save the railroads from matching right-of-way; resorting to trickery, he pretends to ally himself with Arnold and thus alienates his father, Lionel Barrymore, and his sweetheart, Virginia Bruce. After much stirring action the piece reaches its climax with the fight between Nelson and McLaglen.

The latter is particularly pleasant as the lusty Irish railroad foreman and contributes some comedy moments with Charlie Burrettor, who is a barroom pianist and possesses an iron jaw. After the long run of MacDonald-Eddy musicals, you may have to get used to Nelson in this type of film, but he adapts well; and you will like the strong blend of drama, music and action.

The songs with all male voices are highly effective, particularly "Dusty Road."

★ MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Selznick-U. A.

For the first three-quarters of its running time this is one of the finest pictures made for years in Hollywood. It paints a magnificent portrait of two unexceptional, real people in the details of their life together, their problems, their happiness, their small miseries. With kindly touch and deep understanding, but often with brutality, it tells their simple story. Then, quite suddenly, the touch is lost, the plot goes wild and so does the screen. You are confronted with melodrama. There is a dying child, a mercy flight through a storm, a parachute jump and Carole Lombard prays in a chapel. Heaven knows, she does it well. But you must try and forget about this finale. Instead, give all your energies to the section that is great.

Jimmy Stewart plays the boy, a young lawyer doing very badly who meets, loves and marries a girl suddenly and brings her home to a small apartment in which his mother must also live.

She is a bitter woman, nags her daughter-in-law and gets unbearable when a child is born to complicate things. Carole is proud of Jimmy and talks him into asking his hard-bitten boss for a raise. Instead, he gets a wage cut. Climax comes with a heartbreaking New Year's Eve scene in which the young couple decide to call it quits. Then comes word that the baby has pneumonia. Neither Stewart nor Lombard has ever given a finer performance. Lucile Watson portrays the great mother-in-law of all time.

(Continued on page 92)
New British invasion hits Hollywood; sound stages reek with "raw-thahs" as England's lads and lassies take over with a bang

BY JACK WADE

Here come the British with a bang, bang! Not since the Oxford accent invasion after talkies came in has Hollywood gone so suddenly and sensationly English as in the first merry months of nineteen hundred and thirty-nine.

First of all, Vivien Leigh, a strictly tea-and-cakes girl from the Old Country, picked off Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind"—the prize part that almost touched off another American Civil War—and Leslie Howard got the job of Ashley Wilkes. Clark Gable is still Rhett Butler—but everybody's pretty disappointed Anthony Eden couldn't get around to taking a crack at it on his recent American visit.

Then the movie critics got together over a pot of tea and named the ten best pictures of the year as if London were the movie capital instead of Hollywood. And the star sensation of the hour is Lambeth Wendy Hiller, the Cockney Charmer of "Pygmalion."

So we're not at all surprised to find the Hollywood sets simply reeking with "rawthahs" and
really" as we make our studio rounds this month. In fact, on the first one, "Wuthering Heights," at Samuel Goldwyn's drama factory, we find the entire cast, elite and extras. His Majesty's loyal subjects. The only thing American about the whole place is Sam—and he's porting a Bond Street tailoring job. But he's still murdering the King's English!

You have to hand it to Sam Goldwyn at that. He may pull a grammatical nit to every now and then, but he's got Jimmy Roosevelt and his courage and a sense of taste that makes his movies right—or else.

We wander through some of the most meticulous and lavish sets we've seen in months—all under one roof. These sets are as English as the actors who make up the cast of "Wuthering Heights." Everything keys the story perfectly.

For he is from us to try to condense the masterpiece of Emily Brontë into a couple of sentences—but if you're weak on your English literature, you should know the tale is about a married couple and how they grow.

A trail of rice outside the stage door warns us it's a wedding scene we're about to witness. Inside, a splendid, ivy-clad church set confirms it. And when we see Merle Oberon—our particular British weakness—demurely exchanging vows with David Niven, we feel a decided urge to kiss the bride!

No chance, though, so we revel from afar.

As the rector starts to make David and Merle one, we can't help thinking what a swell couple Merle and David would make in real life. We idle wonder if they might not be thinking the same thing. David is so nervous. After a couple of false starts, he smiles, "I've never been married before, you know." He looks at Merle and Merle looks at the floor. Not too long ago they were one of Hollywood's most romantic couples.

And to top it off—sitting on the side lines just visiting but watching intently is the man who rumors say is Merle Oberon's real husband-to-be, if they aren't already married, Alexander Korda, the British producer. Wonder what he thinks, watching the girl he loves and the man she loved pledging themselves to each other?

The cameras grind on. Business is business and making pictures is Hollywood's business—not reading minds and hearts. But we sigh.

Fifty years later, but only a few miles away, we carry on with the British at Twentieth Century-Fox, "The Hound of the Baskervilles" and another all-English cast. Not a citizen of the U. S. A. gets a break in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous bloodcurdling exploit of that Genius G-Man of the nineties, Sherlock Holmes. The picture's been on for days when we arrive—but still they're shooting the very first scene! And all because Basil Rathbone picked up a straight-stem pipe to smoke in the scene the first time they shot it. Sherlock was strictly a curved-stem man.

Chief, a giant Great Dane, is the Hound. He tips the beam at a hundred and forty pounds, his keeper tells us, which is why he got the job after fifty dogs, including a few real hounds, were tested for the part. The Hound, you'll recall, was a pretty ugly customer, with glowing eyes and dripping jaws—so you'll never recognize poor old Chief in the movie. They've rigged up a mask with phosporus peepers to make him a sort of canine Karloff.

Plot stuff in "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is simple but sinister. A ghastly curse about a canine spook who gobbles up bad Baskervilles with his Vita-Bone hangs over the ancient house. A renegade B'ville revives the legend with a real mutt to cheat upstanding young Baskerville Richard Greene out of his inheritance—and Wendy Barrie. Catch on? Into this little family spat Sherlock Rathbone intrudes his glass pipe and touring cap and pretty soon it's—"elementary, my dear Watson!"

We thought we'd get away from the British influence for sure at Hal Roach's. No studio in Hollywood is more plain and unpretentiously American. But it's no use. "Captain Fury" is all Empire and largely British in cast, with
Edith Head, Paramount's designer, created this gay Easter Sunday frock for Dorothy Lamour's personal wardrobe. Of blue silk jersey, it is short-sleeved with softly draped blouse and skirt. An old-fashioned stole bandied with dyed blue fox is chic substitute for a jacket. A cluster of carnations tops the matching jersey chapeau which is an original Robert Galter model. The lovely Lamour is currently appearing in Paramount's "Man About Town".

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL HESSE

**PHOTOPLAY**

**Fashions**

**BY GWENN WALTERS**

The problem of what to do next was paralyzing the Roach studio and staff as we leave for Paramount, where even Bob Burns has gone white-tie-and-tails and—that's right—British!

Bob's current epic, oddly enough, is called "I'm From Missouri." That alone seems to us a form of native state treason, after all the money Bob has gathered in being a professional Arkansan. But when we learn that Bob invades Mayfair society in the picture, and actually discover him on the set in the very act of doing same—well, it's a sad day for Van Buren and Grandpa Snazzy—is all we can say.

"I'm From Missouri," our Paramount informers confess, is a step forward in the campaign to place the mantle of the late Will Rogers on Bob Burns' rawboned shoulders. There's to be no bazookas-blowing foolishness in it and none of the Burns stock of rural relations jokes. Instead, Bob is advanced in this picture as a character actor, plopped in polite surroundings where his earthy wit and character shine through as good boysense, à la the old Will Rogers' formula.

Paramount is having a slight production breather before plunging into the busy season, so we head down the street for Columbia.

Columbia is definitely up and at 'em this month with an aviation special called "Plane No. 4." Don't bank too much on the title, however, as they'll probably fix up one with more punch.

We decided to take in the two big sets. One is in the studio with Cary Grant the attraction. The other is out on location with Jean Arthur the lure. More and more we find the studios doubling up on their shooting because, as ever, the biggest expense is—time.

We find Cary, an imposing-looking hombre with a wide-brimmed planter's hat, ducks and

(Continued on page 78)

Good old American pioneer patriotism has a fling in "Let Freedom Ring," with (left to right) Edward Arnold, Lionel Barrymore, Victor McLaglen, Nelson Eddy and Virginia Bruce.
Jeanette MacDonald’s bright blue herringbone tweed jacket stresses the importance of short-sleeved tailored jackets for wear with frocks or skirts. Left, Jeanette wears hers over a black silk crepe pleated tailored frock. Her natural Toyo straw hat is banded with black grosgrain ribbon and pierced with a multicolored quill. Suede, a pet of winter’s sport fashions, continues into spring. Jeanette’s moss-green suede frock with front button closing (below) has a contrast dupion-net chiffon scarf that matches her suede hat. Short gloves, bag and shoes of rust calfskin complete this ensemble. Miss MacDonald is currently appearing in M-G-M’s “Broadway Serenade.”
The influence of the middle Nineteenth Century costumes created by Natalie Visart for Paramount's Cecil B. DeMille production, "Union Pacific," which co-stars Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea is reflected in these two models posed by Barbara Stanwyck. Left, Barbara wears a dinner dress which is almost a duplicate of the 1860 costume shown in the above insert (from the film, "Union Pacific"). The blouse of black challis sprinkled with pink roses is an exact copy—the skirt of black silk jersey has bands of green grosgrain ribbon instead of braid as on the costume—the shamrock motif on the wide leather belt is studded with green stones instead of nailheads. Natalie Visart designed the smart and unusual dresses shown on these two pages exclusively for Photoplay.
Barbara's navy blue and "Pacific" blue gabardine sports dress was copied and inspired from the "rough and ready" shirt worn by Joel McCrea in "Union Pacific." The culotte skirt is joined to the blouse by a navy leather belt which closes with a large monogrammed silver buckle. Barbara's blue felt crush sport hat was copied, too, from Joel's
A chic and practical "basic" spring jacket-frock of black sheer with contrast trim of white silk braid smartly selected for $29.95. Anita combines it with patent heelless, toeless pumps ($6.50) and bag ($5.00), black silk jersey toque ($10.00) and suede gloves ($4.50). The accessory total is economically shared between three costumes—the one above and the chartruese and striped models shown on the opposite page.

Anita's watermelon crepe jacketed evening gown accepts both formal and informal invitations. The bodice is tucked to a low waistline to match the sleeve treatment of the brief bolero jacket. This gown was discovered for $19.95—the gold sandals for $6.50.
On bright sunny days Anita reassembles her basic black jacket-frock shown on the opposite page with this white hat of piqué (above, left), shoulder carnation cluster and gloves—she picked up the three for less than $10.00.

A sheer woolen frock boldly striped with yellow, violet, purple and black, magnificently selected for $22.95. Anita wears it with her basic black accessories and adds her gold necklace and bracelets as final fillip. On sunny days the white hat and gloves shown in the photo on the left replace the black ones worn here.

Anita’s dressy frock of chartreuse crepe—practically “a steal” at $19.95—features a draped blouse, extravagant shoulders, graduated belt, skirt pockets and shirred fullness. Anita closes the neckline with her novel rhinestone Zebra pins, but it may also be worn open in a deep V. The toque, gloves, bag and shoes that complement this frock are the same as those worn with her basic frock.

Anita selected these budget values at Josephy, Inc., 268 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California. For further information on any of these clothes, write Josephy, Inc., direct
Jacket dresses are a "must" in every spring wardrobe. Linda Winters, appearing in Columbia's "Blondie Meets the Boss," poses in four striking Jeanne Barrie models. A wee shirred bolero (above, left) tops a short-sleeved frock of matching navy sheer crepe. The flowers on the shoulder repeat the coloring of the pink kid trim on the patent belt. Linda wears pink patent sandals—a new Hollywood contrast shoe vogue. The frock also available in black with white. Here's a frock (center) that presents the new spring color contrast—cork with black. The cork-colored, Italian-quilted, zipper-closed, fitted jacket interestingly contrasts a black short-sleeved frock with V-neckline. Also cork and navy, and chartreuse or Capri blue and navy. Right, another bolero frock of black sheen. The bodice of the short-sleeved frock is a froth of dainty embroidered organdy edged with Val type lace. Below left, navy sheer smartly accented with white. The high neckline of the short-sleeved frock is banded with Angel piqué—the fabric of the fitted jacket features all-over diagonal tucking. Also in black with white.
Dolores Casey, appearing in Paramount's "Cafe Society," and Joyce Mathews, of the cast of Paramount's "Boy Trouble," bring you the newest felts and straws of the spring season. Miss Mathews (top, left) models Byron's "Saucebox," a casual hat that's always good with suits. Note the new stovepipe twist to the crown that stamps this model "Spring '39." It is of soft felt with a contrast band. Miss Casey (top, right) poses in Roxford's "Little Dipper"—a tiny little sailor designed to be dipped at a dizzy angle. In beige garlanded with surrealist felt flowers—a gay little hat just right with the new beige background tweeds. Joyce smiles from under the shadow of Byron's "Pastoral" (center)—a rhapsody in the blue straw braid with the rustic look that's going to be so good for town this spring—it has a contrast grosgrain ribbon band trim. Dolores (below, right) wears Roxford's "Bo-Peep"—a wickedly simple wide-brimmed mushroom type hat in a natural, sewn straw braid reminiscent of gingham pinafores—a country-born fashion slated for town headlines.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown here are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades. Address your letter to—

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York, New York

YOU WILL FIND IN THE SHOPS
From Constance Bennett's own exquisite wardrobe comes this smart afternoon ensemble. The taupe crepe dress, simply fashioned, depends upon the dirndl skirt, broad shoulders and wrap belt for outstanding style detail. A sable scarf, taupe gloves, shoes and ostrich turban are stunning accessories. Miss Bennett is currently appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Tail Spin." Her next film will be made at the Hal Roach Studios.
Reckless haste, minor successes,
a new love, then fame and a calmer
philosophy—in other words, that's
the life story of Melvyn Douglas

The days went past... New York surged
with prosperity, with jobs and people to fill
them. They had all preceded Melvyn. Back-
doors, he discovered, were kept securely locked
and bolted. But he tried— he tried until the
afternoon when he came out of an agency, his
ears still hearing the regretful voice of the sec-
retary (Try us again—in a week, say?) and
stood vaguely, empty of thought, on the crowded
sidewalk. After a minute something clicked in
his mind and he knew a drink would taste
good... It was late.

A taxi took him to an address on Fifty-sec-
ond Street and after he had paid the driver he
looked at his change. There were a half dollar,
and a quarter and a dime and four pennies in
his hand. He looked at them curiously, remem-
bering the one very crisp dollar bill in his
wallet. Then he went on up the brownstone
steps.

There would probably be someone he knew
at the bar.

Inside, he found a booth and motioned to
a waiter. "Ask Tony if he's seen Steve today and
bring me some of that stuff you guys made last
night?" Why are all speak-easy owners named
Tony? he thought. And why do you always
know somebody named Steve in New York?

Across the room a good phonograph played
the new Whiteman arrangement of "Song of
India." Carl Van Vechten came in, looked
The man stepped out, paused, then turned and came into the elevator again. "A quickie, hmm?" Melvyn said.

"I'll ride down with you. Listen. Jessie Bonstelle's casting for a show today. Why don't you try her?"

"Bonstelle? She wouldn't see me."

"I get it. It's like that then. You don't care."

"I'll take a whirl at Bonstelle," Melvyn told him. At the lobby he opened the door and stepped out with Eberhardt. "I've got to go to the locker and change first. Let you know what happens."

"But the elevator?"

Melvyn stopped and looked back at it. "They're a dune a dozen."

The receptionist guarding the door of Jessie Bonstelle's private office was getting a little hysterical. "No!" she shouted at Melvyn. "No, no, NO! No more today! Look at this crowd ahead of you—we won't be through with them until midnight."

He took the electrically locked gate at a lope. "Sorry," he called over his shoulder, "but I haven't that much time." He had the door open before the girl was out of her chair.

Bonstelle, listening with a look of quiet agony to a reading ingénue, looked up with mingled surprise and pleasure on her face. The ingénue had been getting pretty bad.

"In the movies," Melvyn said breathlessly, "you break in and after some hauter and what-so-not-mean they give you a job." He waited, white with sudden panic.

"We'll skip the hauter," she said after a moment. "I need a second lead. Read these sides, if you will."

He took the script, amazed that his hand didn't tremble. Ten minutes later Bonstelle, smiling, said, "It's all right. You can stop looking so doomed. I'm going to take you on."

WHEN he remembers that year now it comes to him in three scenes, with blanks between, like part of a motion picture. There was the ride home with his wife and little son, from the hospital. The hospital and the show came Detroit, Alice had said. "New York is a rotten place to go through this sort of thing."

"You were sweet."

She looked at him then and after a moment she stared down at the infinitesimal red face almost hidden in quilted satin in her arms. For a moment he wondered whether she would cry. But she didn't. She looked out the cab window, her eyes expressionless.

"Yeah" . . .

There was the morning, weeks later, after they had given a small party. He came into the living room in his pajamas feeling good, clearheaded, and looked around him. No one had remembered to open the windows the night before, or turn the furnace off. A soft haze of heavy stale smoke had clung to the walls and blurred the colors of the furniture. There were several coffee cups with dregs and a glass with a cigarette drowned and shredded in the bottom. He heard the people in the next room talking and heard their voices. Yawning, he remembered the excruciating boredom of last night.

And suddenly, inexplicably, he thought, This can't go on. It's not working out—we don't even love each other any more. As he threw open windows the idea of divorce came to him for the first time.

THERE was the scene, sharply outlined in its simplicity, on the courtroom steps after the divorce. "Good-by," he'd said. "We'll see each other again, of course."

"Of course," Alice told him, with a polite smile. He had seen her to the cab and given a little salute with a limp hand as it drew away. I have married a girl and lived for over a year with her and we've had a child, she thought as he walked home. And it means as little as that.

Try as he would, he could find nothing to worry about, nothing to be sorry for.

After a little he shook his head and put the entire episode in the back of his mind—far back, where it would be hard to uncover.

Convalescence from his first marriage cost him almost two years out of his emotional life. He emerged, in the late fall of 1927, well again; really mature, at last, vitally ready for anything. It was time to move again, find new scenery. New York was his mood—dangerous, exciting, magnificent. He went there, leaving Bonstelle and her show, and he began to do things with an intensity, a pace inevitable when healthy energy and eager youth have been smothered for three years.

Armed with letters—with one letter especially, to William A. Brady—he stormed all the important producers' offices in two days and wound up by signing a contract with Brady for three years. That settled, he took an apartment, visited a tailor, called up everyone he knew to let them know he was in town, took a deep breath and said to Manhattan: "Okay. I'm ready."

He lunched, in company with attractive actresses at the Algonquin and the Ritz and the Plaza and the Brevoort and in innumerable hushed rooms with barred doors and stronger cheer than tea in teacups. He danced to White- man and Gus Arnheim and Ted Lewis on roof gardens and in supper rooms and at roadhouses on the Pike. He borrowed the Stutz Bearcat of one friend or the cut-down Benz of another and drove across the Charles to Cambridge.

(Continued on page 88)
What does a Woman want most?

Claudette Colbert

LOVE! says the glamorous star of Paramount's "Midnight." "That's why beautiful skin is important. I use LUX SOAP—it helps guard against COSMETIC SKIN."

Loretta Young

LOVE! says this beautiful 20th Century Fox star. "All women want love—ROMANCE—admiration, don't they? So keep your complexion smooth. I use LUX SOAP."

Andrea Leeds

LOVE! says this popular Samuel Goldwyn star. "No woman can be happy without ROMANCE. That's why it's foolish to risk COSMETIC SKIN. Screen stars use LUX TOILET SOAP."

Skin must be soft and smooth to pass the LOVE TEST

The eyes look close. How foolish to let unattractive Cosmetic Skin spoil romance! Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics thoroughly—guards against the choked pores that cause Cosmetic Skin: dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Clever girls everywhere use Lux Toilet Soap, before they renew make-up—ALWAYS at bedtime. This fine soap guards the world's loveliest complexions. Your skin needs its gentle, protecting care!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

You want skin that's soft enough, smooth enough to pass the LOVE TEST! So use Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather before you renew make-up—ALWAYS at bedtime.

APRIL, 1939
1939
never a better year to see the west via
Golden Gate Fair
Grand Canyon
Indian Detours
Carlsbad Caverns
Yosemite Park
Famous Streamliners

but New York has much to learn from Hollywood. False eyelashes at a dollar a pair are standard equipment on the Hollywood scene. The high point of my introduction to the art of Cinema City make-up was learning that you couldn't put on your mouth makeup with a lipstick brush; you have to use a brush, and you had to carry it around with you at all times like an anarchist.

By the time I arrived at the studio for my first assignment, the stars were looking very tired. They were scheduled for a lunch break, but the makeup department was working overtime to make up for lost time. I was impressed with myself.

I learned that there were specific procedures that everyone was expected to follow. People there were delighted to find that everyone was extremely cordial and that everything seemed to operate with a smoothness that left one relaxed and aglow. The whole setup reminded me of that of a nice country club. But not for long.

The next morning signaled the end of the relaxation. I began my daily visits to the gym. On my first day there, I was told to go out and run like a cat, then to arch the back and bark like a dog. I think that was supposed to develop the muscles of the back, but it seemed like a bit of a sissy exercise. I stopped, and it did me good. The instructor asked me for a date.

The only trouble with having dates was that I was exhausted by the exercises. First, the climate and the change of hours in time—living a day in the San Francisco climate: They were going to take glamour pictures of me. It seems that glamour pictures have to be taken with very little clothing on the figure beneath the simple gown or negligee. That's to give plenty of "umph" to the finished product. If there's too much "umph," they can always resort to retouching the negatives. Many a devout fan would be shocked to see how much is sometimes sipped off a woman's ideal before the "slillas" are released. Most stars will not allow still pictures to be released until they have personally marked them for retouching.

My main trouble was in trying to keep the nerves closed while striking the intricate poses demanded by the photographer. What I really needed was two pairs of hands—one pair to pose with, the other pair for clitching purposes. I felt like an unwilling strip-tease artist.

The photographer told me, without asking for a date, that the thing he liked about me was my naturalness. He claimed there wasn't enough of that sort of thing in Hollywood. "Still," he said, evening me critically, "it's still a bit on the handful side, but they don't make you look like an actress. As long as you're an actress, you'd better look like one.

So there I was, all in my new costume, a young woman of excellent taste, who knew just what an actress was supposed to look like. I was out shopping. I was out in the Hollywood "flair" and in the Hollywood "trend" and I went shopping and I went into hock.

I supposed the only thing to do with the money left after Hollywood was to give them to the Salvation Army, but I decided against it, so I went and got a job. I lost my money, and I can have a hard time making my ends meet, but I could've gotten away with a lot worse.
SOCIETY WOMEN CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN—THEY FOLLOW THE NEW SKIN CARE*

Ballet Russe Première—At the Metropolitan Opera House, Mrs. Alexander C. Forbes, grandniece of Mrs. James Roosevelt. Her skin gets extra care. "I use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "That way my skin gets extra 'skin-vitamin' along with its daily cleansings."

Big Liner—The Lady Mary Lygon, daughter of the late Earl Beauchamp. "The 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health. I'm glad it's in Pond's."

Palm Beach—Mrs. Wm. Rhinelander Stewart arriving at exclusive Colony Club. "The 'skin-vitamin' is an added reason for my devotion to Pond's."

Winter Resort—H. R. H. Princess Maria de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler). "When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Pond's helps supply this vitamin."

New York World’s Fair Terrace Club—Where Society dines and dances. Mrs. John R. Drexel, Jr., looks enchanting in white ermine. Her vote goes to Pond’s. "I prefer using Pond’s Cold Cream to protect my skin during the day and to help give it glamorous smoothness in the evening."

Vitamin A, the “skin-vitamin,” is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker.

• Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond’s Cold Cream! Use Pond’s night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.
to all but swoon in the rapture of his kiss.
When the assistant director bellowed my name, I almost did the swoon abroad of schedule.

The door explained the scene, told us exactly how we were to do it. Then we rehearsed it a couple of times, quickly.

There were cries of: "This is the picture!" "Quiet!" "Roll 'em!" and all the other inclement clatter that precedes every "take" in a picture.

I ran down the flight of steps, paused for a brief word with the older men, saw my makeup dissolve out of fame's range. I ran to him, meanwhile hoping fervently that the camera was keeping up with me. Until the unfortunate young man like a tigeress; he responded to my arbor like the real creature it was. His kiss knocked my hat off-literally.

The director laughed, everybody laughed. They kidded the young man, they kidded me. The director said he thought the business of having the hat knocked off was cute, even if it wasn't in the script. However, just for protection, we'd do the scene again.

As a matter of fact, we did it twice. I guess that was all the film they could afford to spend on a small scene, so they let it go at that.

I was very lucky. The director said: "Where's the boy I did the scene with? He's good."
The assistant director thought that was very funny. He told it to the director, who also thought it was funny. Everybody thought it was funny.

The director said: "Even in Hollywood I think people should be introduced to each other before they kiss."
"Sure," said the cameraman, "what would the Hays office say?"
So they introduced us. The lovers didn't kiss this time; they just stood in each other's hands, which seemed slightly antici-
matical.

I rode back from location that day with the star and the director. The next step, of course, was to star on my love perfume.

Somehow, though, that immense Stardom has continued to elude Glamour Girl No. 17,268. It was more than three months before I was as much as got another part in a picture, and the one scene I did do never appeared in the finished film.

Since that time I have done two more small parts, one of them in Technicolor! I wore no make-up and looked like a witch. What price glamour? But recently my "radio gave a female lead to a girl who's gone under contract for two years without doing anything but look glamorous. That's very encouraging. The trick be-

The insidious thing about waiting around is that you envisage yourself growing older at an alarming rate of speed. I find myself examining my eyes for crow's-feet every morning, and, in moments of repose, my fingers will move unbidden to where the first symptoms of double chin will inevitably appear. I am convinced, a good deal of the time, that when I am called for my next picture it will be to play a rôle designed for a May Robson or a Dame May Whitty.

This has all been about me; but, with minor changes, it's the story of all the other Glamour Girls in Hollywood: a continual struggle to be—or at least to look—glamorous; and a continual hop-
ing for a break. Some are more fortu-

Our private lives? Pretty normal and regular for the most part, I think. There is plenty of parcheesi and Canfield played in Hollywood, believe it or not. I know one girl who lives in such a dell it's been

(Continued from page 70)

LIPSTICK

PARCHING

| Lipsticks that invite love must be soft lipsticks . . . smoothly smooth, blissfully free from any roughness or roughing. |

our new "Air-Spun" Rouge. Actually blended by air, it has a new exquisite smoothness, glowing color. Shadows to match the Lipstick, 50¢.

"Dahlia." Available in Lipstick and Rouge.

Eight drops of "Therboria" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades, 50¢.

Play Truth and Consequences with Alice Faye

(Continued from page 20)

(A) That would probably depend upon the circumstances of the meeting; if it were a very formal presentation, such as a reception, perhaps. Otherwise, no.

(B) Miss Faye took the conse-
quences. (If you have saved any theme or poem or sketch created by you in your school days, let us reproduce it here.)

(C) "Since your experience in "Sally, Irene and Mary," with Tony playing opposite you, how do you feel about husbands and wives working together?"

(D) Things usually work out bet-
ter in this profession, I be-

(E) Do you refresh your make-up in which way?

(F) I do if I have to, but I always feel a little self-conscious without it. I certainly try to avoid it at a restaurant table.

(G) What musical instruments do you play in your house?

(H) A piano, a ukulele, a cornet, seven radios (including the one in the kitchen for the servants), a musical powder box, the dinner gong—and you'd be surprised how well a girl can do with paper and a comb!

(I) Yes, I used to, but not any more.

(J) What point of grooming requires your most constant attention?

(K) My hair. I just can't do a thing to it.

(L) Are you inclined to be gullible and what was the incident?

(M) Miss Faye took the conse-
quences. Work out a sym-

bolic portrait of yourself, select the thing you most represent; in flowers, colors, pets, sounds, fabrics, clothing, foods.

(N) My experience to consider your most attractive physical feature?

(O) I have been told the "eyes" was a problem.

(P) What widely spread rumor about yourself most upset you?

(Q) "I'm still honeymooning when we began to hear rumors of our divorce."

(Continued on page 74)
Please the Man in your life!

Wear Heel Latch Shoes

BEAUTIFULLY Styled...BEAUTIFULLY MADE
MODERATELY PRICED...AND THEY FIT GLORIOUSLY

Add to your smartness without sacrificing comfort with Heel Latch shoes... be the perfect pal and perfect hostess in Heel Latch shoes with their hidden features.

- Trocadero... Newest of sandal ideas... high riding and gored side step-in pump. Tan and White, Blue or Sienna Rust.
- Dance... A daring open toe and heel strap for your loveliest afternoon. In White, Black Patent or Lacquer Rust.
- Dorena... A "must have" for your wardrobe. White Suede trimmed with Sienna Rust, natural leather cuban heel.
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MOST STYLES
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PRIL, 1939
FAMOUS FRENCH COLORIST CREATES SPECIAL TYPE CREAM ROUGE TO MATCH THE WARM, PULSATING COLOR OF THE HUMAN BLOOD

Now comes a thrilling advance in the art of make-up...a special type of cream rouge that is made to match the warm, pulsating color of the human blood—thus giving your skin an amazing allure you never dreamed possible.

This special type rouge is called Angelus Rouge Incarnat, and instantly you apply it, it imparts a soft, glowing color to your lips and cheeks.

You don’t need apply Angelus Rouge Incarnat nearly so often—for it stays perfect for hours. No constant fussing to keep yourself looking utterly lovely.

Try the new color Formal Red. The Rouge is #4053; the Lipstick #504. It is gay and enchanting by day—after dark mysterious...compelling. And see the other gorgeous colors—such as Framboise, #424 and #414—and Coronation Red, #421 and #406. At all drug and department stores.

(Continued from page 72)

26. [Q] What incident in your childhood greatly impressed you?
   (A) A still sparkling with the back of a hairbrush.
27. [Q] What causes disension in your household?
   (A) Eating. It’s Tony’s favorite pastime—whereas I have to watch my figure.
28. [Q] Do you cry easily?
   (A) Yes.
29. [Q] Do you dread old age?
   (A) No. I have heard a lot of people say that they hope they die young, but not I. I hope to live a ripe old age, with lots of children and grandchildren, and I’m going to be so cute that they’re all going to fuss over me.
30. [Q] What kind of a patient are you when you are ill?
   (A) I’m not fussy about anything—so long as the nurse plays a good game of backgammon.
31. [Q] In selecting your home, what “sens-" did your husband have about design, furnishing, etc?
   (A) We have always rented furnished homes; we are both easy to please as long as the house has a good backyard.
32. [Q] What was the first money you ever earned?
   (A) Mother paid me two dollars a week to help her with the housework. I spent the first week’s wages on a fancy pair of dancing pumps.
33. [Q] What actor do you think has the greatest sex appeal on the screen?
   (A) Miss Fayre took the consequences. (Let us see how you can jump rope.)
34. [Q] Would you be satisfied to lead an entirely domestic life?
   (A) Not for quite some time. Right now I need my career.
35. [Q] With whom have you ever wished you might change places?
   (A) I wouldn’t change places with anyone.
36. [Q] How many pictures of yourself are displayed in your home?
   (A) You’d better ask Tony this one. He’s the one who sticks them around—I’m not guilty.
37. [Q] No, you believe in divorce?
   (A) Yes, I do—if it’s necessary for the happiness of both people.
38. [Q] What troubles give you the greatest pleasure?
   (A) Perfumes and having a different set of cosmetics (compact, lipstick, etc.) for each purse.
39. [Q] What nickname in your life have you most objected to?
   (A) Miss Fayre took the consequences. (Let us reproduce the family crest or monogram which appears on some of your belongings.)
40. [Q] To whom do you use baby talk?
   (A) I never have.
41. [Q] Who influenced you to change from the platinum-neutral type you once were to the Alice of today?
   (A) I was never happy as a platinum blonde. Eventually the studio agreed with me that it was much better to be my natural self.
42. [Q] Have you ever had operatic ambitions?
   (A) I have never studied voice. I cannot read music. And I have no desire to change my style of singing.
43. [Q] In what way are you lazy?
   (A) I love breakfast in bed.
44. [Q] Have you ever tried to write a song?
   (A) I have just written my first one, entitled “I Promise You,” which is now on the air. I collaborated on it with Ben Oakland and Sam Lerner.
45. [Q] Would you know how to change a tire?
   (A) I never drive, so I imagine that would be the least of my worries.
46. [Q] Are you the type who fusses a lot about your appearance?
   (A) No.
47. [Q] Do you like to be spoiled?
   (A) There are times!
48. [Q] When have you actually had to go hungry?
   (A) Never, fortunately.
49. [Q] What moral or word of advice in your life has meant most to you, and from whom did it come?
   (A) Mother taught me very early that if I were honest myself, I wouldn’t have to worry much about the other fellow.
50. [Q] Do you like dolls?
   (A) You must have been pecking. I have dozens of them, fluffy-ruffy ones for my bed, and I’ve also kept all the funny little kejwwie dolls that I’ve ever won at amusement parks.
51. [Q] Which of your accomplishments today was the most difficult to acquire?
   (A) When I came into pictures I had had no dramatic training or experience except as a singer. It has meant a great deal of study and struggle to become a dramatic actress.
52. [Q] Do you like to hear the truth no matter how it hurts?
   (A) Absolutely.
53. [Q] What is your middle name?
   (A) Jennie.
54. [Q] What lesson have you had to learn the expensive way?
   (A) Miss Fayre took the consequences. (If you have ever designed a dress or accessory, let us have a photograph of it.)
55. [Q] What is one of your unfulfilled personal desires?
   (A) To travel extensively, and that means I have yet to cover a lot of territory because I have never been farther than Honolulu.
56. [Q] If you were told that you ought to wear glasses, would you be more miserable about wearing them?
   (A) No. In fact I have worn them at certain times in my life.
57. [Q] What manual accomplishments have you?
   (A) I can make hooked rugs.
58. [Q] What kind of correspondent are you?
   (A) I answer practically all of my own fan mail. But in my personal correspondence I leaned toward post cards.
59. [Q] Give an example.
   (A) I could be, if I had the time.
60. [Q] Are you inclined to hang onto old belongings?
   (A) I like things fresh and new.
61. [Q] What was the nicest compliment ever paid you?
   (A) Victor Young, whom I have worked many times, was kind enough to say, “I wish I could write a song that looks like Alice Fayre.” That really built me up!
62. [Q] When have you been susceptible to fortune tellers’ predictions?
   (A) Always.
63. [Q] Can you tell a joke well?
   (A) I blushingly admit it.
64. [Q] What is the most important date in your memory?
   (A) September 3rd, 1937—my wedding day.
"I'll Tell You About My Marriage"

(Continued from page 32)

"Our life together will be like every other happy couple's, I hope," Nelson said. "I'm building a home for us in Brentwood. It won't be a large pretentious place, but just a cozy home with grounds to build to later if we care to. My work will be here and my happiness. At present I'm spending half the time at Ann's home and half at mine. Until we leave for this tour I don't know where I am half the time. We hope the new home will be ready for us when we return in May."

That new home of Nelson's we can promise you one thing: there will be true love and devotion such as Hollywood rarely glimpses. On the several occasions we've seen Ann and Nelson together, in Nelson's home and in the homes of friends, we've caught their spirit of gay camaraderie, the friendship they share, their being togetherness that fairly radiated from them. We've caught Ann's glance as it followed after the tall, handsome singer and we knew that in no more capable ands could Nelson place his heart.

A few years older than Nelson and the mother of a young son, Ann Frank-in combines all the sweetness of mature womanhood, the understanding heart of motherhood and the straightforwardness and love of living that typifies today's modern woman.

"Let's go off on a tear," I've heard Nelson suggest and caught Ann's quick infectious laugh as they swung off together arm in arm, in no more deviltry than a cocktail and good dinner at the Cock 'n Bull.

Nelson's own description of his wedding reveals a side of the man Nelson glimpsed, a side that reveals the unseen side of the ridiculous that is his, the side that laughs heartily at himself when the occasion demands.

Nelson was in bed on Wednesday with the cold, unable to fill a concert engagement at Redlands, when suddenly it occurred to him time was slipping past and his next week would be crowded with engagements. So he grabbed the phone and called Ann.

"Say, we'd better get married tomorrow or have time between engagements," he shouted. "I'm sure my old will be better tomorrow."

Don's was the Ann's patron of honor, came on the phone screaming about nothing to wear. So Nelson kidded back, "Oh, wrap a mink coat around you and who will notice." Next morning at eight, Nelson, his mother, Ann, Doris and Mr. Osborne, his business, set out for Las Vegas. Arriving in the Nevada town before three in the afternoon, Nelson grabbed a telephone to notify Don MacElweine, a studio publicist and friend.

"Get a key to my dressing room from the casting office," Nelson phoned, "and look in the upper left-hand desk drawer. There you'll find all the information you need.

"Information about what?" Don asked.

"About my wedding," shouted Nelson, "I'm about to be married, you dope." As Nelson told us afterwards, Don didn't wait to turn corners. "I understand he went right through the building plaster and all," the actor laughed.

After the license was secured, they stepped into the judge's chambers and waited while the judge adjusted his glasses and peered at the paper. With a good old Hollywood double take 'em, the judge glanced quickly from the license to Nelson and from Nelson to the license.

"But you're my favorite singer, Mr. Eddy," the judge finally exclaimed, as if that ended matters once and for all.

"Well, you're my favorite judge," Nelson shrugged and the wedding was on.

"SUDDENLY," Nelson said, "I felt I was right in the midst of something without knowing my lines. Here I was doing a scene and no script. But I must have given the right answers for, after a rather long pause, the judge leaned forward and said, slowly and commandingly,

"Mr. Eddy, Kiss Your Bride.

"So we left on our honeymoon. Fifteen minutes at Boulder Dam!"

Away from Hollywood, it's eternal movies and commotion, the bride and groom stood out on the desert near the dam and very quietly took pictures of each other.

"Can you imagine that?" Nelson demanded, "What a honeymoon!"

Back in Las Vegas, the crowds grew with kids demanding autographs and even giving autographs in return.

"They even fastened tin cans on the car and followed after us with cars honking for dear life. We've never enjoyed anything quite so much in our lives," Nelson said, "and I wouldn't have had those tin cans removed for anything. After all, it isn't every day a fellow can ride in a car with cans at his back and feel it was behind him."

Among the first telegrams to reach the happy pair was one from co-star Jeanette MacDonald wishing them all the happiness they deserve.

And it is happiness for Nelson and Ann, for in the hearts of his thousands upon thousands of fans there will be, I'm sure, only a glad echo of sincere approval to Nelson's words, "We wanted each other more than anything else in the world."

N O ONE called her yesterday—surely she's on her way! And yet in her heart Mary fears that phone won't ring... tonight, or tomorrow either.

For Mary can't help noticing that the men she knows she neglects lately. She never thinks, of course, that she has grown careless—guilty of underarm odor. She forgets that in spite of her bath, underarms always need Mum!

A bath can only care for past perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to cover. With Mum underarms stay sweet, your popularity is safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—it's so easy to use, so dependable.

M U M I S S A F E ! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal to tell you it's harmless to clothing. Apply Mum before or after dressing! Even after underarm shaving, notice Mum actually soothes the skin.

M U M I S S U R E ! Without stopping perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to cover. With Mum underarms stay sweet, your popularity is safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—it's so easy to use, so dependable.

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M U M I S S U R E ! Without stopping perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to cover. With Mum underarms stay sweet, your popularity is safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—it's so easy to use, so dependable.

The BERNAIR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Danville, New York, is open the year round, with accommodations at attractive rates, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

The Bernal Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from three to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.

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THIS wedding BY gown

busily and wedding in frieze

No "The Columbia's ideas

petite, and gown

This month Hollywood fashion circles are obuzz with trousseau chatter and clothes ideas for the spring bride.

No unanimous trend has been voted for her wedding gown. At the altar she may appear as the prototype of grandmamma in a picturesque gown with corseted waistline and hoops or, just as fashionably, as a figure from a Grecian frieze in a creation of flowing draperies.

I got all pep ped up about the trousseau end of this wedding business, which, after all, is very dear to a girl's heart, when I visited Robert Kalloch, designer for Columbia Studios. He was busily engaged putting the final touches to the trousseau clothes that Ida Lupino will wear in Columbia's 'The Lady and the Mob,' so he was simply bursting with ideas.

Kalloch says that although fashion decrees a great deal of leeway where the silhouette of the wedding gown is concerned, it must be a pure and simple white this season. When we were just broken into the pastel hues in wedding gowns, this is news indeed.

Kalloch also issued a "be careful" warning when deciding among the season's varied wedding gown silhouettes. "Make sure that the styling of the gown reflects the particular type and personality—that it enhances the figure."

"The petite, feminine type like Ida Lupino appears to best advantage in a picture gown of net, organandy or mousseline de soile with billowing skirt and tiny waist. The veil for this gown should be short, of lace or tulle, and the headpiece, of orange blossoms or lily of the valley, should be carefully designed to suit the contour of the face as in the case of all wedding veils."

On the other hand, Kalloch feels that the tall, sophisticated girl gained added loveliness through the use of classic draperies softly molded to accentuate body line.

He suggests heavy Celanese rayon jersey as a medium and a long, diaphanous veil of tulle with simple headpiece.

KALLOCH believes that every girl should be married in a wedding gown. If her plans are not for a formal wedding and therefore she does not feel like investing in an elaborately wedding ensemble, Kalloch makes this suggestion as charming alternate for her ceremony costume.

"Let her choose her trousseau evening gown in a jacketed model of heavy white crepe or piqué. A white snood encrusted with white petals or we clusters of orange blossoms would be fitting and flattering headgear."

Perhaps the most important outfit next to the bride's wedding costume is her going-away ensemble. It, with its complementary accessories, should claim a sizable portion of the trousseau budget, for around the separate units of this outfit (coat, hat, shoes, bag and gloves) the rest of the trousseau may be smartly assembled.

One such ensemble was a sheen woolen in combination of black and yellow beige. The skirt, four-gored, is of black—the jacket, single-breasted with three-button closing, of beige to match a full-length swagger topcoat. As starting note of contrast Kalloch designed a gay print blouse in shades of yellow, black and red. Patent shoes and bag, white gloves and a yellow beige straw fabric sailor shadowed with gossamer red veiling complete the ensemble.

The other suit was of navy tricotiste with accent of white and cerise. The skirt features a straight back and a circular front. The hip-length jacket flouts a gay lining of cerise taffeta, the elbow-length sleeves are trimmed with deep lacey cuffs to match a white hand-embroidered batiste frock frou blouse. The full-length topcoat for this suit is styled with princess lines. Navy blue gabardine shoes and bag, white gloves and a tiny navy straw sailor, excitingly dramatized by a single cerise rose, give final dash.

KALLOCH suggested a couple of important casual frocks as alternates for wear with the topcoats and accessories of these suits.

"First, a tie silk frock and, secondly, a knit. The tie silk frock should be a tailored type, so it can double for active as well as spectator sport wear; the knit, a two-piece model, so its jacket can be interchanged as chic top for separate skirts in contrast colors.

One tailored frock of tie silk particularly caught my eye. Of yellow silk, printed with shades of blue, this charming little casual was styled with a long-sleeved blouse, a four-gore skirt and a front-button closing from neck to hem. The circle neckline and cuff bands, which held in the fullness of the sleeves, were finished with organandy collar and cuffs daintily embroidered and edged with ruffles of baby lace.

Kalloch particularly stressed the dressy type of trousseau frock.

"The dress-up frock, with its own particular hat, should be perky, gay and picturesque. Every trousseau should have at least two such individual costumes. One, perhaps, a little taffeta dressmaker suit of navy or black with blousé of white frock frou and a tiny hat which might be appropriately termed 'a wee garden of blooms.' Another, a frock of colorful print, touched at the neckline with a, collar, and worn with a wide-brimmed hat of natural straw. Then there is always the choice of classic crepe models in flattering colors—a like contrast toques fashioned of layer upon layer of sheerest veiling as complement for them."

Kalloch finished his trousseau hints with pointers on the house cost, which he feels is most important.

"Every trousseau should boast one, two or several house costs—they are flattering and comfortable for evenings at home and they're so wonderfully practical as wardrobe savers."

Kalloch made one for Ida Lupino of red, white and blue print and tied it around the waist with streamers of red and blue. He was designing another from a printed linen with yellow background and blue spiral motifs. And so our little trousseau chat came to an end, for Kalloch was called down on the set of Plane and 4 to discuss added wardrobe for Jean Arthur, who plays opposite Cary Grant in Columbia's exciting foreign film.

It's been fun writing about clothes for brides, and I do hope Kalloch's hints will be helpful to spring brides of 1939!
Promise....

and fulfillment await the woman just discovering the telling power of figure beauty. For her, the modern way of youthful figure discipline... Foundettes.

There are glamour and good form for figures in this new Foundettes panty-girdle by Munsingwear. The new feature "Lastex" batiste panel stretches up and down... extends into horizontal-stretch yoke over the hips. Zipper in back: see fabric sides of "Lastex" and "Cordura" Rayon. Style 4133. At all better stores. *Faced or knit of "Lastex".front.

Foundettes
BY MUNSINGWEAR
Dorbin making "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" next door. In between takes one or the other is prone to stray and startle the little nonplussed maids at the moment's notice! The studio finally solved the production crisis by adopting Cupertino, a new type of canine, inspection and everything. Andy Devine volunteered for official top sergeant and the facts are scared to death of him.

The last two studio stops, before inspecting radio row, are Warners, around the corner from Universal City, and Columbia, where the old 1914 stage play that brought Elmer Rice his initial fame, is being screen-conditioned with Margaret Lindsay, Edward Norris, John Litil and little Janet Chapman. It's heavy drayma—a woman who deliberately sacrifices her spotless reputation to save her husband's life in his trial for murder.

But we don't have to be told that one. Look at the bathroom at night. It's a courtroom, formidable and severe. Courtrooms give us the answer. If you're going to build them so realistically, we feel like a prisoner before the bar. This one is especially depressing because you see in tears and they aren't glycerine, either.

Edward Norris, who is going to be a star one of these days, we believe, in spite of his chain of bad breaks, has just finished an impassioned plea to the judge as we arrive. He is so good that when the director cuts the scene, the crew applauds. So does a striking-looking girl who happens to be a canvas chair. She is Ann Sheridan, Edward's recently divorced wife. Now they're both at Warners and Ann has just dropped in to wish Edward good luck in a part she knows means a lot to him. We like her better for the gesture.

At RKO, "The Castles," as you ought to know by now, is in the final stage of two-year endeavor to realize a romantic, glamorous and tragic romance of Irene and Vernon Castle to the screen. Ginette Rogers plays Irene, Robert Young is her suitor, and Fred is the 1930 re-creation of light-footed Vernon. There's Edna Mae Oliver, her sister, the lovely Glenn, the two big roles. Dances will be the big feature—the Yama-Yama, the Castle Waltz, the Texas Tommy, Maxine and Tango. Fred dances one routine—a military number—and the songs—well, we whip up your kitchen quartet and you've got them—"Pretty Baby," "Darktown Strutter's Ball," "When You Were a Tulip" and such harmony favorites—a good dozen.

Though cinema employs are raring with radio bigwigs whether or not stars should be taken off the air waves, we feel it is an interesting happenings out in Hollywood.

Three big new radio shows featuring Hollywood stars have England and the Sunset and Vine really excited, we find this month.

The first stars in Hollywood were pleased to launch all of them, but "The Circle," Kellogg's bid for Hollywood air domination, there is a difference, so far. But it's all you hear about around the massive new ether temples of NBC and CBS.

Breaking into behind the scenes of this program, we discover an amazing new studio setup to handle the round table talk of Carole Lombard, Ronald Colman, Cary Grant, Chico and Groucho Marx.

An official broadcasting room has been fitted up with a U-shaped table, patterned after the copy desk in a newspaper city room. At the "slot," or center, a gooseneck microphone, the first we've even seen, is rigged up for the vocal opinions of Ronald and his "gang." Signs warning "Do Not Applaud" are the result of the star wishes—for this is the first Hollywood program tailored to suit the desires of the screen stars. Every one on the program voted against applause, which we consider a big step forward in Hollywood air shows.

"The Circle" is costing more money than we can imagine and the gamble is terrific. Because every star on it is being urged to be himself, and outside of a skeleton script, the lines will all be ad lib. Whether or not that will click with the public is the gamble. Carole, for example, came out in favor of presenting her serious side over the air minus any touch of the beloved screwball which has captured the fancy of millions.

The big air advantage to all listeners, as we see it, is this: stripped of any and all visual shooting, trap, rag, and phony pretensions, "The Circle" airs the biggest Hollywood stars in their personal jokes.

With Joan Crawford, Jack Benny, Reginald Gardiner, Judy Garland and George Jessel, the Hollywood Screen Actors' Guild show, and Miriam Hopkins and Cecil B. De Mille breaking in Jesse Lasky's new Gateway to Hollywood program, the air lanes from Hollywood are as jammed now as a department store aisle or Dollar Day. And only a few months ago the rumor went out that Hollywood was through as a radio center. It's only just beginning, if you ask us.

The Screen Actors Guild program, by the way, is the biggest of all-star combinations. It's heard only in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Tickets vanished in a few hours and El Capitan Theater was an autograph hunt- ing contest. Johnny Stompanato, Edward Arnold, Robert Young, Conrad Nagel, Tom Brown and a dozen others signed their autographs on their seats. Reginald Gardiner broadcast with his arm in a sling. And on the Lasky program, as a matter of fact, his hand was sicked.

De Mille's playing hooky from Lux Radio Theater to guest on the Gateway was for a very simple and sentimental reason, by the way. Twenty-five years ago Jesse Lasky gave him his first job as a screen director.

Next to this trio of new chances for radio ambitious screen stars, the best news of the month is that Orson Welles, the New York young dramatic genius who made Mars pay dividends, is coming to Hollywood to present this Camp Lejeune story. And in his movie debut in "The Monster," a picture originally intended for John Barrymore, M-G-M has nothing to fear from the new Star Theater brought tears to his eyes. As he finished his dramatic skit the shouts of hootch and audience stood up and thundered.

Departing from radio with John are Nelson Eddy and Una Merkel who are checking into "The Kate Beach Story" on the Vel-Son, a fixture on the Chase and Sanborn hour, departs on a concert tour, but he'll rejoin the show after a few more furlongs. Una leaves Texaco for good.

Here and there around rehearsal rooms and control booths we find them talking about Bing Crosby's new broadcasting shirt of blue with white galloping horses and his guest's (Roland Young) attempt to outshine him in violet orange——the diet that Fannie Brice adopted because she tried to get into her Baby Smokes clothes without a vacuum broadcast—and couldn't squeeze in! the melancholy pining Frank Morgan in his heart—where he's been for ten years and then "The Wizard of Oz" made him shave——the great difference between the Rudy Vallee's pop and Bing Crosby's——the whisking of Wayne Morris and Andrea Leeds which gunned up Lux Theater's "Kid Galahad."——

The breakthrough pitcher Ned Sparks socked Charlie Ruggles with on Texaco Theater, and the fit of mid-broadcast chuckles that sold Olivia de Havilland whether Nelson Eddy's successor, Donald Dickson, has what it takes for Chase and Sanborn——Kay Francis' good sportsmanship about air hearing in his lovely cockpit and the mechanic's Ty- rone Power's running away from his guest and former sweetheart, Loretta Young, and the Wrigley Playhouse to keep a dinner date with Annabella——Edgar Bergen's rapt and continued attention to Kay St. Germain——Jack Benny's parochialism and the madness for broadcasting in white tie and tails——the "Genevieve Blue," official sponsor of the week—Cary Grant and Andy girl and——the Hollywood radio comedian who cracked about his closest rival—"He's the kind of a guy who makes Hedy Lamarr worth her money!"
I did ONE LUCKY THING for my skin... and here is what happened

I WAS A LONELY girl... and I didn't know why. Men seemed indifferent to me—they never looked at me twice. It pained me and broke my heart. I was madly in love with Gordon Forrest, the most handsome and popular boy in town. I tried so hard to win his interest, but I never even got a chance to dance with him at parties.

The night I went to Muriel Fowler's big party I was almost walking on air. Something told me it would happen!

GORDON GAZED IN RAPTURE when he saw me. He started as if I were a new girl in town—a beautiful creature he had never seen before.

"Where have you been all my life?" he cried. "Why Jane Martin, what have you done to yourself? Come outside ... I want to talk to you ... alone!"

Outside on the veranda, the moon was shining brightly. Before long, I was in his arms... he kissed me... and he whispered, "Sweetheart... I love you..."

FREE

(Turn to page 29)

AUGUST, 1933

I did one lucky thing for my skin... and here is what happened

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“What did he want?” I ask.

“That’s what I couldn’t make out,” says Chris frowning. “Osteniously, he wanted to see if he could help him spot that Swing A dada act of his in some studio. And he also asked me what I intended to do this summer. I told him I intended to go to dinner and a movie. What I told him, I think back in the heat...”

“Well,” I said, “Betty has told me that you’re interested in being a photographer and that she has been trying to pump me about my money.” Chris solemnly. “It’s none of his damn business and I had nothing to tell him. But I don’t like this.”

“I don’t either,” I say, “and I certainly haven’t encouraged his hanging around but that’s in back of my mind, Chris.”

“Good Old Marie!” he says. Then all of a sudden he took my face in both hands and pressed his lips against mine and ran gently off, waving and smiling from his décolleté ear.

It was almost dark before Jelliff came home and took a load off his feet and my mind.

“Betty,” he says, “is at Lydia Watts. I suppose she’s a nice woman, that Lydia, but...”

“Thank God, Betty’s safe!” I say.

“I talked to Betty in the kitchen.” Jelliff added, “where she was making a pie. She claimed she was glad to see me, and I did all I could, but...”

“But nothing,” I say. “Do you mean to say you actually saw Betty and then let her stay there?” Jelliff nodded his head lugubriously.

“That Lydia is a powerful woman,” he remarks, “and she’s backed up Betty’s idea that you are bad medicine, and said that the great Mrs. Watts will be big-hearted and shelter the poor child, and use all her influence to help Betty in pictures!”

“Lydia Watts’s influence in the studio,” I say, “is as hard to find as an orphan producer without relatives! That girl is earning home. I’ve got good news for her!”

So then I went to the phone with what I thought was a hot item, but Betty wouldn’t talk to me and Lydia was very high-handed when I repeated a discreet section of what Chris had told me.

“Yes, we know Betty’s footage is to be used,” she says coolly. “A good friend of ours saw to that! And we know there won’t be another change. That’s one picture you’ll never be in, Marie La Tour. I’ll promise you!”

That was the way things stood the night when “Bringing Up Mother” was to be sneak-previewed out at Riverside. I was let out in time for the second showing, which is when the surprise number was due, but when we got to Riverside I was so lathered up with excitement that I had been drawn out of the name of the theater Chris had told me it would be at. There was no dive at the first place we tried and then when we turned the corner to another theater I got a glimpse of my life on screen that was my own name in enormous big letters right across the marque!

I dropped holding on to him tight.

“Am I whacky or what? Marie La Tour! Not even the name of the picture! What does it mean?”

“Strange!” he says, getting my hand. “It looks like this fellow Chris has played a trick on you. I guess he meant it for a pleasant surprise.” I handed him my pocketbook without speaking, and somehow or other we got inside. The theater was jammed to suffocation and as we stood waiting for seats I didn’t dare look at the screen, but I had a feel of the audience right off, the way any experienced actress does, and it was warm. In fact, it was hot with interest and friendly amusements.

Well, a kind of cold chill, like eating ice cream too fast, settled on my chest as I sat down. Then I looked at the screen, and My Gawd, there I was! A plump young vamp in a big role that was supposed to make me look like a seal; only now after twenty years I am realized that it was no seal and not a seal like a seal which was wearing the wrong skin.

“It’s Little of the Valley,” as I live and breathe.” Jelliff whispered. “Ah Marie! One of your greatest rélots!”

“Hush!” I whispered. “Let me cry in peace a minute without mental or anything, that’s what I did. Then I dried my eyes and tried to laugh instead like most of the audience in the theater were doing. But my heart didn’t laugh, however.

BAD as it was, I still felt after all those years that there was something to that illusion and I tried to kid myself that it moved in more than the one sense. One thing was certain—the audience went for it strong. Of course, they let out a few laughs and snorts where the commentator wisecracked, but they are it up just the same and even when they were laughing at me, it was a friendly kind of laugh. But that was small comfort on account I knew an audience ought to laugh with a star, not at them in even the friendliest way. Suddenly I felt the time to go home and enroll into bed. I wanted to pull the covers over my head and shoot out the world with its troublesome memories. All my early experiences sort of rang up on me. I turned to Jelliff and he seemed to understand because he took my arm and led me out of the theater. Back home at the foot of the stairs he told me I had made a plain good night.

“Marie, I know how you feel,” he says huskily. “I get that way when I remember my dance at Fred Astaire or somebody. But we had those good old times. They were good and nobody can take them away from us! Me, I guess I’m through. But you... you’re slimmer, you got more style and more distinction right now than ever before. So just dream on that, my dear!”

A SNAPSHOT OF TUBEROUS SCLEROSIS

Nestled in the beautiful rolling hills of New York State, near the town of Liberty, is the Loomis Sanatorium where a great adventure in life is soon to take place.

Beginning in May, I am arranging for a demonstration there of a cure in tuberculosis truly sensational in character. And, furthermore, in order that the really deserving may share in the benefits of this project, I am going to take one ease each from the various states east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio River who will be treated without charge.

The eure of tuberculosis depends first and foremost upon building additional vital power—more health and strength.

Now, the principal means of euring this disease are quantities of fresh air, proper amount of rest, sunlight, foods that will improve digestion and proper environment.

All this, and more, is available at the Loomis Sanatorium where the great battle for a healthy, joyous normal life is waged every day.

Tuberculosis is usually accompanied by a depressed state of mind and by the idea that it is difficult if not impossible to obtain recovery. In the right atmosphere, with the correct treatment, there is done away with and the eure begun.

Some of the elements involved are the rest eure, which I believe is advisable in complete form only for limited periods; health-building procedure, which will bring new strength to all parts of the body, especially the spine, and diet, one of the most important factors in the cure.

It is in my belief, borne out by over fifty years of experience in treating tuberculosis, my own case included, that a careful examination by a diagnostician followed by the competent supervision of experts, the patient suffering from this disease should be well placed toward recovery within a period of two to three months.

That is why I think the announcement about the Loomis Sanatorium is one of the most thrilling I have ever made to the readers of Photoplay. Beginning May first, we will be able to witness the first demonstrations of the value of the Loomis treatment in curing this disease.

Although the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation is already conducting a large health resort in Florida and another in New York State, I am desirous of extending this work further by health-building activities.

I urge all those desiring to present their ease in connection with this free treatment offer to address the Loomis Sanatorium, Bartholomew Building, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, for further information.

THE PUBLISHER OF PHOTOCOLO, BERNARR MACFADDEN, MAKES A DRAMATIC ANNOUNCEMENT

what the stars say:

"Loomis Sanatorium seems to me a ray of promise lighting the way to a glorious possibility. What's worst will lessen the terror of tuberculosis is a great boon to humanity."—PAUL MUNI

"Your plans for the Loomis Sanatorium are deserving of the highest praise from us all. My sincerest best wishes to you on a project so worthy."—DON AIMECHE

"Good luck to you on your new and worthy project—the Loomis Sanatorium."—IRENE DUNNE

"Congratulations on the fine ideals of your undertaking at Loomis Sanatorium. I wish you every success!"—JEANETTE MACDONALD

"My sincere best wishes for the success of the Loomis Sanatorium are as worthy and as necessary to the health and happiness of many now unfortunate human beings sincerely."—CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Photo Play
Jelliff, I says, "I'd like to believe this but..."

"And," says Jelliff, "I'd like to prove it with a kiss but..."

"Jelliff," he says, with a big effort at trying to be light, "if I didn't know you were sober I'd say like the French, that this was a case of 'cherchez la drole'."

LIKE most mornings when you would like to wake up brave and cheerful, it was raining. And when it rains in California, I mean it rains. Not just cats and dogs, but lions and elephants. In other words, even the rain is super-colossal. When I got down to the kitchen Jelliff was already hollering about something, explaining that his bad knee which always hurts in wet weather.

"Jelliff," I says when we had the Java under control, "how do you feel about what we did last night? We should have quit my masterpiece and found that preview?"

"I suppose we ought to have, but..." Jelliff gave me a sort of funny look and threw up a trade sheet, damp with rain, towards me.

"I'm glad we didn't!" he went on. "There's the preview brought, right to your door. Get a load of that!"

Well, I picked up the Daily Tattle and there, just as I had supposed, somebody had given off their ace critique in the sneak-preview. But there was nothing sneaky about what this reviewer had to say. In fact, he came out and threw bricks as shamelessly and openly as a chimney in an earthquake.

The full page of the modder I got and then, instead of being mad any more, I got a cold, frightened feeling. Because the review was horrid. This critic, Avery Thompson, was one of the best in his line, and what he said went with the punch. "Bring Up Mother" was a sorry piece of flaky floy, he claimed, "which might only have been plain dull if I saw only it. But the performance given by the actors, one Gallante in the rôle of the slavey, dragged the whole show down below see-level." Mr. Thompson then wished the picture a happy remake, and many of them. The public, he thought, had suffered enough without this.

Well, I put the paper down perfectly stunned. At worst I had expected faint praise, while this was the kind of notice which is harder to live down than the things your best friends are so mean about telling you. It meant plenty as far as that poor child, Gallante, alias Betty, was concerned. She must, you see, have read it, and now, and I wanted her right up and go over to Lydia's and comfort her. But for a few moments I simply couldn't move for, in spite of my squabbles, Betty and I had at least always been honest with each other. And the honest truth was that this time Betty wasn't going to work for a long time—not in pictures—maybe forever again in pictures. She thought the horrible words of her own and she hadn't. I'd spent my last cent on this promotion of her and now it was a bust and I was all on my hand in need of support to everything else, I felt, as forlorn as the last olive after a cocktail party.

I LOOKED at Jelliff for a long time, wondering about him. In all these years he'd never guessed how things were with me. He notices, but as the song says "Now it must be told." Now, yes, but how? Lord, I hated to do it! For Jelliff was wound any more. He'd had a lot of tough breaks, but the last few years he had settled down into a nice comfortable dissatisfaction, without a thought of ever having to worry again. I remembered how well he'd done on his small places and how he'd been so happy with it. I thought too, about how he'd put himself out a thousand times for me, how he trusted me, and now... well anyways, I hated to do this but... as he himself would have said. Finally it was Jelliff personally who gave me my opening.

"Humph," he says, leaving the paper. "I see Paramount has a call out for character men. He said it in order to be careful while I got over my shock about Betty but I didn't take it that way.

"Why don't you try for it?" I asked. Jelliff looked up in mild surprise.

"Well, I'd just as soon, but..." he says.

"But it's raining and your leg hurts!" I says softly. "Oh Jelliff, I know, and I hate to ask it, but I'm afraid you'd better scramble for that job, leg or no leg, rain or no rain!"

"Why Marie, what have I done?" he says anxiously. "Are you sore at me?"

"You haven't done a thing!" I says.

"I'm the guilty party, and if I'm sore at anybody, it's myself. I've been a pretentious fool trying to bluff my way along—and your way, and Betty's. Oh, Jelliff, I see my mistake now and I'm in a jam. I've got nobody to turn to but you and I'm making a sharp one to the right, so watch out!"

And then, before I knew it, I was crying on his shoulder and telling him the whole story—how I was only caretaker in this house and Betty didn't know she was broke. The only thing I didn't tell him was how much I'd counted on that sale of my Long Island property.

"There, there, don't cry!" he says softly, stroking my hair. "I knew you shouldn't be out here without a man to protect you! But now you've got one and he's going to do it!" I pulled myself away gently and patted at my make-up, like a woman does.

"Jelliff," I says, "it will be a mutual benefit association in this house from now on. I suppose we ought to get right down and sit on brass tacks about what's to do."

"I'll go mug at Paramount this very morning," he says, "knee or no knee, or I'm a Judas horned betatment!"

"Take anything you can get," I says approvingly, "because remember every time you crack a gate there may be a click to it."

"Now is the time for one good Party to come to the aid of all men," says Jelliff with a grin. Then with a cheerful wave of the hat he hopped into the rain.

Gagging like that had made both of us feel better, and I put on my hat and waited impatiently for the weekly cleaning woman to arrive and start her job. And at last Amandabell appeared, black and lumbering.

"Ah's sorry Ah's late," she puffs, "but Ah seen where Metro was goin' to do a colored picture and Ah jest naturally had to stop by the casting office first."

"Did you get anything?" I says hopefully, because from now on Amanda bell was one of the things I would have to do without. But she shook her black head with a sigh.

"No, but she's kind of color," she says. "Better match next time," I wished her. And then I told her where I was going, and gave her Lydia Watts' phone number.

"If anything important happens before Miss Betty and I get home," I says, "call me up here."

AND so I set out to fetch Betty, trying to feel as confident as I sounded. Betty still had the car so I had to take a bus and walk the rest of the way. But I didn't mind as I am strong, and also on account I have been out in every kind of weather from wild to wooly, all my life. And yet I'd kinds of shagged voluntarily when I got to Lydia's house and rang the bell.

Once I got inside, the house had, as...
a person might of expected, a kind of strip-tease touch to it. By which I mean to say, it looked like Lydia had stripped the auction rooms and teased the house with the result, which I suppose came natural to her. And she kept me waiting which I also suppose came natural to her after so many years of keeping 'em waiting for that last shoulder strap to go. But finally she slithered in simply jangling with refinement.

"Well Marie," she says, "I certainly am surprised at seeing you here after all you did to that poor child! I should have thought you knew stealing a show under-handed isn't done in the profession!"

"I don't know anything about burlesque, never having been in it," I says, "but I do know when my own granddaughter needs me to look after her."

"I can't say you seem to of done very well so far," says Lydia. "And she is welcome to the shelter of my little home for as long as she cares to stay."

"Your little home isn't where she belongs," I says kind of grim, "My heavens, Lydia, isn't there family trouble enough in this world without you fertilizing it?"

"I only gave her succor!" says Lydia in a superior way.

"Sucker is it!" I says. "Let me talk to the chiks alone, Lydia, and I'll try to keep those movie mag-writers who like to jog the public's memory away from your door."

Well, it was a dirty threat without one word of wisdom behind it, but it worked.

"All right, I'll get her," says Lydia. "She's out in the kitchen."

"Working off a mood," says I. "Well, she's fixing cucumbers with sour cream, wilted lettuce salad, and sour Russian rye bread with caraway seeds." says Lydia meaningly.

Then she slid out of the room, one hand going instinctively to her shoulder strap as the petticoat billowed around her, and pretty soon Betty came in and just stood there, looking sulky and pretty, but making a stab at big-woman-of-the-world stuff.

"Well?" she says. "I suppose you've come to gloat—for I take it you've read the review."

"Not to gloat, Betty," I says. "I'm sorry as can be, but it would of been a miracle if the first part you ever played was a hit. Why, you don't imagine any actress is actually made overnight, do you? You who've been around show people all your life. You don't kid yourself on the facts, do you?"

"I know what the fact of your 'help' did to me," says Lydia, "not meeting my eyes. "And I don't care to accept it any more. I've got my own money and I'll make out until I click."

"Darling!" I says miserably, "of course you'll click at something sooner or later. I won't interfere again. But unless you want to live off of Lydia..."

"What's that?" she says sharply, and from her tone I could see she didn't want any such thing.

"Your money, Betty," I says, holding my head as if it permanent was a complete crime wave, "that's the trou-

ble. You haven't any money of your own!" Betty's face quivered and her little hands clenched.

"This is too much!" she says. "I suppose you spent it?"

"No, you spent it, Betty," I says getting up and going to her. "There never was any money left by your father. I just said so on account of I wanted you to feel independent and to stay with me because you wanted to stay, not because you felt you had to." Still she didn't or wouldn't quite get the idea. Probably Lydia and that Alex Lorm had been working on the poor kid until she couldn't think straight, or see the truth in my eyes, either.

"So now you're going to stop paying my allowance, as it turns out to be," she says slowly. "Gram, I'm surprised at that—even from you!"

"Betty!" I cries, "I'm even more surprised at you! Of course I'm not stopping any allowance. What I am trying to tell you is that our money is all gone. We're broke. And there's nothing disgraceful about being broke. In fact some of the best people have made quite a popular sport out of it. If things had gone right, I'd never have let you know the truth until it couldn't hurt you."

Betty's face twisted in a funny, proud little smile.

"I'm sorry, Gram," she says. "I don't know what to think. And I don't know what to do except that I certainly can't go home now! Home to what? To live off you again, at your age? Not much! I'll find work. I'll..."

"Betty, come home!" I says. But she shook her head.

"No!" she says, real firm. "I've got to think this thing out alone. I've got to decide for myself."

I felt pretty well licked and was about ready to go, when the telephone rang. Betty answered it.

"It's for you," she says, "Amanda-bell wants to talk to you."

I took the receiver and listened, hardly able to believe what that soft thick voice was saying. But my face must have spoken for me, for Betty's eyes seemed to catch my fright.

"What is it?" she asked intently as soon as I hung up.

"It's Jeff! I says, unsteadily, "He couldn't make the Boulevard quite quick enough with that knee, and a car hit him!"

"Gram!" cried Betty, "where is he? Don't look like that! Don't!"

"Who wouldn't?" I says, "when it was me who made him. But—but I pushed him into this, I tell you—"

"I'm responsible!"

Suddenly Betty's whole expression had changed, and I knew that in those few short seconds she grew up.

"Come on, Gram," she says taking my elbow real gently. "This is no time for us to nurse our fight. Let's forget it and get on home to him!"

That accident was a blessing in disguise, for it brought Betty home; but—more trouble loomed ahead for Marie when her magnanimity and humor toss her from the frying pan into the fire. Next month, another delightful chapter in the life of this gallant actress.

Calling All American Girls

So, you'd like to change places with a star? You envy her ability to attract shoals of fascinating, eligible men? WAIT! Just wait until you read what some representative gentlemen told Greta Palmer.

It's in the May PHOTOPLAY. (Prepare to take a new lease on life)

WHY AMERICAN MEN DON'T WANT TO MARRY HOLLOW WOMEN
laughter. Violins are humming sweet waltzes—beautiful women with jewels and chiffon wrappings laugh and dance and flirt; old servants in gold-embroidered uniforms carry trays with champagne; the spirit of old, gay Vienna is still alive.

Yes, I remember the night of November 22, 1934. Two days before, I had arrived in Vienna. How well I remember the deep depression I felt as I walked through the dying town. And then, through the mediation of Professor Clemens Krauss, the famous conductor of the Vienna Philharmonic, I was invited to the ball in Prince von Starhemberg's palace.

We arrived rather late. The big crowd seemed to be in an extremely gay mood. About one hundred twenty people were present. Seldom in my life have I seen so many beautiful women together and so many famous men and so many diamonds, furs and luxurious trappings. The air was filled with exotic perfumes and the smoke from many cigars. The guests belonged to the cream of the Viennese and international society. If my memory serves me right, I recognized Prince Nicholas of Greece, Madame Vieyra, Franz Werfel and his wife, formerly the wife of the great composer Gustav Mahler, Prince Gustav of Denmark, Vera Gregor, the best-loved actress of Vienna, General Malheux of the French General Staff and Mandl.

I remember that she attracted my attention as soon as I arrived. Among all the beautiful and extravagantly gowned and jeweled women, she was by far the most attractive—and the youngest. She wore a white dress, which in its simplicity was really a work of art, and a single diamond that, as I learned later on, was one of the purest and largest in Europe. She was dancing with a man much older than she, a big stout man with a strongly lined face.

"Who is she?" I asked the young Hungarian playwright, Oedon von Horvath.

He led me a few steps aside where nobody could hear us. "Look here," he whispered, "don't you know what is going on here tonight? It is the first official ball given Prince von Starhemberg and Fritz Mandl, after their quarrel. Maybe history will be made tonight.

A little impatient, I replied: "At the moment I am not interested in history but in one of her admirers. Horvath approached me excitedly. "Did she say anything about Mandl's conference with von Starhemberg?" he asked.

I took Horvath's arm and led him out of the ballroom to the big balcony. It was a cold and clear winter night. The sound of the music and the laughter were only faintly audible. Before and under us was the silent dark town.

"Mrs. Mandl didn't say a word about her husband," I replied. "But I wish you would tell me something about her. She can't be much older than nineteen or twenty. When did she marry, and why?"

Horvath thought for a minute and then answered slowly. "In these last three or four years, Hedy Kiesler has lived an amazingly fantastic life. It began in quite the usual way. As the only child of a well-to-do Viennese family, she went through the usual forms of education—private tutors, private schools, later on, perhaps a year or two in a pension in Switzerland; and then the climax, introduction into society.

Fabulously wealthy, Hedy Kiesler, the most beautiful woman in Vienna, was his wife.

"Look," Horvath griped my arm. "The dance had ended and Mandl, after bowing to his wife, slowly went up the wide staircase. His host followed. And, though the music was now playing another tune and everybody seemed to be busy flirting, dancing and laughing, there was something sinister in the air, a nervous tension, a barely audible excitement. Everybody in the ballroom was aware of the two men who had just left the hall. In the minds of each one of us was the thought: what are the two men up to? A torturing question.

I asked a mutual acquaintance to introduce me to Hedy Kiesler—or, as she was then called, Mrs. Fritz Mandl. I asked her to dance. She seemed to be tired. I noticed that her shining deep eyes were not so gay as they had appeared to be from a distance.

"Let's sit down for a moment," she suggested. Only then did I notice that her soft alluring beauty was really intoxicating when enhanced by the vital charm of her eyes and her voice. She appeared sophisticated and naive at the same time—great international hostess and sweet Viennese girl.

Hedy and I spoke about her father, Emil Kiesler, who had died a few years ago and whom I had known as director of an important Viennese bank. He was a shrewd businessman, a tall, handsome, well-dressed man with blue eyes and dark hair growing gray at the temples. About four or five years ago, when I was in his office, his wife came in. Mrs. Kiesler was—or better, is (she is still living in Vienna) — a small energetic woman. Kiesler immediately interrupted the conference and started to whisper excitedly with his wife.

"It must have been about a younger sister of yours," I told Hedy, "because I could not help overhearing talk of their 'little girl.' Something seemed to have happened to her.

Hedy laughed. "The little girl must have been me," she said, "because I am the only one they have. Probably I was having the measles or I had been in some mischief. My poor old daddy—Mrs. Mandl added thoughtfully, "—we were a very happy family in our house in Peter Jordan Street.

A new Waltz began and Hedy was claimed by one of her admirers. Horvath approached me excitedly. "Did she say anything about Mandl's conference with von Starhemberg?" he asked. I took Horvath's arm and led him out of the ballroom to the big balcony. It was a cold and clear winter night. The sound of the music and the laughter were only faintly audible. Before and under us was the silent dark town.

"Mrs. Mandl didn't say a word about her husband," I replied. "But I wish you would tell me something about her. She can't be much older than nineteen or twenty. When did she marry, and why?"

Horvath thought for a minute and then answered slowly. "In these last three or four years, Hedy Kiesler has lived an amazingly fantastic life. It began in quite the usual way. As the only child of a well-to-do Viennese family, she went through the usual forms of education—private tutors, private schools, later on, perhaps a year or two in a pension in Switzerland; and then the climax, introduction into society.

Bust contour idealized—breasts proudly high, importantly separated and deftly shaped by spiral bands, exactly as a painter of glamorous women would draw them—a dipping curve on top with fullness around and below. Such is the magic of "Spiral" bra. You must have one! With it Formfit's exciting new girdle—Panel-Art—with panels of fabric squelching over-ambitious bulges fast and aft—and sections of firm yet yielding "Lastex" treating you to the kind of supple loveliness others admire.
"As far as I remember, shortly before he became a debutante, her father died and at once her troubles started. The fortune of the family slowly vanished during the Austrian monetary crisis. It was very hard for Hedy to recognize some of the lost fortune on the stock exchange. She and her mother lost every penny they possessed. But Hedy was a brave girl. She accepted a job as a stenographer, but she was much too proud to work in an office. You know what I mean. At last, through an old friend of the family who wanted to help the Kieslers, Hedy got a job as script girl in the Sascha Film Studios. And there Gustav Machaty got hold of her.

"MACHATY was the first to recognize the possibilities of Hedy Kiesler," Horvath went on. "For years he had been planning a great film—his life's work, as he called it—but he had not been able to start it because he could not find the right actress. When he saw Hedy he knew that he had found her, but first, of course, she had to gain experience.

"Machaty asked a few film directors to let her play small parts in their films. After she had gained what the film people call 'camera technique', Machaty began his 'great work'. It was a super-modern film about a beautiful poor young girl who married an ugly, old, but wealthy man. Working with unknown actors and with Hedy Kiesler as star, Machaty at last finished the film and called it 'Symphony of Love'—later known under the title of 'Ecstasy'."

Horvath paused. Footsteps came nearer on the silent street. They belonged to a detachment of Heimwehr soldiers—gray-uniformed, brutal fellows—the creatures of the noble Prince von Starhemberg and Fritz Mandl.

I looked up. From the balcony of the palace where we stood we saw a lonely light in the floor above us. Prince Starhemberg and Fritz Mandl were having their conference there. What would be the result? Something sinister was in the air. Mandl was known as usually getting what he wanted...

"With one exception, I smiled. When Mandl had married the beautiful star of 'Ecstasy', he had tried to buy all negative..."

"I asked Horvath, who was still staring up at the silent light in the room above. My friend shrugged his shoulders. "I think that she can hardly be blamed for it," he answered. "The film itself is a very ambitious and purely artistic work and I think that nobody, least of all Hedy, had the faintest idea that the great public could regard it as a 'naughty' film. Hedy must have suffered deeply over the international scandal. Of course, she didn't behave cleverly after the scandal broke. She shouldn't have appeared in public for some time, but the truth is that Hedy was just then going to direct the new play by Eduard Boudart, The Weeker Sex, and, Mandl, either because he wanted to take advantage of Hedy's publicity, or, as I believe, in order to give her a chance to show the public that she was really an actress, he gave her a small part in it. Through her, the play has been a sensation. She herself is traveling between Berlin and Vienna. Among the parts she played in these years, I remember one in Noel Coward's 'Private Lives' and a big part in the former 'Mr. P.'"

My friend became silent again. After a while he went on, thoughtfully: "Yes—and then her marriage was a very strange and curious coincidence. People say that Fritz Mandl, who had seen Hedy Kiesler in 'Ecstasy', went to the first night of The Weeker Sex and watched her from his box. In the intermission, he asked a mutual friend to introduce him to her. You know what I mean. You are supposed to be a man who gets everything he wants—and a short time later his marriage to Hedy Kiesler was announced. Do you remember the story of 'Ecstasy'? A very wealthy, ugly old man buys—excuse me—I mean to say marries—a beautiful poor young girl. Do you understand what I mean when I call it a coincidence? The wedding, Hedy Mandl has become one of the most brilliant hostesses of international society. Yes," Horvath ended dreamily, "if a novelist were to describe her life, people would call him unbelievably fantastic ...

Horvath suddenly gripped my arm. I looked through the glass door and saw Prince von Starhemberg and the munition king Mandl walk down the wide staircase, arm in arm. Horvath and I returned to the ballroom. Everybody had stopped dancing to look at the two men. Hedy Kiesler, working with her partner and went over to her husband. At that same moment, the music that rang through the hall died down. Fritz Mandl, the munition king, took the arm of Hedy Kiesler, the most beautiful girl in Vienna and his wife, and they began to dance. We saw him whispering to her, gravely, and then I noticed that her eyes grew wide and fearful. ...

"Yes, it was a great night in the Viennese palaces of the Princess Starhemberg. Today we know from official documents that on this very night—November 22, 1924—Starhemberg and Fritz Mandl reached an agreement concerning their ambitious political plans. Fritz Mandl promised to supply Prince Starhemberg's Heimwehr with arms for the overthrowing of Dollfuss.

On this night the foundation was laid for those tragic events which began with the cruel murder of tiny Chancelor Dollfuss and led, at last, to the end of the proud Austrian Empire and its rape by the German dictator.

I remember well the jubilant violins playing Viennese waltzes ... I remember the elegant and famous men and beautiful women ... I remember the atmosphere of exotic perfumes, white gloves, expensive cigars, promising smiles, international medals and chinsills wraps ... and I remember Mrs. Fritz Mandl appearing, more charming and more beautiful than anyone else—and, hidden behind her veiled eyes, a great loneliness and fear. ...

"Dark and deserted were the streets of Vienna. Only in one house, a palace-like, a ghost, a dream out of old times—the last sweet waltzes of Vienna were danced under silver chandeliers."

"It's only a few years ago, but the dream has long since ended. The morning that is great gray, the terrible Dollfuss has bled to death; von Starhemberg is a poor forgotten refugee in Switzerland; Fritz Mandl, either because he is traveling somewhere—between Shanghai and Buenos Aires, sells his arms—and Vienna, gay Vienna, is occupied by the barbarians. The "blue" Danube has become a "red" Danube flowing over with blood and tears. ...

Only one has escaped the awakening in the gray morning: Hedy Lamarr.
MOVIES in your home

A new Photoplay department—giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, rent and show their own home movies.

BY JACK SHER

Do you want to know how to make your amateur actors act naturally? Take a tip from Director Lewis Seiler, of Warner Brothers, and give the player something to do. As probably every 16 mm. cameraman knows, as soon as the players realize the camera is turned on them, they drop whatever they are doing, grin sheepishly, make a face, wave their hands, or do something awkward and uncharacteristic. Thousands of otherwise excellent vacation or family reels have been spoiled by this type of reaction. "All this can be avoided," Seiler says, "if you give the amateur player something specific to do. Let's say you are making a camping shot. One person can be chopping wood, another cleaning fish, another starting a fire, and so on. Weave your action in and out among the things people naturally do on a camping trip.

"In the 'plot' type of picture, the problem is a little tougher. The tendency of the actor is to overact, producing a result reminiscent of the old-time 'mellerdramers.' The amateur actors will move too rapidly through their action scenes; their gestures and actions will pop in and out of the narrow range of the camera lens with disconcerting suddenness. Or, on the other hand, during dialogue scenes, the actors will stand or sit perfectly still with their lack of movement conspicuous."

From cameraman George Foley, on the M-G-M lot, comes advice on how to "pan" correctly. Foley complains that most amateur photos use what he calls a "firehouse pan," in other words they move their camera from left to right, or up and down, too quickly. The right way to use a "pan" shot to connect two scenes is to follow some person or moving object from one shot to another. In that case, the audience watches the moving object and the blurred background is seldom noticed. In timing the "pan" shot the camera should move as rapidly as the object itself. As a general rule, shots should be "panned" extremely slowly—often not any faster than the motion of the second hand on a watch.

Castle Films are going heavy on production for movies for your home. Best of this month's crop of flickers is their "Sports Parade of the Year," which brings you all the big events of the year. They also have an excellent one reeler of the Golden Gate Exposition and a nice number in "George VI Visits the United States and Canada." Animal fans will want Castle's "A Day at the Zoo," and you folks who are getting your boats ready for the summer will like "Sea Going Thrills."

Pathograms are quite proud of their 16 mm. Sound edition of "City of Proud Memories," which takes you through Charleston, S. C. Beautiful music in this is provided by a negro instrumental quartet. Science bugs will want to get the one reeler, "Craters of the Moon." This company also is out with new Grantland Rice Sportlights and a series called "Trips Around the World." Garrison Films have finally released a picture that will probably be viewed with interest even 1,000 years from now. It's called "Crisis" and was shot by Herb Kline in Czechoslovakia in the month before and right after the Munich Pact. If's by far the best and most interesting picture for 16 mm. this year. Joris Ivens, who is familiar to any up-to-date cameraman, is now cutting his first full-length feature film on China. As yet untitled, this film will be ready for you by the time you read this. Some of you will probably be interested to know that "Professor Manlock," one of the best foreign films of the year, has been released for 16 mm. by Garrison.

Gossip about Amateurs: Lew Ayres is now shooting a murder picture, using his swimming pool as the scene of most of the action. Eleanor Powell, a 16 mm. fan, learned how to do those fascinating dances she does in "Hawaii," by photographing a native hula dancer, with her camera running at double speed. By running her shots at slow motion, she broke all records at learning Hawaiian hula dances....

Dick Powell has been working on a 16 mm. picture for the last three years. It is a film recording of his first meetings with his wife, Joan Blondell, and the incidents of their life together.

New Equipment: From the Wholesale Camera Supply Co. of Los Angeles comes the announcement of a new 8 mm. camera equipped with an electric drive powered by a simple flashlight battery. One battery is good for about 20 rolls of film.... The Craig Movie Supply Company has now placed on the market a film editing machine for 16 mm. film designed exactly like the 35 mm. editors used by Hollywood studios.... Eastman Super XX film, four times as fast as regular Cine-Kodak panchromatic, is now available for 16 mm. cameras and will soon be ready for 8 mm. fans as well....

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extra choice, extra long-aged tobaccos give extra rich flavor... extra Cellophane wrapper assures extra freshness.

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DOUBLE-MELLOW
Old Gold

ALWAYS FRESH! Doubly protected by not one but two seals of Cellophane. OUTER jacket opens at BOTTOM of pack.

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ARTIE SHAW'S ORCHESTRA, SUNDAY NIGHTS, COLOMBIA NETWORK

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(Continued from page 19)

room with Scotch and soda and tea and
cigarettes. "The Club," Goulding called
They would di
gatherings.
iiHs they had done and the scenes
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And the talk at
they had yet to do.
times was so stimulating and so
good that families and cooks \
petually disgruntled over the hour at
which they returned home for dinner,
"lee,
Lucy?" George would ask
Goulding. Or he'd say, "Be a good girl,
Lucy, old thing, and chuck me a cigarette, do!" And always Goulding, with
a sheepish grin, would comply. He had
courted this nickname and he knew it

when he had insisted upon showing the
bit actress who played a maid named
Lucy how to do her scenes.
George kidding
George enthusing about his work.
Bette was working the day her divorce was granted.
She was more
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crack-up.

They were playing together when

it

happened. It was the day before Bette
was to go into the sequence where she
must let the audience know she is almost blind but keep this a secret from
those around her.
Bette admits that Judith is one of the
hardest acting assignments she has ever
had.

She and George again were on the
As
which represented his office.
Judith, she was telling him that she
had given up her wild, undisciplined
that
that she loved him
ways
she knew he loved
her and that it
hadn't been out of
pity that he had
asked her to
marry him. And
she was pleading
with him to help
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She was ashamed
She looked at George

Bette.

horrified.

shook her head.
"Nice work,
Davis." she muttered scornfully. Then
she went to David Lewis, the producer.
She asked that the company be dismissed.

"Tomorrow," she promised him, "with
a good night's sleep under my belt I'll
be

all

right."

to her word she was. However,
the next day Don and Daffy, the
two English setters in the picture (they
belong to Bobby Davis, Bette's sister),

True

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the shooting time al-

"Dark Victory," but it was ten
weeks before it was finished. However,
no one seemed to care. There weren't
any messages, pasted with red stickers,
rushed to the set from the Front Office.
lotted

When

executives are pretty sure they

have something special in a production
they are more lenient.
At last, all the film was in the can.
The time had come for a party. All
slicked up, with husbands and wives
and girl friends and boy friends in tow,
the "Dark Victory" company gathered
one night at "Lucy's."
"Lucy's" is a restaurant. It also is
a sanctuary from the eternal California
sunshine.
No golden beam ever has been known
to penetrate '"Lucy's" stone walls. Aromatic souvenirs of dishes flavored with
garlic and spices cling to the air. Great
crackling fires burn in the stone-walled
rooms. The waiters are understanding and dis-

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"Dark Victory'!

"Within yourhe answered

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"If I may propose a toast," said
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Tears were

Bette

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drank

incidentally,!

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makes a very real!

father.

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Goulding,
David
Lewis, Humphrey
Bogart, Geraldine
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How "Winter Dryness"
May Rob your HANDS of Charm

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shaken than anyone realized anyone
except George Brent. George's greatest
fault and charm, as anyone will tell
you, is his understanding sympathy for
everybody in the world. Even George,
however, wasn't prepared for Bette's

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tears.

Broadway's Fay Bainter, with her renaval officer husband, Lieut.
Com. R. G. H. Venable, has Hollywood wrapped around her little finger with her charm and graciousness
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PHOTOPLA


state of well-being, then it's time for you to go even farther and add those little beauty tricks of the stars that will do so much for you because they're based upon your own clear skin, shining hair and excellent health.

Try Ginger Rogers' trick of "setting" her face powder. After Ginger has patted on her powder and brushed off the surplus with her little powder brush, she takes a cotton cloth or pad which has been dipped into cold water and wrung almost dry and pats her face lightly with the cloth. This way the powder remains for hours without that boring necessity of powdering your nose almost every few minutes. It's a perfect time-saving device for a busy girl.

Ginger has several excellent beauty tricks that you can adapt to your own use with splendid results. After she applies her make-up, she touches vaseline to her eyebrows to smooth them into place and eliminate any faint trace of powder.

Ginger's charming habit of touching a drop of perfume to the inside of her gloves results in a very light aura of scent about her whenever she moves her hands.

It's an old-fashioned trick — our grandmothers used it — but it's still as successful as ever.

Another old-fashioned idea is Ginger's coiffure for her new picture, "The Castles." It's a copy of the hair-dos worn in 1911, but it's adaptable for evening wear today and is very becoming. The hair is brushed smoothly back from the face and then coiled at the nape of the neck in a "figure eight." Because the hair is very smooth, it's important that your hair be in good condition, shining and glossy.

Sally Eders prevents any dryness or brittleness of hair from overexposure to the elements by using her recipe of three parts olive oil and one part castor oil, which she applies to her scalp with pads of absorbent cotton before each shampoo. Wendy Barrie has her own system of brushning her hair. She first brushes it up, lock by lock, to stimulate it. Then she ends by brushing it down to restore her hair to shining order.

When you're applying mascara, try using Anne Shirley's method to darken her lashes without caking them with thick mascara and giving them that artificial, made-up look. After she has brushed mascara on very carefully, just a little at a time, she takes a small dry brush and brushes off the surplus, separating the lashes at the same time.

For very formal evening wear, Anne sprays her new high coiffure with brilliantine, then dusts gold metal powder all over it, adding new high lights to her lovely red hair.

When painting her nails with polish, Anne does as her manicurist does, to give the same professional look to her nails. To avoid streaking, she uses a brushful of polish and applies the color with a circular stroke at the base of the nail, then coats the nail with vertical strokes. This gives a smooth, even coating to her nails.

Kay Sutton's contribution to our list of beauty tricks is to use only a cream rouge applied over a cream base if your skin is dry.

Liquid powder bases or powder rouges have a tendency to cake on a dry skin, whereas cream bases give a smoother finish.

"It's Revlon Nail Enamel for Me..."

First, Last, and Always!"

"Of course Revlon is my favorite Nail Enamel!" says this dazzling beauty — Helen Bennett — who frequently lends enchantment to the covers of important fashion magazines. "From the first moment my manicurist puts it on, until it's taken off, days later, Revlon Nail Enamel is a joy. It stays so lustrous... wears so well... goes on so smoothly and easily. And I adore Revlon's fashionably correct shades. My nails are in grand shape, too. So— it's Revlon for me—first, last and always." — Smart women in the world over say that Revlon Nail Enamel is best for looks, best for wear AND best for the nails—keeps them on their best behavior! Quality beauty salons in the world over use Revlon Nail Enamel because it stays on so beautifully between manicures and brings customers back again and again. You—and your nails—will prefer Revlon, too.
Every woman is a law unto herself—women’s sanitary needs differ on different days and what’s best for another woman isn’t necessarily right for you. But only you can tell which type or combination meets your needs best... each day!

So Kotex* offers “All 4” types of sanitary protection—

Regular Kotex® Sanitary Napkins—in the familiar blue box.

Junior Kotex*—in the green box. Somewhat narrower than Regular, yet its extra absorbency provides extra protection.

Super Kotex*—in the brown box. No longer or wider than Regular, yet its extra absorbency provides extra protection.

Fibs,® the Kotex Tampon—the new invisible protection that’s worn internally; requires no pins or belt. Only Fibs are Quilted for greater safety—greater ease of insertion—greater comfort in use. Recommended for the final days, particularly.

You'll See Kotex Is Made for You!

where Yale let him down in the same game with Harvard, and he hummed snatches of tunes like “Great Day” and “Chant of the Jungle” and “Thee for Two” and the new “Singing in the Bathtub” to girls with shingled hair and Clara Bow mouths and to laps where only waistlines and hip waltlines and get away with it and also to ladies who could not, and knew it, but wore them anyway. And he went to a reception where he met an actress named Helen Gahagan, who seemed him completely beautiful and desirable but who saw him not, that he put her from his mind with a note to snub her one day if given the chance; and he worked hard, and played harder, and got and accepted and gave invitations, and in the rush of doing these things the past dimmed, the present glittered and the future swelled with promise.

Once again, his life held glamour.

Brady cost him first as the lead in “A Free Soul,” which was a success. Then one of the leads went off on sick leave and in the hysteria of the moment Mr. Brady decided to take the man’s place himself. Halfway through the first scene the old man forgot his lines; and it was Melvyn’s chance. He snatched at it. With a reassuring grin at his bosom Douglas began ad libbing, working the other’s dialogue into his own so that Brady had only to say “yes” or “no” and follow the action.

At the final curtain Brady told Melvyn simply, “My boy, you are a real showman!”

And after that there was nothing too good for Melvyn Douglas. The theater, the show, the house itself was his. Brady grumbled his praise to the rest of the cast and what was better, to his friends, and what was far better, to Broadway. So that when the three-year contract had expired and Melvyn had done “A Free Soul” (with George Cukor directing) and “The Command to Love” and “The Silver Cord” with Laura Hope Crews and some other plays including a flop called “Reapture,” one David Belasco approached him with a legal contract and a dripping fountain pen. And he set about negotiating that break. It had been a tough summer. A sort of personal prelude to the autumn that was to bring chaos for the rest of America: it was 1929, and by the time overrouted Wall Street disgorge its surfeit Melvyn already knew the meaning of financial disgruntlement. His father had been ruined in Detroit—which meant that out of the two or three hundred a week Brady paid Douglas, the young man must support his parents, his brother and family, an ex-wife and child, and keep himself in the required manner of a successful New Yorker. He could not accept jobs during the summer because of his contracts. But he may, with the aid of a heavy-scent stock offer and an air of innoence when confronting bill collectors.

At long last the air sharpened in Manhattan, chauffeurs in town cars got out their astrakhan collars, the swans came and the first snow, and Belasco called his new contractee to conference. Difficulties had presented themselves—or rather one Difficulty had presented itself, in the form of Mr. Belasco’s pet pheasant, “the strumming and sometimes stumb-born Helen Gahagan who that week had returned from Europe. She had read the script of “Tonight or Never,” and said positively, “The male lead must be absolutely perfect. Otherwise, not a chance,” and had gone off to the country to await developments.

“You’re the development,” Belasco told Melvyn. “You’re going to be the lead—if she likes you. I showed her a picture of you and she said only one could find it. It was an old one and she acted pretty dubious. You’re lunching with her tomorrow, so let me talk to her.”

Melvyn did. Belasco, with a tentative air, introduced him to the beauteous Helen. Her face broke wide, but she didn’t smile. She looked quietly up at Belasco and smiled.

“He’ll do,” she said.

Melvyn Douglas was wary of love when it came. He felt, justifiably, that he had a right to be. And after he had admitted to himself, during the third rehearsal of “Tonight or Never,” that the one thing in the world he wanted was to spend the rest of his natural life in the company—indeed, in the arms—of the lovely Helen, it occurred to him that possibly for the first time he was not sure of what would happen. Her attitude had changed Whip him and make those love scenes count. But he could not read her eyes.

He decided to change the scene of his romantic attack from backstage to the more suitable dim-light atmosphere of a glamour spot. Accordingly, one evening, he said to Helen, “Do you like cherries Romanoff?”

She stared at him. “What a peculiar question. Of course—but why?”

“I’m inviting you for the week end to a little country house I’ve rented. The cook there—”

“No, listen,” she interrupted furiously. “None of that!”

“My mother and father are visiting me.”

“Oh,” she paused, frowning sheepishly. “Well...”

“Breast of pheasant,” said Melvyn dreamily, “like oversized butterball dripping with special sauce.”

“Stop! The blood’s all rushing to my stomach and I can’t think.” She grinned “All right. And pears suzette.”

“I’ll go back and whip them up with my own little hands,” Melvyn said.

It was the first victory. He appealed to her stomach first, her heart later: the country place was a 1712 cottage right out of a Carriér and Ives, complete with old maples and fat cows and a brook in the front lawn. It had gardens and green law. It was surrounded by quiet like the breath of peace; and through the gardens, in the stillness, Melvyn Douglas walked his lady, summoning every technique of romantic attack he had learned from the past experienced years. Helen was only human.

This period was discovery, mutua complete.

The ultimate triumph came a few weeks later, suggesting at the suggestion of a small white-haired woman who waited for them on the sidewalk they came out together after the show. “Could I have your autograph?” she asked, rather timidly. “Both of them if you’ll be so kind.”

While she was signing she said “You know, I do admire you so much Especially that—well, strong love scene between—between your two.”

Helen and Melvyn said they were married a later, singly at the suggestion of the book back,beam, “Justing or... something,” she added. “You’re mar...”

Nobody told me but I just know it.”
"How," asked Melvyn, "do you now it?"

"Because of that love scene." The old lady chuckled. "You've got to be—decent." She waved the book gaily. "God bless you, he said, and tugged away. Melvyn caught Helen's eye. They began to laugh, feebly. "Well," he said, "it's an idea."

Soberly she nodded. "It is at that." They were married the next day.

"We had never thought of Hollywood. Most of the pictures he had seen appeared to him acrid and hampered out, indifferent entertainment which was inferior to art. A few had impressed him; and since the recent advent of the talkies he had come to believe that here was an extraordinary medium for someone with his right ideas and the courage to use them.

Wherefore he was subconsciously receptive, despite his professed scorn of the celluloid industry, when Sam Goldwyn decided to make "Tonight or Never" with Gloria Swanson, and approached him to play the lead.

When he mentioned the subject to Helen, whose views on Hollywood were literal, she planted her hands on her hips and gave battle, a rousing fight which turned into a kind of free-for-all. She did her best to convince him; there were too many other considerations bring him to the inevitable.

There was depression. He had enormous responsibilities, more than ever now that he had married Helen, and he lived under economic pressure, and the salary offered him seemed undervalued. Besides, Helen was more successful in New York. It was therefore pride, that caster of deciding otes, which forced Melvyn into acceptance finally.

It was a compromise. They would take a belated three weeks' honeymoon to Europe, first. And he would stay in Hollywood only for the one picture.

Sadly, in early 1931, the Melvyn Douglas packed and entrained for the Coast.

They arrived on a rainy morning, took cab through the dirty station environs and through completed Los Angeles to Hollywood, to the Roosevelt. There was a convention there and only one double room with baths available.

From its windows they looked down on a flat, dripping city. After a while, because it was late, they went to Musso & Frank's. The chef had a headache that night. The chops were burned.

Melvyn and Helen came out, still hungry, to find the rain had become fog. A parish, awful, cheap street stretched away into an enveloping mist. They were alone in a world of unkindliness.

Standing there, they reached out and took each other's hands.

Then, instinctively and simultaneously, they began to cry, blubbering weakly, with no attempt at concealment, for fifteen minutes while passers-by paused to stare.

The next day they called an acquaintance. "Where does one live in this town?" they asked him.

"There are only two places to live," the man said arched. "Beverly Hills or Malibu."

Hanging up, Melvyn found a Gideon Bible and put it on the dressing table. Helen's fingers touched his as they laid their hands on the Book. Solemnly, with uplifted eyes, they vowed never, never to live in either Beverly Hills or Malibu.

The next day they found a farmhouse in the San Fernando Valley.

The Hollywood story of Melvyn Douglas, and of his wife Helen, is known to you. During the first years he discovered how magnificent the woman he had married could be. It was Helen who, miserable and homestick, took the time and the intelligence (after Melvyn, in his first enthusiasm, had signed a five-year contract with Goldwyn) to adjust herself to the new circumstances. It was she who, having accepted a Coast play in order to keep busy, remained uncomplaining in Hollywood while Melvyn was sent by a venomous Providence to New York, on loan.

But she bowed with delight when, at the end of nine months, he came to her and said, "I can't stand it any more. We've got to get out of here."

He said simply to Goldwyn, "I smell. Let me go."

And eventually Sam understood.

**BR EATHLESSLY happy at having tossed away three-quarters of a million dollars in return for freedom, Melvyn flew to San Francisco to visit Helen, who had gone up the Friday before. That night, lying in bed, they heard the far whistles in the harbor, the shrill call of distant distance.

Halted, Melvyn said, "Let's go to China."

She stretched luxuriously. "All right."

They left that week on a cruise that would take them around the world. After two weeks at sea, Helen joined Melvyn at dinner one evening and told him she had discovered she would have a baby.

A French doctor, in whom they consulted, said, "You must go home, madame. You must rest."

Another, in Rome, said, "I've never heard of its being done before—but if you take care of yourself, I can't see any objection to your going on around the world."

So the Douglasses proceeded, arriving in Hollywood just before the birth of the baby. But it was not born in Hollywood. "I won't have our first baby brought into a place we hate," Melvyn said.

Helen went to Pasadena for the delivery.

Then they moved again to New York. Melvyn played a direct, produced a production or two—and Helen Gaghan signed with RKO to do "She."

He came west to visit her and Columbia offered him the lead opposite Claudette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss."

They had expected great things of "She," it was a terrible hogwash, a soft truth at the box office. "She Married Her Boss" was supposed to be a quickie, to fill in. It was a reounding sensation and made Melvyn Douglas a star.

He had no alternative, afterward, but to stay in Hollywood, retain in what manner he could the deep-rooted principles of eager living and earnest hard work that he built up through the hard long years, safeguard the happiness he had found with Helen, and delight, year after year, the American theater audiences who saw his pictures. It was necessary for him to discover that the man little neurotic Melvyn Hesselberg had created out of the nervous vital strew of his youth could keep his manhood, his ideas, his form of life intact in whatever circumstances, in whatever environment.

He has done this.

He has, if you will, found himself; and the generous money that is his, the adulation, the money—the things are secondary.

But in final consideration, he is still dynamic. It's that inexhaustible vitality and that imagination of his.

Watch him, and what he does; for it might be anything.
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 51)

same. Terry's important, being the cairn (a cute is a sort of ancestor of the more
days more popular Scottie) who was
ultimately chosen to play the role of Toto in "The Wizard of Oz." He is one of the
most important canine roles ever portrayed before a motion-picture cam-

The history of how Terry (a lady,
despite the fact she is playing a gen-
tleman's role) was selected is interes-
ting. Scenes that Mervyn LeRoy, who is
producing "The Wizard," had simply
secured the country for a dog smart
enough and versatile enough to play
Toto, to say nothing of being suffi-
ciently like the fictional canine to seem
plausible. And with no luck. Scenes
also, that Terry's master, Carl Spitz,
dog fancier and owner of the already
cinematographically famous Buck, the St. Ber-
nard, is something of a gambler. He
heard LeRoy was going to produce "The
Wizard of Oz." He read the book a couple
of times and decided it wouldn't be
easy for LeRoy to find a dog ca-
cable of the stunts that Toto has to per-
form. So he set out to create a Toto.
This is where Terry came in, because
Terry, one of Spitz's collection of dogs,
was selected for the role.
For two months Spitz trained her
to do what Toto must do—to pull a rope
which, in the story, releases the scare-
crow, to chase the old witch, to bark
at a lion, to pick up apples and put
them in a basket, to escape from a mar-
ket basket, to bite a man playfully (in
the picture it will be Frank Morgan)
in the seat of the pants. Then he took
Terry around to see Mr. LeRoy.

"I have a dog here," he began.
"Good heavens, man," groaned Le-
Roy, "I've seen a thousand dogs! I've
about given up hope of ever finding a
dog who can play Toto!"
Don't do that, man," Spitz came
back. "Here is Toto."
Whereupon Terry did her tricks and
LeRoy did a portrayal of a producer
snapping up a "find."
So now, they're guarding Terry with
their lives at M-G-M until "The Wiz-
arium" is finished, realizing that even
$10,000 would be little enough com-
pensation for losing her.

Chuckle

PAULINE MOORE (in 20th Century-
Fox's "Three Musketeers") promised
to take her three-year-old daughter,
Laurie Ann, shopping one day, but as
a precautionary measure decided to
teach her a few facts about herself in
case she should get lost. She therefore
sat down and carefully confided to
the youngster her father's full name and
the family address.

"Now, do you remember everything,
darling?" she inquired when it was
over.

"Oh, yes," Laurie Ann said.

"Well, then, let's have a drill. Where
do you live?"

"At home," Laurie told her.

Pauline tried again. "Where is
home?"

Laurie Ann looked disgusted. "Here,
o' course."

"What is the address?"

"Oh, dress in closet," Laurie Ann in-
formed her, brightly.

"What street do you live on?"

"This street."

"Well—" desperately, "who lives on
this street?"

"We."

Pauline solved the matter by writing
the information down on a card and
pinning it in Laurie Ann's pocket. It
seemed simpler.

Personal—for Fred Astaire

Mr. Fred Astaire, RKO Studios,
Hollywood, California.

Dear Fred,
We hear you have just about finished
your contract with RKO and are leav-
ing shortly for a trip around the world,
so this is to wish you bon voyage. We'll
miss your pictures and we hope you
will come back some day to make more.

One thing, though, Fred—as an
interviewer, we won't miss you too
much on account of you were always
terrible copy. Fred. Maybe you know
that. You wouldn't talk about any-
thing but your dancing—not anything
—and we've learned that a star's fans
want to know ALL about him, and why
not, we say, since it is fans who make a
star? Being confidential and letting
your life be an open book is a part of
the price of fame, we maintain.

We remember the time we happened
to meet your mother (about the love-
liest lady there is) and she told us
about you when you were little and
how you crept under a bandstand one
day when the band was rehearsing and
she found you there; "directing" the
band with your own little baton. She
told us some of the cute things you
used to say, too, and we wrote a story
and quoted you. And then you called
us on the carpet and gave us hell Co-
humba because you said you didn't
like to be associated with baby talk.
But probably you did talk it when you
were four, Fred. . .

Anyway, here's wishing you lots of
luck and also here's wishing ourselves
better luck with Astaire interviews if
and when you should return to the
screen! Yours, Cal.

Screwball Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD is an amazing place—
and you may take the word of Mrs. Don
Ameche for that. Recently, when hus-
band Don was leaving home for the
studio one rainy morning, he glanced
at the weather and remarked, "Well, it's
raining, so we won't make that rain
sequence today."

To which Mrs. Ameche
lifted her eyebrows and remarked,
"Would you repeat that, please; I don't
quite get it." "Why, you see," answered
Don, "we were supposed to work outside
and make a bunch of rain scenes, but
it's too wet—we'll have to work inside
on the stage today, I guess."

"Let me get this straight," worried his
wife. "If it's raining you can't make a
rain scene, and if it doesn't rain you
make a rain scene because it's so nice
and dry outside—is that correct?"

"That's right," grinned Don. Yes, Mrs.
Ameche thinks Hollywood is wonderful.

After a SHAMPOO, if your hair is dull, dead or lifeless looking and tangles or snarls easily.
A horrifying thought but simply remember that the ring around the bathtub—the wash bowl and
don't deposit on an unclean comb is soap scum, and that it forms and consists clear water runnings,
when soap or soap types of shampoo are used.

• REMEMBER: Hair acts as a filter when rinsed, and will collect more soap scum than the smooth
side of a tub or wash bowl, dimming its natural gloss and multi-colored highlights. Make this simple
test, compare the ends of the hair to the hair close to the scalp. If three-fourths of its length is dull
or lifeless looking, and tangles or snarls badly: "the ring around the bath tub is in your hair!"

• CLEAN Hair isn't messy or stringy looking when disarranged: it is soft and
fluffy: picture the lovely hair of a child. Simply remove the shampoo scum
shoud at that forms in your hair during a shampoo, and your hair will be
admirably alive with millions of tiny, sparkling lights: and as soft and
appealing as a baby's curls.

• TWO MINUTES of rinsing with the New GOLDEN GLINT pro-
duces this beautiful effect; and removes the cause for annoying
tangles and snarls, leaving a hint of a tint in a shade best suited for
your color type. The New GOLDEN GLINT is now in Six Shades, with
an entirely new formula in a new brilliant packaging.

For the RING
around the bathtub in your
HAIR

BRUNETTES
BROWNETTES
BLONDES
AUSTRAL SHADES
SILVER GLINTS
LUSTRE GLINTS

BEAUTY SHOP ... 10¢ STORE
DRUG & DEPARTMENT STORE

Phtopla’

The New GOLDEN GLINT
Shampoo & Rinse

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Thriller

OUR spine is still creeping a little, as a result of that story Adolphe Menjou told us recently. It happened during the World War I. Menjou and three or four buddies, on leave one early evening, were trudging into a small town in the French Argonne.

Suddenly an enemy plane appeared overhead and, precipitously, Adolphe and his companions rushed to the nearest shell hole and frantically poked themselves in.

In due time, the plane, after dropping an incendiary bomb or two, flew away into the gathering dark. "Come on, fellows," Adolphe said, "let's go.

Whereupon, some of the members of the group clambered out. But the man Menjou was lying next to, with his arm around most cuddily, didn't move. Adolphe gave him a push. Still the man didn't move.

Hastily, Adolphe lit a match and threw the light into the unresponsive one's face... to learn that the man wasn't a member of the group at all, but a dead German.

Anniversary

MAYBE you thought Bob Burns was a comparative newcomer to the screen, but if you did you were badly mistaken. Bob, to the consternation of the assembled cast, celebrated his twenty-fifth screen anniversary during the filming of "I'm From Missouri" at Paramount recently. Seems Bob started his career in 1912 when he played the rôle of a Swiss guard in "The Swiss Orphan" for the old Biograph Company in New York. He was all dressed up to begin, but after about 300 peasants in wooden shoes had clumped over his prostrate form he was considerably mused up—and pretty fed up with pictures (he got three dollars for the part), which is why he didn't return to the screen until 1939.

Look to Your Laurel, Lamour

WE don't go in for prolegomenas as a rule, but we've seen a girl at Paramount who, we venture to say, will be a top star in the not too distant future... Patricia Morison. We had heard raves about her for some time, but put them down to a publicity department's usual enthusiasm over any newcomer.

And there are several. Patricias.

Well, Oliver Hensdell, Para's dramatic coach, describes her as a "brunette with a blond personality" and we can see what he means. She has, somehow, the very intensity of a brunette and the sunny vivacity of a blonde. As Hensdell says, "She's all mixed up but she's sweet."

It seems, too, that she is a cameraman's dream because she has no bad camera angles. You can simply shoot her any way you want to. Smiling, blue-eyed Patricia, built after the fashion of Phidias, Patricia also has the distinction of having the longest hair (dark auburn) in the picture business, her thirty-nine-inch tresses surpassing Dorothy Lamour's by three inches.

She was born in New York, the daughter of William R. Morison, the English writer and artist, and Selena Carson, an actress, who served in the British intelligence department during the War. A Paramount talent scout found her on the Broadway stage in "The Two Boys." Her first picture is "Persons in Hiding."

Howard Hemer

WHEN Leslie Howard was signed for the rôle of Ashley in "Gone With the Wind" he wired Margaret Mitchell the following message—"I'm not at all en-vious of Rhett Butler, because, thank you, it was 'Melanie Ma'am' that I wanted—but seriously, I feel it a great honor to have been selected to enact one of the roles of your book, the title of which escapes me at the moment."

Why, Nelson?

WE should be talking about Nelson Eddy's surprise marriage, we suppose, but, as a matter of fact, the most entertaining story we have heard about Nelson lately has nothing to do with his new wife, but is an anecdote about his old Pennsylvania newspaper days.

Seems his city editor sent him out to cover a murder which was so mysterious that nothing was known about it except that the body of an unidentified man had been found floating in a river.

Still, Nelson's paper published several editions daily and it was up to him to phone in new "leads" for every edition. Desperate, after exhausting every other bit of news on the story, he telephoned a fabricated yarn that a pose of sheriff's officers were dragging the river bottom in search of other clues.

"Good," the city editor said, "I'll send out a photog to get pictures!"

So Nelson had to pay members of a road gang working near by 50 cents to pose as members of his "posse" in order to substantiate his story.

Comedienne

THIS "short-short" is just another bit of proof that truth is stranger than fiction—or exactly like fiction. It is about an ambitious kid who got her Big Chance on Broadway as understudy to Ina Claire in Ina's Broadway play, "Jumping Jupiter." That was back in 1919 and the younger was still in her teens and still had her career before her—a great career as a dramatic artist, she was sure.

Soon came her opportunity. Ina, whose rôle in "Jumping Jupiter" was a sprightly but not particularly comic one, was taken ill and the young understudy took her place.

Earsnely, eagerly, she put her whole soul into her performance, thanks a name for herself that night, but not in the manner she had dreamed of. Almost with her first lines the audience sensed a certain something about her which she hadn't intended at all and didn't even know she possessed—string, inexplicable something which makes a person funny. They laughed and, with that first laugh, they broke her heart. But how could they know that? After all, they laughed, not in ridicule but because here was a born comedienne who was giving to the rôle a different interpretation than even the gifted Claire had done. They were crazy about her.

By the time the final curtain had been rung down, she had become a sensation. Her career was launched.

But just the name, the honor to be given to her, the public attention went home and cried herself to sleep that night. Because she hadn't tried to be funny at all. She had tried to give a serious performance.

You, yourself, have laughed at her many times, recently in M-G-M's "Stand Up and Fight." The name is Helen Broderick.

Cat's Thought for the Month:

HOLLYWOOD'S greatest mistake is in too careful deliberation. A town of quick, nervous energy, everything in it and of it should be geared to that tempo. Quick movie-making, quick action, quick thinking. For you get the wood two years for detail and it will give you "Parnell" every time.

Petal Smooth Skin

ALWAYS MAKES THE GRADE

NO WORRY ABOUT CHAPPING
— I ALWAYS USE POND'S VANISHING CREAM. IT SMOOTHES AWAY LITTLE RUGGEDNESSES IN ONE APPLICATION—NOW THE "SKIN-VITAMIN" IN POND'S IS ANOTHER REASON WHY IT GETS MY VOTE!

NOW CHOOSE THIS FAMOUS POWDER BASE FOR THE EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" IT BRINGS!

Now when you smooth your skin for powder with Pond's Vanishing Cream, you're giving it extra skin care.

Pond's contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. I.e., Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and for overnight to provide extra "skin-vitamin" for your skin. Same jar, same label, same price.

Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont

whose daily routine always includes outdoor sports, has recently come to Wilmington as a bride. She shoots, swims, golf—and is often seen motoring through the magnificent estates near by.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method. Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

APRIL, 1939

91
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get six or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well, and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 96.

1. This singing star's first Technicolor picture will be "Jenny Lind":
   - Irene Dunne
   - Deanna Durbin
   - Grace Moore
   - Gladys Swarthout

2. Since her recent much-publicized romance with one of Hollywood's most important stars, this actress has been signed for two more films by the same studio that has Jim under contract:
   - Anna Sheridan
   - Joy Hodges
   - Annabella
   - Barbara Stanwyck

3. Now that Joan Blondell has left Warner Bros., the studio is grooming this young actress for the type of roles Joan used to play for them:
   - Jane Wyman
   - Gale Page
   - Gloria Dickson
   - Lucille Ball

4. He is the only member of the "Birth of a Nation" cast still active and prominent on the screen:
   - George Bancroft
   - H. B. Warner

5. She was once publicized as Hollywood's "unkissed girl":
   - Ellen Drew
   - Olympe Bradna
   - Linda Turner
   - Anita Louise

6. This actress' sisters will appear with her in "Alexander Graham Bell":
   - Priscilla Lane
   - Loretta Young
   - Joan Bennett
   - Olivia de Havilland

7. He was a cavalry officer in the Spanish-American War:
   - Lewis Stone
   - Lionel Barrymore
   - Edward Ellis
   - Henry Davenport

8. She star once taught the Duke of Windsor how to Charleston:
   - Fred Astaire
   - Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
   - Cesar Romero
   - George Raft

9. The leading role in "Confessions of a Nail Spy" will be played by:
   - Edward G. Robinson
   - James Cagney
   - Spencer Tracy
   - John Garfield

10. Only one of these actresses has ever been married:
    - Marjorie Weaver
    - Eleanor Powell
    - Lola Lane
    - Madeleine Carroll

11. He once played the saxophone in an orchestra:
    - Alan Marshal
    - Tyrone Power
    - Fred MacMurray
    - Lloyd Nolan

12. When this comedian played the tragic mother role in "All Quiet on the Western Front" the audience laughed so hard at the preview that the scenes had to be remade with another actress in the part:
    - ZaSu Pitts
    - Mary Boland
    - Alice Brody
    - Billie Burke

13. This actor owns a night club and a girls' softball team:
    - Cary Grant
    - Randy Scott
    - Maxie Rosenbloom
    - Richard Dix

14. He was signed to play Scarlet O'Hara's father in GWTW but his option expired before his role began and since he was needed at another studio, he's out of the picture:
    - Joe Pryce
    - Walter Connolly
    - Walter Huston
    - John Barrymore

15. This former heavyweight champion of the world will make several westerns with songs:
    - Jack Dempsey
    - Max Baer
    - Gene Tunney

16. If Constance Bennett divorces her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, as she says she will, she will probably marry:
    - Gilbert Roland
    - Don Alvarado
    - Gene Markey
    - Walter Wanger

17. In her new picture, "Broadway Serenade," she will tap dance as well as sing:
    - Ann Sothern
    - Lily Pons
    - Joan Crawford
    - Jeannette MacDonald

18. This opera and film star created a storm along the Riviera when she curtailed to the Duchess of Windsor:
    - Lily Pons
    - Grace Moore
    - Miliza Korjus
    - Gladys Swarthout

19. You will find this Hollywood couple playing leading roles in the Broadway hit, "The American Way":
    - The Basil Rathbones
    - The John Barrymores
    - The Joel McCreys
    - The Fredric Marches

20. This screen comedienne is generally conceded to be Hollywood's richest star:
    - Mischa Auer
    - Harold Lloyd
    - Harpo Marx
    - Jack Oakie

Irene Dunne in "Love Affair"
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 33)

• **HONOLULU—M-G-M**

GRACIE ALLEN'S newest starring picture has comedy, music and plenty of fast action to keep you happily occupied. She shares her honors with Robert Young and Eleanor Powell in this: "Young is a screen star who finds a double to make his personal appearance tour and then goes off to the double's Honolulu plantation. He meets a girl on the boat and at the plantation finds his fiancée, as well as her father and some detectives. It's a sad predicament and while he works it out you have a chance to laugh at Gracie and watch Eleanor's irrepresible feet tap out rhythmic accompaniment to the fine score. Metro intended this to be Miss Powell's picture, but, somehow, Gracie Allen seems to have appropriated it.

• **ST. LOUIS BLUES—Paramount**

WHATSOEVER story comes with this picture is merely a series of anticlimaxes designed to hold together a lot of sequences in which people sing. Lloyd Nolan plays the young captain of a Mississippi showboat and does excellent work. Dorothy Lamour, looking attractive, sings four songs during her stay on the showboat; she is fleeing from a manager who makes her perform in defiance. Four numbers are also wasted by the incomparable Maxine Sullivan, aided by the Hall Johnson Choir. Jessie Tao, who plays a Tugboat-Annie characterization, but good, and comedy in its less sublime form is offered throughout. You will like the music enough, probably, to ignore the faults in story and production.

• **IDIOT'S DELIGHT—M-G-M**

ROBERT SHERWOOD was allowed to adapt his own play in his own manner and the result is a purely Homeric triumph. Clark Gable, never more vital, plays the hero who survives the World War and tries in multitudinous ways to keep body and soul together in the following years. In a European hotel he meets Norma Shearer, whom he had last seen as a trapeze artist in a small American town. Now she's a phony Russian countess, traveling with Edward Arnold, a munitions manufacturer. Also at the hotel are Burgess Meredith, a fanatic radical who is ready to die for his pacifism, a young English couple on their honeymoon and a German scientist.

Take these people against the electric background of the next war—which is just beginning—and you have drama in fantastic proportions. Add to this the magnificent characterizations of Gable and Miss Shearer and you have the best in entertainment.

• **GUNGA DIN—RKO-Radio**

GIVEN unlimited budget and a great cast, Director George Stevens has told the story of Kipling's poem with such drama, such terrific action, such blood-curdling pace as to wear you out. Cary Grant, Victor McLauglen and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. are three buddies in the British Indian regiment. McLauglen isn't too bright; Cary is just a slap-happy adventurist; and Doug, Jr. plans to quit, marry Joan Fontaine. However, the revival of a cult of assassins under the leadership of madman Edwarde Cianielli, sends all three out into danger.

Grant, led by Gunga Din, a water boy who wants to be a soldier, finds the golden temple where the cult meets. Then it is up to Gunga Din to prove his courage. Cary Grant's work is an absolute delight. McLauglen is as good as ever before and Doug, Jr. does a good job. Sam Jaffe, without a trace of humor, plays with utter sincerity the title role.

• **ONE THIRD OF A NATION—Orlo-Paramount**

THERE is no doubt about it, the producer and Dudley Murphy, the director, were sincere in their efforts to make the first major picture made in the East at Astoria since 1933 a production that would make the public think. Using the President's famous line from his second inaugural address, "one-third of the nation isill housed ...." they have made a propaganda film—a sermon for slum clearance—that will make you want to attack with an axe the first old house that you see on the way home; but it's all very unreal emotionally.

A tenement house is the prime character; Sylvia Sidney, a stump girl, Leif Erickson, polo-playing owner of the building and Sylvia's little crippled brother seem to be making speeches against a backdrop rather than being definitely involved in a plot.

Allowing for the above mentioned drawbacks, there are thrilling moments and the cast is excellent.

• **THE MIKADO—Toys-Universal**

It is hopeful to see the screen reach a new milestone in this—the first full-length production of any one of the comic operas of Gilbert and Sullivan of happy memory. "The Mikado" is one of the most lyric and colorful of the operettas written by this distinguished team and in this version it has lost little of its delightful sentimentality, its frothy but at times surprisingly modern and ironical humor.

The film was produced in England.

They fought together as kids; they dance together today:
John Garfield and his wife, the former Roberts Mann

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a broader brim, a softer crown gives a new "pretty" look to this felt casual. $5.95
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APRIL, 1939

93
The Gay Romance of Cary Grant (Continued from page 27)

But above and beyond all, Phyllis and he are having fun and fun is the thing that Cary is fondest of. It is glorious to call her ten and twelve times a day. It is a thrill to party with her four and five nights a week, but also to have one or two nights when he can stay home and read, reading being the second thing that he is fondest of. He's in a love with reading these days. It's all so perfect just the way it is right now. But one night he may come home, feeling he's guilty andolan. If the day is cut short, Phyllis may be out, Phyllis may be out, the kitchen may be out of tea. And then . . .

But "then" is something Cary never knew he needed before, then for. "Now" is what he lives for. And "now" for Cary Grant, with Phyllis smiling in it, is simply elegant.
hopping her at the airport under all sorts of weather and load conditions; nights were spent arguing and figuring out how she really looked though this was the one treasure hunt in the proverbial million.

Then overlaid now fell. The studio wouldn't let me go. I was heartbroken. Bud was the guy who was going to have all the fun... and he did.

The mine flipped at the sneak preview, but Bud, probably feeling I ought to get back my money, named a mountain to commemorate it. Flynn's Folly.

*To my mind, Flynn's only folly that time was to have let a job interfere with all the fun.

But there's always a recompense for everything if you want to see it. Mine came almost before Bud had gotten back to Hollywood. An old ship captain whom I'd known for years and in five of the seven seas wandered into Hollywood. When I met him, years ago, he'd lost his ticket in some nameless scrape in the islands. We were both working our way back to England on board a tramp. As kindred souls, we got to swapping stories and little by little he told me of his cherished ambitions—to unearth a vast and fabled cache of gems and gold buried near Addis Ababa.

We agreed we ought to have a crack at that treasure. We were off Aden when the Captain of the tramp we were working on received a radio from the owners. He was to proceed at once to an unscheduled stop at Djibouti. French Somaliland, and there pick up a cargo of rubber. When word of this reached the forecaster, Captain M. and I merely looked at each other. Nothing else was necessary. No discussion of plans. We knew.

We jumped ship in Djibouti (which, incidentally, is no place to jump ship unless you're rich or well-connected), found an amiable French colonial and his wife with whom we stayed until our ship had left port. They turned out to be delightful folk and Madame gave us the name and address of her cousin in the capital, some sort of a high-ranking officer.

We took the comic train down to Addis Ababa. Obviously, it was beneath our dignity to arrive without baggage or the full accouterments of the lion hunt we were presumably engaged upon at the time. A bored gentleman with more faith in his poker ability than was justified by his belief in two pairs provided a few items of apparel and a few hundred francs, but we were still without baggage. Nor could we interest any one else in taking a chance at the gaming table with us.

In Addis Ababa we were met by the Frenchman, cousin of our late hostess. Captain M. and I both exclaimed angrily over the deplorable state of the laws of Somaliland and the thieving proclivities of all baggage agents. We made speeches about the whole thing and, after a few drinks, we made even more of a fuss about it. The result was that we played our hands and what looked like a gift from heaven turned into a boomerang.

When we awoke the sight of the two indubitably wealthy Inglis hunters reached the Foreign Office; from there it traveled to the Prime Minister, Ras Somaleh, and thence, I imagine, to Haile Selassie himself. Now, at that time, the Ethiopians were encouraging tourist trade to the limit. The Conquering Lion of Judah wanted to demonstrate the innate hospitality of his people; so, forthwith, he or his prime minister dispatched two emissaries to the pub in which we were discussing the country with obliging white residents, pumping them as to caravan routes to the south and the possibilities of moving around without a Government escort. Native police, of course, would be a definite handicap in smuggling anything out of the country if we did happen to find something.

At that moment there was a stir in the room. Everyone rose respectfully and the waiters bowed low to the two impressive-looking gentlemen. They crossed to us with majestic austerity, bowed and informed us that henceforth we were the personal guests of His Imperial Majesty, Haile Selassie, Emperor of Abyssinia, Ras of Tigré, Amhara and Shoa, the Conquering Lion of Judah, Defender of the Faith and half a dozen more titles. At the end of the recitation they smiled again, bowed and led us out.

Naturally, Captain M. and I took advantage of the awe and respect accorded us by the proprietor and overlooked the master of the check which details were beneath our new dignity.

We were taken at once to one of the minor palaces in the capital and there ensconced with full honors, a large staff of servants, bales of fresh clothing, tobacco, wine and food. It looked like what it was—a regal windfall.

But when the next train came in from Djibouti, Ras Tafari, our Escort in Chief, began to look strangely at us and ask embarrassing questions. Later, our French friend told us that the Foreign Office was burning up the wires to Djibouti in an effort to locate our non-existent baggage. That same day Ras Tafari took us on another tour of inspection of Public Buildings. This time it was the local bastille—and a more revolting-looking spot I have never seen. It made us wonder uneasily what the score was.

We had been there ten days and were still no closer to sneaking away with a proper little caravan to cover the eighty miles southeast to where we judged the treasure was buried near an old Coptic monastery... and the regal hospitality was beginning to wear a bit thin. Very thin, we felt.

The next Friday, the second train since our arrival came in. Naturally, we felt that we should meet it just to keep up appearances, but our lamentations over the ever-lying baggage seemed false even to us and met with no responsive clucking from the stone-eyed station agent. By the time we got back to our palace we found it stripped of its finery and its staff. One man, the gate-keeper, remained. He handed us a note requesting our immediate presence at the Foreign Office.

From the little hill overlooking the town we could see the Foreign Office and ever so many other Public Buildings.

We could also see the bastille. We nodded cheerily to the gateman and headed in the general direction of the Foreign Office, turned abruptly off into some back streets, grabbed our French friend in the middle of his siesta, snatched him for the ready cash he had in him in case of emergencies and sneaked quickly out of town.
**SUEZ—20th Century-Fox**

If you like your history artistically (if not too truthfully) and you have a yen for watching Tyrone Power as 'Ferdinand de Lesseps', look no further. Ely Young, age 1, is now a member of the cast, and in a heart of gold, take his word on his work at times. The mounting, the music sequence and the supporting cast are excelling. (L.K.)

**SWEETHEARTS—M-G-M**

The latest of the film-romances to sport the melodrama label! Edgewood film has the famous team married, playing in a stage comedy, succeeded by the marriage of Fredric March and Greta Garbo, a producer, Myrna Loy, a playwright, and Remick Gorton, a housewife. (K.L.)

**Tyrone Power**

Here, as in the past, the young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself. The young man is simplicity itself.

**SWING, SISTER—Universal**

Bean percolate in the pot, quite sheer, Ken Murray and Johnny Downs are the two inattentive stingers in the big city, who find success, go back to home sweet home to stake up. Eddie Quillen is in this one. (March)

**SINGING THAT CHEER—Universal**

You swing it—we give it to you. We're kind of tired of it, but Universal is trying its best. It's all for the sake of those who have trouble with insomnia. (April)

**THANKS FOR EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox**

Americanism and democracy are the keywords in this highly amusing comedy built around the person of a man played by two advertising men, Adolph Menjou and Jack Oakie, who turn out to be the sons of a wealthy man who have trouble for a roommate. One of the best comedies of the season. (Feb.)

**THAT'S WHERE THE WOMAN AGAIN—Columbia**

In this delightful film produced by Harry S. Suso, "The Woman Again," Joan Blondell has been miraculously transformed into an endearing little girl, and is in her own way, soft-spoken and unassuming. (Feb.)

**THEY MADE ME**

You may feel that the "Dead End" kids need a nod and a nudge, but here they are again, and to make the children's story even more interesting, they are the stars of a movie with new interest, for in their own way, they make the story of the poor and down-trodden children. (Feb.)

**TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE—Paramount**

You might think that the boys of Tom and Huck Finn (in "Emily's Son" terms) are doing a good job in the affairs of their home life, and they do make an effort to keep up the reputation. (April)

**TOPPER TAKES A TRIP—Hal Roach-United Artists**

This is a delightful whip cream for those that feel they need an old friend. It's not a new friend, but it's as good as the old one. (Feb.)

**TRADE WINDS—Wanger-United Artists**

Here's a silly story where the wind is really the hero, for it brings the man to the land of the rich and beautiful, murder, robbery and pursuit are in a séance. A certain E. C. "Pappy" Peabody, a "nigger" from the Jungle Strip is in charge of some men in style who discover Tony Martin (sandwiches). (Feb.)

**UPON THE RIVER—20th Century-Fox**

If you are not sick of picture music, you may find your fancy in this recreative film which is so well done. You will find the picture an exciting one. (Feb.)

**WINGS OF THE NAVY—Warner's**

Here's another American documentary film which the Warner's do so well, you can find this one as entertaining as the rest of the series. (Feb.)

**YOUNG DR. KILDARE—M-G-M**

Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres both handle their characters with such assurance that honesty in this movie is assured. In the play, the intern, Richard Curnan, causes the death of a rich patient, Jr. Ann Sothern (new to film) is a welcome addition to the cast. (Feb.)

**YOUNG IN HEART, THE—Selznick Int.**

Introducing a dinky family which lives by its wits on other people's money. As with most of these types of movies, the cast is good, the story is thin, but there is a lot of故事情節方面。治療機のフレンチ・アール・カルンによって、ジョン・ブレック、チャールズ・マスタークック、ジョセフ・ソーヤー、フレッド・マッケイ、ディオネ・グレッグ、キャサリン・ホンビ、ルイス・ホルンバーグ、ジム・カーター、フレディ・エダード、ジェリー・デューティング。**

**GUNDA DIN**

— RKO Radio. From the country by Rudolph Vallee, the new comedy about the life of a rich man, John Hecht, Charles McClatchy, Joel Sayre and Fred Smart. Directed by George Argyros. (March)

**HOMOLUGO**

—M-G-M. From the stage by Herbert Farleigh and Frank Parton. Directed by Joseph Mankiewicz. The cast is good, but the story is thin. The half-wit, Robert Young, the best player, George Burns, the comic relief, Dean Martin, the bad guy, Farley Granger, the comic relief, and Robert Coote, the comic relief, are all well done. (March)

**IDIOT'S DELIGHT**

—M-G-M. From the play by Robert E. Sherwood. Directed by Charles Brown. The cast, Irene...
Here's How To REDUCE The Hollywood Way

Here it is . . . the new Sylvia of Hollywood book you have been waiting for. Streamline Your Figure goes right to the heart of your figure troubles and gives you definite, practical help that will make you even more attractive . . . glamorous . . . desirable.

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Streamline your Figure
BY SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD

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Contents

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A Beautiful Back

Backbone Builds Backbone
Straightening Up

That "Old Woman's Bump"

Do You Want A Lovely Neck?

A Neck is a "Tattle Tale"

Trim Off Fat on the Chin

Stringy and Sorely Necks

Putting Curves on the Thin Girl

Inability to Gain

Food to Put on Weight

Liquid Health

You Can Streamline Your Face

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Women Over Forty

Excess Fat Spells Age

You Can Still Have Romance

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DO YOU SPOIL YOUR MEN? A Hollywood Lesson In Love by Faith Baldwin

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not to decide a man's innocence or guilt but to judge a new, different kind of tooth paste to decide whether or not it was an improvement on older types, and if it offered more for less money... cleanliness, buster, freshness, and mouth stimulating.

On the same jury sat other women, hundreds of them—grandmothers, mothers, widows, young girls... rich, poor, in between in tiny hamlets, growing villages, vast crowded cities, in the critical jury, all women are judging articles that affect their beauty and their pocketbooks.

And what was their verdict on the new Listerine Tooth Paste with its amazing Luster Foam den tart? See how they voted.

Over a leading brand, the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster Foam was a two to one favorite. Against two next two leading brands, it was a decided favorite. And over the fourth leading brand, it had slight but definite edge.

Their comments show why this new den tart won such high favor: 'Like that dainty, bubble that Luster Foam gives.' said many. Simply means the way Luster Foam cleans and brings out luster exclaimed others. 'Delighted with the women feeling of freshness and mouth invigoration lasted long after the teeth brushing was over,' said others added.

See how quickly the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster Foam detergent gets teeth sup clean. Any drug counter has in two economical sizes Big 25c; and big, double size containing more than 1/4 pound of dentifrice. For Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis.

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Before all social engagements, use LISTERINE to sweeten your breath.
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I married a woman
I loathe...to **spite**
the one woman
I love!

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with Flora Robson • Donald Crisp • Geraldine Fitzgerald • Released thru United Artists • Directed by WILLIAM WYLER

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Lillian Day

Here's Jane Evans again—in a tangle with a heroic villain

WHY AMERICAN MEN DON'T WANT TO MARRY HOLLYWOOD WOMEN
Greta Palm

A morale builder-upper for all who envy glamour girls

PORTRAIT OF A MAN WHO HAS WHAT HE WANTS
Joseph Henry Steele

A brilliant interpretation of a polo-playing Irishman—Spencer Tracy

BLONDE BEAUTY GROWS UP
Carole Lombard, as revealed by a former next-door neighbor
Robert Baral

HOW A CANDID CAMERA EXPERT WORKS
44

Exposing Hyman Fink—and the amazing tricks of his trade

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS
Stunning Hollywood fashions that set the pace for spring

SECOND CHANCE
66

The story of a great star's comeback

HOW SHAW GAVE IN!
68

Here's why the great GBS changed his mind about movies

THE CAMERA SPEAKS:
38

Wuthering Heights
A fiction classic springs to life

WE LOVE 'EM NATURAL:
40

The male "umphers"—plain and fancy. How do you like 'em?

BOOS AND BOUQUETS
4

BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES
6

MOVIES IN YOUR HOME
Jack Shriner

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?
9

PHOTOPLAY'S OWN BEAUTY SHOP
Carolyn Van Wyck

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS
Ruth Waterbury

CAL YORK'S Gossip of Hollywood
59

THE SHADOW STAGE
62

WE COVER THE STUDIOS
Jack Wade

FASHION LETTER
70

COMPLETE GASTS OF PICTURES REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE
100

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FUGITIVES FROM A BARBER SHOP

WANT to express my views on a little trend which seems to be dominating the he-men of Movieland.

It seems to me that the male stars are quite out of style this season. Don't they know that the new "up" hair-do is the vogue? Stars like Errol Flynn, Tyrone Power, Fred MacMurray, and Michael Whalen, to mention a few, seem to be trying to outdo each other in wearing the hair that will soon be cut short.

There's nothing I like better than to see a neat neck trim, as witness Nelson Eddy in "Sweetharts."

Maybe if they squeezed their budgets a bit they might be able to afford the price of a haircut. Anyway, here's hoping.

EISIE C. LITTLEJOHN, San Francisco, Calif.

BOOS AND BOUQUETS

THE title may be "Idiot's Delight," but I guarantee the film will be the delight of everyone!

May I salute Norma Shearer for her audacious portrayal of the Russian countess and applaud the year's juiciest "hoofers"—Clark Gable! Nor can I soon forget the poignet quality of Burgess Meredith's pacific role.

Thank you, Hollywood, for taking this sparkling stage success and, in the medium of film, preserving all the original dramatic punch and, yes, in this instance, making it even better. May such splendid casts appear more often—and may they always have as shining a vehicle in which to ride before the public as "Idiot's Delight!"

MARJORIE BROULETTE, Seattle, Wash.

PAY DIRT

Why are the script writers and producers so inconsistent? Unheralded and unadvertised prematurely, they give us a wow of an interesting, wonderfully diverting picture that goes over with a bang, "Next Time I Marry," yet they spoil it with several incongruous situations not in keeping with the balance of the picture.

James Ellison is a common pick-and-shovel laborer on a WPA project, yet he is the owner of an automobile, a trailer, which, from appearance, must have cost at least $500. Well enough and forgivable—he might have had them, if not going on the WPA. But, lo and behold, he is making monthly payments on a sailboat to the amount of $44 out of his WPA salary. From the amount of the payments shown in the picture, the sailboat costs over $500. In addition, he is keeping a large dog that must consume as much food as a human, buying gasoline for his car, has several hundred dollars saved up and is shown wearing a hat that must have cost at least $10. How much do WPA workers receive in New Jersey, the locale of the picture? Open your gates, New Jersey, here I come.

FRANK J. MCLINTYRE, San Francisco, Calif.

MR. EDDY'S IN THE DOGHOUSE!

YES, I'm writing about Nelson Eddy's recent marriage! "Angry" and "hurt" were the words used by a columnist in describing the Eddy fans. "Disappointed" I think is a better word for it. "Disappointed" that a star in whom we have put such great faith and whom we have defended against any criticism should get married without any announcement of his engagement.

His famous co-star, Jeanette MacDonald, acted in a very gracious manner about her wedding. She let her public know of her marital plans by announcing her engagement a year before her wedding. Eddy's behavior has stunned us. Frankly, we don't like it.

For years, stories have been coming out of Hollywood, most of them issued after interview- ing Eddy himself, that he was positively a con-

EVERY effort is made to ensure that each new heartthrob looks his very best on the screen. His evening dress is perfect; his historical costume is specially designed to show off his handsome figure. We have been shown photographs of the make-up expert giving the hero's face a final dab of powder before he goes into a scene. With all this care there is yet one feature neglected which always looks strange to English eyes. It is the fact that the hero's back hair is invariably unbrushed.

Why is this? Is it perhaps that you in America do not feel that lank ends of hair straying idly above the collar detract greatly from a man's well-groomed appearance? Anyway, it always annoys me to see Walter Pidgeon or Melvyn Douglas, often striking sartorial figures, with a fringe at the back of the neck. It is almost as bad as that other extraordinary American habit: journalists and detectives barging into people's houses with their hats on, quite devoid of the most elementary good manners. Cannot the make-up experts be persuaded to attend to this matter?


Texas beauty—blue-eyed, brown-haired Constance Moore—who sang her way into movies, seizes the first rung of the ladder to a big career in Universal's "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man!"

IDIOT'S DELIGHT

FROM Movieland.

Anyway, there's a lot to like about this picture, and it is the star that is sure to be the hit of the season, Michael Whalen, as the popular hero, Nelson Eddy. His eyes are expressive, his hair is a bit wild, and he is a natural for the role.

CARL R. BLOOM, San Francisco, Calif.
firmed bachelor. For years we have believed this. At least, if he had any intention of marrying, he should have announced his engagement and set his wedding date. Then we might have become accustomed to his marrying—but, as it is, we aren't.

Christina Aulisko,

New Bedford, Mass.

My temper is aroused these days by all this stupid talk about Nelson Eddy and his wife. It never occurred to me that when the poor man fell in love with a lady and asked her to become his wife that America would be so het up. They should be pleased, for doesn't all the world love a lover? But the first person I meet shouts angrily, "He shouldn't have gotten married, we like him single!" Now, what does this person know about Mrs. Eddy? She must be charming, for isn't Mr. Eddy charming?

He should be entitled to marry the woman he loves without all this silly excitement. Stop this arguing, America, and raise your glasses for a toast: "Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Eddy!"

Pamela Walker,
Pittsfield, Mass.

THE "AYES" HAVE IT!

It seems to me that we spectacle wearers, who comprise a large percentage of the movie-going public, are taking an awful beating. According to the movies, all one has to do to be completely unattractive is to put on a pair of glasses. Now I ask you, is that fair? Surely with all the wonderful things that can be done with make-up, it isn't necessary to use glasses to portray the nth degree of unattractiveness.

In no less than four recent pictures, there have been references to us long-suffering spectacle wearers. I refer especially to "Four Daughters" in which Priscilla Lane, as one of the daughters, consoles Claude Rains, as the father, for having such frivolous daughters by asking him how he would like to have daughters who wore spectacles, in much the same manner as she would have asked how he would like to have half-witted daughters.

I, for one, am getting pretty much fed up on such thoughtless and uncalled-for scenes and have already boycotted one picture because I saw a preview showing a scene similar to the one mentioned above. I refer to "Brother Rat."

This attitude on the part of the movie-makers is doing real harm, as there are enough young girls—and boys, too—especially of high-school age who won't wear glasses, even though they may need them badly, because they feel it will detract from their appearance. Perhaps you think I am taking this matter too seriously, or that I am hyper-sensitive, but I am willing to bet that there are plenty of other people who will agree with me.

Katherine Rose,

Wheeling, W. Va.

LISTEN, MR. ZANUCK!

Miss Waterbury's idea of doing away with most of the singing and dancing in Shirley Temple's pictures suits me perfectly.

Not that I haven't liked it—but one can get too much of anything and it is about time Shirley has a real good story.

How about Elsie Dinmore? Wait, now, don't scoff. I realize that the story would have to undergo a major operation but that could be done easily. It could even be divided into a series, as long as they are so popular now.

But the main idea could be retained: a poor little rich girl, with no mother, living among relatives who dislike her, only to have her life made more unhappy by the return of her stern papa. Shirley could be a more mischievous edition of the original Elsie and perhaps snob, in a little dance or two, when Pappy's and Miss Waterbury's backs were turned.

Ruth King,
Cranford, N. J.

SORRY, WE DON'T AGREE

I HAVE long been a subscriber and avid reader of Photoplay. I have always found the features interesting, the gossip, as much as the without evil intent, the photographs extraordinarily good and the magazine as a whole superior. However, this is not a letter of complaint but rather of criticism. Criticism of the first picture and article that my eye fell upon in a recent issue, entitled "Lovers Courageous."

I admire Don Ameche, for there are few enough motion-picture stars that are religiously inclined. The thing I object to is the exploitation of his problems and particularly his religion.

Such a feature might be very apropos in a different publication, but it is inappropriate for a movie magazine.

Jean Sullivan,
San Bernardino, Calif.

POWERFUL TALK

WHAT'S all this commotion about "people staying home to listen to Tyrone Power instead of going to see his pictures"? And what's the idea of his removal from radio just because some narrow-minded theater owners have made the above statement? In the first place their theaters are filled up on Sunday nights. But just to give them the benefit of the doubt, suppose they aren't. It isn't because people stay home to hear Tyrone Power on the radio.

More likely it is because the admission has been raised on that night and if the public can see the same picture on Monday night for the regular admission, they are certainly going to do so, rather than pay more on Sunday night.

Tyrone Power, if you ask me, is the innocent target for a lot of grouchweasels who are especially sensitive to his popularity and are trying to escape the public's demand for cheaper admission by putting the blame on him. Well, it won't work. We want Tyrone back on the radio!

Florence Wittech,
St. Louis, Missouri.

The William Carter Company, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago, Dallas, San Francisco

Home Executive Offices: Needham Heights, Massachusetts.

Sweet dreams... By Carter

Carter's rayon tricots are so soft and sleek you never know you have them on. In fact, they make you feel downright sirenish, for nary a ripple gives them away. (And with figure-hugging fashions—that's important!) Heaven-sent to gals who lead a busy work-or-play life... a whisk and they're washed... no ironing... and you can pack dozens and still travel light. Inexpensive? You can buy plenty before you'll need up your underwear allowance. Particularly glamorous this season are the chic new styles illustrated—they're only four of the many trimly styled, smartly tailored new Carter gowns, pajamas, slips, pettiskirts and panties.

Remember it's Carter's for sleek Loveliness.
THE PORTRAIT OF A FREE SOUL

NOW SEE THIS FACE ON THE SCREEN!

Out of the blazing fires of her genius, the screen's most gifted actress has created a gallery of unforgettable women. Now Bette Davis, the winner of two Academy Awards, comes to you in the climax of all her dramatic triumphs. In the role she has waited eight years to play. In the greatest picture of a woman's love that the world has yet seen. See "Dark Victory," a Warner Bros. picture, at your theatre Easter Week!
"For an introduction ... six roses!"

"My garden is my pride and joy. I cherish it, show it off, and usually send our guests home laden with its flowers. After Anne's last weekend visit, along came her thank-you gift."

"Said the card: 'Now it's a city-dweller's turn to send you a bouquet. Here's something with the prettiest bloom in town ... the loveliest color, too. You'll like the way it lasts!' Inside the box was a nosaggy of Berkshire Stockings."

"They were exquisite - she's as a whisper, glowing with color, perfectly matched to my ensemble. Best of all, they really work! For Anne's introduction to Berkshire Stockings, six of my very best 'New Down' roots. For me, Berkshires for life!"

A new Photoplay department - giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots - for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies.

BY JACK SHER

WHEN Hollywood's professional cameramen get stuck on a knotty problem, they go to Jackson Young, Chief of Twentieth Century-Fox's elaborate Camera Department. Young is an expert on "trick" effects and a boon to the pro cameraman looking for an unusual way to shoot an important scene. He is also a 16 mm enthusiast and the movies he makes as a hobby are the stuff of filmland. This month we've asked Jackson Young to give us some advice in the way of "trick" shots. If you follow these sample tips he's given us, you're sure to get a gasp and maybe a round of applause from your rival 16 mm cameramen.

The most spectacular and yet the easiest "trick" effect for the amateur is the reverse shot, according to Young. Although few 16 mm cameras are designed for shooting in reverse, the effect can be attained by holding the camera up-side down while taking the scene and then cutting and splicing the developed sequence so that the strip of film is turned over on its back and reversed end for end. With this device, humorous effects can be given to a picture - divers can be made to fly out of the water feet first, smokers inhale vast clouds of smoke out of the air, and so on. This effect is also useful in solving many photographic and directing problems. For example, if your script calls for a knife to be thrown into a wall close to an actor's head, a dangerous situation can be avoided by driving a knife into the wall by hand, attaching a thin wire to it and then jerking the knife out of frame range while shooting the scene up-side down.

Another useful adaptation of the reverse shot is titling. A title can be written by placing small pebbles on a sheet. Then, with the camera shooting up-side down, the sheet can be shaken so that all the pebbles roll into a central pile. When reversed, this shot gives the effect of a pile of pebbles which suddenly begin to roll into place to spell out the letters of the title. A more elaborate "trick" is the much used "recess" shot. This is a scene which is shot against a background which is itself another moving picture projected on a screen. To do this, you synchronize the camera with the projector of the moving picture backdrop so that the shutters of both the camera and the projector are open at the same time. This can be done by running a flexible cable drive from the motor of the projection machine to the shaft of the camera and making the same motor operate both instruments. This is the most widely used single trick of the Hollywood cameraman and has long been kept a secret from the amateur. With this "trick" you can produce hundreds of effects which are impossible to obtain with "straight" shooting.

GARRISON FILMS seem to be stepping forth with better pictures this month for home showing. They've just released a film for 16 mm projection called "Carnival In Flanders." This picture won for itsmakers the best foreign film of the year. It is worth seeing for the magnificent sets and the exquisite photography alone. Another thrilling Garrison release is "Fight To The Last," the latest film to come out of China. This picture was made in China by Chinese cameramen and directors. It shows actual troops in battle and takes great shots of the valiant struggle of the Chinese in the effort to drive the Japs from their land. Still another war film now available on 16 mm is the new English documentary film "Will Of The People," a splendid exciting film which supports the side of the Loyalists. In a lighter vein, Castle Films have just released their latest one-reelers on the San Francisco and New York World's Fairs. Most of the Fair grounds have been taken from the air and they are breath-taking. It also gives you a good idea of what to pick to see if you are planning to take in either of these spectacles.

Now that winter is behind us, you can also enjoy Castle's newly edited film, "Snow Thrills." Pathégram is specializing in one-reel comedies this month, Charlie Chaplin, Hal Roach, Charlie Chase and Smub Pollard. They are at very reduced rates, and swell for the kids. In Black and White and Colorlone.

NEW EQUIPMENT: A boon for Bell and Howell projector owners is a new attachment which makes it possible to run an 800 foot length of sound or silent film without stopping ... a new tripod top which permits two way panning is now obtainable from the Minosa American Corp. of New York ... Universal Camera Corp. announces an automatic titling machine which sets three line tides by merely turning a few wheels ... Bell and Howell has issued a sixty-four page list of over 2800 16 mm sound-on-film reels now available for the home movie fan ... finis.
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

Isa Miranda in Paramount's melodrama, "Hotel Imperial!"

Grade yourself:
every one you guess right. If you get forty-five or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is fifty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of seventy-five, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 73.

1. During the last year, this actor had the distinc-
   tion of appearing in more expensive and elaborate productions than any other:

2. This comedienne is the star of a picture which has her name in the title:
   Martha Raye, Gracie Allen, Paty Kelly, Joan Davis.

3. He's the latest actor to be given a major build-up and, in his next picture, he will engage in severe fight to show that he's really pretty tough:
   Bobby Breen, Leslie Howard, James Stewart, Roland Young.

4. This actor's case for flying has reset him to 5000 hours in the air and has a lieutenant-commander in the naval reserve:
   Sidney Blackmer, Henry Fonda, Wallace Beery, Walter Brennan.

5. Her studio has bought up her radio contract and she will no longer be heard on regular broadcasts:
   Alice Faye, Shirley Ross, Bette Davis, Marlene Dietrich.

6. The famous "Five Little Peppers" series of children's books will be brought to the screen with its actress starting in those of them a year:
   Sybil Jason, Shirley Temple, Edith Fellows, Virginia Weidler.

7. This actor's wife is the heir to a tobacco fortune:
   Paul Muni, Jack Oakie, Wayne Morris, John Wayne.

8. He won an Academy award for the second time this year:
   Charles Boyer, Spencer Tracy, Frank Capra, Robert Donat.

9. One of these stars is married to a producer:
   Genevieve Tobin, Maureen O'Sullivan, Myrna Loy, Louise Campbell.

10. Columbia's University seniors in their usual annual poll chose her as their ideal desert island companion:
    Ann Sheridan, Isa Miranda, Madeleine Carroll, Hedy Lamarr.

11. She is Hollywood's only woman directors:
    Dorothy Arzner, Edith Head, Gwen Wakeling, Jeannie MacPherson.

12. He made his first stage appearance as a female impersonator:
    Fredric March, Clark Gable, James Cagney, Basil Rathbone.

13. Only one of these pictures scheduled for 1939 release is new; the others are re-releases of old films:
    Penthouse, Dodge City, Bill of Divorcement, Within the Law.

14. He's too hard to believe, but the chunky actor was once a race horse jockey:
    Edward Arnold, Andy Devine, Eugene Palette, Oliver Hardy.

15. This actress, who gave up the screen for marriage, is now preparing to stage a comeback:
    Arline Judge, June Knight, Eleanor Whitney, June Collyer.

Avoid undie odor the easy Lux way

Undies absorb perspiration odor, and others notice this before you do yourself. Don't take chances with daintiness—Lux undies after every wearing.

Lux keeps undies new looking longer, has no harmful alkali to fade delicate colors. So don't rub with cake soap or use soaps with harmful alkali, safe in water, safe in Lux! Buy the BIG box.

A little goes so far—Lux is Thrifty

MAY, 1939
Q U E E N O F T H E M O V I E S — Were you one of the voters who chose Jeanette MacDonald as Queen of the Movies for 1938? If so, I am sure that you voted for her not only because of her great talent and beauty, but also because of the warmth and如下 of her personality that make you like her as a person as well as an artist. You recognized the fact that perfect features are not enough. It's the spirit and animation and graciousness behind one's features that lend beauty to a face!

It's spring again and the beginning of a new season makes us dissatisfied with ourselves—with our clothes and the way we look. We want to dash right out and buy a new dress and hat and try the new colors in cosmetics and give our morale that lift that comes only with a new shade of powder and lipstick and a brand-new eye shadow. But it's important to remember that cosmetics alone don't make beauty—although they're a great help. Beauty is a reflection of what you are inside. Care of the skin and eyes and teeth are vital, of course; but, to give vividness and charm to a lovely face, you must have more.

Jeanette, whose pleasure at receiving that award gives her a new glow, says, "There is no secret to beauty—no secret in beauty that cannot be shared by every woman. Beauty is grace, poise, the keen mind, the vitality, the bright eyes and glowing skin which result from proper rest and relaxation and exercise—and the correct mental attitude, too—as much as it is the careful application of cosmetics and fastidious grooming of hair."

Jeanette has a quality of giving of herself to people, of kindliness and interest in others. Her face is animated. She radiates character and charm. She's open and friendly. That's the real secret of her beauty—the real secret of anyone's beauty, for that matter. You must all know girls with sculptured faces, with lovely features who yet leave you cold, so that you look at them and wonder, "Why isn't she beautiful? Her face is perfect, yet she lacks beauty." It's that she lacks the spirit that gives beauty. And there are other girls with small eyes or a crooked nose who are enormously popular and of whom you say with a sudden shock of surprise, "She isn't really beautiful at all. Her face is all wrong." But it's important because the vividness of her face and the warm spirit shining through lend her more beauty than the former girl has.

True loveliness is the reflection of the spirit within. Sincerely like other people and they will like you. Forget about yourself and become interested in others and they will be interested in you. Do not let your face be a mask because of lack of interest; an animated face is more charming than one always in repose.

"No one likes a 'lazy' face, that type of unresponsive face that never reflects the mood behind it," says Jeanette earnestly. "It's a fact that it takes twice as many facial muscles to look unpleasing as it does to effect a pleasing happy expression. Making faces at yourself in the mirror is a good way to bring into play all or most of the facial muscles."

Which, incidentally, is an easy rule to follow. I asked Jeanette how she managed to keep herself so radiant and vivid in spite of the terrific amount of work she does. Her answer was—relaxation.

"Late social hours on top of a long working day will make any woman look to her physical and beauty laurels. A career woman must have regularity and system in her work. She must recognize its demands and meet them with a healthful and sane logic and with the proper energy."

Relaxation, I've found, is the best way of restoring your energy. I don't mean the kind of relaxation that makes further demands on your vitality. Playing the pipe organ, or the piano, provides ideal relaxation for me because I enjoy it; it takes my mind away from the day's tension; and I can indulge it without expending any more energy."

A second rule to look into, my pretties: "Hands, too, are so important to beauty," went on Jeanette. "And the possession of lovely hands is more dependent on their grace than on their shape."

"We all know girls whose hands are not perfect, but they are so vitally expressive that they are lovely to watch." Every woman can learn to use her hands cleverly, for emphasis on speech or dramatic stress, so that they become an interesting and characteristic feature of her personality instead of an awkward detriment.

"Hands exercises before your mirror are excellent to develop grace. Moving the hands in Hawaiian hula fashion is the best exercise I know. And I think it's so important to learn to hold a tea cup or a cigarette with grace. Never permit your hands to fall listlessly at your side or awkwardly on a table because that detracts from your whole appearance."

A third rule for greater loveliness that we copycats can follow.

A P R O P E R exercise regime is as necessary a part of your health and beauty program as proper sleeping and eating and Jeanette has worked out her own solution to this problem. "Since I've worked most of my life under trying schedules which couldn't provide regular time for exercise, I have decided upon walking as the best exercise for me—and I might say with due modesty," she laughed, "that I am an unparalleled walker."

"An hour after dinner each evening is set aside for my jaunt. I walk briskly, covering a two-mile course. I believe there is no exercise more valuable for bringing every muscle of the body into play. And by paying particular attention to breathing—inhaling through the nose and exhaling from the mouth—this ritual can become even more beneficial."

Jeanette's idea of a walk is not a slow stroll, remember, but a good brisk jaunt.

There sat Jones—my husband's richest customer—bored stiff.

"Have some Beeman's?" I said, after the coffee—and the miracle happened! "My favorite flavor!" said Jones, suddenly very cheerful.

"No meal's complete without Beeman's!" he declared. "That refreshing tang adds the touch of perfection! It's tonic to your taste! Delicious is the word! Thanks a million, dear hostess—for a perfect dinner—and a perfect after-dinner treat!"
That quality that gives zip to Jeanette’s “High Flying” number in M-G-M’s “Broadway Serenade” is yours, too, for the trying.

With the vogue for strapless evening gowns and now strapless bathing suits, too, it’s important to keep your neck and arms and shoulders lovely and firm. Jeanette comes forth with some excellent suggestions for neck beauty.

"First," she says, "diet must be regulated. Pastries and sweets are out; potatoes and bread should be limited to one meal a day. After bathing, wrap a towel dipped in very cold water about your neck.

"Then, with finger tips dipped in cold cream, pat from the chin down to the base of the neck firmly and rapidly, using the back of your hand.

"Do this exercise twice a week: stand upright, roll your head slowly around in a wide circle, first in one direction, then the other. Make a complete circle, dropping the head as far back and as far forward as possible. Do this gently, being sure not to raise the shoulders or stiffen them.

"The entire body should be relaxed during the procedure.

"Try the patting and creaming at night and the exercise in the morning. Make it a habit to carry your head well at all times and when you’re seated don’t let your chin relax into a comfortable roll of excess flesh in your neck. Hold it high.

"Give your neck and chin line a smooth, sculptured appearance.

"I’ll never forget the words of instruction spoken by a famous artist in New York to a group of girls who had been selected as mannequins for a stage play. ‘Pull your hips out of your shoes. Pull your shoulders out of your hips. Pull your heads out of your shoulders. And look as beautiful as you are.’

And, while you’re remembering that artist’s wise summary of beauty, remember, too, that beauty comes not only from figure and proud carriage, but also from the spirit within.

So let that spirit of friendliness and graciousness shine through to illuminate your new spring clothes and you’ll have true beauty.

MAY, 1939
AMERICA'S MOST THRILLING STORY!

The man who dreamed of spanning continents with the human voice ... and the girl who believed in his genius! Out of the greatness of their love came an American miracle of achievement!

Twentieth Century-Fox Presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S Production of
THE STORY OF
ALEXANDER
GRAHAM BELL

DON
LORETTA
HENRY
AMECHE • YOUNG • FONDA

Charles Coburn • Gene Lockhart • Spring Byington
Sally Blane • Polly Ann Young • Georgiana, Young

A Cosmopolitan Production
Directed by Irving Cummings. Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan.
Screen Play by Lamar Trotti. Original story by Ray Harris.

"Wouldn't it be funny if, out of Mabel's deafness, we invented the telephone and made the whole world hear!"

"Mr. Watson! Come here! I want you! I think we've got it!"

"Shall the lonely scientist be told the world has no need of him the moment his work is done?"
BY RUTH WATERBURY

"Y"OU see everyone in Hollywood as bigger than life-size," said my friend, who is much smarter than I am ... we were talking together in New York. . . .

"Well, maybe they are," I said ... and rather weakly, I must admit. . . .

"Oh, nonsense," said my friend ... "you know they are just ordinary people who happen to be a little handsome than average." . . .

So I went away from there ... as soon as my friend had paid the bill ... feeling pretty crushed and I was very glad when George Brent, who had just arrived in New York, too, called up and suggested cocktails at five o'clock the next afternoon. . . . George was in New York, just as I was, trying to get away from Hollywood for a little while. . . . I don't know whether he was being as elegant in his mind about it all as I was. . . . I had been taking a straight dose of those marvelous New York papers for a week, getting myself loaded up on the Spanish War, the Chinese War, the labor war, what Hitler is about to do, what Mexico

Tch, tch—a cocktail date that ends at sunup! Ruth Waterbury and George Brent (left, at El Morocco) do the town and G8 proves "handsome is that handsome does"

is about to do, about unemployment . . . about misery and worry, in other words . . . and my, did I feel intelligent . . . and boy, oh boy was I in a state to welcome a little lowdown on Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn and whether or not Twentieth Century-Fox was going to sign Marion Davies along with the rest of the Cosmopolitan picture contract and what the budget was on that last Byrnie Fox "B" . . .

We set the place for the Ritz Tower, where George was staying, and I planned to get my hair done and a manicure and all that feminine lute stuff, but I purled rain all afternoon and I got stuck with a mess of work so that I couldn't leave my desk for so much as a half hour. . . . I planned to have just one drink and then get home and go straight to bed for some real sleep. . . . I made the Ritz Tower smash on the nose of five o'clock only to find Mr. Brent wasn't in.

"Hollywood." I muttered between my angry teeth . . . me seeing its stars as more life-size indeed! . . . life-size nothing . . . Hollywood people were pignicis . . . worms . . . they had no sense of time or place . . . I turned away, burning. . . .

A young man from Warners came hurrying in. . . . There's a number George Brent wants us to call," he explained . . . "That's where we are to join him. . . ."

So we called the number and it turned out to be a saloon on Third Avenue. . . .

NOW, in case you don't know your New York, I'll tell you that Third Avenue is one of those incredibly dreary streets over which an "el" runs, making the street always dirty and full of shadows, always noisy and terribly poor . . . and well, I know that there are more stylish words for drinking places than the word saloon . . . you can be tony as all get-out and call them "bistros" thereby pretenting you have trailed about Paris all your life and just can't think of those many American names for things any more . . . or you can be very Broadwayish and call them "in parlor" or just regular and call them "bars." But this place can be called nothing but saloon, for it was one of those spots with greasy oil cloth on the floor and a big bar far running the length of it and bar-tenders more Irish than County Cork standing in back of it . . . a more unlikely spot in which to find a movie star cannot be imagined. But inside were George and his pretty sister, Peggy, the Ralph Bellamys and a couple of lads from the local Warner office.

It was George who had discovered the place and the reason for that was his learning that the saloon was run by an ex-pal of his . . . a chap who, like George, had been a dispatch runner for the Irish Republicans in those stormy and bloody days when Ireland was fighting most bitterly for her freedom from England. . . George and that saloonkeeper had risked their lives almost daily in that cause . . . or, to be more exact, almost nightly. ('You remember the background of 'The Informer,' don't you?' That was the kind of thing George and his friend lived through.) . . . and after you have gone through such drama with a man you do not forget him. . . . George had hunted Tim up . . . it turned out to be the right Tim and Tim turned out to have the smoothest Irish whiskey you have ever tasted and the brogues flying around the place when we entered were so thick you could have cut them into a statue of Eamon de Valera if you'd had a knife and skill enough. . . .

WELL, I had that one drink I was going to have . . . and then I had another . . . and presently we were all in a restaurant uptown having food . . . and it was there that the test began. . . .

We were all sitting there, not even talking, we were all so busy with eating, when a big burly guy came along and recognized Mr. Brent and began shouting forth what he thought of Hollywood . . . what he thought mostly was that he didn't like it . . . he said what he thought of Gable and Lombard . . . just like that, Gable and Lombard. . . .

"Mr. Gable and Miss Lombard," please," said Mr. Brent, his voice steadily, and he rose swiftly out of his chair with his broad shoulders silhouetted against the light . . . the loudmouth saw him too and he suddenly had to go away somewhere else but the scene he had tried to create brought every eye in the place on us . . . "Let's get out of here," George said and we said the check and tried to escape into a taxi cab . . . but one thing a movie star can't do and that is move about easily . . . for at the door there was that inevitable George said and we said the check and tried to escape into a taxi cab . . . but one thing a movie star can't do and that is move about easily . . . for at the door there was that inevitable George said and we said the check and tried to escape into a taxi cab . . . but one thing a movie star can't do and that is move about easily . . . for at the door there was that inevitable George said and we said the check and tried to escape into a taxi cab . . . but one thing a movie star can't do and that is move about easily . . . for at the door there was that inevitable George said and we said the check and tried to escape into a taxi cab . . . but one thing a movie star can't do and that is move about easily . . . for at the door there was that inevitable George said and we said the check and tried to escape into a taxi cab . . . but one thing a movie star can't do and that is move about easily . . . for at the door there was that inevitable George said and we said the check and tried to escape into a taxi cab . . . but one thing a movie star can't do and that is move about easily . . . for at the door there was that inevitable George said and we said the check and tried to escape into a taxi cab . . . but one thing a movie star can't do and that is move about easily . . . for at the door there was that inevitable George said and we said the check and tried to escape into a taxi cab . . . but one thing a movie star can't do and that is move about easily . . . for at the door there was that inevitable George said and we said the check and tried to escape into a taxi cab . . . but one thing a movie star can't do and that is move about easily . . . for at the door there was that inevitable George said and we said the check and tried to escape into a taxi cab . . . but one thing a movie star can't do and that is move about easily . . . for at the door there was that inevitable George said and we said the check and tried to escape into a taxi cab . . . but one thing a movie star can't do and that is move about easily. . . .

(Continued on page 81)
Dear Irish,

Has your little friend Eve got herself a headache? Remember I wrote you how I was in the money and everything and heading for Monte Carlo? I headed all right. The biggest header a girl ever took. When I hit la belle Paree again I had one pawn ticket and a badly rained out evening dress.

But you know me, never say die.

I used the old Park Avenue technique and am batting in high society in a half hour. An old gaffer is having wife trouble and is willing to put your little friend on the payroll to get the Mrs. back in line. Seems she is that way about a smoothie young Mr. Millions and all I have to do is make Mr. Millions forget the old gaffer's wife.

PHOTOPLAY
Nice work if you can get it? You said it, honey. So why the headache? Listen, with all the taxi drivers in New York I have to go and fall for a Paris taxi driver with ideas. What ideas? Love... romance... all the old gags. Believe it or not, this hard little heart cracks like Broadway asphalt in a heat wave. It's love and little cupids chasing each other all over the Champs Elysee (the local main stem). I got it bad. Imagine me falling for a taxi driver.

We're gonna put a pair of water wings on his old bus and drive her back to Broadway. And none of your fancy tricks either. Hands off.

Your favorite girl friend

Paramount Presents

Claudette Colbert
Don Ameche

in

"MIDNIGHT"

with

John Barrymore • Francis Lederer
Mary Astor • Elaine Barrie

Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder • Based on a story by Edwin Justus Mayer and Franz Schulz

DIRECTED BY MITCHELL LEISEN
DEBUT OF RANCH BRED MINK

With the FEDERAL name stamped on the leather side identifying the finest, dark natural ranch-bred skin.

It pays to know the quality of your mink. FEDERAL MINK keeps its appearance, stands remodeling, gives long service. It is incredibly warm, yet magnificently light in weight. In spite of the luxuriously dense, lustrous fur, it is as supple as a soft fabric. Long, silky guard hairs add to its elegance.

FEDERAL MINK skins are extremely naturally dark, without the slightest trace of yellow or red... lovely, subtle... the toun in a pleasing contrast, not only flattering to all types of women, but with an affinity too, for all costume colors. Only mink scientifically bred over a period of many years obtains this blue-blood loveliness. Make memorandum to ask for FEDERAL MINK. This name on the back of the skins insures utmost in mink beauty... maximum of long fashionable wear. Smart stores everywhere now feature Federal Ranch-Bred Mink.

FEDERAL Ranch Bred mink
HAMBURG, WI

PHOTOPLA
Do you believe that you are handicapped by circumstances? Here's a problem that will set you thinking.

Do you take it, Young America?

**Lela Rogers**

(Ginger's mother)

Do you want to be somebody?

It would be surprising indeed if you did not, for all down the ages every girl and boy has found the urge within themselves to struggle upward, to make something of themselves and improve their lot in life. Where they live or how they live makes little difference. Normal human beings are interested in their own advancement. And they should be.

Here are things happening in the world today that would make you envious of the circumspect: a girl at the University of California has discovered a new kind of cheese. A boy in New York City invented a new kind of toothpaste. A girl in Chicago wrote a play that was produced in New York. A boy in Boston built a plane that flew across the United States.

But there isn't. Progress is one of the first laws of the universe...inherent in man. It is the law of Heaven. So what is there to hinder it?

If I ask you what it is you particularly want, you might answer, 'want a million dollars,' yet some of the dullest, most uninteresting and least progressive young people I know have a million dollars. Money doesn't make you somebody. It doesn't even help.

If you tell me you want to be "tops" in your profession, or that you are in the very disquieting throes of selecting a life work...a place to begin...that you are anxious to have something to offer when the time comes to launch yourself into the world of grownups, then I shall know that imagination, common sense and courage will vitalize your study of your problem and that I can help you.

So, let us take it for granted right from the start that you are so serious about this business of being somebody that you are willing to give both time and thought to it. It will take both, especially thought. The decision to be somebody comes from within—from thought and, since this somebody-we-would-be is an idea held in thought, a concept that is a reality, a reality that can be made a thing of beauty.

(Continued on page 82)
When is spoiling not spoiling? When is surrender wise?

This famous novelist gives you a Hollywood lesson in love

BY FAITH BALDWIN

WHEN the editor of Photoplay asked me whether or not I would be interested in writing an article under this heading, I screamed, I hollered, I hit the ceiling. And I grabbed my trusty typewriter and wrote a letter to Photoplay in which I demanded to know what in the world was meant by "spoiling"? You see, spoiling is a pretty general term and what might mean spoiling to you might not mean spoiling to me.

I suppose it's spoiling when you encourage selfishness and certainly selfishness is encouraged by too much pampering, too much sheltering from realities... that goes for men, women and children; for, to be ideal, any human relationship should approximate a fifty-fifty, give-and-take basis.

Many wives are afraid they will spoil their men if they yield to them on various points. But sometimes surrender is wise. And some men spoil a lot easier than others. The rule here seems to be, how much can you spoil your man and not spoil your marriage?

HOLLYWOOD is full of the world's most alluring women; it is an enormous factory, working day and night, to create allure. It has to... because every week eighty million people pay money at the box offices to view that allure and to enjoy it vicariously.

To be born beautiful is very nice indeed. To be born attractive and made beautiful is something else again. Charm, beauty, allure—these will all interest and attract a man, but they can't hold him. Girls who look in the mirror and pray that they may become beautiful overnight should realize that. I've seen very plain women hold men much longer than beautiful women, and in greater happiness. Not even in legendary Hollywood do beautiful women always hold their men. Look at the divorce records. Nor, for that matter, do handsome men hold their women.

In looking over the recent examples of how Hollywood women may "spoil" their men, I come upon several which seem to me just common sense, not spoiling. For instance, I read somewhere that Joan Blondell threw away a new hat because her husband, Dick Powell, said he didn't like it. Spoiling? I don't think so. After all, he had to look at the hat. If Mama comes home in a lovely crazy creation which has cost her a pretty penny and Papa takes one look at it and either weeps or laughs or groans... well, out goes the hat. And a very sensible gesture, too. Nothing seems to irritate a man more than a hat which affronts him—on his wife. It irritates the wife, of course, when said husband doesn't mind the same hat on another woman. But she isn't his wife, so that's that.

My mother used to romp in with the latest thing in hats and my father used to order them off her red head, pronin. He would say, "You look like a drum major." He would say, "You look like Bertha, the Brewer's Bride." He would say, "You look like the waste basket, plus contents."

His contention was that a hat should frame a face; that the face should be the main object of the eyes and not the hat; that a hat should be merely a becoming adjunct. If he were alive

The Carole Lombard of today (left) is a far cry from the one on the right, who lived for night clubs and crazy entertaining. Clark Gable caused this transformation—but was she spoiling him? We ask you!
today he would probably go into a straight jacket after viewing the hats which now appear upon the public streets.
Young girls and very pretty girls, smart women who are so plain that nothing is becoming but sheer crazy chic, can get away with the mad, mad hats. Since Mrs. Powell is both young and pretty, she can get away with them, too—but at home. But if Mr. Powell doesn't like one of her hats, she isn't spoiling him by throwing it away. She's being sensible.
So, if your boy friend doesn't like your hat, do something about it. The gesture will flatter him: it won't spoil him and, incidentally, it may improve your own appearance.
Adrian, famous Hollywood costume designer and fiancé of Janet Gaynor, has designed an entire new wardrobe and dress personality for her, or so I hear tell. I don't think she is spoiling him by conforming. I think she is being wise.
In the first place, Janet Gaynor is lovely enough to have a new personality if she wants one.
Anyway, she's probably tired of being wistful and little-girlish. Hurrah for her, and for Adrian, and for their romance!
Suppose you're a brunette and you decide to become a blonde. Suppose you become a blonde and all your best friends (including the cats) tell you you are too, too ravishing. Suppose your husband or your fiancé takes one look and advises you that he fell in love with a brunette, that you looked much better to him as nature had intended. What would you do? Go on being a blonde because you didn't want to spoil him by surrender?
Paulette Goddard had that happen to her. She went blonde and Mr. Charles Chaplin went critical. She returned to her natural coloring. And I agree with Chaplin. I like her better that way.
WELL, perhaps hats and hair-dos and make-up and blonde vs. brunette aren't very important problems, but here's a more serious one.
 Take that most discussed little blonde number, Carole Lombard. Carole free-lances: she draws approximately one hundred thousand dollars per picture, plus profit percentage. Last year her income totalled nearly half a million and, in addition, Hollywood's most box-office screen lover is also number one man in her life. Marriage is around the corner and these two have been keeping company, as we say up here in New England, for some time.
How does she hold Mr. Gable's affection? By her beauty? Nonsense! There are women lovelier or as lovely right under his eyes. By her acting ability? When did that ever hold a man—off stage? By her earning capacity? Thumbs down on that—his own is stupendous.
Back in 1934, this little blonde star was celebrating a recent success at a party. She loved parties—the bigger, the better and the more fun. And there she met the gentleman aforesaid—not for the first time. They had co-starred in a picture, but that was business. This was social, and pleasure.
He just happened to be there. He doesn't go much for parties. He likes other things better. But there she was, independent, witty, most
(Continued on page 80)
By Claude Binyon

From the agile pen of this author, famous Hollywood dialogue writer, has come such hits as "I Met Him in Paris" and "Sing, You Sinners"

He was standing by himself, out of the glare of the lights, and he was afraid for all he had dreamed of. The cameraman had shouted that his beard showed black and the assistant director had asked him why in hell he hadn't shaved; but he had shaved and there was nothing more he could do.

The director had talked to him that morning about his hands. They were large, like young hams, and he had a habit of holding them before him, with the thumbs projecting upward. It looked lousy and he must break himself of the habit.

The sound man had said he talked too fast, but when he thought of his speech and tried to control it, his memory played tricks with the lines.

The writer had sat watching him rehearse, the writer who had written the part for Gable and then found out Gable wasn't available, and there had seemed to be a resentful hostility in his eyes.

And so he was standing on the set by himself, out of the glare of the lights, and his hands were wet and there was a weakness inside him. He watched Claudette Colbert working before the camera. She was beautiful to see, calm and cool, wise to all the tricks. He had been yanked from obscurity to be her leading man and she had been kind to him, but hadn't he seen something in her eyes? Hadn't he seen it in everyone's eyes?

A man approached him casually and stopped beside him. One of those fellows related to somebody. He didn't seem to do anything but he was on the set every day and so it was best to smile at him. The man smiled back and shook his head slowly.

"Too bad, Fred," he said.

MacMurray swallowed. "Too bad about what?"

The man put his arm on Fred's shoulder. "They're going to replace you."

Fred stood straight and still. This was it. This was what he had seen in their eyes. He was no good and they didn't want him. The man patted his shoulder and walked away slowly. Fred didn't move.

He remained in the shadows the rest of the day and nobody called him for scenes. When the company was dismissed he went home and talked to his mother of everything but the picture.

In the privacy of his bedroom he waited for the tears and they didn't come. Only the weakness inside him and the blank realization that for him everything had ended.

In the morning he stood on the set and waited for the word. There were several minutes of agony and then the assistant director gestured toward him. "Ready for rehearsal," he called.

Fred stared. Ready for rehearsal? Why rehearse when you're through? Dazedly he joined Claudette and the director.
"How you feeling?" asked the director.
"Fine," said Fred thickly.
"Good," said the director. "This is your toughest scene in the picture and if you lick it you're in the bag."
Fred nodded numbly. He rehearsed with Claudette, not hearing his own voice. He was telling Claudette good-by. Because she didn't need him any more and she loved another man. And then from nowhere the cameraman called that he was ready and people moved about busily and there he was standing with Claudette under the lights.
"Let's go," said the director.
"Roll em!" called the assistant. The sound man recorded the scene number. "Speed!" called the cameraman.
Fred faced Claudette, clenching his hands and biting his lower lip. Jerkily he spoke the lines, his voice rising and fading, but doggedly he went on. Don't quit in the middle of a scene! No matter how lousy you are, don't quit in the middle!
He finished and turned away, resting his hands on a table because all strength was gone from him. There was a moment of painful silence.
"Print it," said the director.
Fred turned, staring. "Please," he said. "I was terrible!"
"You were just the way I want you to be," said the director.

"But my voice. It was shaking and nervous. I was all mixed up."
"How else should you be?" asked the director.
"You love the girl and you're telling her good-by because you think she doesn't want you."
Fred sank weakly into a chair. After a while he looked up. The man who had told him he was through was watching him. The man turned away after a moment, whistling casually.

THIS is the story Fred has told me, rounded out with what I know and it is as cock-eyed an interlude as any man can have in his life.
Sensitive beyond the average man. Fred imagined many things, but there is the fact that the man who had nothing to do with anything told him he was through and Fred believed him. As late as two months ago, Fred still believed that there had been a definite though momentary decision to replace him in that first big part of his in "The Gilded Lily." I know differently, because I was the writer who watched him rehearse the part I had written for Gable, and the look he interpreted as resentful and hostile was a hammy attempt to convey encouragement without words. The director was Wesley Ruggles and when he has picked an actor that actor remains picked. The man who told Fred he was through has not been inside the studio since—although what he said to Fred will be news to Ruggles.

There are four years between then and now and they have given me much time to know the guy who stood in the shadows. He has married a girl named Lillian, whose German maiden
(Continued on page 91)

Fred wasn't the type to forget "the girl back home"—he married her when fame touched him.
O watch any movie being made is interesting—to watch an unusual movie being made is exciting. "Juarez" is an unusual movie from every angle. It has an important story: it presents an authentic picture of a little touched period of history; it has a cast which boasts five Academy Award winners; it has been prepared with painstaking care.

Ordinarily, advance preparation for a movie takes about three months. This means all the planning before the picture goes before the camera, developing of the script, story conferences, research, drawing of the sets and costumes, casting, planning the shooting schedule. It took a year and a half to write "Juarez." It was written with the care of a novel. A year's work went into research to make every detail authentic. Then followed six months of conferences before a single scene was shot.

Out at the Warner Brothers' Burbank studio where "Juarez" is being made, I've been fortunate in being able to witness every step in the making of this great picture's production. I've talked to scores of interesting people and, in so doing, have discovered how a picture is made. But let me take you there so that you can see for yourself.

The historical background of "Juarez" goes back to the year 1863. Benito Pablo Juarez, a full-blooded Zapotec Indian, is President of Mexico. Doing everything he can to free the Mexican people from six hundred years of military dictatorship, he has declared a moratorium on all debts to foreign powers. In France, Napoleon the Third, egged on by his scheming wife, the Empress Eugenie, has decided to put a puppet emperor on the throne of Mexico to secure a new source of gold for France. They choose Maximilian von Hapsburg, a liberal and an idealist, brother of Franz Joseph of Austria. Maximilian has been living blissfully with his beautiful consort, Carlotta, at the Palace of Miramar in Trieste. To convince him that the Mexican people really want him to rule over them, Napoleon's Mexican generals hold a fake plebiscite; thus Carlotta and Maximilian go to Mexico, innocent of Napoleon's plot.

Word comes to Napoleon that the North is about to win the Civil War in the United States. The French troops must be withdrawn immediately or the United States will enforce the Monroe Doctrine. Napoleon withdraws his troops, leaving Maximilian without support in an alien land. Maximilian's aides force him to sign the Black Decree, making the bearing of arms by the Mexicans punishable by death. Carlotta makes a futile trip to Paris to get aid from Napoleon. Oppressed by her failure, she loses her mind. Maximilian and his aides are captured by Juarez and executed. So much for the story behind "Juarez."

Hal Wallis is Jack Warner's executive associate in charge of production. It is he who lays out the programs for the entire year. He is responsible for the fifty-two pictures the studio makes each year.

To get to his office one passes through innumerable doors that open only when a button is pressed by remote control. You pass through long corridors and up winding stairs to be ushered, at last, into his inner office.

Hal Wallis is totally unlike one's idea of a movie producer. He is tall and athletic-looking; he is charming and very unassuming; he talks little about himself; he gives you a feeling of leisure.

"When you take hold of any story," he told me, "you naturally see it for certain people—the result is, the important casting is really done before the script is finished. At once we saw Paul Muni as Juarez, the Mexican Lincoln, and Bette Davis as the lovely Carlotta. We tested several people for Maximilian and chose Brian Aherne, who could be his twin brother. Then there were forty or fifty good speaking parts to fill. We made hundreds of tests and from them, I think, were gleaned some of the best character actors in Hollywood—John Garfield as Diaz, leader of the Mexican army, Claude Rains as Napoleon the Third, Gale Sondergaard as the

(Continued on page 53)
To Mexico went Paul Muni for authentic lore. Here he inspects a bust of the famous Juarez.

Wardrobe test: Producer Blanke and Cameraman Ernest Haller look on while one of the fourteen costumes worn by Bette Davis in the role of Empress Carlotta is tested. Designer Orry-Kelly's original sketch is shown on the left.

Art Director Anton Gruf inspects a small-scale reproduction of a Mexican city to be built on location.
Here is one of the most remarkable success stories ever told—about the girl nobody thought would survive

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

There is a tale accepted in Hollywood's inner circles concerning a major story conference where the problem was to find a title for the celluloid masterpiece just completed.

After a couple of hours of debate the producer had an inspiration. "Hey, look, are there any bugles in this picture?" he said.

"No, sir," said the author, looking pained. "Certainly not. No bugles of any kind."

"Then," said the producer triumphantly, "we'll call it 'Without Bugles.'"

Based upon this hit of Hollywood folklore I propose to call this portrait of Irene Dunne "Without Glamour." Because there is no glamour in it and that makes it one of the most remarkable success sagas ever told.

Somewhere back in the early '30s, Irene Dunne was working for RKO. So, as it happened, was I. We had at that time two women stars on the lot and we were concerned chiefly with their futures and their box office and getting stories for them. They were the glamour girl de luxe, Miss Constance Bennett, and the famous beauty, Miss Ann Harding.

On other lots Mae West was knocking over exhibitors and audiences, Marlene Dietrich was spreading glamour thicker than honey and Garbo, who invented glamour but couldn't patent it, was Queen. Jean Harlow, God bless her, was the platinum blonde dynamo and—well, everybody had glamour. All Hollywood's gals had glamour.

All but Irene Dunne.

Even after her enormous success in "Cimarron," you could still get about a thousand to one on Irene Dunne in the winter book. The picture, the part, the direction—sure, it had given her an outstanding performance.


With all due respect to the glittering glamour girls of that day, time has told a far different story. For if you take a good look at the screen and at the box office of 1939 you will discover that Irene Dunne has survived. Not only has she survived but she has distanced most of her competition. Her position is at the absolute top and its security grows with every picture. And her real and deep hold upon the affection and admiration of American audiences is unequaled.

To write a story about Irene Dunne is supposed to be a hazard. The spectacular qualities so dear to the writer's heart are, frankly, missing. So you will forgive me if, in trying to get over to you via the typewriter the truly amazing and spectacular facts about Irene Dunne and what she means to the public, I wander about a bit. Because to me she is one of the loveliest and

(Continued on page 84)
A rollicking story of Joan Davis, "Happy Hooligan" by nature; actress at will; housewife at heart

BY SARA HAMILTON

WHEN the New York theatrical critics handed their loving cup award to Joan Davis for being, to their notion, the best comedienne of last year, the gratified lady accepted the cup with many thanks and a muttered aside to her husband: "But why? I haven't been comic yet!"

To her close friends, Joan's remark seemed both right and wrong. On the screen, they claim, Joan hasn't touched the great well of comedy that lies within. "She punches her lines too hard and defeats her natural comic ability with too much acrobatic cavoring," they claim. "But Joan, off screen..." and they begin laughing before they can finish.

So, to the off-screen Joan, the one Hollywood doesn't know well enough to recapture for the screen, we present our own award—a verbal salute to a grand comedienne, a woman whose life is a testimony to the joy that can be had from just living. Plain, simple, everyday living.

Joan is different from the usual Hollywood actress. Funny, but different. Why, just to think of Joan is to have march before your eyes a jitterbug parade—smiles so priceless that one can treasure them as clearly as a star his new front teeth.

My favorite is the vision of Joan that smashed me squarely in the face as I stepped off a hospital elevator to visit her during her convalescence from an accident on one of the sets. In a wheel chair, hands crossed in utter relaxation, sat a stiffly starched nurse, with Joan, in nightie and bathrobe, feebly pushing her up and down the hall.

Before we could utter a word at this strange sight, a patient, in bathrobe and slippers, emerged from Room 12, on his way to the sun porch. Nodding, the patient passed on: and then the incongruity of the ludicrous sight hit him full force. Whirling about, he came back, peering wildly, first into the wheel chair and then into Joan's face.

Clutching his forehead he let out a yelp, "Doc, it's no use," he cried. "I've had a relapse. I'm seeing wrong ends to."

"Everybody gets a free ride but me," Joan replied, in answer to our hysterical questioning. "I have to push my own nurse to get my back muscles in place. Can you beat it?" And she tottered on with her wheel chair pushing.

The overabundance of life that is Joan's failed to be downed, even remotely, by this sojourn in a hospital.

She lay there, her masses of dark red hair haloed about her comely face, her eyes bright with the interesting tidbits of conversation tossed about by the constant group of visitors, her mind ever on the alert for the lively and comical, her admiration for a tricky piece of finery keener than ever.

An acquaintance, who had accompanied one of Joan's close friends to the hospital, had stepped out of the room while Joan said good-bye to the friend.

"Anything I can get you, Joan?" the friend

You laugh at Joan on the screen, but it's in a powder-blue mosque in Beverly Hills that her best shows go on.
In "The Castles," Fred Astaire portrays his great childhood idol.
Was it modesty that stopped Fred on Question 16? We'll never know—but here's an example of his fancy doodling, over which he has no inferiority complex

(A) No. I have heard that theory, but I don't believe it. I feel better right now than I have ever felt in my life and I've been dancing since I was seven.

5. (Q) Do you gamble?
   (A) I like to bet. I occasionally bet on a sport event.

6. (Q) What makes you most nervous?
   (A) Having someone watch me when I'm trying to originate a step or make up a dance. It's like having someone look over your shoulder when you're writing a letter.

7. (Q) Are you inclined to sulk, and over what little thing did you sulk the longest?
   (A) The only time I have ever sulked was when I thought that I had won a golf tournament, only to find that I had been disqualified because I unwittingly drove two balls off the first tee. I am still sulking.

8. (Q) When did you ever grow a mustache and was it successful?
   (A) Once in a musical comedy skit I was required to wear a false mustache for a characterization. That one experience was enough; since then I have never even been tempted to raise one!

9. (Q) What kind of a soldier do you think you'd make?
   (A) I think I'd be all right.

10. (Q) How do you react when a female fan gushes over you?
    (A) Mr. Astaire took the consequences. (Show us yourself as you were when you first started to dancing school.)

11. (Q) What song-writing have you done recently?
    (A) I haven't done any. I've been too busy. Anyway, I don't think I'll write any for a while. I'm going to leave that to Mickey Rooney.

12. (Q) About what things are you sentimental?
    (A) I have a dressing gown which I prize very highly. I have had it since 1912 and wouldn't part with it—even though I'm told that it looks like a horse blanket.

13. (Q) If you had not become a successful dancer, what other career would you have liked to follow?
    (A) I would have liked to become a professional golfer.

14. (Q) Whom do you ever envy?
    (A) I envy all the good sports commentators and also the sports radio announcers. Next to professional golfing, I believe their work must be the most interesting.

15. (Q) What is your keenest personal ambition?
    (A) Just to win a golf tournament. I'm not asking for a silver cup—if I could only win one little penknife, or something, with my name engraved on it! I've come close, but I've never won a tournament.

16. (Q) If a hundred per cent were perfect, how would you rate yourself as the Life of the Party?
    (A) Mr. Astaire took the consequences. (Let us have examples of your doodling.)

(Continued on page 74)
Here’s Jane Lyons again—in a "battle of the century” that was hopelessly lost until a dark screen villain became a hero for the day

BY LILLIAN DAY

HAVE been so busy with Life, itself, that haven’t had time to keep up this chronicle. Vacation is over! Most exciting! But now things have settled down to a sort of chaos. I get older and wiser each week and have learned a great deal about people, especially men and women. In the last month or so have been in love twice and disillusioned three times. Note: mustn’t judge by appearances. Many a man who does the Dartmouth Dip to perfection isn’t even a high school graduate.

Met Ina Claire and we became firm friends—at least I did. She asked me if I intended going on the stage and I said no. She said that was the first intelligent answer she ever had from a fan. Pops thought it was an insult, but I took it as a compliment.

Yesterday Barbara and I drank Bruderschaft in frosted chocolate, so nothing can come between us. We have often said that if we both fall in love with the same man we will each sacrifice him to the other.

Have been helping Barb stalk her ex-grand pash, Basil Rathbone. Got two signatures each because we changed our hats and he didn’t recognize us. The doorman at the Warwick knows our faces by heart.

The new hats this season are colossal. Barb has a Tower of Pisa while I have an off-in-face, as I had my Glamour Bump permanently. We both want black dresses. She’ll get hers, but I’ll probably have to compromise on pink. Barb always gets what she wants because her parents believe in child psychology.

DECIDED to have an h. to h. talk with Pops who is intelligent at times. I told him about how I had sold my precious album full of the very best autographs to Vera Bailey for $25 when hiring an Escort Guide had been a matter of life and death. He said I had no complaint as that was about what the Indians got for Manhattan Island (I think he was trying to be facetious). But I told him what kind of girl Vern was and that it was like selling one’s dog or child to a cruel person and that if I didn’t get the album back I would become a frustrated woman, which is considered unhealthy.

Pops asked how much it would take to buy it back and I said I thought she ought to take $30 which would give her $5 profit, besides having had possession of the valuable tome for several months. He hemmed, but I must say he didn’t haw and I said I would only have to give me twenty as I could always borrow five from Barbara, whose parents weren’t small about money matters. That got his back up, which I had intended, and he gave me a check which I cashed at once. Triple wham!!!

Ben Hecht got ten grand for taking the war out of “Idiot’s Delight.” Wonder what he’ll get to lower “Wuthering Heights.” Landed Luise Rainer, Gary Cooper and Doug, Jr. this week. The new book is filling up. Had to cut Eng. and Math, but then isn’t all life a compromise? Like the time the Board of Education had the nerve to open school the day the Normandie arrived with Lunt & Fontanne, Sonja Henie, Peggy H. Joyce, Robt. Donat and Burgess Meredith! It put thousands of fans in a spot between Phyllis and Charybdis. We thought of getting up a petition to ask the Steamship Lines and the Board of Education to cooperate. My new Eng. teacher is a grade A Five-star Gestunk.

Barb has a cold and is ecstatic about it because she caught it from Brian Aherne at the boat. He’s in a sanitarium and she sent him garnations (Tic tacs) and a note saying that both of them being infected with the same germs constituted a bond between them. He didn’t answer. Come to think of it that isn’t scientifically accurate and I must call it to her
"Mr. Rathbone," I said in my lowest register, "we have both proven to you our devotion and loyalty . . . we have stood for hours in the rain outside hotels and theaters. The time has come when you can show your appreciation."

attention. They couldn't both have the same germs, only relatives, because two things (even germs) cannot occupy different places at the same time. We learned that in Physics 2.

YESTERDAY at my attentee, Barbara Drew, and I attempted a rapprochement with La Bailey. We offered her a cigarette which she accepted. I started talking about generalities, like Eric Blore and Eugene Lockhart. Then Barb explained that an album didn't really have any social significance unless one collected the signatures one's own self. No register. Then I remarked that I couldn't understand how anyone with a shred of self-respect, which I was sure she had, could take credit for autographs someone else had collected. It was like having a Ghost Writer, than which there is nothing more ignominious. No sale. Rather no re-sale.

Then I asked her point blankly how much she would take for the album and she said she wasn't at all anxious to sell. Barbara reminded her that she had promised she would and she denied it equally point blankly. They put it up to me and I had to decide between telling the strict truth and defending my chum to whom I had sworn fealty unto death, which I naturally did. That made Bailey furious and she called us both liars in so many words (one). So one word led to a lot of others and I offered her $30 plus a new album, but she still refused. I raised it an introduction to Raymond Massey. (Don't know him myself yet but expect to see "Abe Lincoln" next week.) The more I argued the adamant she became. I raised to $35, though I didn't have it. We argued to and fro and Barb was about to offer 40 when I hinted to her to shut up.

"Silentiurn!" I said, which is our secret code.

Then I rose and said, "Very well, Miss Bailey. You can't say I didn't give you a fair chance. From hence forth and on we shall sever all undiplomatic relations. My attorney will communicate with you."

And with that I walked out with dignity, dragging Barb. I think she took the cigarette under false pretenses.

GOT Pops to bring home legal cup and blue backs and wrote document (copy appended). STATE OF NEW YORK |
COUNTY OF NEW YORK|
WHEREAS, Jane Lyons, party of the first part, being duly sworn, deposes and says: That on or about several months ago she gave, sold, vended, bequeathed and disposed of her own personal Autograph Album, by her personally collected and accrued at much expense and risk of life and limbs (dodging taxis) and full of original holographs and signatures of numerous and sundry well known celebrities, to one Vera Bailey, party of the second part, in exchange for the sum of twenty-five dollars ($25.00) in hands paid.

AND WHEREAS, this transfer of property, personal and very real was conducted by minors and without the consent of any of the parents thereof.

AND WHEREAS said party of the first part, who shall be known hereafter as the plaintiff, wishes the return of her rightful property and is willing to give the party of the second part, to be known hereafter as the defendant, Thirty dollars ($30.00) as payment, recompense, emolument and compensation for same.

THEREFORE, if said defendant does not comply and come across by Monday next at 6 P.M., said plaintiff will not only institute legal proceedings, but see that her attorneys TAKE STEPS for the recovery of the aforementioned Album.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THEIR PRESENTS.

Jane Lyons L.S. (Plaintiff)

Barbara Drew L.S. (Witness)

(Concluded on page 86)
WHY AMERICAN MEN

DON'T WANT TO MARRY HOLLYWOOD WOMEN

BY GRETTA PALMER

Take cheer, all you who envy our girls, for here are facts to prove that beauty, wealth and fame aren't always what they seem.

S

O you'd like to change places with a movie-picture star, would you? You'd like her beauty, her celebrity, her marble swimming pool and—most of all—her ability to use these things to attract shoals of fascinating, eligible men?

We women inevitably think of success in terms of increased sex appeal. Unless a girl is something of a freak, fame, beauty and money are chiefly important to her as aids in bringing her a long queue of eligible suitors: out of this waiting line she dreams of finally selecting a marquis or a famous playwright or the handsomest man in America. For women, on the whole, want success as a stepping-stone to their single-minded ambition of marrying the best and most glamorous man in the world after having, incidentally, broken the hearts of half a hundred second bests.

Now, recent researches I have conducted through the country, by train and plane and trailer, suggest that women who envy the moving-picture stars their attractiveness to men have been barking up a very wrong tree. We have, most of us, assumed that a successful Hollywood actress can take her pick of the most desirable suitors in the world.

Well, it looks as if that were the one thing she can never do!

I set out to investigate this myth that all men dream of marrying a $5,000 a week professional beauty out of the West. And I found, quite simply, that it isn't true. I asked handsome men and charming men, rich men and famous men, and even a titled foreigner or two how they felt about capturing the heart and hand of one of our princesses of the screen. Almost without exception, they rejected the idea with a kind of horror. No wife of theirs, they earnestly assured me, would ever be allowed to live the life of a successful screen star. Not while a drop of red blood flowed through their manly veins!

THE money was a serious obstacle to half a dozen of them. Let us take, as the spokesman of this group, a very handsome, very clever man of twenty-six—a man who is well on the way to the top in a Midwest advertising agency.

"I'm plenty busy trying to be a success on my own hook," he said, "without the nuisance of having to worry about a wife's career. It takes all the energy and thought I can afford to figure out ways of handling my own job and when I get home in the evening, I'm going to want a nice, clear-headed, sympathetic little woman to take my problems seriously and beg me not to work so hard.

"I want my wife to have a stake in my success. I want her to be terribly proud of me when my salary reaches the stage where we can afford our first trip to Europe together and I want her to look forward to the day when I can move her into a penthouse.

"But if she were the one whose salary check determined the scale on which we lived—if she
Is it possible that American men wouldn't jump at the chance of marrying girls like these—talented, attractive, acclaimed? It's hard to believe, but the author of this article, after interviewing rich man, poor man, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, puts forth some astounding reasons for her conviction that this is the case.

"I wouldn't care how much money a week a Hollywood wife brought in," he said. 'Lord, no! My own wife has more money than I can ever conceivably hope to make, so I don't try very hard. The money isn't the barrier—but I wouldn't want to be married to a professionally beautiful girl. Why not? Well, beautiful women are, almost inevitably, spoiled. They've been flattered and coddled since the days when they heard their mothers' friends gush, 'She's like a little angel.' They've had young men sit and look starry-eyed at them since they were old enough to use their eyes—and a really lovely girl knows everything about how to flirt when she is ten years old.

"Beautiful women have had things their own way for too long to be able to adjust to the give-and-take of marriage. I've seen a lot of them and they expect their husbands to woo them for life and to act as if they were still trying to win them away from a crowd of suitors.

"Beautiful women are usually bones—they have never had to stir themselves and learn how to be entertaining, because people gathered around them just for the sake of staring. They are usually selfish and inconsiderate. And the funny thing about them is this: that when you've been around one for a month or so, you take her beauty for granted and you don't get much fun out of it, anyway.

"Give me a good, homely woman who has learned how to dress effectively and who knows how to compensate for her lack of looks by wit and charm and understanding.

"Fannie Brice might make a fine wife. Or Helen Westley. Even Jane Withers might work out okay. But heaven protect me from marrying one of these Hollywood glamour girls. They're the worst wives in the world!"

Well, so there's another set of delectable men left over for the rest of us to scrap about: the men who don't approve of beauty in a wife. And that's a consolation, on more counts than one.

Not many of the men who were cross-examined were worried by the beauty of the Hollywood stars. But several dozen of them shuddered away from the inevitable publicity a star meets up with. You would be surprised to find how camera-shy the average bachelor in America is today.

There was a serious, well-heeled young man, with a string of polo ponies and a series of mansions scattered over the more habitable sections of the United States—a man who is working hard at his chosen business and has had to evade the press photographers since he was a child in knee pants.

There was the less celebrated lawyer in his early thirties, who wined away from the prospect of being photographed, although he had never had a disagreeable experience with the press.

There were bank clerks and bank presidents' sons, young men who worked in chain stores and steel mills and skyscrapers, and a foreign nobleman. Their dislike of having a cameraman concealed behind the bushes while they proposed amounted, it sometimes seemed, to a mania.

"Who wants to court a girl while half the world is listening in?" said a tall, dark youngster of the type known as "Black Irish," who makes a good living in a brokerage house. "It would be embarrassing in itself and a warning to any man of worse to come.

"Imagine having a wedding with the press pursuing you and radio commentators announcing your honeymoon plans! Imagine coming home to find that the porter at the station had told Winchell you had an argument with your wife about who had the railroad tickets last! Imagine having every spat magnified, by eavesdropping servants, into a national scandal. The tension would be bound to get on your nerves so that finally you'd have a real scorcher of a quarrel, right out in the open in the Brown Derby restaurant, where everyone could see.

"I think that the 'fish bowl' existence famous Hollywood couples lead is disastrous to any normal, happy married life. And I think the statistics on Hollywood divorces bear me out. Even Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks couldn't stand the pace.

"I will never marry any girl who's mobbed by autograph hunters wherever she goes. The woman who becomes my wife may be light or... (Continued on page 53)
invitations a bulldog through good very a not played admit strology. radio HF. He does drinks commentate full HF. JOSEPH

He has a good memory for faces but forgets names quickly... he's always punctual but only moderately speedy... he's a good business and an easy touch

A brilliant interpretation of Spencer Tracy—the polo-playing Irishman who admits to no superstition, and rarely discusses politics

He has a musical instruments, and doesn't enjoy in night clubs. He swims not at ease in the company of any too well. He plays lunch every day. He throws away his father's old hunting-hats which he carries with him always. He wears suspenders, dislikes writing and questions the genuineness of the rest in the off-screen personalities of his picture stars. He wears a size forty-two coat. He likes and expects his conversation. He does not like stuffed soub or crêpes sauce, and has a high regard for the craftsmanship of Frank Lloyd Wright. He thinks Panama City the most interesting place he has ever been, and he recently sold a forty-foot ketch which he sailed himself. He owns a dozen polo ponies, two of them retired to a life of clover. He has a habit of leaning his head slightly forward and looking up with his eyes. He is a frequent patron of drive-in eating places, and his home is of Mexican farmhouse style. He is only moderately orderly. He has no superstitions.

SPENCER TRACY does not think the world has improved much in the last hundred years. He wears soft, white shirts nearly all the time. He smokes cigarettes and occasionally a pipe. He has never had a sandwich named after him, and he hates wearing hats. He hates to go shopping with his wife. He considers "Captains Courageous" his best picture. He is a very good businessman and takes good care of his money. He has no collecting hobbies of any kind.

He has never worn spats or carried a walking stick, and he thinks mechanical progress has not increased the general level of happiness. He has a son and a daughter. He enjoys taking long walks alone. He has never worn glasses. He thinks most people are sincere. He never rides hunches and has never had a premonition.

He has a violent aversion to women who dye their hair even though it makes them more attractive. He dislikes meeting strange people. He is right-handed and does not like walking in the rain. He does not have an ear for music. He does not like Chinese food, and he can recall no individual who might have been his childhood's idol. He is very tolerant of his fellow man. His favorite off-stage costume is riding boots, breeches and a sweat shirt.

He was with Ethel Barrymore's "Royal Fandango" company when a New York critic wrote that "Tracy looked like he had been picked up by the property man." His eyes are blue. Spencer Tracy does not think it possible for a person to start out in life with a definite plan and carry it through to its conclusion. "Too many things can happen beyond a man's

(Continued on page 89)
Two sides of the picture! Top, with Gable in "No Man of Her Own," which started the whole romance off, then at the height of her determined sexy career. Left, a generous view of appealing curves. Right, Carole Comes Marching Home Again . . . the real Carole Lombard of 1939. A tomboy, bespectacled, canvas jacket and corduroy skirt. Not a far cry from the Fort Wayne capers. And her public loves it!
A small-town girl with freckles, a sense of humor and the knack of being herself—Myrna Loy, who is now busy charming Bob Taylor in "Lucky Night"
For the filming of the Brontë classic, "Wuthering Heights," Goldwyn, with the greatest of ease and expense, imported heather and the song of English larks (in cans); lavishly rebuilt the Linton manor house (top); and chose a cast that has Hollywood talking—but plenty. David Niven and Merle Oberon (left), who a year ago were a top-line romance, now lead a happy married life before the cameras as Edgar and Cathy, chat casually between scenes, with all eyes (including those of Korda, Merle's reported fiancé) at attention. Laurence Olivier (opposite page, top right portrait), who left Hollywood in a huff years ago, comes gleefully back as Heathcliff because (the columnists say) of Vivien Leigh, English Scarlett, who can be found most any day, on this set. The show is certainly on!
right: at the window, Heathcliff, as played by Laurence Olivier; at the table, so G. Carroll and Flora Robson. Bottom, right: Miles Mander as Lockwood

David Niven, as Edgar; Geraldine Fitzgerald (you're talking about her now because of "Dark Victory") as Isabella; Donald Crisp as kindly Dr. Kenneth. Below: Director William Wyler looks at $100,000 worth of Goldwyn atmosphere
Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as he looks on Sunset Boulevard—grinning guy in Bond St. clothes. Insert: he puts on his camera lure at the studio.

Tyrone Power: the chap that Annabella likes to dance with at the Troc; and, insert, the dark look that makes female audiences shiver.

WE LOVE 'EM

Richard Greene: two-way charm. Careless charm; [It certainly takes a pipe!] dimpled charm before the cameras.

Nelson Eddy, as his bride sees him across the breakfast table—and as Jeanette MacDonald sees him through a bit of make-up.
Gary Cooper: right out in the open at the races, having hearty fun—and Gary Cooper, the shy, silent—and groomed—hero of celluloid

— with their film war paint off and their hair down. But we give you here the male "umphers" of the screen both ways—as nature shaped them up and as the make-up men turn them out. Decisions, please!

Don Ameche: Daddy playing ball and having fun with Ronnie and Donnie; and a screen cavalier courting (and losing) the screen glamour girls

Clark Gable demonstrates how to be a he-man both ways: off screen, with pipe, bangs and a few "laugh" wrinkles. On screen, with pipe

Wayne Morris when he forgets his screen manners and loses his dimple and Wayne when he wears a wave
HEADWORK: JEFFREY LYNN, WHO CASHES IN ON ROMANCE IN "FAMILY REUNION"
HEARTWORK: DOROTHY LAMOUR, WHO SWINGS A SONG OF LOVE IN "MAN ABOUT TOWN"
Exemplary episode in the saga of the success of Hyman Fink: a hen party is given, with instructions that no men are to be admitted. Hymie, with a curt here or there, foils the doorman, crashes the gate and lowdown with Sophie Tucker to the tune of a scoop picture.

Featuring a double exposure: Hy- man Fink, Photoplay's cameraman—and the amazing tricks of his trade

B ACK in the days of good King Baggot, F. X. Bushman and the Biograph Girl, Hymie Fink was up to his armpits in clover. The world had not become movie-insane, there was not a single correspondent stationed in Hollywood and Hymie was the only free-lance citizen of Southern California willing to sacrifice his life snapping tintypes of movie stars.

"Nowadays," says Hymie sadly, "they give the infants cameras instead of teething rings."

The result is a plague of picture snappers which frightens the casual visitor and makes a Hollywood first night something resembling the battle of Verdun. There are bulbs bursting in air, the flashlights' white glare and all through the night the stars are still there—pushing their mugs up close so there will be no mistake.

But Hymie is still top man in Hollywood, knowing more stars, past and present, than anybody alive and retaining their confidence because he has never double-crossed them.

"You can have the candid camera," says Mr. Fink. "What you get with it mostly is somebody with his mouth open. I don't do tricks like that to people. I've probably suppressed as many punk pictures as I've sent out good ones and I never send out a picture without letting the subject see it."

Which is why in the royal days of Pickfair when the nobility of the world fought to get entrance to the domain of Mary and Doug, Hymie was the only photographer allowed on the grounds.

"Those were the times," sighs Hymie. "Mary did things in style. The best party Hollywood ever had was when Pickfair entertained the Olympic Committee. There were 450 guests, the solid gold service was used and a tent was set up on the lawn, a tent which might have been used by a middling sized circus. I had my camera in a room upstairs. I'd just go around among the guests, ask them if they wouldn't come up and pose and that was all there was to it. Nobody but the people involved knew I was there. That's the way Miss Pickford always did it."

Mr. Fink is firmly of the opinion that Hollywood doesn't have parties now which compare with the old days.

"It was a smaller place, there wasn't much to do and everybody ganged up for a good time. The Talmadge sisters set the pace. There were Norma, Constance and Natalie (Mrs. Buster Keaton) and when either of them entertained the rest helped out. Natalie would lend her cook, Constance would supply the butler and Norma would look after the food. Bebe Daniels was a member of that bunch, too, and they always had fun."

But Hymie has his present favorites, which happen to be Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich. The Crawford friendship is of long standing, reaching its height one night at a show in a downtown Los Angeles theater when Miss Crawford noticed the sad state of a news-

(Continued on page 46)
“You can trust Hymie,” says Hollywood of the man who knows more stars than anyone alive. Top: with Norma Shearer.

Miriam Hopkins—who has a bad time with all photographers—except Fink. She poses for him because he “protects” her.

The Fink friendship with Joan Crawford is of long standing, dating since the time when...

Left: Mrs. Dick Barness, the Countess di Prasso, Rhea Gable, Mrs. Clive Brook, Miriam, who knows and sees all—and everything.
paper cameraman, friend of Hymie's, learned his wife was seriously ill in the hospital and offered to take care of the doctor and hospital bill. “Called me two days later and bawled me out because I hadn’t been reporting promptly about the case,” says Hymie, a sentimental sort of guy who appreciates such things.

At the present writing, Hymie has entry into every home in Hollywood except Greta Garbo’s. Some of his great battles have been fought over getting personality shots of that lady. During the masculine period of Garbo’s life—the epoch when she was wearing trousers—the excitement became so intense and the yowling from editors became so frantic that Hymie finally gave his life over to the chase.

After months of vigilance he discovered that Miss Garbo and Miss de Acosta would appear at the Trocadero on a certain winter evening. The management of the restaurant conferred with the camera guys, pointing out very sensibly that it would only frighten Miss Garbo away if any monkey business took place as soon as she reached the establishment. What they should do was wait until she was leaving. They agreed and the vigil began. The Garbo party arrived about eleven, with drawn veils, hands over the face, and sheltering associates. Hymie, who had once before rested comfortably on the running board of a car for two hours to get a Garbo shot, now repaired to the rear of the Trocadero and took up a position behind a rain barrel. This foresight arose out of a tip from the management that Garbo, upon departure, would use the back door.

After three hours of resting alternately behind the rain barrel and a pile of lumber, Hymie was rewarded. The back door opened and Garbo came out. She came out, but she came out running.

“Running,” says Hymie, disgustedly, “and with her hands over her face. What I got was a shot at the side of her face and a good view of the pants. I had to make that do.”

Mr. Fink arrived in Los Angeles in 1904 from Chicago, his old home town. The hangout for movie people in that period was the Roslyn Hotel in Los Angeles, where Charlie Chaplin made his headquarters. As soon as that became cluttered up with tourists, the movie gang moved. The next spot was the Russian Eagle and after that came the Montmartre, which was a terrific rage for several years. That was followed by Eddie Brandstatter’s Embassy Club, where you had to join and present a card. Eddie
took advantage of the opportunity, however, by opening a larger club next door for the visiting firemen. On great days he opened the doors between the clubs and gave the hoi polloi a treat. The next triumph was the Coconut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, where a series of Tuesday nights was started which still gets a full list of movie stars every week. No other Hollywood spot has hung on with such persistence. The different restaurants are mentioned because they were and are the happy hunting grounds for Hymie Fink. The Brown Derby was started by H. K. Somborn, ex-husband of Gloria Swanson; Henry's became the hot spot for a time; the Vendome came along to make a small fortune out of food and drink alone and now the Trocadero is the best known. Hymie starts out in his soup and fish suit every night, shoots the big names at the various hangouts and then goes home to develop his negatives in his own $5,000 laboratory.

"I use a case of film a month on an average," says Mr. Fink. "That's thirty dozen films."

Mr. Fink is now staff photographer for Photoplay, but in the beginning he sold his wares to any possible market. The price was three to five dollars a print, with ten dollars from the larger magazines. The Spanish market—Central and South America—paid fifty cents a print. It doesn't sound like much, but when the price of the print originally was around a cent, one could do all right with quantity.

The great parties of Hollywood, in addition to those given at Pickfair, were thrown by Countess di Frasso. The Countess came along and overturned the works. For one binge she imported a whole prizefight card, preliminaries and final bout. At another she provided paper costumes to wear over the regular white tie and tails. Hymie was in on all those, but when Fredric

(Continued on page 48)
March hurled his celebrated old German beer bottle, Paramount handled the affair and barred all photogs. The Countess di Frasso fixed the boys up, upon approach by Hymie. He would fix it with Mary. She's having the outfit there for cocktails and you can get them before the beer rout begins.

Hymie and the boys get dolled up exactly like the guests those days and were very much feared by a decision of the Mayfair Party group several years ago to bar camermen. Hymie showed up in his party clothes, but the committee was adamant.

"You can't get in," they said. "If you want to get anybody, you'll have to catch them on the way in or the way out."

The boys conferred about it and came to a decision, which was reported to the authorities.

"Either we get in or no pictures at all," and the photogs then pulled what Hymie thinks is the first sit-down strike in America. The boys simply sat in the entrance way on their camera and refused to snap a picture. Along about midnight the committee collapsed under pressure from their eager membership and invited the lens-shooters within. Since everything has been okay.

One afternoon at the Santa Anita race track Oliver Hardy, of the Laurel and Hardy line, perpetrated the abysmal error of getting a picture with a camerman. He nearly suffered the fate of oblivion for the better part of a year. A shutter snapped at the approach of his handsome face and it was only when he made an appearance at the Photographers' Ball that the ban was lifted. You can't slight the men who limn the Hollywood great.

The matter of still photographs is so important to a film star that they have a definite make-up for public appearances.

"Heavy rouge photographs black," says Fink, "so they avoid that, the wise one. If the starring lipstick has equally bad results. If they aren't careful, they're apt to look like walruses. Protect them, but some of the one-fellows don't bother."

Miriam Hopkins has a bad time with photographers for several reasons. For one thing she gets sick in crowds and a bit hysterical. In another thing she is a blonde, with blue eyes and long eyelashes and a light lip make-up. The result is bad in a still camera shot. Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire and Charles Boyer have high faces and have learned to keep their hat on when being photographed.

"If you shoot a picture of those fellows high, it makes them look bald," says Hymie.

A Cameraman with an evil nature can get a lot of trouble. In the crowds of an open bar he can take a shot of a Mrs. Smith and Jones which makes them look as if they're in each other's arms and which will bring Smith and Mrs. Jones into the divorce court with blazing eyes. For that reason, (Continued on page...
Beige jersey, classically draped and casually tied, distinguishes Rosalind Russell's street frock selected from her personal wardrobe. Her black felt trilby hat has a crown of crocheted silk braid—her unusual tubular style. Black fox is her own design. The arrow earrings, clip and bracelet of diamonds and rubies give accent to her costume. Rosalind is currently starring in M.G.M.'s "Fast and Loose."

—Elizabeth Arden Salon, L. A. Jewels—Brack, Los Angeles
Alice Faye's white leda cloth and ermine evening coat has real fashion news in the fur panel outlined by scallops and the shaped inset at the waist with flattering fullness above. Royer, who designed this coat, prefers this line to the more severe princess silhouette. The wrap is part of the beautiful wardrobe Alice will wear in the Twentieth Century Fox production, "Rose of Washington Square." The sketch insert shows Royer's suggestion for adapting the styling of the coat into an alternate fabric combination—a carefully selected printed fabric for the coat with panels and waist inset of taffeta in the dominant coloring of the print.
Rosemary Lane chooses a polka dot frock of luggage tan and white tie silk that is likewise foil for accessory changes. As pictured, it represents the perfect occasional frock. However, when Rosemary dons the luggage tan straw cartwheel sailor, the matching gaberdine bag with white handle and white gloves (shown in the sketch below), it assumes a dressy mood. When she assembles it with white shoes and the white piqué hat banded with luggage tan, white piqué bag and white gloves (shown in the sketch below, right), it becomes a chic spectator sport costume. Rosemary's newest film for Warner Brothers is "Family Reunion"
Phoetoay Fashions

YOU WILL FIND IN THE SHOPS

Little dresses with important "tops"! Ellen Drew, who appears in Paramount's "The Gracie Allen Murder Case," suggests the bolero model (left) that features vertical stripe treatment, crisp piqué trim and contrast leather belt for warm weather street or travel wear—or the striped redingote with velvet collar over a sheer acetate rayon frock with short sleeves and white accent (above, center). Both of these frocks are the new Lacer-sheen in "Four Corners" fabric. Ellen picks the little sheer frock (above, left) for a luncheon-through-dinner-date day. The pleated skirt matches the separate pleated jacket and the leather posies repeat the contrast coloring of the belt. This frock may be selected in navy, green or blue. The tricky jacket of Ellen's dress (above, right) is of pink (you may choose it in citron if you prefer)—the generously gored skirt of navy. Ellen's frocks shown on this page are Jeanne Barrie models and may be found at your favorite shops.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown here are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades. Address your letter to—

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York,
New York
Hollywood tops spring formals with mink chubbies. Patricia Morison, a talented young actress appearing in Paramount's "The Magnificent Fraud," chooses one with neatly squared shoulders, wide sleeves that stop just below the elbow, a collarless neckline and slit pockets. Beneath it, Pat wears her favorite spring formal—a three-in-one gown created for her by Edith Head. The pencil-slim slit skirt of heavy white crepe is seen in the photograph. One of the trio of interchangeable blouses is pictured below in Miss Head's sketch—a red and white silk jersey blouse, surplice and kimono cut, with wide girdle that loops and flows. Other alternatives, not pictured, are a gaily printed crepe blouse or a sweater top of chartreuse cashmere monogrammed in lacquer red. Willard George of Los Angeles designed Pat's mink chubby.
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD will have nothing on you when the time comes to "go out to swim" in your newest play clothes. For said play clothes, this summer, come complete with hood. And you'll wear 'em—or else.

But you won't mind. A wise girl, you know that bonnets and hoods—with soft contrasting linings, clever shapes and fastenings—are as flattering as they are smart and new.

Designers divide the credit for this new "influence" on your wardrobe. To demonstrate, we submit these photographs of the star of RKO'S "Sorority House," Anne Shirley, in three play costumes.

Anne goes Dutch girl (above, left) in a lime-green cotton ensemble—a matlatex one-piece swim suit printed in lime green, leaf green and brown. Over it, she wears a fitted, puff-sleeved blouse of matching print matlatex and a lime-green skirt shirred to a high waistline in peasant basque style. Her hood bonnet and bag are of natural raffia, hand-painted in a tropical California pattern. Note the wooden shoes.

The slack suit Anne wears (above, right) goes back to the days of the medieval huntsman of the Austrian forests for its "jager" hood, which is attached to the Coronado Rouge (a new shade resembling cyclamen) Amigo cloth (Crown Tested Rayon) blouse that tucks into matching corseleted slacks. The hood is lined—a crafty touch—with contrast white. Both blouse and hood are stitched with white braid in a typical medieval pattern. And observe those wood and leather shoes called "puddle jumpers," and the bracelet of sea shells.

Speaking of the medieval, Anne's terry cloth full-length beach coat (left) is an accurate copy of a monk's hooded robe—though somewhat more gayly colored, as bold stripes of red, orange, green and plum band the sleeves and the hemline of the skirt.

To conclude—with a word of warning! Not only will you wear hoods out to play; you'll wear them out to dance. Watch for the new hooded evening coats made of old-fashioned glazed chintz. These coats are elaborately quilted and the giddier the patterns, the smarter.

Anne's play clothes were selected from The Broadway-Hollywood, Hollywood.
Swing It, George Brent:
The first day George Brent emerged from his house and noticed a tousle-headed neighbor boy standing by the door leading to the garage, he thought nothing of it.

"Hello," George said and moved on.
The second day, when he found the boy in the same spot, it seemed more than just a happening to Brent, who stopped for a chat.

"Did you want something, sonny?" George asked.

"Yeah," grinned the boy. "I wanted to ask if it was you making them noises on the piano?"

"Why yes, it was," said George. "You see I was practising my scales. I— I'm taking up music," he added.

"Why?" asked the boy.

"Oh, because I always wanted to."

"You call those funny noises music?" the boy asked, not at all impolitely, but just curiously.

"Well, not yet," George admitted, "but it will be some day."

Next day the boy was back. Waiting. "Look, Mr. Brent," he said, "I don't think you're going to ever make music the way you're going, so look—I brought you this."

And in his grubby hand he held out a badly used, slightly rusted mouth organ. Mr. Brent accepted with thanks.

Embarassment Corner:
Howard Hughes, who is really a shy young man, had admired Olivia de Havilland for ages but just never had the courage to ask the beautiful little star for a date.

But one evening chance threw them together at a party. Howard asked Olivia to go stepping at Ocean Park of all places. So Olivia and the veteran of a round-the-world flying trip decided to fly around on the merry-go-round. Howard chose his horse carefully, his heart beating high at being with the lady of his dreams. And then something horrible happened to our flying hero right before his lady fair.

Hughes grew so dizzy on the merry-go-round he had to hold on to the horse's ears until Olivia helped him off. Why, Mr. Hughes!

Flash
A SCOOP for you girls with red-gold hair like Jeanette MacDonald's. Why not copy the style set by the star when choosing her gowns for her concert tour?

Jeanette had all the materials for her concert gowns dyed to match her hair. The effect under the evening lights is beyond description. Why not bowl over your friends with the same idea, you golden red-haired girls?
Who Shoots Yon Gray Head

We lay ourselves open to instant mayhem by revealing Hollywood's hottest rumor of the month. In fact, the whole town is asking, "Is Hedy Lamarr a flash in the pan?"

Long before M-G-M decided to shevel the fortune tied up in "I Take This Woman," the whispers grew that Hedy wasn't living up to her tremendous and too sudden acclaim in "Algiers." Conferences were hastily called. They resulted in script changes. The problem was in no way solved, so more lines of dialogue were injected here and there. Matters were immediately made worse. When beauteous Hedy talked and talked and talked, all her sultry charm disappeared. She was no longer a mystery, but only another screen beauty, Chatting away for dear life.

Heads and hearts around the studio ached in unison. In their possession was a billion dollars worth of something and no proper setting to display it. There wasn't an "Algiers" or a Charles Boyer in sight. And, while the love scenes between Walter Pidgeon and Hedy were convincing, those between Hedy and hero Spencer Tracy lagged. It was all pretty awful.

With the world crying for Hedy, it became a major crisis of sorts, putting M-G-M, who wasn't prepared, on a great big spot.

Suddenly and with deadly finality the whole completed picture was shelved—maybe to see life again through surgery of some sort, or maybe to lie forever in state, a bitter reminder to a studio who wasn't prepared for so rare a happening as Hedy.

The question of Hedy's acting ability has been discussed and rediscussed, with the town pretty well convinced that Hedy, after all, did little high-powered emoting in her first American picture. But then she didn't need to.

Now the town wonders if the mysterious foreign allure of the picture, "Algiers," plus the dark and handsome charm of Charles Boyer may have provided a background for Hedy that can never be equaled.

In short, the whispers of "Is Hedy a gorgeous flash in the pan?" still grow. And can only be answered by her next picture.

Family Argument

THE hatchet, buried so long between Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. has been dug up again and the two are having some more or less friendly arguments with plenty of gestures to emphasize the points. A few years ago Doug, Sr. protested his son's early entrance into pictures.

"You're too young to be an actor. I want you to get an education first. Go to Harvard, go to Yale, go to Princeton, or somewhere, and we'll see about it later," he said.

The present bone of contention is caused by Doug, Senior's efforts to secure his son as an actor in his own production, "The Californian," while Doug, Jr. insists on being made a producer.

For his side of the argument, Doug, Jr. has told his father:

"Once you thought I was too young to be an actor and I became one. Now, you say I'm too young to be a producer. We'll see about that."

It isn't a quarrel between father and son, for the two Fairbanks are more than father and son—they are close chums.

"We're having the matter out in exactly the same manner as any producer would argue with any star. I want Doug on my star list. He wants to be there, but with the producer concession, and there you have a strictly professional tussle," said the proud papa.

While Hollywood is watching this battle between father and son it has even money on Doug, Jr. to win, for didn't he have his own way before and isn't his dad glad of it?

Gray Days for Lombard:

AND the bride wore gray.

When Carole Lombard and Clark Gable announced their intentions to wed, the question of what the bride (a divorcée) should wear became important not only to Carole but to thousands of other women who were about to marry for the second time. Carole never faltered in her choice for a moment.

"A gray suit," was her decision. But the problem wasn't solved that easily. There are grays and grays, some flattering, some hard and cold in tone, some unkind to blondes, as every woman knows. So, in order to secure exactly the proper shade for her, Carole devoted "a gray week" to the selection of the color. Irene, who was to create the suit, began by sending to Carole sample after sample of gray materials ranging in tone from rose-gray to blue-gray.

Between his "Gone with the Wind" scenes, Mr. Gable would aid Miss Lombard in the elimination of tones, until, finally, the exact "Lombard gray" was chosen.

So, when you gaze at pictures of the newlyweds, remember this little story behind the wedding suit and, with a smile of universal understanding among women the world over, wish the bride a long and happy marriage with no "gray" ending.

Among the fascinated spectators who attended Irene's showing at Bullock's Wilshire were: above, Paulette Goddard and her mother; opposite page, Ty's heart-throb, Annabella, and Claudette Colbert, and, far right, that trio of style-conscious gals who oh-ed and ah-ed in delight—Virginia Bruce, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Dolores Del Rio
A Doggie Story

Many and great have been the sacrifices for a motion-picture career, but none on a par with that of Spook, who has exchanged not only his good, he-dog name but his very manhood for his role of Daisy in Columbia's new "Blondie" series, inspired by the "Dagwood and Blondie" comic strip.

Still, Spook—pardon us, it is to be Daisy from now on, throughout the series and ad infinitum—doesn't seem to care. We saw him—pardon us, her—at the studio just the other day and she seems to be bearing up bravely.

Daisy has no illustrious ancestors of blue-ribbon standing. She is just a mut with ears suggesting the cocker influence and a hide reminiscent of Irish terrier. But she really doesn't need background. She is drawing her $150 a week in the movies because she has something still better—brains.

For instance, the day we met Daisy at Columbia, we also got acquainted with little Larry Sims, "Baby Dumpling" of the "Blondie" pictures. He is a cute kid, Larry, and we were delighted with him. We talked to him. We asked (Continued on page 96)
In this picture, Jackie Cooper plays the son of a war hero. The boy is picked up from the bread lines by the American Legion and given a scholarship to Culver Military Academy. He goes for the bread and butter, but holds no brief for the school's patriotic theory that "there are some things worth dying for." It is the task of his roommate, Freddie Bartholomew, to bring the dissenters to his senses so he will want to rush out to the next war. Henry Hull, playing young Cooper's father, gives a convincing performance. As for the moral: war-hating Americans may be inclined to agree with Jackie when he says, "I would rather exchange this Congressional Medal for my father." There is little plot.

The main trouble with this would be that no one is any longer sitting up nights over the fact that Doug Corrigan flew to Ireland without a permit. Still, you'll find a nice hour of entertainment here. It's in good taste, this film. It doesn't try to be anything it couldn't be and neither does the Corrigan. He just wears his leather jacket and takes direction. He has three expressions—low, which signifies detection at the many tough breaks life brings to him; medium, which is when he is flying; and high, when he smiles. That smile does something to your heart when you see it.

Of course, there is not much story since it is the tale of Doug's life and that is primarily one of dogged hard work and an eventual climax when foolishly he muses over the place of relaxed ambition. It all starts with the quarrel and separation of the child Corrigan's parents, played without the least convolution by J. M. Kerrigan and Dorothy Peterson. Then comes years and years during which Doug slavery away in airplane factories for a pit- tance still managing to put his brother, Eddie Quillan, through college, although saving a few dollars a week toward a plane. Successive disappointments do not dismay the fighting Irishman, not even when the plane he buys with what is left of his Dad's estate is ruined by a crackpot ex-war ace.

Anyway, the flight to Ireland happens and you will learn that he really did intend to fly there—surprise, surprise—and that his brother helped him. Doug is happy about the whole thing, no doubt.

The film's performances are the most important part of the picture. It is nerve-shattering, exhausting your emotions and so heartbreaking your evening will be ruined. We do not imply it is too melodramatic. It takes a great picture to do that to an audience. And "Dark Victory" is a great picture. Its story is deeply moving and powerful to a degree. The performances of each member of its superlative cast leave nothing for criticism. From a production standpoint, it is superb. But, it is not a pleasant film any more than the Russian classics are pleasant. It is the story of a woman, young, rich, desirable, vital, who begins to lose her grip on life. Bette Davis has this role and when she loses her grip before the cameras, any audience needs must turn its eyes away. Eventually her best friend and secretary, Geraldine Fitzgerald, persuades her to see a doctor. This is George Brent, a brain specialist. He discovers her case is hopeless and that she must die within ten months. The two have fallen in love with each other and everything depends on the fact of secrecy so that Bette may not discover her doom. But she does.

Thereafter, the picture concerns her solution of her great problem. Brent has never looked so well and he has the intelligence to underplay Davis—well there are no words. Bette's characterization of illness and recuperation, her control are matchless. Humphrey Bogart plays the trainer she employs for her stables and gives a virile, appealing performance.
MY WIFE'S RELATIVES—Republic

In this episode in the lives of the Higgins family, Joe Higgins suffers one calamity after another. He loses his job, sets up a candy business for himself and is unable to continue the payments on his wife's ring. His family suffers through all this since Mary Hart, his daughter, is engaged to the son of his ex-boss. The Higgins family consists of the Gleasons, James, Lucille and Russell; also Grandpas, Harry Davenport, whom it is always a pleasure to see, and young Tommy Ryan. It's a homey little group, all of whom have a pretty tough time of it, what with a designing widow trying to marry Grandpas and almost succeeding. Distinctly not recommended for sophisticated audiences, but you're likely to get a few laughs.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Dark Victory The Ice Follies of 1939
The Little Princess Midnight
Never Say Die Wife, Husband and Friend

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Bette Davis in "Dark Victory" George Brent in "Dark Victory"

Joan Crawford in "The Ice Follies of 1939"
James Stewart in "The Ice Follies of 1939"

Shirley Temple in "The Little Princess"
Sybil Jason in "The Little Princess"

Claudette Colbert in "Midnight"

Bob Hope in "Never Say Die"

Loretta Young in "Wife, Husband and Friend"
Warner Baxter in "Wife, Husband and Friend"

W. C. Fields in "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man"

Henry Fonda in "Let Us Live"

NEVER SAY DIE—Paramount

While Bette Davis completes her eight months of remaining life, Bob Hope, on another screen, is told he has only a month to live because he is hyper-acid and is going to digest himself. It's all a mistake, of course, but Bob doesn't think so. Neither does Martha Raye, the Texas heiress who marries him to escape being sold in wedlock to a Prince. At this point, Andy Devine, Martha's home-town sweetie, appears in the Swiss town where this all happens and you are treated to the highly comical situation of a couple on a honeymoon with fiancé in attendance. Naturally, it's confused, but out of the chaos Bob manages to pull a succession of funny gags so that you simply relax and laugh. Martha is less boisterous than usual.

SERGEANT MADDEN—M-G-M

It's pretty hard to be a good policeman and a good father too, but Wally Beery, as Sergeant Madden, is equal to the occasion. He tries desperately to divide his love between his job as a New York cop and his family of four—wife, Fay Holden, son Alan Curtis, adopted son of a police pal, Tom Brown, and doorstep daughter, Laraine Day.

Everything might have been all right, if Alan had used his natural fighting spirit beating down crime instead of adding to it, first by being a rotten fighter, later by turning out to be a distrustful rookie cop. He leaves in a huff, taking Miss Day with him as his wife. Lots of other things happen, but they all add up to a great deal of shooting and sentiment on the part of Beery.

SONJA HENIE and her studio have had a monopoly on big-time movie ice spectacles until now. But Metro has entered the field with this Gargantuian frozen follies and it must be admitted that they have something here. The company that successfully followed the Henie troupe around America has been used for the show and the routines are done with perfect technique and finish. In addition, there's a love story to amuse you between Joan Crawford and Jimmie Stewart, just a wee drop of sadness and quite a good portion of pleasant comedy.

The skating numbers and the finale in Technicolor are presented in the musical comedy manner, going on for reels while the story waits, and they offer some new twists. But, after all the build-up, Joan does not set foot on the ice once and her touted three song numbers have been cut out. You are allowed just a bar or two in her remarkable voice to make you wonder why. As for the story—Jimmie has been a skating star, but he has hired Joan, who can sing but can't skate very well, and she has ruined his act. They marry and Jimmie's partner, Lew Ayres, goes off on his own with the remark that Joan may be a burden to her husband. Whereupon, she marches to a studio, gets producer Lewis Stone to sign her and becomes a star. Jimmy has no alternative but to make a success of his ice follies idea. Miss Crawford is not called upon to emote and is sensible enough to take the part for what it is worth—but it is not worthy of her.

(Continued on page 92)
"Gone with the Wind" is under way with Clark Gable, just as we pictured him months ago, as Rhett and Vivien Leigh, over whom "Scarlett" fever still rages.

We said we didn't believe it. "Tell us," we said, "that Greta Garbo is hunting autographs; that Shirley Temple has been sent to reform school; that Jimmy Cagney is baking a cake. Tell us anything. But don't tell us 'Gone with the Wind' is actually shooting!"

"Come over and see for yourself," said the Selznick-International man.

How could we resist making "The Wind," as Hollywood knows it, our first stop on the monthly set circuit? After these months of waiting and waiting—false hopes, phony Scarlett, reluctant Rhett and so forth—a mere peep at the champion never-never movie in actual production is like a preview of the millennium.

We won't go into the strung-out saga of what double-trouble Selznick has had getting "The Wind" blowing. Or the countless hopefuls who have paraded past the test camera, or the ballyhooed search for Scarlett which ended quite unspectacularly one day when a green-eyed English girl named Vivien Leigh on a vacation to Hollywood visited the Selznick studio and heard a big man clap his curly head, point to her and say, "Good Heavens—there's Scarlett!"

That's all history—and so, of course, is "Gone with the Wind," which is a polite way of say-
The dye is cast! The Rubicon is crossed! Here's the first set news of GWTW and other exciting adventures in Hollywood this month

BY JACK WADE

ing that you ought to know all there is to know about this Civil War classic by now.

What we are surprised to learn, as we go marching through Georgia at Selznick's, is that for months and months they've been shooting parts of this picture, without, of course, the stars. For instance, the spectacular burning of Atlanta, fiery and realistic in Technicolor, is all salted away in film.

The scene we take in today, however, is a Confederate ball and bazaar; the one, you'll remember, where Scarlett shocks all of Atlanta by jettubbing in her widow's weeds with that handsome Charleston scamp, Rhett Gable.

First of all, a report on Vivien Leigh. Hollywood already has agreed that she's the happiest choice any one could have made. Even swamp angels from deepest Dixie put their okay on her accent.

Vivien is petite, with dark ringleted hair and genuine, 18-karat green eyes. We have looked right in 'em and we know. She has a mischievous, slightly pertulant mouth and every movement of her trim body says sexily, "Watch out." Yessir, we are on Vivien's side—definitely.

Gable looks like a real Big-Man-From-the-South. In a black frock coat, starched bosom and ruffles, he makes a menacing, impressive Rhett, and he's a little pleased about it, too, we think. He practices a waltz in one corner.

"If I had known," says Gable, after a few turns, "I'd have to dance the first thing in this picture, I would have seen my lawyer. After 'Idiot's Delight' I see where I'm going to be typed.

"We have a feeling that everybody is trying too hard to make "Gone with the Wind" a super-colossal epic. One scene we watch takes twenty-seven times until Olivia De Havilland, who has been doing most of the blowing up, is in tears.

SELZNICK-INTERNATIONAL has no corner on the embryo studio epics. 'Rose of Washington Square,' which we see next at Twentieth Century-Fox, is almost as masterly an epic, even though it needed world-wide search to find its talent.

Darryl Zanuck talked Al (Mammy) Jolson into running through his old repertoire helped out by Alice Faye and Tyrone Power.

They're all one happy family, on the big night club set we visit, with Alice, perched on a piano & is Helen Morgan, pretending to sing "I'll See You In My Dreams."

It's just one of twenty-seven old time tunes, like "Ja-da," "April Showers," "Mammy," and such, that brighten this reminiscent screen play for the customers who remember when. Even Ty Power gives out with "The Curse of an Ach-ing Heart," we're told.

Like "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Rose of Washington Square" loud pedals the music and soft pedals the plot. Alice plays a night-club singer who marries a shady sharper, Tyrone Power, to reform him, thus gathering to herself a mess of headaches. We wouldn't be a bit surprised if the career of Fannie Brice inspired the story.

Outside, we run into Al Jolson, pacing nervously up and down. It's his first day on his first picture in about three years. He's as nervous as a witch—and scared too." Al tells us. "I'd give ten thousand dollars not to go through with this—but I said I would, so—gee—I wish Ruby was here!" The poor guy is still groaning when we leave—can you beat it?

After all these years and still scared of a camera!

WERE going to picket Twentieth if they don't get shorter titles. After "Rose of Washington Square" what should we run into but "The Life of Alexander Graham Bell" or "Alexander's Ragtime Bell" as the boys at TC-F are calling it. Frankly, we suggest "Four Daughters," because, besides the ubiquitous Vivien Leigh and Henry Fonda, it's a sister act. Loretta Young, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane (Young) and Georgianna Belzer (Young), Loretta's thirteen year old half-sister—or did you know she had one?

The four sisters are using the same dressing room and you can imagine the feminine fuss and chatter that shakes its frail walls. Loretta and the sisterhood play the Hubbard sisters who actually existed. The drama of Bell, the chap to thank for your telephone today, is wound up with them. In fact, everything in this picture, dates and actual happenings, is right out of history. All, that is, except Don Ameche's smooth cheeks. Alexander Graham fancied sideburns of the broccoli type but Don said he'd rather be less authentic and more beautiful!

The big drama of this movie centers around the telegraph company's attempt to rob A.G.B. of his telephone invention; that and the court battle in which Loretta goes into court with a blessed event halo around her head—a thing unheard of in those prudish days—to show Bell's early telephone plans on the back of a love letter.

The day we arrive, however, Don Ameche and Henry Fonda have the spotlight in the scene where the telephone first works. It really happened just as we see it now. Don is in one room of a boardinghouse set. Henry Fonda is in the other. The primitive phone, borrowed from the Smithsonian Institute, is rigged up between. But it won't work.

Then Don, rising in disgust, knocks over a bottle of sulphuric acid and it starts to eat up his pants. "Mr. Watson," (that's Hank Fonda) he yells. "Come here—I want you!"

And those were the first words ever heard over a telephone wire.

Next door, we find Shirley Temple. This time she's "Susannah of the Mounties," a waif, winning the hearts of bluff Randy Scott and J. (Continued on page 88)
Trouble with a masquerade is that it must end and there was Marie about to set the world to rights just when the clock struck twelve

man's love, for that matter, to make a woman's life worth living even if it, at the same time, makes her perfectly miserable.

Well anyway, all this went through my head before I and Betty finally got back to our nine hundred block in Beverly Hills. Amandabel met us at the door, her usually black face about the color of a shoe that needs shining badly.

"M's Marie," she says, "what's a Judas-horned-betailment? Mr. Jack, he claim Ah'm it?"

Belief flooded me like I was a Federal agency or something. If Jelliff was cussing he wasn't dead yet! But he was bad enough off at that.

Two cracked ribs and his knee thrown out. The doctor said he'd be laid up for weeks.

"The old Charley hoss ain't what it used to be," Jelliff managed to smile at me when the medico had gone. "I guess Paramount's suffered the loss of a fine character man, but..."

"Jelliff," I says, kneeling beside the bed and putting my hands over his. "Dear Jelliff, if you'd been killed I'd have done it! I'll never forgive myself, letting you go out to look for a job..."

"It was a good idea," he says, trying to make light of it even though his eyes showed his pain.

"When the insurance money comes in, it'll be more than I'd have got for a few days' extra work!" Then he caught sight of Betty, peering anxiously over my shoulder. I was kind of afraid of what he might say to her, but for once he did just exactly right.

"It's a good thing you're here," he says. "We need you Betty. Marie can open cans as fine as anybody, but..."

"Oh, Uncle Jack," says Betty. "Thanks, for not saying what's coming to me. I'm so dreadfully sorry you're hurt! I—I—well, I guess I'd better say it with chicken soup!" And with that she kissed him and ran for the kitchen like she always did when her emotions got the better of her.

It was some hours later, with Jelliff asleep and Betty locked in her room, before I got a chance to sit down and check up on where I stood and on what. We had to have money. The only way to get it that I could think of was somebody going to work. And without any primary or baillot-stuffing, it seemed I was elected.

"I like doing this just like I love poison ivy," I told myself, "but as the poet says, 'Only the brave can earn the fare!'" Then I went to the phone and called up Chris.

At first all he could talk about was Betty and the fact that he hadn't been able to see her. But finally when he run out of words, I got one in, edgewise.

"Chris," I says, "do you still think your Mr. Reis, whom you told me about at Liberty..."
everybody doesn't know what goes on.”

“After,” I says, “I suppose a motion-picture executive's right hand doesn't always know what his other hands are doing.” Chris laughed.

“That's right,” he agrees. “And now, how about our talking things over before he actually meets you?”

“Oh, my,” I says weakly, “but you'd better say something to Betty to prepare her. Frankly, I haven't the courage!”

“Betty may as well find out I don't intend to have my wife in pictures,” says Chris, “and tomorrow is as good a time as any. I'll see Reis tonight if I have to trail him all the way from the Troc to Wethiemers. Meanwhile just pick yourself four nice stars out of this glorious sky, Marie, because you'll be hanging 'em on your next picture!”

It's nice to have somebody feel that way about you, especially when you are looking at the world through a permanent pair of anti-sunglasses.

It kind of pulled me together, what Chris had said, so I went upstairs and says my prayers, asking God to please not have Betty too sore at me for getting a contract in case I got it, but to, for Heaven's sake, get me the contract in any event on account of we needed it so badly. After which I fell straight asleep as only a person can who has attended to every possible detail.

Well, anyways, the next morning I was just about through getting Jelliff fixed up for the day when in breezed Chris. California doors have no locks to friends and hearing my voice, he hauled himself into the ground floor bedroom where Jelliff was parked.

“Hello, what's this?” Chris says. “I didn't know you had a love nest, Marie. Or is it just a touch of capitulation?”

“He's not my nephew,” I says indignantly, “nor is this either a love nest or a mare's ditto! Meet Mr. Jelliff!”

“I'm her manager,” says Jelliff, glaring feebly. “I came out here to see that Marie got a man's protection, but…”

“This is Betty's boy friend,” I explained to Jelliff. Jelliff looked relieved and shook hands with Chris.


“There are lots of things a person knows that they won't acknowledge,” says Chris. “That's my rating with Betty right now. But we hope for the best.”

Then when Chris and I were alone in the living room he took me by the shoulders and shook me, only half playfully.

“What era mean, manager?” he says. “I breathe the ghost of a word—contract—to be exact—and you go Hollywood on me and pull a manager out of your hat! What's the idea?”

For a moment I didn't know what to say because I didn't want either Chris or Jelliff to think I would pull anything tricky.

“I'll tell you what,” I says. “Jelliff is a very old friend. He was hurt yesterday, but hurt worse many years ago. As a matter of fact, he has done some business for us now and then ever since his first accident. Chris give me a penetrating look and the mad went out of his eyes.

“Which I'll bet makes it easier for him to take a little money from you now and then,” he says shrewdly. But I wouldn't admit it.

“He's done the work,” I says shortly, “and some smart work at that!” How true those last words were I did not realize at the time, but as the world now knows, I had reason to remember them later. Well anyway, Chris having got rid of his daily Hollywood suspicious which it's the truth that everybody out there is subject to such spells, why we sat down amiably.

“Reis is coming for cocktails tomorrow,” he told me. “I caught him when he was winning at Twenty-one and he made the date. I told him you would expect to see him in a top hat and cutaway and he swallowed it—he's just that kind of pretentious lowbrow.”

“Well, many a lowbrow is hidden under a high hat,” I says. “What else?”

“Be hard to get,” he instructed me. “You don't have to work, see? You don't care for dough. You're a great lady and a big name—this idea of a contract means nothing to you.”

“I know that line,” I says worried, “but suppose he believes me?”

“ Nobody in the world would believe you,” Chris declared, “not even a producer. But we hope you'll believe the house.”

“Has Reis seen that footage of me?” I asked.

“No,” says Chris. “I wanted him to get the setup here first. That's a scrub woman sequence, Marie, and Reis is the kind who thinks that one ought to come cheap. But once he has you and your house to contrast with the film, it will hit him all the harder. All you
At last it's open—the treasure chest of G.B.S.'s plays. Here's the reason he changed his mind.

HOW are you fixed for money?"

The bushy eyebrows above the pink face of the patriarchal bearded little man formed a question mark as George Bernard Shaw cut short his visitor's harangue on the art of the cinema.

"I've got fifteen shillings, six pence in my pocket and I owe a pound," answered the swarthy Hungarian who, a minute before, had been talking of film production in terms that would take hundreds of thousands of dollars to translate.

Shaw—the cynic, the iconoclast, the greatest living playwright in the world, who for years had been refusing to open his treasure chest of entertainment to Hollywood's purse—burst into laughter.

Literally millions had been waved before him as bait for his consent to the filming of his plays. Producer after producer, backed by the unlimited capital and vast releasing outlets of great companies, had sought the screen rights to Shavian successes. One after another he had turned them down because he doubted their ability to transcribe his work intact. And now this Hungarian fellow, with his tempestuous talk of honesty in art, his high-sounding promises not to compromise with movie conventions, had almost convinced him. And the man was flat broke!

"But this is delicious," chuckled Shaw. The effrontery of the man was so appealing as his flattery that the playwright's work was essentially entertainment for the masses and should not be restricted to the intellectual few of the theater.

"Here's a pound to pay your debt," said Shaw, reaching into his habitually unpressed trousers. "Now get on with it. What are your plans?"

In such a way did Gabriel Pascal, ex-farmer, ex-cavalry officer and itinerant producer of European films, secure the moving-picture rights to "Pygmalion" and finally introduce to the screen its number one holdout, George Bernard Shaw. Pascal secured not only the rights to "Pygmalion" but the rights to the rest of the rich store of stories of that brilliant, brittle Britisher who, for almost half a century, has been turning out the world's most discussed plays.

Pascal told of his coup a few weeks ago while in New York en route from London to Hollywood to negotiate for a cast and a cameraman to take back to England for his second Shaw production, "The Doctor's Dilemma."

"Pygmalion," starring Leslie Howard and an enchanting newcomer to the screen, Wendy Hiller, was in its ninth sellout week in one of London's largest cinema palaces and had just opened its first week on Broadway to packed houses at the Astor.

Exhibitors were tumbling over one another in the scramble for first-run rights throughout the country and Pascal was being proclaimed another Korda, a genius whose production challenged the best in Hollywood.

But to Pascal, as he sat in a corner of the New York Athletic Club and told of his triumph, it was not the acclaim of the press for his production, or the envy of other producers at his corolling of Shaw's plays that was now highlighted in his thoughts. It was the generosity and

(Continued on page 72)
Soft, smooth skin wins Romance—clever girls use Lux Toilet Soap

When a man's in love, his eyes look close—would note the tiniest flaw. So don't risk unattractive Cosmetic Skin! It's not removing stale cosmetics thoroughly that causes this unattractive complexion trouble—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Use all the cosmetics you wish, but use Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
BY GWENN WALTERS

THE problems besetting our fashion souls these late spring days never troubled the belle of the late Nineteenth Century, for she wore a bustle or a hobble skirt according to fashion dictates. But today—with every silhouette from the Empire period through the flapper being promoted by some fashionist—what are we to do?

Fortunately, a visit to Orry-Kelly at Warner Brothers and only settled the silhouette problem but gave us a bird’s-eye view of the coming season. More than one style has been formulated, revised or given impetus by this man who helps to fashion honors every woman he dresses for the screen. He was designer for Kay Francis during the years her name appeared on every “best-dressed woman” list in the United States. Now what he and Bette Davis are doing to the fashion picture is a caution. With the release of “Jezebel,” they started every girl in the country thinking about hoop skirts and soon their revival was a reality. Then along came “The Sisters.” Bette wore Orry-Kelly’s clothes again and again they scored a bull’s-eye by launching the Gibson Girl modes.

“It’s in your hat,” said the designer without ado when I asked him to clarify the picture. “Your accent, I mean. It must be very gay and on the romantic side. Gone for this season, at least, is that ‘pimple-on-a-pumpkin’ look. Because most hats are swathed in veiling, there isn’t a chance for hard headlines. Many little hats will be completely covered with flowers and topped off by veiling, but the very nearest looking hats for summer are veiled mannish sailors of starched white piqué.”

Considering that veiling has been in fashion for several seasons, it looks amazingly new this summer. The explanation is in the way it is put on the hat. In the case of a piqué sailor being done for Fay Bainter in the Warner Brothers’ workroom, a yard of wide navy veiling was attached to each side of the brim. The long drapes could be worn tied in back to form a snood, brought up over hat and face, auralike, drawn into a crisp bow under the chin, wound about the neck, or looped around the face, mim-ple-fashion.

These veiled hats are really designed for short haircuts and would present an overdone appearance with shoulder-length bobs. That brings Orry-Kelly to his prediction that by fall every girl with long locks will be definitely déclassée. They’ve had their day and must go the way of the seances. Bette Davis is the first important star to go in for a “baby bob.” It is as short as an old-time wind-blown, but is more carefully dressed, for curls are brushed upward in the manner of winter’s upswep’t coiffures.

Bette made her first public appearance with her shorter locks at the Academy banquet (See page 96) when she was presented for the second time with the best-actress award. We could hear dozens of women on the spot vowing to be shorn on the morrow.

FOR some time prior to this summer, we have had mad little hats in vogue that frankly screamed for attention. Dresses which followed many different lines had points of interest in glitter and embroidery; costume jewelry was often loaded on with a lavish hand; and along with each ensemble went novelty belts, buttons, bags, gloves and shoes. There were too many things in a single outfit for the eye to catch. All the dress of our costume was lost.

Gay detail has now been traded for fine dressmaking touches and superfluous tailoring. Overmatching is missing from the accessory picture. Fine leather and good workmanship has become more important than novelty in shoes, bags and gloves.

Orry-Kelly refuses to agree with the Hollywood designers who maintain almost anything still goes in this summer’s silhouette. From the welter of past fashions and those that have been introduced in the last few months he foresees the emergence of one dominant silhouette under that far from plain but becoming hat. It has the feeling of a lady in a Renoir painting. Characterized by simplicity, the newest note about that silhouette is the bustle. This interesting revival will be merely suggested in day clothes through the use of concentrated back fullness, but in evening will take the form of loops, bows, ruffles and flowers. The padded bustle or the unwieldy “dress-improver” (which made a tent of the back of the skirt in the 1880’s) will not enter the summer picture.

Although there is merely a bustle-feeling right now, we fully expect to see it ripen into a full-fledged fashion when Bette Davis appears on the screen in “The Old Maid.” She wears hoop skirts with charming little shirtwaist tops in the early part of the picture, but when twenty years elapse the story carries on into the bustle period.

NATURALLY, accompanying the 1909 version of the bustle will be straight, slim lines. Further than that, be prepared for a snug bodice with shoulder accents and long, fifted sleeves.

Shirtwaist dresses will thrive by day and night, as will the less intricately draped styles.

Sleeves will be more generally used in dinner and evening dress than they have been for a decade, but will be most heartily approved in transparent fabrics.

Little linen and cotton jackets will accompany

(Continued on page 93)
April in Paris—An American countess stops to buy a fragrant bouquet. Thinking of sparkling complexes, the Countess de la Falaise says: "Pond's is my choice. I use it to help keep my skin soft and smooth—glowing!"

Spring in the Garden is fun for Miss Sally Anne Chapman, Philadelphia debutante. Skin care is no problem to her. "It's so simple to cleanse and freshen my skin—with Pond's."

Bevy of Bridesmaids—Marjorie Fairchild's attendants are carefree! Jean Stark (extreme left) is quick to grasp the new smart skin care. "The 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health. It is thrilling to have it in Pond's."

Spring House Party at the University of Virginia. Miss Lucy Armistead Flippin, charming southern belle, takes "time out" between dances to capture the magic of the night! "Pond's is traditionally famous. It was a natural choice for me. I use it to soften my skin so make-up looks glamorous!"

Dogwood Means Spring—"It's loveliest in Philadelphia," says Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III. And when skin is lacking in Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," it gets rough and dry. That's why this vitamin in Pond's Cold Cream is such good news to me," she says.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker. Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

* * Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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How Shaw Gave In

(Continued from page 68)

promises Pascal. "Just as 'Pygmalion' is a real English picture ... I must. I will go to New England and live there for a while and I won't go as a producer. I'll go as a.farmer."

Such a fervor for capturing the essence of a play, for translating it authentically to the screen, was another of Pascal's appeals for Shaw, ever critical of filmdom's handling of his works.

Some time ago Shaw, in refusing an offer of Samuel Goldwyn to make picture versions of his plays, voiced his chief criticism of Hollywood.

"The difficulty is," said the saucy playwright, "that I haven't time to turn my plays into scenarios and when I allow film firms to try their hands they turn the job over to the bellobby in whose view life is a continual going up and down stairs, opening and shutting doors.

"When the film producer wants a bit of extra dialogue he does not dream of asking me to supply it. He just sticks a patch of his radiant Californian on my classical English without perceiving the least difference. He uses all the film he has time for on what I have carefully left out and cuts out all I have put in, to make room for it.

"Some of the people in the film industry insist on interfering with the natural way of telling a story. They want to cut it into a sequence, which doesn't need breaking up at all, with shots of a bartender talking and things like that. I won't allow that sort of thing. The art of telling a story is really a knack which you either have or don't have. Very few people have it. I'm one of them."

Pascal met this attitude of Shaw's by persuading the author to write his own scenario. Every line of dialogue in "Pygmalion," the film, is Shaw's own, including two scenes added to the script of the play.

It is amusing to note that one of them is a bathtub scene that out-De Mille's Cecil's own and perhaps exemplifies what Shaw meant when he said recently that "the appeal has a perfectly legitimate part in the fine arts dealing with humanity. I believe the good being done by the associating sex appeal with beauty and cleanliness is irreconcilable."

With a script by Shaw himself and the long sought-after release of film rights to Shaw plays, Pascal had little difficulty in finding immediate financial backing for his venture in London.

"The first ten thousand pounds I secured," said Pascal, "went to Shaw, who immediately turned it right back into the production and took a share in the profits. Then I signed Leslie Howard to co-direct and play the part of Higgins in the film. He, too, took a share of the production in lieu of a large salary."

The all important role of Eliza Doolittle, the haggard cockney flower girl who is transformed into a great lady on the whim and wager of a phonetics expert, was more difficult to fill. Finally Shaw himself suggested Wendy Hiller, who had played the part in a provincial revival of the play; thus a new screen star was born. Pascal has the talented English girl under a five-year contract and plans to use her in "The Doctor's Dilemma."

Copying the technique of the late Irving Thalberg, the first American production to whom he doffs his hat, Pascal cast even the most unimportant minor role with as much care as if it were the lead.

"I hired the very best actors in Lon-
"I can do a great deal more with them on the screen than I can do on the stage. I know all about the motion-picture business and I'm going to teach you... I mean, of course, the gentlemen who make the films... I'm going to tell them what a film really should be like.

"My friend, Mr. Gabriel Pascal, who has made this production, has tried the extraordinary experiment of putting a play on the screen just as the author wrote it and as he wanted it produced.

"If you agree with me when you see this film of mine... if you enjoy it, very well. You'll show it in the usual way by coming to see it, each of you, about twenty times. And then, if you do that, there will be other films. I'm thinking of doing an American play that I once wrote called 'The Devil's Disciple.' Probably another play of mine, 'Cleansing and Complications,' you may see on the film.

"But the really good thing about it is that when you have seen these on the screen... and if you like them... all the American films will become much more like my films. And that will be a splendid thing for America, and it won't be such a bad thing for me. Although, as you know, I'm pretty near the oldest writer here and I shan't have much enjoyment of them.

"You'll have to make up your mind that you'll lose me presently, and then, heaven only knows what will become of America. I have to educate the nations. I have to educate England. Several of the Continental nations require a little education, but America most of all. And I shall die before I've educated America properly. But I'm making a beginning.

"Now I think it's time for me to get out of the way. I was asked to say something to you. I'm always glad to say something to you. I was asked to say something very agreeable to you. I've done my best. That's my idea of an agreeable speech. But I'm quite friendly. I think you've heard quite enough about me. At any rate, it's been written... you ought to do it yourself.

"Two weeks after "Pygmalion" was finished and a superb score by the English composer, Arthur Honegger, had been inscribed into the film, Shaw and his wife were invited by Pascal to a special preview of the picture in London.

"Through the screening, Shaw sat still and silent watching this first full-length filming of one of his plays. Pascal sat between the playwright and his wife and, during the unravelling of the film, Mrs. Shaw patted his hand and reassured him that the production was far superior to even its best stage performance.

"But it was Shaw whose opinion the producer was eager to hear. For, on his approval hung the fate of future films of his famous plays. That whole storehouse of screen entertainment must be unlocked by this one effort.

"As the lights went up in the projection room, Shaw turned to Pascal. "It's all right, Gabriel," he said. "You have done it. You may do all my plays."

"Just then a newspaper reviewer approached Shaw with a question.

"Am I satisfied with the adaptation?" echoed the cinema's severest critic.

"I am satisfied! I am delighted. I wrote it myself!"

HOW DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 9 with these correct ones:

1. Tyrone Power
3. Bobby Breen
4. Wallace Beery
5. Alice Faye
6. Edith Fellows
7. Wayne Morris (Bubbles"
8. Frank Capra
9. Myrna Loy (Arthur"
10. Hedy Lamarr
11. Dorothy Arzner
12. Elissa Landi
13. Dodge City
14. Eugene Falletti
15. Aline Judge

- Cashmere Bouquet

- This might be your night!

- Men find fragrant skin so alluring! That's why I bathe with this lovely perfumed soap, for Cashmere Bouquet's deep-cleansing lather removes every trace of body odor... and then its lingering perfume clings - longer after your bath it keeps you fragrantly dainty!

- Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!
Play Truth and Consequences with Fred Astaire

(Continued from page 27)

17. (Q) In what ways are you a fuss-budget?
(A) I guess I'm kind of a fuss-budget about neatness. For example, I go around turning off lights which aren't needed. That isn't an economy bug with me because I do it even in my studio dressing room and I certainly don't have to pay any part of the studio electricity bill. But I like a certain ord- derliness and I sometimes even go so far as to place my way to go back and turn off a forgotten light just because the thought of its still being burning bothers me. In contrast to this, I'm no stickler for correct time pieces: I keep my watches and clocks set ten minutes ahead of time.

18. (Q) Do you pay a great deal of atten-
tion to clothes?
(A) I dislike looking "dressed up"; I distinctly dislike "newness" in clothes. I never wear a new hat till I have had it crushed and crumpled so that it looks well- worn and comfortable. The same with shoes, etc.

19. (Q) What idiosyncrasies of yours throws your household into con-
ternation?
(A) Practicing golf in my bedroom.

20. (Q) Do you ever flare up?
(A) Yes—but only at myself, as when I bungle or "blow" a scene. But I work off steam by seeing the humorous side of such ridiculous flare-ups.

21. (Q) In what surroundings do you feel most at home?
(A) I am never more in my ele-
ment than when following a good golfer's game around the course, or when I happen to be swinging and hit "in the groove" myself.

22. (Q) Do you take any special physical care of yourself to counteract the strain of your dancing?
(A) Not. But fortunately I like to go to bed early and get up early. Also I haven't a terrific appetite and I have never cared for smoking and drink-
ing. These things, I suppose, help.

23. (Q) Which do you think was the best dance you ever created?
(A) Mr. Astaire took the conse-
quences. (Since you have a phobia about posing with Mrs. Astaire, and also without your hat, do it for us anyway this one.)

24. (Q) By what nicknames are you some-
times called?
(A) There are a few friends of mine who occasionally call me "Hoof"—if they smile when they say that, it's all right with me. Or if they don't smile, that's all right, too.

25. (Q) Have you ever fallen, or made an obvious mistake, while dancing on the stage, and how did you han-
stand it?
(A) Adelle and I had a trick end-
ing to one of our dances: after a last lurch! I was to swing her to one side while I dropped to one knee. On this occasion I took my bow and wondered why there was no applause and such awful silence. Finally it occurred to me to look at Adelle and she was wobbling a bit, as she was supposed to be at all, but sprawled flat on the stage. In my frenzy to get off the stage as quickly as possible I made matters worse by falling over her on the way out. The audience figured we were hurt and not a show stopped. I felt it was the end of my career, and even now still re-
member it with horror.

26. (Q) Do you enjoy being wanted on?
(A) No—with one exception. It's true that I do rely on some-
one to take care of my pro-
fessional clothes, to hang up my costumes when I get out of them. This is because I have always been used to a "dresser" since early theater days when changes were some-
times a matter of seconds.

27. (Q) Do you use cologne, perfumes, scent ed shaving soaps, etc.?
(A) No.

28. (Q) Is it true that you hope someday to do the life of Ni~ipsey on the screen a boy?
(A) No. I have been approached about this matter, but I'm afraid I would be bit ing more than I could chew. I have had very little ballet dancing and would obviously hesitate about trying to por-
tray one of the world's great-
ests.

29. (Q) What subject most interested you as a young boy?
(A) Baseball. I fancied myself as a potentially great player. That was before I took to golf.

30. (Q) Do you have a pet cause or the-
ory about anything which you like to defend in arguments?
(A) No, I don't get drawn into ar-
guments very easily, because I refuse to discuss politics, re-
ligion, dancing, movies, etc. There is only one subject on which I can talk for hour after hour—that's a certain sport and I guess you know what that is by now?

31. (Q) Do you have any artistic inclina-
tions, aside from your dancing?
(A) I'm a very fancy dancer.

32. (Q) How old do you think you look?
(A) Mr. Astaire took the conse-
quences. (Show us proof of that tall fish story you told re-
cently on an RKO set—if you can, and this isn't because you weren't just bragging.)

33. (Q) Are you a good swimmer?
(A) For the first few lengths of the pool, yes; but I'm no cham-
ion.

34. (Q) What is one of your worst faults?
(A) Taking my work so seriously. I believe, I know that I some-
times make myself miserable working so. But out of it, so wrapped up in it that I prob-
ably give the impression of be-
ing a lazy daze, when I don't mean to.

35. (Q) Are you really shy?
(A) Not in personal contacts, not at all but I must admit that I do get uneasy when obliged to meet and talk to people in my professional ca-
pacity.

36. (Q) Have you ever felt so em-
barassed that you wished the floor would open up and swallow you?
(A) When I made my first screen test.

37. (Q) What was the extent of your edu-
cation?
(A) I'm still acquiring one.

38. (Q) What was your reaction when the nurse at the hospital told you, "It's a boy!"
(A) Mr. Astaire took the conse-
quences. (Pose for a comical picture.)

39. (Q) Is it true that there will be no more Astaire-Rogers films?
(A) Those "Cathies" is the last pic-
ture on my RKO contract and I'm leaving now for a trip to Europe. At present, I have no definite picture commitments and I do not wish to make any until I return. But, if the oppor-
tunity and story present themselves, Ginger and I will certainly do more pictures to-
gether.

40. (Q) What is your reaction to the swing craze?
(A) I'm half a jitterbug myself.

41. (Q) Do you enjoy your friends?
(A) I'm afraid I'm a practical joker.

42. (Q) What honor were you ever awarded which you feel you didn't deserve?
(A) When someone nominated me as one of the ten best-dressed men.

43. (Q) How much time a day do you spend with your son?
(A) HOURS!

44. (Q) Do you have your legs or feet insured and, if so, for how much?
(A) I don't. The studio carries insurance on all principals while in production.

45. (Q) Could you have lived in another era, which one would you have chosen and why?
(A) I like the present era.

46. (Q) What costume have you ever worn to a fancy-dress ball?
(A) One of John Gilbert's old Hun-
garian officer's uniforms.

47. (Q) What honor or compliment be-
stowed on you most pleased your ego?
(A) When a golf pro said that I had a natural golf swing.

48. (Q) Who, when you were a boy, was one of your great idols?
(A) Vernon Castle. For that reason, I have really enjoyed making this last picture above all others.

49. (Q) Who are some of your idols to-
day?
(A) Gene Sarazen, Sam Snead, Jimmy Thompson, James Cag-
ney, Benny Goodman, Bing Crosby, Gene Krupa, Joe Di Mlan, Olin Dutra, Harry Cooper and Mickey Rooney.

WHO ARE THE SOCIAL
LEADERS OF THE
YOUNG CINEMA SET?

Guaranteed to warm your
heart and tickle your funny-
bone—this battle for suprem-
acy among Hollywood's
YOUNG FRY

in June PHOTOPLAY

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Hollywood's Sensational New Lipstick

Remember the name...it's Tru-Color Lipstick created by Max Factor* Hollywood. It has four amazing features, and, in fact, is the most startling lip make-up discovery in years...

1. lifelike red of your lips
2. non-drying, but indelible
3. safe for sensitive lips
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For the thrill of perfect lip make-up, try this wonderful new lipstick today. Ask for Max Factor's Tru-Color Lipstick...in new, alluring color harmony shades for every type...$1.00.

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Created in color harmony shades to beautify screen star types, Max Factor's Face Powder will be unusually flattering to you. Satin-smooth, clinging, it stays on perfectly for hours...$1.50

Rouge...To look lifelike, rouge must be the color harmony shade for your type. This is Hollywood's secret...and you, like famous screen stars, will find the perfect shade for your type in Max Factor's Rouge...$0.50

Do you know your correct color harmony in make-up?
Whether you are blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead, there is an individual color harmony in make-up that will do wonders for you.

Note coupon for special make-up test.
married couples who don’t want to appear together for personal reasons have worked out a plan whereby they make their public entrances several yards apart.

"Claudette Colbert is married to Dr. Joel Pressman," says Hymie, "and the doctor is adverse to trading on his wife’s reputation. He had refused to pose for pictures with her and at opening nights he is either always five feet ahead or behind her when she appears."

Hymie also acts as mediator between the new cameramen who are getting Hollywood as a boot and the stars. At a party at the Little Club last year, one of the newcomers was rough on Joan Crawford. When he asked her to pose, she said:

"Let me fix my hair; I’ll be right back."

The gentleman thought he was being stood up. “Thank you too much,” he said bitterly.

Mr. Fink maintains that it spoiled Miss Crawford’s evening and he spent some time with the new photographer pointing out that Hollywood was different and that the stars had to protect themselves.

"I got it all ironed out," says Hymie. "The fellow understands now."

On his All-America team of favorites, Hymie picks (in addition to Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich, both of whom he is obviously in love with) Ben Lyon, "the perfect host," John Gilbert, "the sweetest guy that ever lived", Tallulah Bankhead, "a good scout"; Lilian Tashman, "the most gracious"; Connie Bennett, "cold but kind"; and Kay Francis, "who gives the best parties now."

The addition of resorts where stars congregate has made Hymie’s job harder, but his only extravagance is a new car each year. He is a bachelor, living with his sister, and the trips don’t bother him much.

Not only has Hymie ferreted out the places where his people live but he knows their peculiarities. Claudette Colbert, for example, has a hard and a soft side to her face; the soft side is all you ever see in the films or still photographs. Tallulah has a long nose which must be looked for. In the case of Ginger Rogers it is also a nose. With Marlene Dietrich one can’t tell the length of her face but she is always kept high because of her chin. From any other position it looks as if she has a double chin, which is not only a lie but an optical illusion. The three movie sets an outside photographer positively can’t enter in Hollywood are those of Mae West, Shirley Temple and Greta Garbo. At M-G-M the studio supervises all outside pictures and insists on developing the negatives.

Hymie has had some of his toughest times with Katharine Hepburn, who is a homely dame who photographs well. La Hepburn got a bit fed up on Hollywood and pictures soon after arrival and put a curse on the whole business. Hymie had snapped her once at the Trocadero eating a chicken leg and that hadn’t helped. He hadn’t used it, but he had showed it to her and she had ascended. After that, he couldn’t get near her. This made it bad for business, because Hepburn was at the height of her fame and his clients were belowing for pictures. So when Hymie heard that George Cukor was threatening a farewell party for Katy, he simply went all in. Upon sight of him, Katy let out a yell: "Throw him off the roof."

Whereupon, Mr. Fink sat down on the floor and said:

"Go ahead and throw me off, but don’t overlook that the headlines will be as large as if you threw somebody of importance overboard."

This brought about a compromise and led to conversation.

"When are you moving for New York?" asked Hymie.

"Thursday," said Katy.

So Hymie went out to the airport on Wednesday and Miss Hepburn turned up in due course.

"I could murder you," said she, deciding that she was licked. "Well, come on, take as many as you want and do a good one for a change . . . and don’t tell a soul I’m going."

"The whole world knows you’re going," said Hymie. "And, furthermore, if you think I’m tough, wait till you bit those New York photos. They’ll knock you down and walk over you."

"I’ll let you $100 nobody gets a picture of me the whole trip," cried Katy

Which was the easiest money Mr. Fink ever made because the York guys did exactly as he had predicted. Ran her through a gauntlet in which they had her doing everything but standing on her ear and kept her busy just as long as they wanted her.

"She’s a grand girl, though," says Hymie. "She didn’t forget the beet. I got a check in a few weeks, which is the only bet I was ever voluntarily paid in my life."

Mr. Fink has certain rules about Hollywood:

a. Never sell a star a picture; give them the negative (if they can’t live without it. (George Jessel has hundreds of prints made of any picture of him.)

b. Be square with them; don’t show them up.

c. No candid shots; they can’t be touched.

d. Dress just as well as the guests; a cameraman can have dignity, too.

e. Compromise. The Great Hollywood Compromise of 1938 was in the case of Kay Francis, who gave a nautical party at the Venetian dome in which Miss Francis was turned into a schooner with bows fifty feet high and with a gangplank on which the guests alighted. (The activity Miss Francis first said cameramen wouldn’t be allowed. With that Hymie went into action with his compromise. It was decided that the snapshots could come in until eleven o’clock and then leave promptly at the stroke of the hour."

"It was all right," says Hymie. "A good idea. We got what we were after and when we left they could tear the place down if it pleased them. What could be fairer?"

Which is the Fink life in a nutshell. He has been doing it so long, he can start taking a picture of a star a block away and be sure who it is.

"I don’t have to see the face," says Hymie. "I can tell by the walk, by the way the dress hangs, by the feet, by the cut of the coat, the rhythm. They’re all different. They’re all distinct personalities. That’s what makes them make stars."

What makes Hymie Fink a good Hollywood photographer, however, is that if they happen to be people of pigeon-toes, he takes a shot of the head. You can always trust Hymie, says Hollywood. Which is why he was the first and will always be there.

For sparkling teeth the lights of your smile.

Take a tip from Hollywood: Use Calox Tooth Powder—the modern, pleasant-tasting dentifrice that protects the lovely smile of Joan Blondell and scores of other screen stars. Calox—pure, safe, wholesome—is in daily use by millions throughout the world.

Important: To give teeth a bright high polish without harm to precious enamel . . . to keep Calox always uniform in vital cleansing qualities—five separate, tested ingredients are blended with prescription care in the laboratories of McKesson & Robbins, whose products have been prescribed for 106 years.

** Good Housekeeping Bureau approves Calox Tooth Powder. For teeth that shine like the stars’ get Calox at any drug counter today. Three convenient, long-lasting sizes.

*Photo: Joan Blondell as "East Side of Heaven" a new Universal picture

**How a Candid Camera Expert Works**

(Continued from page 48)
AN UNSIGNED LETTER! A cowardly thing, perhaps—but for Nancy—what a blessing! For in no other way would Nancy have realized that underarm odor was spoiling all her other charms—that she could easily be popular, with Mum!

It's hard for friends to speak to a girl about a fault like underarm odor. And yet it's easy to offend this way and never know it—to think a daily bath is enough for charm, when underarm odors need special care!

No smart girl trusts a bath alone to keep her fresh and sweet. For a bath removes only past perspiration—it can't prevent odor. Mum can! Remember, more women use Mum than any other deodorant...more screen stars, more nurses, more girls like you! It's so pleasant, so easy to use, so dependable.

EASY! You can apply Mum in 30 seconds, before or after you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin!

SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering is proof that Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor for a full day or evening. In friendships—in love—complete daintiness is so important that it's foolish to take chances with your charm. Get Mum at any druggist's today—and use it daily. Then you'll always be sure that you're sweet!

WITH MUM YOUR BATH LASTS ALL DAY LONG

ALWAYS USE MUM AFTER I'VE BATHED,
A BATH FIRST PREVENTS ODOR—MUM CAN

TO HERSELF: THANK Goodness FOR MUM, EVEN ON THIS WARM NIGHT I'M SWEET!

For Sanitary Napkins

First choice with thousands of women everywhere for Sanitary Napkins, Mum wins because it's so gentle and safe.

MUM TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

MAY 1939
all you feel like eating," I says firmly, "Don't say I suggested it, just ask her." "I'll do pretty near anything for you, Mr. Jelliff," but, I must say, I got through with it, what with lots of flowers from the garden, and the drinks and all. But Betty just fixed me up to the hilt with the door. Then I told him the reason. Jelliff grinned. "As your manager," he says, "I agree to the maneuver."

WELL, that was one step in the right direction towards my zero hour, meaning that I greatly feared that exactly zero would come of my interview with Reis. But I still had to get Betty out of the house and when the next morning was as bright and fair as any claims of the Chamber of Commerce, I began hoping she would take a notion to go out to the beach. But no, she got a sudden toiling-up fit, and went from room to room, picking up this and straightening out that, as busy a hornet and about as welcome. Then, after lunch, just as I was about to break down and confess, who of all people would come to my rescue but Alex Lorn, the Adagio dancer, a chap who'd had an eye on Betty for some time, much to my disgust. I must say I didn't like it to be him, nor did I like the way he got Betty to go out with him. The thing which made me uneasy, I overheard from the turn on the stairs while he was talking to Betty in the hall below, and I began to think all I was ever told in that house, was things which I was not supposed to hear. "Have you made up your mind yet?" Lorn says in a funny sort of low tone. "I'm getting pretty tired of waiting." "It's such a big step," Betty says, also low. "I—l—I hate to do it right now." "See here," says Lorn, "I didn't hesitate to do a much bigger thing for you, did I?" "Don't you feel any obligation about that? Look at the risk I ran!" "I know," says Betty, "and now I wish I hadn't let you do it!" "But it's done," he says persistently. "Look here, we can get married if you like. Lots of dancing partners do. But you won't find many with a big original act like mine. Swing Adagio! It's new, it's different—it can't fail. The night clubs all over the country will eat it up! And it is a possible way into pictures," Betty agreed reluctantly. "You're doing the telling," says Alex. "Come on, let's get out of this and talk where we won't be overheard. If we stay here, first thing you know your Grandma will be doing your Swing Adagio act for Fanchon andMarco! With which he whipped Betty out of the house.

WELL, a person can be so absolutely boiling mad that they are frozen to the spot. That was me for a moment. What on earth kind of favor had Alex done for Betty, I wondered? From his tone it sounded like murder, at the very least. Whatever it was, the poor kid evidently felt the boy had a hold on her! And worse yet, she actually appeared to be not only considering joining him in that new style Adagio act he'd been touting so long, but perhaps marrying the second hand sweater of a partner which I fixed Jelliff's door open a crack so he could be ready with a man's protection to wait in all the refined charm of black satin, pearls and my blue-white hair. Well, anybody who was at a party or waited in a doctor's office or for a long distance phone call will agree with me that I feel you had made up of waiting-time. One moment I thought Reis was never coming and the next I was afraid he would and after that, all I wondered was why, if I was looking for suspense, I hadn't tried it at the end of a rope over a rafter and been done with it.

However, there is an end to all things, even to getting chewing-gum off your fingers and at last a car drew up. I ran to the window to peck out, but it was only Chris. He kind of hesitated on the top step and looked around to see if Betty's car was parked in its usual spot. And when he saw it was gone he braced his shoulders and rang the bell. "Hello, Marie," he says cautiously, "there is that slapstick comedienne of mine again." "She's out," I says. "Then I'm in," he replies, suitting the action to the word. "Do you know what she did to me?" "I saw it," I says. "You must like lemon pie a whole lot to get right!" "She sure can dish it out," he says cheerfully, "but I can take it. And now let's both calm ourselves. The great Whoosis will be here any minute now." Mr. Reis didn't wear any silk hat when he arrived but he had a high-hat manner, just the same. He was one of these picture men who started so low in life that they nearly never got satisfied until they top the tops. However, I was able to appreciate that kind of ambition, on account it is what I did myself. And so, in about two minutes, Mr. Reis and I were out refining each other for all we were worth. "Here, Miss La Tour," he says, looking around, "sharpening the pencil." "It's not bad," I says, "although it seems small after my little place on Long Island. I will be glad to get back there." "Oh," says he quiek, "you're only on a visit, then?" "Just a pleasure trip," says I. "We may never get to Honolulu soon." "I've been trying to persuade Marie to stay a while," Chris puts it. "But you see, that is way too commercialized. I don't even care to see the studios." "But, Miss La Tour," says Reis, "you can't imagine how things have advanced. Now our studio is really out to do big things. Intelligent pictures, like Classics. I wish you would come and look at what we are accomplishing."

"You are so kind," I sighed, "but my social engagements are heavy. Perhaps when the dear Prince and Princess of Monaco है।
"Ah, yes," says Chris. "The Overlefsch study!"

Prince Overlefsch!" says Mr. Reis, pretending that he knew who they were, which was more than Chris or I did. "But a prominent social standing. I believe people would like to see you on the screen." I gave a well-bred little laugh.

"You're very kind, but no," I says. "I really haven't the time."

"Chris says he has some interesting footage you let him make for a souvenir," says Mr. Reis, staring at me carefully as if to see it, for you are a very remarkable looking woman, if I may say so.

"Oh, my goodness," I says wide-eyed. "Why, that was just done for a joke!"

"I wish you would allow me to show it to Mr. Reis," says Chris, humbly, but not daring to look at me. "You see he has a wonderful story—and would I like to direct you in it!"

ALLOWED myself a faint show of interest. "Why Chris, darling," I says, "if you'll direct me, that might really be a temptation." Then I turned to the stooge. "Mr. Reis, Chris is so brilliant, you know. But then I always have heard that you were a genius at discovering people."

Mr. Reis nodded agreement. "So far I haven't made many mistakes," he says, "and that's why I'm interested in you. I've got a feeling that if we get together, there's a contract waiting—say a thousand a week."

"Oh, my dear man, don't be absurd," I says, chuckling into my handkerchief.

Mr. Reis leaned over and patted my hand anxiously. "There now, don't be insulted," he begged. "I spoke too quick. Fifteen hundred."

"Mr. Reis," says Chris with dignity, "don't you think Miss La Tour is not interested in money? A rich woman like her? The least you could offer her would be a substantial sum per picture."

Then he turned to me. "Would you take say twenty-five thousand to make my first— and use it to buy that little place in Honolulu you were talking about? Come on now—why not, just for fun?"

At that moment I paused to consider. Well, anyways, I paused, because I had looked into the garden and there was Betty with that Alex Lorn. They were wandering around and talking earnestly and the sight certainly gave me a jolt. The last thing I wanted was for them to come in right then and I watched anxiously until they turned and sat down by the swimming pool. Luckily, I was able to move there and get my shot of the French windows, leading out to the terrace, and I guess the expression on my face—just looked like serious thought to Mr. Reis, because he slapped his knee just as if Chris' suggestion had been his own.

"My idea exactly," he says. "But what if the picture clicked? We'd want options. What do you say, Miss La Tour?"

I drew a long breath which sounded reluctant but was really a sigh of relief. "Well, I'll let you persuade me," I says. "I expect, Mr. Reis, you generally get your own way."

He chuckled and stood up. "Fine," he says. "I'll arrange to see that Miss La Tour has right away, but I hardly think we need wait on it, because the whole society angle is great publicity. I am honored to have met you, Miss La Tour, and you'll be hearing from me soon."

"Delighted, I am sure," I says. And then I stopped short.

SOMEBODY who hadn't rung the doorbell was coming across the hall. There was a car outside and the sound of something heavy being set down in the entry. A voice called, "Put 'em here!" And then the living room door was flung open and there stood Mrs. Phoopher, the owner of the house, red in the face, big and fat and vulgar. At sight of me and the two men and the cocktails and flowers where she had left only dust-sheets, her red face grew purple.

"What's the meaning of this?" she gasped. "How dare you entertain in my living room?"

"Why, Mrs. Phoopher," I says, all weak inside, "this is a surprise!"

"I'll bet it is," she shouted, advancing on us like a one woman battalion of death. "When I hired you as caretaker I thought there was something phony about you!"

"Caretaker?" gasps Mr. Reis, reaching for his hat.

"Yes, caretaker," says my employer. "And if you call this taking care, I call it taking advantage! Mrs. Smith, please remove your company right now. Then pack your things, because you're fired. And to think if I hadn't been called home unexpectedly, I might never have known about this outrage!"

"Whoever you are," says Chris sternly, "you are the one who is behaving outrageously."

For a moment that stopped her and in the lull, Mr. Reis made for the door. There he turned and gave me a sarcastic smile and bow.

"See you in the society columns," he says, and with that he was gone.

CHRIS came over and took both my hands.

"Is it true that you are the caretaker here?" he asked me. I could not speak because over his shoulder I could see that Betty and Alex Lorn had come into the garden and were standing there listening.

So I just nodded my head, and waving the floor would open up and swallow me whole.

"I'd no idea things were that bad," says Chris, "Good old Mrs. Smith. You should have told me. Shall I stay and help?" I shook my head. "I guess we can manage," I says. "There's not much to move—just our clothes and my old theatrical trunks and... and Jeffreys."

"You'll find a place you can move to," says Chris, "and be back by the time you're ready to go."

"Make it quick, you fool," snapped Mrs. Phoopher. "I want this lady out of my house, and if there is anything missing, I'll call the police."

Chris gave my hand a little squeeze and was gone.

Looking towards the garden and saw Alex was a white face as he mumbled something to Betty before he ran quickly out of sight around the corner of the house. I felt like I was going to faint and wished I could. But I didn't. Yet it was good to see Betty coming towards me with her arms outstretched.

JOAN BLONDELL and DICK POWELL — two great Hollywood stars. They are happily married and have two children. Joan Blondell is said to originate this particular, fashionable hair-do. Her dress is black with jacket effect and green panels.

Just when life looks blackest for Marie, a turn of events brings this lovely old actress the most exciting adventure of her career. Don't miss this thrilling climax in JUNE PHOTOPLAY.
Do Hollywood Women Spoil Their Men?

(Continued from page 19)

annually lovely. And there he was.

And the romance began...

But the first was dark for that romance.

She was glamour epitomized.

She liked dancing, night clubs, crazy entertainment ideas.

She, too, was a movie star when she came out of her mother's

and got up to five.

He was off to shoot ducks, to ride horseback.

A fine how-do-you-do.

BUT now it's five years later. Our little star is lovelier than ever.

Getting to bed at a reasonable hour hasn't hurt her and getting up to slather innocent ducks hasn't hurt her, either. She's learned to shoot; she's learned to pull her weight in a figurative boat; she's learned to take it—to rough it—and she likes it. Or so I assume.

Why wouldn't she? She's always been a good sport and this right-shoot-face of hers is just another step in good sportsmanship.

The gentleman in question still keeps out of night clubs and his favorite companion is a girl who at one time didn't know a pleasant from a partridge. They have built a sturdy companionship fotiduation to romance and perhaps they'll be married before you read this.

She's remade her life—she who can have men forming a line on the right to ask for a date, a glamorous woman whose career is still on the up-beat.

She's become a crack tennis player and skeet shooter.

She can handle a shotgun as easily as a lipstick. She can pile out of bed at five in the morning, yarn on boots, wool riding pants, a humber jacket—not the most becoming of costumes—drink some swaddling coffee and start out in a station wagon for a duck blind, over a mile of bumpy road into some God-forsaken wilderness where she'll kneel in mud and water, waiting and motionless, until the wedge-shaped flight of birds passes overhead against the morning sky.

And when it's time to eat, it won't be crêpes Suzette!

Is that spoiling her man?

I don't think so. If she disliked hunting or sports in general more than she loved him, she had her choice—she could stay at home. If she was bored with skeet shooting, she could have found another man who was bored with it, too, and easily.

And I have no doubt that he makes concessions and goes her way now and then . . . but perhaps she has come to prefer his way to her own.

THERE are a few other little straws which point the way the wind blows.

Simple things.

Claudette Colbert, for instance, used bright nail polish. Then she married.

Her husband didn't like it. So she doesn't use it now.

(Aside . . . thank you, Doctor, I've always hated it myself.)

Jimmy Cagney can't stand hotels, so they say. (Maybe a hangover from his touring days. I wouldn't know. The only time I met him he was very comfortably situated in a hotel in New York, but maybe he didn't like it, at that.)

However, recently the Cagneys built a new house and had to move from the old one before it was finished. It might have been easier for Mrs. Cagney if they had put up at a hotel for a few days. But, because Jimmy hated hotels, she didn't.

She moved into the quarters over the new garage instead.

You wouldn't think that Margaret Sullavan would give in to masculine whims, would you? Yet I read somewhere that her husband usually dines with a newspaper in front of him—in public, too. But she doesn't appear to object. There's much more to lose by arguing the point than you stand to gain.

Personally, I'd object. I think reading newspapers at the table—well, I'll except breakfast—is a little on the rude side. But it's Mrs. Hayward's problem, not mine.

I heard the other day that one of the very popular girls in Hollywood won't keep a date if the gentleman is late.

So the boys were accused of spoiling her. That's very silly! I think the young lady has taken an elegant stand.

You see there are more girls than men in Hollywood. And perhaps, therefore, some of the boys are spoiled—in the wrong way. They are at a premium as escorts, aren't they? So, maybe they thought they could get away with being late.

So it isn't spoiling the girl, if she locks the door when the bell doesn't ring at the right time. It's reaching the lady good manners.

I would go on record as saying that people who love each other very much and who concede something to each other's tastes and personal likes and dislikes aren't spoiling each other—they are building companionship.

Spoiling is something else again. Spooling is building selfishness—in the man you spoil and in yourself, too—because sometimes it is easier to give in when you know you shouldn't and sometimes you like to feel a martyr, and sometimes you get a kick out of being a "good" wife.

That's spoiling a man, letting him have his way in things which are bad for him, bad for you, bad for your romance or your marriage. But to consider his tastes, his dislikes and likes isn't spoiling at all.

Ask the same consideration of him—and get it—and you have the makings of happy marriage.

Suppose he likes to—well, let's say bow!—and you like to go to the movies. All right, compromise. Bowl with him or, if it's a stag affair, let him go alone. Then, turnabout being fair play, see to it that he takes you to the movies as often as he goes bowling—or whatever it is he does.

In other words, spoil each other and you can't call it spoiling!

As for the Hollywood women who "spoil" their men. Maybe they do—I wouldn't know. I just know that they seem to have them.

Jean Parker is blossoming out as Hollywood's newest glamour girl. Watch for her in the Hal Roach production "Zenobia".

Old Gold Cigarettes are always fresh! Doubly protected by two jackets of Cellophone. OUTER jacket opens at BOTTOM of pack.

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PHOTOPLAY
those crowds for half-hours at a time and be pulled at and yelled at... as George had that night for a half-hour in the rain and sign his name on pieces of paper of every size and description, in most varying states of cleanliness... but if George was groaning inwardly he certainly didn't show it, and I signed to the very last request and then we got in the cab and drove past the Bellamy's at the theater they were going to and headed for a street apartment, which by one of those coincidences turned out to be the next building from the one in which I was staying in New York. .

THE idea was that we would stay at Peggy's with her and her escort of the evening, and just talk quietly for a while, which we did... of George's months with a stock company, when he first was getting going as an actor... and of his marriage to that very interesting woman, Ruth Chatterton... and of his friendship with that even more interesting woman, Greta Garbo... and of the house he had built for himself in Hollywood and most beautiful of all the canyons around Beverly Hills... and of "Dark Victory" in which George had the best part he ever had over on the screen and in which he said Bette Davis was magnificent.

It was gorgeous talk that went on and on, so much so that when we heard the clock strike midnight I could not believe it could possibly be right...

The striking of the clock, however, merely gave George another idea... "Listen, this is silly," he said... "We can always talk in Hollywood but in New York we should go to night clubs..." "But you'll have to dress," said Peggy. "I'll phone for my clothes," said George and with that he was on the telephone to his valet and within ten minutes the valet was there, with shoes, socks and black ties dangling over his arm, and I dashed home and threw myself into the nearest dress and gave one despairing glance at my hair, and then we were in a cab again and headed for El Morocco.

The rope was up at El Morocco but after one glance at Mr. Brent the rope fell and immediately Mr. Brent literally jumped out of the air onto the dancers' heads and was brought down almost in the exact position of the floor... thence we were piloted and seated... and the headwaiter was there, bowing uncouthly and the wine steward was there bowing uncouthly and the orchestra leader began blowing the tunes in our direction and those photographers' flash-lights bulbs began to follow all over the place every time we got up and tried to dance... with that very suave young gentleman, Jerome Zerbe, finally getting the snap which you see on page 13 in which George looked handsome (as always) but he looked ghastly (also, as always)...

Nothing could have been in greater contrast, this place and the Third Avenue saloon... nothing could have been more calculated to go straight to the head than all that nervousness and attention... but it didn't bother George in the least... not any more than it bothered him when a friend came across the floor and asked to introduce his girl to George... or when a drunk stumbled by and muttered about these Hollywood heroes hogging the spotlight... or when the man came over who explained that he was an out-of-town detective and that he and his friend had made a bet, see, that George was George Brent but that even if he was he'd be too swell to come over to their table and talk with their wives... but would he be a pal and do it... so George did go over to their table for a minute or two...

In all justice to them, I do not believe that one single person in all those people realized actually that they were being pretty rude breaking in on a stranger's personal privacy... I don't believe they realized that or that they were in turning demanding absolutely abnormal good manners on his part.

FINALLY, however, the band went home and most of the crowd went home too. It old George that whether or not he believed it, I did have a home and that I did have to go there sometime... so we came out into the street again... and the quality of the light made us glance at our watches in horror... it was six o'clock in the morning.

Thirty hours on a cocktail date... thirty hours of swinging from the slums to Park Avenue, from very old acquaintances to talking to people you had never seen before... thirteen hours of a man's being polite and never losing his temper even under the most extreme provocation, and of being continually amusing...

Maybe my friend is right... as I say, he really is much smarter than I am... and maybe thirteen hours like that are just a normal life-sized cocktail date to him... and to the average person... but I don't think so... and I know for me that they aren't... and that they are only possible when they are of Hollywood, or in Hollywood, or by Hollywood, as this one was.

But he's right about one thing and no argument... that Mr. Brent is certainly much handsomer than average... and as for being charming... ah, woe is me and darn that Garbo... after all, there's just no sense in trying to compete with a dame like that.

A PROPOSAL TO THE GIRL WHO HAS NEVER HAD A PROPOSAL

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The MacFadden-Deausselle Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Danville, New York, is open the year round, with accommodations of attractive price, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of tuberculosis has been taken over by the foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatment together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school-preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's government list of military excellence, where character building in the most important part.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from four to fourteen at Brackell Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.

MAY, 1939

81
picture wholly mental, then it is in our thinking that we must do our practical things.

We must practice to be somebody just as we would practice to be a good pianist, or a minister, an engineer, anything worth while. The pianist would never advance from the simple frightful sound at first practice. Neither can we advance toward becoming somebody without practicing the elements that make him or her important and necessary and the first element upon which we must begin is honesty.

Honesty of purpose was the first thing I looked for in a young player brought to me for dramatic training in the Little-Theater-on-the-Lot at RKO Studios. You would truly be surprised to know how many of these youngsters, fortunate enough to be put under contract as beginners, did not keep faith with themselves or the studio.

They must have started out with a yearning desire to make something of themselves. The studio had enough faith in their sincerity to put them under contract and pay them while they learned. They said they wanted to learn. Well, they will probably wake up, all of them, some day; but, in the meantime, who is being cheated? Had they known HOW to be honest to a purpose, faithful to an opportunity, see the time that could have been saved.

We need to be honest with ourselves! In the sanctuary of our thinking where no one may come with us unless invited, where we hold council with ourselves and make decisions, here, right here is where honesty begins and abides. It is from here our thoughts are mirrored in speech and action.

Shakespeare was so right when he said:

"This above all: to thine own self be true. And it follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

This above all!

It takes a heap of self-examination to be true to "thine own self." You must be alert and alive to everything that person who is you is thinking and doing, and the only hope of properly judging him, correcting him, strengthening him, is absolute honesty with him. Self-honesty is the only basis from which you can advance and it isn't some newfangled basis either. It is part and parcel of that ancient ad-

monition, "Know thyself."

YOU are probably not old enough yet for your life to have taken on any definite design. But, regardless of your choice of a life work, you need nothing now so much as the hammering and chiseling of experience in many things. You girls who will choose to be wives and mothers as your future ... oh, you must definitely be somebody! The whole of the next generation depends on that!

It is highly improbable that any of you are qualified to judge, as yet, where you will be best suited to serve the world. Your problem is to begin serving.

Service! Did you ever stop to think that every work you ever do, everything you ever do is serving?

Now, don't get the idea that I am dragging grudgingly into the indefinite or being a Pollyanna when I give you "Service" as the keynote of a success-

ful, happy life! The greatest Exemplar of human living, when asked how best a person could be somebody, almost two thousand years ago, turned to His in-
quistor and said, "He who would be great among you, let him serve." He wasn't just talking. He was stating one of the fundamental laws of human living.

We cannot become somebody, be im-
portant either to ourselves or the world, unless we serve. Any right activity is service and activity is the piano upon which we must do our practicing. It is genius that "develops itself in solitude," but character develops itself "in the stream of life."

If you haven't some worthy activity in your life now, get one. It is as neces-

sary to you as breathing! If you are already up and about doing something, broaden it, deepen it, enlarge upon it.

WOULD you like to hear about a boy you all know, who, believing that to be somebody a person first has to serve, proved it?

His name is Ben Alexander. I've known Ben since he was four. He was a child star in the "old silent days" of motion pictures.

Children stars in those days were not paid so glibly as they are today, so Beth, his mother, had little oppor-
tunity to lay away any considerable sum of money against the day when her boy would come to his in-between age.

The awkward age came. Ben had some small picture assignments, but nothing that could be counted on to meet his needs.

You may not know it, but there is something pretty terrifying in having once been a needed person, one whose services were clamored for, to find yourself suddenly no longer needed. Ben's friends who loved him, suffered for him.

Then, one day, something happened to Ben. He wanted to do things and it seemed nobody wanted to let him do things. "All right," he seemed to say to himself, "I'll find something to do. I won't just sit here like a lump on a log!"

Quietly he went about it. Soon his friends learned that Ben had taken to the supervision of football, base-
ball, swimming, on the playgrounds and the sports fields he had been disappearing early from parties ... he was "taking some youngsters to the movies," or "camping out," or "something." Well, it's something to do," he would say.

One day we all had a call from Ben asking us to listen in to a certain radio broadcast. One of the boys on the camp-
ing trip had a friend in radio and had introduced Ben to his friend. Ben was to be on a sustaining hour. "Oh, there isn't any money in it ... but it's some-
thing to do ... and you never can tell."

Ben was on that program week after week for months. The popular-
ing came of it ... yet he never relaxed. He gave to the best of his ability every broadcast.

That was an oh joyful news! Our Ben had found a sponsor! Ben was to be master of ceremonies. Ben was to get a good salary. Everybody who knew him re-
joiced!

Then Ben Alexander did a very Ben Alexanderish thing! He set up his goal post, but right away! Ben had a famous university where today he is a student, and commutes twelve hun-

dred miles a week by air between the school and his broadcast.

And, then, the story of Ben took a wonderful twist: RKO pictures an-

nounced that, because of Ben's new popularity, they had signed him to play an important role in "Mr. Doodle Kicks Off." Since then, he has also made "Convict's Code" for Monogram.

Inspecting upon being of service, some-
thing to do, some place to begin (simply taking boys on a camping trip) ... do you think Ben Alexander had any idea where it would carry him? Do you think the doubting, ineffectual, con-

fused Ben could have been changed into the confident, sought-after, definite somebody who is Ben today were it not for his demand for activity?

INSIST upon activity, even though you must manufacture it ... make it out of nothing. You cannot become somebody sitting still.

If you have an activity, especially if it is one for which you are being com-

pensated with salary, be sure you are paying the services you owe. Strange, but it isn't so important to the one to whom we owe the service that we pay it. It is important to us that we pay it!

For instance: Lucille Ball came on our lot as a model in the picture "Ro-
berts." Along with several other girls who that picture, she was put under contract as a beginner and sent to my classes.

She was a gay, witty, laughing girl who many people instantly judge as being wonderfully amusing but none too serious about it all. Lucille was having a wonderful time!

During the first few class sessions, I watched her closely. She had "the flair," all right! I called her into my

Richard Greene and Wendy Barrie at the "Little Princess" preview. Ins-

iders insist this is no studio romance, but the real thing—lovel

40
for the first of many, many heart-to-heart talks.

Our conference began on a high note, filled with humor, but somehow I sensed the deep yearning to be somebody envied, but somehow I sensed the deep yearning to be somebody envied by all that gaiety and goss gags. I dove for it.

"Lucille," I said, "what would you have to be a star in two years?"

The laughter died out of her clear, blue eyes.

She nearly gasped aloud. She saw her mentally gauge the work and study what stood between her and such an achievement. (After two sessions with me, my students understood that career on the screen (can't pulled out of a hat.)

Lucille looked squarely into my eyes. Oh, here was the Lucille Ball I wanted to meet!

"I'd give half my life, Lelee," she answered.

"Odd, but that isn't what it takes," I said, "any dear," I said, "However, I know that you mean . . . but why?"

Again the answer did not come at once. She looked away for a moment, then back at me, seemingly dreading to put her thoughts into words lest I think her too sentimental. But she as courage, that Lucille! "Because I want to be somebody in this business and the rest was harder to admit, so knew it was nearer her heart because—well—the bosses had faith enough in me to give me this chance, and I want to—well—make good for them, I guess.

"You fulfill that line about the bosses, Lucille," I answered, "and the other me will take care of itself."

CAST her in a play to be done by the students in the little theater. Lucille was not to play the leading role, but an important part. It meant long hours, and therefore little could be done in pictures during the day and rehearsing with my students at night.

It was during the last week of our rehearsals that Lucille experienced her first discouragement. She was called to a bit in "Top Hat," the current Astaire-Rogers picture. She was to work with Mr. Franklin Pangborn in the flower-shop scene. On her first day of work I had a panic call from Mr. Sandrich, the director, to come to the set at once. I've worked two hours to get this scene just right, he explained, "and I can't waste any more time . . . it's costing too much money. She's not ready to do important things . . . and this scene is important.

(Yes, acting looks easy. The players seem to stand there registering some emotion, looking beautiful or handsome, as the case may be. But acting isn't easy!)

There stood Lucille, helpless, almost in tears. Mark's heart was touched. A sudden inspiration, "I know what I'll do," he said, "I'll give the important lines to Mr. Pangborn . . . it will work just as well . . . and I won't have to hurt her by taking her out.

But, it didn't fool Lucille. She knew he had failed. She wept bitter tears over it later, but it couldn't dull her determination. Rather, I think, it pointed out to her how very much she had to learn before she could hope to stand beside the seasoned performers and hold her own.

A WEEK later she was the hit of our play. I cast her in another. Now she was to play the leading role. We talked it over very seriously. It was an ambitious undertaking. However, it turned out it would be seen by all the heads of the studio . . . the producers, the directors. (If Lucille is in the business of acting for fifty years she will never have a longer or tougher assignment.)

Her sincerity was tested severely, but she never cried quits or asked for quarters. More often she begged, "May we go over it just once more, Lelee, or are you too tired?" She wore the rest of the cast down to nubbins, to say nothing of me.

This was a court room drama in which Lucille, playing the part of an actress accused of the murder of her husband, was acting as her own attorney and defending her own case. She had forty cases of "I object!" To keep in mind her own speech to follow, she had to learn the entire play . . . everybody's part.

After the play had rehearsed for six weeks and had been open to the public for several weeks, Lucille was still coming into the theater at six o'clock every night and studying her part until curtain time . . . eight-thirty. Her performance certainly showed it. She was magnificent!

Lucille gave up friends, saw almost nothing of her family, gave up parties and outings and spent every waking hour in that dingy little theater when the California sun and the boozes were calling. We even rehearsed Sundays! This began in the winter of 1933.

In the winter of 1937 Lucille got her first major role in "Stage Door" with Katharine Hepburn and my Ginger. You will remember her as the girl who left the theatrical boardhouse to marry the Seattle lumberman . . . the funny girl who was always taking Ginger on blind dates.

In the spring of 1938, the studio announced they were starring Lucille Ball!

That first star billing read: Jack Oakie and Lucille Ball in "The Affairs of Annabel."

Right here, let us pause and do some addition:

A girl
Honesty
Sincerity
Purposefulness
Ambition
Sacrifice
Hope

Result: SUCCESS! SOMEBODY!

What a triumph!

HERE were those in my classes who would come to the theater in evening clothes, all ready to go to a party or dancing at the Trocadero as soon as I would dismiss them.

Their "dates" would come for them and sit in the back of the theatre impatiently waiting. To these, class was a duty they owed the studio in return for their salaries. They had the cart before the horse.

But, there were also the two guest students, not on contract at the studio, not being paid while they learned, whom I permitted to take the work along with the others because I believed in them and their sincerity.

Both of these are now in pictures with nice co-stars: Russell Hayden and Phyllis Kennedy.

With your very next thought . . . no this thought . . . begin to put into practice the consecration of every thought to some worthy abiding thought. Start upon serving, with honesty of purpose, with self-examination, without self-indulgence. If you seem to have no place to begin, make one. Start at something. Right activity will lead you to your proper place.

If you have something to do now, remember . . . it is inevitable that when we pay to the full zest a service we owe, ours is the richer reward.

MAY, 1939
How Irene Dunne Succeeded Without Glamour
(Continued from page 24)

Irene Dunne's success is not due to her glamorous screen image, but rather to the depth of her character and the authenticity of her performances. She was able to maintain a wholesome, down-to-earth persona that resonated with audiences, making her a favorite of the cinema.

Millions of women wear and love Kleinert's Sturdi-flex because:
- its controlled stretch rubber smooths away bulges,
- its new needlepunch perforations permit evaporation of healthy perspiration,
- its odorless, washable surface never betrays itself,
- its new elastic bra flattens your figure,
- its slide-fastened back opening makes it easy to put on,
- its paneled front with concealed boning flattens and supports the abdomen.

Just as to the Nation's Courter of your favorite store and choose the style and size that will do the most for YOU. A wide variety of step-ins from $1.25 and all-in-ones from $2 up.

$350

Kleinert's
"M. E. Mexico"

TORONTO...NEW YORK...LONDON

*Sturdi-flex—ideal figure fabric says Hollywood Designer

"I have found Sturdi-flex the ideal figure fabric for evading and shaping without ill-fitting lines because it molds itself to the contours of the average woman and because its comfort and stretch retains the firm young figure contours of the natural garden.

Sitting peacefully at a table with Virginia, I would have guessed that my guest was a woman who had never been seen in anything but a slit dress. She was Mary Pickford, the Grand Duchess Marie and Jimmy Roosevelt—I was suddenly startled by such a wild rocket of	ions, the eucalyptus trees and the blazing flower gardens.

"What in the world?" I said.

"Yes," they told me, "Watch and wait. See that horse there— the last one—well, that's Malicious."" 

Who?, I said, "is Malicious?"

Harry Dunne has never lost a mile race on this track in four years," they said. "He's wonderful. Just watch."

Malicious did not cut out up at the barrier. Other horses rocketed and pawed and broke, but Malicious stood—a little bored, I thought—and got away to a good start. Now, a twenty mile race. And when we went down to the radio studio I was in some trepidation as to whether I'd be blown through the line by Jean or frozen stiff in front of it by Miss Dunne.

In my long experience I've never seen such a case of fright as the poised and stage-experienced Irene Dunne got for herself. There is nothing worse, let me tell you, in human experience than fright. Two seconds before I popped the first question at her, she was rigid, there was sweat on her pretty forehead and her eyes were glassy. I made ready to take over with Jean, who was bubbling with adventure, as usual.

But Irene Dunne never let anybody down. Her responses were not only charming, but the spontaneous and unprepared. If her hands and knees shook her voice didn't falter. And I shall always remember the great feeling of comfort that went home—Jean and her mother had left—she said, "That's the first time I'd met Miss Harlow. I didn't know she was going to do it."

Since a great many people didn't know that about Jean, the thought came to me that it took one lady to recognize another.

IRENE DUNNE resisted a good many temptations in her early career—oh, believe me. They wanted her to put on an early burst of speed. They wanted her to make headlines. They wanted her to acquire glamour.

But she stood up from the Kentucky bluegrass known as Malice, a long race. She knew she had enough to stick in there for with the first mile—and she wanted to have enough left for the finish.

I've always had a very strong hunch that Miss Dunne has a deeper understanding of the American scene than perhaps most of the others of the larger and the most powerful class of the American woman. American, than perhaps most of the others of the larger and the most powerful class of the American woman. She is keen to the heart of America than those arteries that have been so much in our history of war and peace and pioneering and development.

From the very beginning, Irene Dunne has been a woman who doesn't stop thinking and acting. When she was told she was going to do a series of four screen roles, she said, wanted excitement and drama around the colorful figures shining on the lights of Hollywood.

"But it's not for me," she said. "That's one side of it. There's another. It's also a great responsibility if you're born conservative. I was. I play along that way—being myself."

This is one of Irene Dunne in is many ways closer to the real American woman than any other screen star. In magazines we have a phrase known as "R. L.", which means reader identification. The thing which makes the reader identify himself with the character or story or background—other than means of hope or familiarity or application to himself in some way.

There isn't much historical data on Irene Dunne. When I went from the Chicago College of Music. For one season she was under contract to the Metropolitan Opera Company. She sang light opera—prima donna rôles—while appearing in "Irene" made a capital success. She was one to whom Miss Dunne said, she decided to make pictures her goal.

She has been married for almost eleven years—since July 16, 1926—to Dr. Francis Griffin, a New York dentist, who has moved his practice to Hollywood. They have one adopted daughter, Mary Frances Griffin, now four years old.

Irene's home in Holmby Hills—be- side Hollywood and the sea—is bright, charming, delightful place which is not pointed out by the sight-seen either in this town or any other. One of the other charming houses around it. Very few people in the Movie Capital know Mrs. Griffin, not because she is unimportant, but because she doesn't care for society in a big way. When you dine with her, you might be dining with any other well-bred American woman.

Now, as a rule, I do not care for my actresses to be just like everybody else. It bores me. I like'em to be temperamental and get into trouble and have love affairs and live a life that is exciting. The "cooking is my hobby" and I'd rather be alone with a good book" said Irene Dunne; and that's the last I've heard of it. This is just a picture of Irene Dunne. I mean—she doesn't care for society in a big way. When you dine with her, you might be dining with any other well-bred American woman.

The point is that Irene Dunne means it, is it—and quietly, conservatively and smartly made it pay enormous dividends.

She is a woman who reaches out to your heart and mine.

As a matter of fact, she doesn't care for many of the rest of the actresses. Her collection of phonograph records is priceless and her radio brings her the discussions of the country of which she is separated most of the time.

It isn't the outward mask of Irene Dunne that is like the ideal American woman. It's her heart.

When you think of anyone you like and admire a great deal, some one char-
Now—
a Special Type Lipstick
to Avoid that Wet Paint Look
All Men Despise

AMAZING CREATION OF FRENCH COLORIST
MADE TO MATCH THE PULSING
COLOR OF THE HUMAN BLOOD

TODAY there is a way of make-up that may astound you by what it does for your appearance. On all sides, many women are adopting it.

You simply use a special type of lipstick called Angelus Lipstick, that is made to match the warm, pulsing color of the human blood. Thus its color blends magically with your own skin tones, giving a perfectly "natural-looking" make-up.

Your lips seem in full-bloom, tender, appealing—you avoid that "wet paint" look all men despise.

So try this way. Try especially Formal Red #404... an utterly new color that is gay and enchanting by day—after dark exotic...compelling.

See the other marvelous colors too—such as Framboise, #414, and Coronation Red, #400. Win new loveliness this way. At all drug and department stores.

Why American Men Don't Want to Marry Hollywood Women

(Continued from page 31)

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(Continued from page 31)

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(Continued from page 31)

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(Continued from page 31)

Why American Men Don't Want to Marry Hollywood Women

(Continued from page 31)
on with their careers. The 'better or worse' clause might just as well be dropped out of the Hollywood marriage contract.

"I wouldn't mind having a wife who worked, so long as she kept a sense of proportion about it and considered her married identity in fact of our existence. But nobody in Hollywood seems to feel that way about it. The implication that her other interest must be sacrificed, is a moving-picture career.

"That young man spoke for himself and for a large percentage of the bachelors polled. Idealists—perhaps the best husband-material that is—do not trust girls who have grown up in the free-and-easy atmosphere of the studios. They would much rather find a wife who has never blinked under a kleig light. And that, fortunately for us, takes in most of the marriageable women in America.

So men don't want to marry Hollywood actresses. Their reasons for shying away from them are sometimes ingenious in their variety. Take, for example, the objection voiced by a fine, athletic husband-to-be from the minor classic of the Big Three colleges.

"Marry a star—dear heavens, no!" he said. "It's bad enough to have one person whose house is known for money and contacts and office politics. But to have two of them doing it—no, that's enough. It's fatal. Earning a livelihood is a pretty hardening experience. It breaks down your faith in human nature, and at some stage of the game, and it calls for a certain brutality when the competition becomes keen.

"A man may be able to survive the process and remain a human being, say two times out of five. A career-woman can, just conceivably, turn the trick; I'd say her chances were one out of ten. But put two people on the make into the same home and your percentages are low. At least one of you is going to become brittle, hard-boiled and unlovable.

"I don't make my chances on a girl who wouldn't be worth five dollars a week to any employer in the world. She'd be feminine, and she might keep me from turning into a sour old misanthrope."

HEN there is Mr. X, whose blond good books recall the Vikings. He has been a very solid member of the Hollywood town.

His abhorrence of the idea of marrying a movie star—in which he yields to no one in the industry—has been surpassed in the town, to which every other interest must be sacrificed, is a moving-picture career.

"I suppose there are a few others like them, who are willing to risk their fortunes and appearance to have children of their own."

I know a friend of Margaret Sullivan and Joan Blondell, he said, and I suppose there are a few others like them, who are willing to risk their fortunes and appearance to have children of their own.

"I don't want to marry a girl who has seen through the Hollywood state of mind. These women are money-mad and celebrity-mad and they will sacrifice their desire for children to their manias."

"Well, motherhood is perhaps the strongest instinct that a woman has. If she'll toss that overboard for her career, what chance has of surviving for her love for her husband?"

"No Hollywood wife for me!"

Then there was the engaging young man who earns his living by selling all things—an actor, on Broadway."

"I know," he said, "what a tough job it is to keep your ambition alive."

After you've acted a Great Lover role anything you say to your girl, in private life, has a phony, fictional ring. I can't tell any woman, I love you, because the words have come to mean the closing of a heavy lid to me and that is all.

"Well, with hard work and by watching myself, I can manage to forget I'm an actor most of the time in private life. I hope, some day, to be able to feel a perfectly sincere emotion for a girl and express it without thinking about turning my profile toward the spotlight. But if she were an actress, too, heaven help us both! We'd never get beyond the technicalities of love-making behind the footlights and we'd be cornered playing for the center of the stage.

I get Pops' boys to serve it on her just as she was leaving school. Had consultation with Pops. He refuses to handle my case on ac¢t of it's out of his particular field of law.

LIFE is full of Fate. Last Thursday on my way to the office I stopped to gaze intently in the window of the Gatham Book Mart because there was a mirror there. I can't say I was surprised to see a Stranger gazing in also, but he was looking at the books. When I looked it was the first time I had ever seen a book by Bartho-

"Pardon me, Mr. Rathbone, but I feel as if I knew you intimately."

"That's very nice of you."

"I know I've seen your face somewhere."

"My voice was soft of deep and historical, or rather histrionic."

Pops spoke from the foot of the Park. "It's said that at Belmont Park, at the World's Fair, outside of the Vaudeville and the Algonquin, theaters, the grandstands and the race track, the fact my chum and I have been following you around for a week.""

"I'm embarrassed." he said."

"I'm not deceived," I told him, because I didn't want to get up hot ideas. "It's my chum Barbara Drew."

"I want to marry a girl who has never had a part even in a high-school play. Perhaps, then, her emotions would be natural and untouched."

"But all the men interviewed shy away with repugnance, from the idea of marrying a star? No, not quite all. Two or three of them, I believe, would have no objection to placing a wedding ring on the finger of the most glamorous gal in the country."

"But—and here's the catch!—both of them said they would insist that she went immediately and abandoned her careers."

"Why?"

"Because I don't believe a marriage can be happy when the wife's success overshadows the husband's," said one.

"Because I don't want my wife to be seen in emotionalundress by any Tom, Dick or Harry with half a dollar to spend. I want her chums reserved for me alone," said the other.

These men, and the school they represent, might conceivably woo one of the glamour girls of Hollywood but, as a rule, cheer up—it's unlikely that the conditions they lay down would be accepted. For all practical purposes, they are still in circulation so far as the rest of us are concerned.

So perhaps we aren't missing so much after all. When we sit in the gloom of the darkest theater with our six-dollar permanent waves and our thirteen-dolar frock and think, "If I had her money and her fame, I'd bring Harry to his feet, all right!"

If Harry is at all like the majority of eligible American men, a Hollywood income and a Hollywood career would make him run like a frightened rabbit.

"Moving-picture stardom has a lot of unseemliness about it," one of these marriageable young men said. "You can't imagine the ability to marry the nicest bachelors in America today."

What these marriageable young men want in a wife is obedient and not too much beauty; an income smaller than their salaries and a willingness to let them battle the world for two; a desire to have babies and a point of view which puts marriage first. By this measuring stick, a girl may go to work in an office or a hospital, a factory or a department store, and attract the注意 of men. But she can't take up a Hollywood career!"
for which I made her pay half because I knew she'd consider it worth her every word before I forgot it. We discussed the whole situation and I reminded her that her wife, Ouida Bergère, and Mr. Smith, probably would be there, so not to get too het up about him, because at best he was a married man.

When I got home, which was late for dinner, there was a document in a blue cover waiting for me. As follows:

STATE OF NEW YORK
COUNTY OF NEW YORK | SS

NUTS [ ]

Which goes to show what type she is. Barb and I had a conference about means and ways. Hit on a plan. Gave ourselves names. I'm First Conspirator and she's Second Conspirator. Going to get Vera's Third Conspirator. It's from Shakespeare. Bought black suede album, had Vera's Basillure in gold put on cover. Got signature by stealing one of her exam papers. Was her answers dumb!

Got three new ten dollar bills from bank.

Invited V. to come to Basill's for tea. Told her 5:30 so I'll have a chance to explain to him. She was surprised in view of our pending litigation.

CAME Monday, Barb, cut Latin, Hist. and gym for a shampoo, set and manicure. We had to take taxi as her heels were unworkable in. We sailed into the Warwick and the tall doorman stopped us as usual, but I told him with hauteur and an English accent that Mr. Rathbone was expecting us. He looked at me in doubt, but phoned up. Then he came out and held the door open and it was the most triumphant moment of my life. I hope I can do it again.

Barb was nearly passing out partly on acct she had on her girdle, but the bell boy. A maid dressed like in first act opened the door and ushered us in to a salon and there she was. Also his wife and Ellen Drew and a man who turned out to be a Mr. Smith, but was somebody nevertheless.

I introduced him to Barb who was so flustered she went back to her first childhood and courtseyed. Then he introduced us around and the maid passed a chocolate and the most marvelous pastry which poor Barb was afraid to eat on acct her girdle was so tight she was afraid of getting hic-coughs. They talked dialogue and we listened to every word and it was wonderful sitting there instead of standing down at the door. Soon Ellen Drew and Mr. Smith left and I breathed a sigh of relief (Barb couldn't) as it to after five and I would have to explain a lot before Vera arrived. So I began without any more. In fact without any:

"Mr. Rathbone," I said in my lowest register, "we have both proven to you our devotion and loyalty. We have followed the races, to the World's Fair grounds, to the broadcasting studio. We have stood for hours in the rain of hotels and theaters. The time has come when you can show your appreciation."

"Shall I leave you two alone?" asked the Mrs.

"It won't be necessary," I said. "It's nothing sexy so you might as well hear."

"Wait till I light a cigarette," said Barb.

So I told them the story of how I had needed $25 desperately and had sold my album full of autographs which I had worked like a Trojan horse to collect. I explained that Vera was not a true fan but a dilettante who never got her feet wet or missed a meal for a signature.

"Besides," Barb added, "she's proviscuous."

Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone looked at each other.

"What do you mean?" asked Basil.

"Imagining a man of his education not knowing what the word meant."

"I mean it's not particular whose autograph she takes. Jane and I are more exclusive. Everybody can't get into our albums."

Then I showed him the papers in the case which he read and passed on to Ouida.

"What role do I play?" he asked.

"You are the Third Conspirator," I told him. "When you ask us to sign your album you take all our books into the other room and get them mixed up which is perfectly natural because the one she has has her name on several pages, and this new one has her name on the cover."

"That wouldn't be strictly honorable," he protested.

"A man who has played Pontius Pilate, to say nothing of Louis XI shouldn't stick at a minor villainy."

Then Ouida spoke. "I think you might manage, Basil..."

"Darling, how can you suggest such a thing? Impossible."

At that moment the maid announced "Miss Bailey" and came Vera, book in hand. I introduced her and she was all flustered, not being accustomed to being on a social equality with the great. She gave him the album and he started looking through it. Ouida excused herself. In a few minutes she was back.

"Darling," she said, "a photographer from the World Telegram is here and wants to take your picture. He'd like a couple of fans in it."

"All right, show him in."

"He's gone up to the roof, the light is better. I told him you'd be up. Take a couple of the girls with you. Jane, perhaps you'd stay and help me with these dishes."

Naturally I couldn't refuse though it turned me up that Vera should get into the picture and not me.

They left and I started putting the cups together.

"Perhaps you hadn't better bother about that, Jane. The maid'll do it. You'll be late for that appointment. Stupid of me to have kept you so long."

"What appointment?"

"Was I dumb?"

She looked at me and then at Vera's album which was on the table. " Didn't you say you had an appointment? I could have sworn it was you."

Suddenly I woke up like a fire cracker. I picked up Vera's book.

"I'll make your excuses," she said. She was fixing some flowers at the window and not looking.

"You're an angel," I said. "I hope he won't be angry at you..."

"He'll get over it."

"Before I go, would you sign my album?"

"I am honored," she said, and she meant it. She wrote something quickly and I started for the door.

"Lucky that photographer happened to come," I said.

"Photographer? What photographer?" she asked. "Are you here yet?"

I grabbed my book and exited. I said I'd get that book back by hook or crook and no one can say I didn't try hook.

I didn't look at what she wrote until I was on the bus. It said: "To Jane: Ouida Bergère (Third Conspirator)"

Members of British aristocracy, like women everywhere, have long praised Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now it contains the "skin-vitamin," they're even more enthusiastic about this grand powder base. Skin that lacks Vitamin A becomes rough and dry. But when this "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Use before powder and overnight. Same jars, labels, prices.

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" supplied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Copyright, 1939, June's Arrow Company.

The Lady Patricia French
daughter of the Earl of Ypres, is keen about sports. Her home is in Surrey, where she spends much time playing tennis, riding, swimming.

FAMOUS POWDER
BASE NOW BRINGS
EXTRA
"SKIN-VITAMIN"
TO YOUR SKIN*

POND'S VANISHING CREAM GETS RID OF LITTLE ROUGHNESSES AT ONCE. I LIKE IT BETTER THAN EVER NOW IT HAS "SKIN-VITAMIN" IN IT

May, 1939

87
We love the Studios

(Continued from page 65)

We stick around to watch Jimmy do a couple of lockstep but—well, maybe you like prison pictures—we don't! No sir! It seems good old Harry has a little red leather jacket he is supposed to have had made for her and Shirley takes it and runs off. They do the scene twice. Each time Shirley frowns.

"Excuse me," she says at last to Director Walter Lang. "I don't think this is a polite scene."

"Why not, Shirley?" inquires Lang.

"Well," says Shirley, "if anybody gives you anything, you say 'Thank you.' But Mr. MacDonald gives me a nice dress and I don't say anything. It's not polite." And a little child is getting them told as we leave. The script girl is writing new dialogue for us in the script-girl room, and that Darryl Zanuck will probably never have a chance to okay, and by a scenarist he probably doesn't know he has. It's pay—Shirley Temple. The new line is, "Thank you, very much."

We find small fry mixing up with the picture business a little less constructively. We find the next set we visit. It's at Universal where Bing Crosby, playing hokey from Paramount, is boo-boo-booing through "East Side of Heaven," along with Joan Blondell, Mischa Auer, Irene Hervey and other hired help.

In this, taxi driver Bing takes care of an infant left in his cab, aided and abetted by Joan Blondell. The情形 serves to soften up the hard heart of an old man and bring a young couple in love together, as Bing sings and kids fenders all over Manhattan.

"We're going to make a chump to work with a baby," Bing grins to us—but ain't he 'cute'? Yes, he is—in this case, he happens to be Sandy Henville, an eighteen-month-old girl who is playing a baby boy.

From Universal to Warners where singing goings-on hold the center of the stage.

What's it all about, we want to know at once. "Sh-h-h-h-h-h" is our only answer. However, we persist and finally one fearless soul tells us that "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," the dynamic picture, is making everyone on the lot jump at small noises.

Of course, we want to know how come, but all we can tell you is that for the first time in our ken, a studio is actually making a picture under wraps. No one has ever even tried to keep the cast—Edward G. Robinson, Francis Lederer, Paul Lukas and Lya Lys—a secret. Why? Well, it seems that there have been certain protests and reprisals. No punch will be pulled in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"—and though nobody is named. Hitler, Goebbels, Goering and all the rest are plainly portrayed. Already there is a certain sabre-rattling on the Warners actually fear for the safety of certain actors' families and others con- nected with the picture. That's one of the reasons; the other is that the exposed film is a sensational one they want to cash in on the sensation.

"Each Dawn I Die" is the current Warners' hit, a moving picture in the make. The star—Cagney, of course. Only this time, Jimmy gets a little ace part, playing Gracie Allen's fiancée in her first picture away from home since he and Paramount called it quits.

The picture was not ready to watch Jimmy do a couple of lockstep but—well, maybe you like prison pictures—we don't! No sir! It seems good old Harry has a little red leather jacket he is supposed to have had made for her and Shirley takes it and runs off. They do the scene twice. Each time Shirley frowns.

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Of course, we want to know how come, but all we can tell you is that for the first time in our ken, a studio is actually making a picture under wraps. No one has ever even tried to keep the cast—Edward G. Robinson, Francis Lederer, Paul Lukas and Lya Lys—a secret. Why? Well, it seems that there have been certain protests and reprisals. No punch will be pulled in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"—and though nobody is named. Hitler, Goebbels, Goering and all the rest are plainly portrayed. Already there is a certain sabre-rattling on the Warners actually fear for the safety of certain actors' families and others con- nected with the picture. That's one of the reasons; the other is that the exposed film is a sensational one they want to cash in on the sensation.

"Each Dawn I Die" is the current Warners' hit, a moving picture in the make. The star—Cagney, of course. Only this time, Jimmy gets a little ace part, playing Gracie Allen's fiancée in her first picture away from home since he and Paramount called it quits.

The stick around to watch Jimmy do a couple of lockstep but—well, maybe you like prison pictures—we don't! No sir! It seems good old Harry has a little red leather jacket he is supposed to have had made for her and Shirley takes it and runs off. They do the scene twice. Each time Shirley frowns.

"Excuse me," she says at last to Director Walter Lang. "I don't think this is a polite scene."

"Why not, Shirley?" inquires Lang.

"Well," says Shirley, "if anybody gives you anything, you say 'Thank you.' But Mr. MacDonald gives me a nice dress and I don't say anything. It's not polite."

And a little child is getting them told as we leave. The script girl is writing new dialogue for us in the script-girl room, and that Darryl Zanuck will probably never have a chance to okay, and by a scenarist he probably doesn't know he has. It's pay—Shirley Temple. The new line is, "Thank you, very much."

We find small fry mixing up with the picture business a little less constructively. We find the next set we visit. It's at Universal where Bing Crosby, playing hokey from Paramount, is boo-boo-booing through "East Side of Heaven," along with Joan Blondell, Mischa Auer, Irene Hervey and other hired help.

In this, taxi driver Bing takes care of an infant left in his cab, aided and abetted by Joan Blondell. The情形 serves to soften up the hard heart of an old man and bring a young couple in love together, as Bing sings and kids fenders all over Manhattan.

"We're going to make a chump to work with a baby," Bing grins to us—but ain't he 'cute'? Yes, he is—in this case, he happens to be Sandy Henville, an eighteen-month-old girl who is playing a baby boy.

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control," he says. He hates red nail polish. He is slow to criticize others. He likes six-day bicycle races. He holds that happiness and success are synonymous, and his favorite among biographies is "The Life of Mah- gellan." He owns eight acres in San Fernando Valley where he has dogs, goats, chickens, turkeys, ducks and two Shetland ponies for his children. He is utterly lacking in ostentation. He smiles easily and it covers his back teeth. His mother is of American Colonial stock, and his hair is dark brown and unruly. He has a lively sense of humor. His favorite meals consist of steaks or lamb chops.

He was named after his mother's dear- est friend, Daisy Spencer, and he has no aversion to caged birds in homes. He wears no jewelry. He owns six Irish setters. He likes attending concerts. He abhorred school so much that he barely achieved passing marks. He is naturally blunt and outspoken but he curbs these tendencies by an overcau-
tiousness.

He is five feet, ten inches tall, and when he was nine years old he ran away from home and was found with two youngsters named Mouise and Bat- tie, both sons of a saloonkeeper. He is addicted to cold showers. He rises every morning at six-thirty. Spreer Tracy is not sure that he would have made good in anything but acting.

He gets no fun out of indoor games, and his favorite breakfast consists of coffee, toast, scrambled eggs and bacon. He dislikes giving parties or having a lot of people around him. His wife owns two race horses, and he often experienced stage fright in his theater days.

The subject of history interested him the most at school. He likes Hawaiian music, and has no preference among restaurants of vari-
ous nationalities.

He has considerable doubt regarding the cultural contribution of the radio. He likes playing polo with his wife, who plays even better than he does. He does not go bicycling.

He has no hope that the world will ever, at some remote date, become wholly democratic.

He is especially fond of chocolate ice cream.

He thinks Hollywood's policy of avoiding controversial subjects a good one. He never goes in for winter sports. He likes artichokes and candy, and never whistles.

He is constantly postponing writing letters. He dislikes intensely wearing dress clothes.

The star of "Boys Town" is not impul-

sive, he has never had a nickname, and he does not use his safety razor. He and his wife never discuss politics. He devoured fairy tales as a boy, and he considers his earliest screen appear-
ances as his best. He was in the third year at high school when he tried to enlist in the marines during the World War. His lie about his age—seventeen—found him out and eventually found himself in the navy.

He does not like kidney pie, and he

had no outstanding athletic accomplish-
ments at school.

He has been cited for more awards and honors than any other male actor on the screen. He does not smoke.

His favorite American author is Mark Twain. He does not mind dining alone. He values most the debating experi-
ence he got in college which gave him his confidence and ease in front of an audience.

He is very punctual.

He does not indulge in any kind of alcoholic drink, whether mild or strong. He likes potted flowers around his home.

He is easily depressed. He is fond of Swiss cheese.

The man who stole "San Francisco" right from under the eyes of Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald has no aversion to eating at drugstore coun-
ters. He never wears a boutonniere. He likes everything about his work and about Hollywood.

He seldom catches cold and is never bothered by dizzy heights. His wife was an actress from the legitimate stage. He is not prejudiced.

His first professional job was at fifteen dollars a week in "R.U.R.," a The-
ater Guild production. He gets genuine pleasure out of the opera, though he attends it infrequently. He has a good knowledge of the works of Jack London. He enjoys driving with the radio on. He is not difficult to borrow money from.

He never goes to baseball games, wearing matches or prize fights. He is not particularly fond of listening to any one singer.

He takes advice easily, and has never read anything written by Kahl Marx. He is a good conversationalist.

He has always wanted to be an actor, and he does not like an open fireplace in his bedroom. He likes air travel.

He has been most impressed of recent years by the book "The Yearling," by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.

He does not like to dance. He does not like playing cards with women. He has never been in Europe.

He welcomes advice, and is not es-

pecially impressed by any contempo-
ary figure. He never bet on games.

He attended various grammar schools and finally won a diploma from St. Rosia's, a parochial institution.

He is fond of clams and lobster, and he gets no kick out of autograph hounds. He rarely eats before retiring.

He has no plans for anything of ma-

jor interest when he eventually retires. He does not like hunting.

He has never seen a World's Series game.

He'd rather play polo than do most anything, and he stays away from his own previews.

He is not easily deceived by people, and he has grave doubts whether hap-

piness can be achieved without money. He is not given much to political or philosophical argumentation. He would rather travel in South and Central America, if he could not play polo.

He never gets headaches, takes good care of his personal effects, and is one of few screen stars who has gone bath-
ingen in midwinter in California.

His wife will never stop being an-
yoed by his sixty-three resting every morning.

He makes no pretensions, and wants nothing so much as to be let alone.

No use arguing with Mr. Pine—he's right. The one way coach fare on the Challenger, Chicago to the Pacific Coast, is $39.50. Breakfast is 25c, luncheon 30c, dinner 35c. En route you enjoy seven delicious meals in an attractive dining car—making the total traveling expense $41.55.

That's real economy! Besides, on Challenger Coaches, seats are roomy, deep-cushioned and reclining. There are soft night lights, free pillows, porter service. And there's a big saving for Challenger Sleeping Car patrons: The fare is low and berth rates are about half that of Standard Pullmans. Sleeping Car patrons have the use of a smart Lounge Car. Registered Nurse-Stewardess service is available to all passengers.
Take KURB for comfort on trying days

- Every woman should know about Kurb Tablets—A companion to any of the famous Kotex products. We make no extravagant claims, but tell you simply, truthfully, why we believe you will want to use Kurb.

Designed to lessen discomfort caused by menstruation, simple headaches or muscular pain, Kurb is a most effective aid for trying days. The formula is plainly printed on the box, so you may readily check it with your own doctor. We urge you to try Kurb Tablets—see how quickly they help you. The convenient purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25 cents at all drug stores.

FREE OFFER! If you act at once—we'll send you a sample supply FREE! Simply send your name and address, to Kurb, Room 1553, 610 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

KURB TABLETS FOR WOMEN'S TRYING DAYS

GIVE YOUR LZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

FOLLOW NOTED DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

FEEL "TIP-TOP" IN MORNING!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestines—baffles, constipation and that "half-lived" feeling often result.

So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel. Just try it! Edwards Olive Tablets, used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients troubled with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Made from purely vegetable ingredients—Olive Tablets are harmless. They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods, but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY, 15c, 30c, 60c. All drug stores.

Dr. Edwards' Olive TABLETS

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Lady Clown

(Continued from page 25)

Joan Davis is most every woman.

Shortly after she married Si Wills, her vaudeville partner, he decided they should go out for an Italian dinner.

"Stay home, dear, and I'll cook you an Italian dinner," she suggested.

He gave her the key to the cupboard with which he thought of her as an Italian dinner cook, or any kind of a cook. Neverless, Joan went ahead and finally Si didit aide his paper and said, "Come on. We'll go down to Tony's.

"But look," Joan insisted, "it's on the table.

"I'm sorry," Si insisted, "but I like leaning on one another, crying. I—I—" he paused as a meat bell went sailing under his nose. "—I—" he began again and paused. Odes of rare sauces nonchalantly sailed by, rendering him speechless. Joan paid no heed but went on bringing in the spaghetti and the raviolli over to the table and took one look before sinking into his chair with a sigh of utter satisfaction.

Poor Tony was left to wonder and to question his wife's culinary ability.

JOAN lives in a powder-blue moquette on Beverly Hills Avenue, far up in the canyon. The rounded dove, the kind of house would be called Swiss, by other skylines, is beginning to look. Who cares? Certainly not the Si Wills family. Haven't they got a swell empty Campbell's soup can stuck on a tree stump on the hillside behind the house for a target? And haven't they got an orange-tinted elm tree, and one of every other kind of fruit tree? And haven't they a badminton court and an unbelievable wobbly, big, and edged-up, knitted by Joan's own hands? And, for that matter, haven't they got a little girl that—well, now, speaking of little girls, I ask you.

Beverly is six, and, if possible, twice as comical as her mother. Her rendition of the story, "The Pig That Wouldn't Jump Over the Sty" need be heard to be believed. At a wedding recently, Beverly, her two ears protruding between her thin curls, was flower girl. Suddenly, she heard the leaves of a rose fall down on the red carpet and—well, it was the end. The little girl, who owns the lawn, decided that all the pretty leaves in the world would be the best thing. And she scattered them all over the floor. Beverly doesn't believe in marriage—it's too expensive. She's planning to make a vogue of it.

"I'm Beverly Wills, of Beverly Hills. I live on Beverly Drive. My mama's name is Joan. And my papa's name is Si."

At a recent church entertainment, Beverly spoke her piece from the platform, then walked down the aisle, sat in her seat, turned to the audience and demanded: "Did everyone here clap?"

Need I say she is now, after the wedding episode, behind a movie camera.

There is a side (yes, still another) to this Joan Davis that, again, only her closest friends know. It's the human personality. She has a way of saying, "I'm a human 'dear'" that "human 'dear'" tag when at school in St. Paul because she could outrun any boy in school, and, at home, every boy (she doesn't play at all) her friends at any game they take up. She can outbadminton, outtennis, outswim, outbox the best of them.

It's been known only by one woman whose money I can cheerfully take after a card game," a director told me. "She plays a game of cards, and she'll pay me."

"Happy Hoosier" her friends call her as she goes about, singing her favorite, "I'm Confessing That I Love You.

"Man, there's a song," she'll say, and then she's off again on the "I'm Confessing" business.

Several stars were discussing Joan, trying to remember if they had ever once seen her in any one of Hollywood's many night spots.

They never had. But if they could see her, just once, inside the movie's theatre, they'd pay big money to get in.

There it is that Joan puts over her best show. All her old vaudeville—like the stuttering song, the heel sliding, the blinking eyes—are brought out for Si and Joan. And, she'll do vaudeville days to laugh over. And then Si, who is a great aid to Joan in her screen work, will say, "I'll give Beverly Davis the blonde moniker of Madame and she'll do it for nights in this Bagdad shack in Beverly Canyon are really something.

The sun will be shining of a morning and Joan will emerge from the side door to the lemon tree in the front yard.

"Move over, caterpillar," she'll caution an insect in the grass, "we're going to have lemon pie tonight." Piece by piece, the honey will disappear back into the house and soon there will be a beating and a stirring in the kitchen; result, lemon pie for dinner.

"Let's go to California for our baby's birth," Si suggested and in no time at all they were on the boat through the canal.

"Yes, and Joan went all the high diverging, shushed her tail and yelled and felt maybe it was I having the baby, after all," Si says, casting accusing eyes loving looks in Joan's direction.

Of course, the hour of the baby's arrival came when no one was near. Nothing daunted, Joan backed out the old door, shouted a last "Hoorah" and ran inside and was off for the hospital, bumping along for dear life.

"Here," yelled one impatient driver who got in her way, "I have the right of way."

"Yeah," Joan called back to the road hog, "but you can't see what I'm going to have.

Joan's never satisfied with her work. Can't bear to go to previews for fear audiences won't laugh at her. And is, of course, heartbroken over the way her face comes out in the pictures.

She's a sleepyhead when not working and can easily sleep fourteen hours a stretch.

Unless it's Sunday. On Sunday she's up bright and early and, dressed in her best (usually the classy hat with the cherries), she's off to church and a big beautiful dinner. And the little Wills family will bow their heads in worship and it's then, with the sunlight streaming through the stained glass windows, that the brilliance of her hair and eyes shine in the reflected light.

Yes, it's then, at worship, Joan Davis is really grand to see.
blocks away . . . with hardly a thought of California.

The trip, first planned as just a regular vacation jaunt, turned into an extended stay. Two years, three, then (during the War) a few public appearances passing out programs at Red Cross social functions midst Beverly Hills' palm trees.

First thoughts of a new name cropped up then in this new, exciting atmosphere. A numerologist did the final trick and Jane Alice Peters passed out of the picture.

"Long Shot" MacMurray

(Continued from page 21)

name I cannot spell, and they live on a couple of acres with a swimming pool and tennis court and shooting gallery and a neat, white house with Early American furniture. He loved this girl before he knew where he was headed and the minute he had a few bucks in the bank, he married her. She was stricken with appendicitis shortly after and when they got through fooling around with her, you could have bought her chances for a nickel.

But now she's well and that part of Fred's life is at ease. For the rest, he likes a few good friends and hunting and fishing. He has hunted little more than a year, but he is an excellent shot.

I took him on his first hunting trip, in Northern California. This was for the opening of the dove season and I had him on edge many days before the trip. But the day we started north he was thoughtful and had none of the true hunter's enthusiasm.

"What's the matter?" I asked, after I had driven twenty miles listening to myself talk.

"Lillian's doctor was over when I left," he said.

"She's all right, isn't she?"

"Oh, sure."

"Then what?"

"He's a vegetarian," said Fred.

This annoyed me. "All right, he's a vegetarian," I said. "So we can come back and eat our doves while he nibbles at his carrots."

"That's not all," said Fred. "He's not only a vegetarian—he raises doves as pets. And I told him I was going dove hunting.

That was bad. "What did he say?" I asked.

"I'd rather not tell you," said Fred. "I don't want to spoil your shoot."

"You can't spoil my shoot," I said.

"Not even when I tell you the part about when you kill one dove—and its mate finally dies of sadness?"

I gulped. Fred rubbed his eyes. "The doctor said they're the most beautiful and gentle birds in the world. They borrow just enough grain from the farmer to fill their little crevices and they wouldn't harm a living thing."

"Don't let him kid you," I said, after a moment. "Don't ever listen to a vegetarian. Doves are mean. They eat the farmer's grain and he has to mortgage the farm and then he loses it. They pick out children's eyes. I wouldn't trust a dove any farther than I could throw Mount Whitney."

Fred thought a while and then he got himself into the spirit. "That's right," he said. "And they fly into windshields of automobiles and the glass breaks and gets into people's eyes."

"Now you're talking," I said.

The next day we hunted and Fred picked up his first dove. He stroked its feathers.

"It's sure pretty," he said slowly. "It wouldn't harm a living thing." "Remember that grain," I said quickly. "Remember those kids' eyes and those windshields."

"That's right," said Fred, getting himself back into the mood.

Fred took his doves home, half proud and half ashamed. His wife looked at the doves and then at him. She wouldn't eat them, but Fred secretly nibbled at one. Quickly he ate two more. Then his wife nibbled.

They have a new doctor now. He is not a vegetarian. Honestly! He is a young man who earned his way through medical school trapping animals.

Fred's income has increased in startling leaps. Wisely, he has entrusted his business life to a competent manager and so he does not see the money he earns. Each week he receives a check for forty dollars for personal expenditures. I have been with him when as many as ten of these checks have nestled in his wallet.

The last time this happened I looked at the checks and scratched my head. "Can't you even spend forty dollars a week on yourself?" I asked.

"Of course I can," said Fred, "but who's going to buy my wife's Christmas presents?"

What can you say to a guy like that?

THERE IS NO AVERAGE WOMAN

Every woman is a law unto herself—women's sanitary needs differ on different days and what's best for another woman isn't necessarily right for you. But only you can tell which type or combination meets your needs best ... each day!

So Kotex offers "All 4" types of sanitary protection—

Regular Kotex® Sanitary Napkins— in the familiar blue box.

Junior Kotex®— in the green box. Somewhat narrower than Regular, for days when less protection is needed.

Super Kotex®— in the brown box. No longer than Regular Kotex, yet its extra absorbency provides extra protection.

Fibs, the Kotex Tampon— the new invisible protection that's worn internally; requires no pins or belt. Only Fibs are Quilted for greater safety—greater ease of insertion—greater comfort in use. Recommended for use on the final days, particularly.

From Des Moines, Iowa, by way of the stage, Joy Hodges reached Universal where she is playing in "The Family Next Door"

MAY, 1939
YOU CAN Now Easily Make a dainty GRAY HAIR PREPARATION AT HOME

At a big saving to you can make and apply to your own home a large economical bottle of an old, popular grey hair preparation. Here's the money-saving recipe. Get from your druggist one-fourth ounce glycerine, one ounce bar oil, one box BARIO Compound. Mix in a small pot of water, or your own hair-oil for your hair for a cent. Cover with a cloth, let the latter, tincture—color to gray, faded, streaked hair. It is easy dyes, does not wash out even if eaten, will not alter the color or affect permanent or wearable, is not sticky or greasy. Used with satisfaction for over 15 years by blonds and brunettes. The economical BARIO recipe today.

Wake Up Without Calomel — And You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rin‘in’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not dis- charged freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays in the bowels. Get behind your stomach, you get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the word gets punk.

A mere ounce of movement doesn’t act on the bowels. It takes ten ounces, and Carter’s Little Liver Pint. This is a 16 ounce bottle of soothing liver freely and makes you feel up and fine. Harmonize, people; get something off your chest, people. Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name, 25c at all drug stores. Rubbidity refuse anything else.

The Shadow Stage (Continued on page 63)

You can’t cheat an honest man — Universal

THE new W. C. Fields-Bergen and McCarthy feature is pretty funny, although what it gives in comedy is balanced by weakness in story and situation. There seems to be no end to the gags the team can evolve from any situation, whatever to those who are interested in laughter and don’t care a hang why they laugh, this is a Must. Fields plays the boss of a down-town numbers racket and carries the piece along with his typical humor. Edgar Bergen holds the Mortimer Snerd cliche to Charlie while, although the stuff is good, you may find you expected more in the way of ventriloquism.

WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND — 20th Century-Fox

WARNER BAXTER needed a good picture and here it is. He is a great man — a blend of comedy, burlesque, music and a certain amount of drama in his story. Baxter is a contractor who has married socialite Loretta Young. She and her mother, Helen Westley, both have a yen to be singers, which causes domestic friction. Warner meets a famous opera star, played by Binnie Barnes, and it’s abar when he has a great voice and asks him to go on a tour with her. His business is shot and so goes the money. Meanwhile, Loretta flops miserably in her own try at a career. You can imagine the climax, when the father outwits his husband who has been doing. Baxter digs out every bit of his famous charm; Miss Young is quite beautiful, and the rest of the cast deliver well. Gregory Ratoff directed.

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN — M-G-M

It’s a shame that Mark Twain’s great classic of boyhood, “Huckleberry Finn,” should have received such unhappy treatment from Hollywood. Especially since Mickey Rooney is starred: he is given almost no chance to display his superlative talent and none of the spirit of the story is caught for the celluloid. We have been used to original yarn are excusable but nothing else about the picture is. If you loved Huckleberry, and if you are a Rooney fan, skip this — it will save embarrassment all around.

TWELVE CROWDED HOURS — RKO-Radio

THE Richard Dix of the great “Cimarron” is lost in this role. He plays a newspaper reporter who helps out a pal who is in trouble. The story is well-knit, there is comedy and action and suspense; but these things can be said of many inexpensive little pictures. It is somehow a sad thing to watch Dix dashing around in such a piece — particularly if you are getting sick and tired of the newspaper-reporter-versus-the-rackets idea. Lucille Ball is Dix’s sweetie and Allan Lane also runs.

WINNER TAKE ALL — 20th Century-Fox

You still can’t expect too much history from Tony Martin — he is a singer anyway — but he isn’t bad in this Cast as a fighter whose name has been built up in fixed battles, he carries the fortunes of Henry Armetta in his gloves because Henry is treasurer for the “Sons of Garibaldi” and he needs him. Armetta lifts the little film to better than average levels and you will find it adequate to the circumstances through while awaiting the other feature. Gloria Stuart is romantic interest.

I WAS A CONVICT — Republic

REALLY, the publicity convicts have been getting from Hollywood lately — it’s still another pointless argument on social reform constitute entertainment people will pay to see. Especially when that presentation is dull. This one will put you in a stupor. Barton MacLane, Beverly Roberts, Clarence Kolb and Horace McMahon are the main ones in the cast and they’re obviously bored with what they are asked to do.

FAST AND LOOSE — M-G-M

“THE THIN MAN” started a vogue in murder mysteries which will probably go on forever. Here’s another fashionable little number, with Bob Montgom- ery and Rosalind Russell playing the Poirot role. This time it happens in the huge home of a millionaire who collects rare books; Bob and Rose take over the suspects but work like beavers to show up the guilty party. You may be annoyed at the ease with which you can select whodunit, even at the beginning.

LET US LIVE — Columbia

When you read the story of a murder trial you invariably think: “This could never happen to me.” But it might, even if you are innocent of any crime. For the vicarious experience, see this emotionally exhausting film in which Henry Fonda, innocent bystander, is picked up by the police, identified by hysterical witnesses, and convicted. It is an indictment of one phase of social justice. Maureen O’Sullivan plays the girl who sees Fonda through his trouble; he does a splendid job of portraying an one-sided man who gradually goes to pieces under the strain of a seemingly malignant fate.

THE LADY AND THE MOB — Columbia

While it seems a little strange that Columbia has given Academy Award Winner Fay Bainter this rôle in a semihumoristic story in which the plot often passes the bounds of credulity, still, as the Academy voters knew, Miss Bainter is equal to anything. She manages to play Mrs. Leonard, a rich eccentric who owns the town bank, with a light yet dignified touch and really makes you believe in her brand of Americanism which is that a fearless citizen prefers death to bondage.

Finding, for one thing, that her clean-cut face and her mutton chops are no barrier to the big-time racketeers who have moved in and, with customary highhandedness, she determines to clean them out when the mayor refuses responsibility. She hires a band of guns and supervises their activities, even to the extent of practically manning their machine guns! She finds herself in some pretty tough situations, but accomplishes her aims with ease. Lee Bowman, who plays Fay’s son, and Ida Lupino furnish a mild romantic interest.
Fashion Letter

(Continued from page 70)

Brooches and, strangely enough, will freely be teamed with net in the late afternoon.

Jewelry is heavy and has a somewhat Oriental feeling. It belongs at the top of the silhouette this year—that is, at neck and ears. Those short haircuts won’t cut down on the heavy ornament. Bette Davis will doubtless put some jewelry ideas across in her costume picture, "The Night of the Hunter." Portraying the Empress Carlotta of Mexico, she wears such gorgeous pieces as a brooch bearing the hand-painted miniature of her screen husband and aiguillettes made of dull gold chains and an earring and necklace set composed of various shades of topaz and gold.

Only girls under twenty have a right to get excited about schoolgirl and "baby" clothes, according to Orry-Kelly. These are most unbecoming to mature women. He still winces when he recalls the little hair bows that too often graced silver bobbed heads a few seasons ago and prefers to see the John Held, Jr. girls on paper rather than in public.

Frilly clothes also leave the Warner Brothers designer cold. He looks upon them as impractical for active sportswomen, believing comfort should come before chic in this case. The only women who should wear them are those who simply must have a ruffle in their lives. At least, it is better to put the frill on an informal sports costume than an ensemble which should at all times be endowed with dignity, says he.

For Bette Davis in "Dark Victory," Orry-Kelly has done both active and spectator sports clothes which reflect his love of things South American. One tailored frock of pin-striped aqua shear wool is too short even for front buttons. It is teamed with a dusty pink cashmere sweater and a matching suede beanie. Another outfit combines a featherweight nude luster jacket of soft beige, styled with zipper front closed and quilted pocket, with a matching flannel skirt.

Lightweight suits are set for a greater season since successful means of cleaning them has been worked out.

Sheer fabrics will carry on through the summer. They are so loosely woven they are actually as cool as cotton or silk and more practical because many are almost wrinkleproof. With everyone making plans for a World’s Fair trip, sheer wool is a travel thought.

High shades, neutrals and chalky tones will be of equal value from a style viewpoint.

The important silks in the sports picture will be the tubular ones. Here is where prints, stripes and checks will thrive. Checks especially—from the scarcely discernible pin types to the bold kitchen-apron look. The coat and dress square, will be seen wherever outdoorly people gather.

Cotton will appear in numerous guises and will be popular enough to make all those South rejoiners. Fine-wale pajamas go into hats, gloves and jackets. Gypsy-printed percales make clever blouses. Muslins and gingham are good for shorts, shirts and dresses. Checked and plaids gingham have been out of fashion long enough to intrigue the younger generation this summer.

When it comes to the sports silhouette, there is nothing like a razzle-dazzle or a pleated skirt. "Razzle-dazzle" is Hollywood’s term for the exaggerated circular which is actually adapted from the skating-silhouette silhouette. It is flattering and youthful without being girlish. Priscilla Lane introduces the style done up in pink muslin for "Family Reunion" and is already featuring it in other materials for her personal wardrobe.

Plaids are not exciting news, but they are a good old casual stand-by. Unpressed and box plots evidence the most promise in skirts, but the knife variety, stitched down in yoke and waistline sections, rate in the all-over pleated dresses. Vertical tucks continue in their simulation of pleats.

Startling color combinations, such as line and violet, chartreuse and plum, yellow and stratosphere blue, are due to show up in play clothes, but Orry-Kelly feels there is nothing so striking against a coppery tan as pure, crisp white. Of course, girls who manage to preserve a pink and white skin throughout the summer will enjoy accenting it with the high shades.

As far as the styling of play clothes is concerned, there can be little change because those preferred by Southern Californians have already reached what must be the tops in comfort and chic.

Our best fashion advice from Hollywood is to keep an eye on that Orry-Kelly-Bette Davis combination. It’s out to make fashion history.

Juarez — The Life History of a Movie

(Continued from page 22)

Empress Eugenie, Gilbert Roland as Maximilian’s aide - de - camp, Donald Crisp as Commander of the French armies in Mexico and Joseph Calleia as Urdi, villager under Juarez, are all Hal Wallis depicts each picture to two men—an associate producer and a director. The associate producer bears complete charge of all details of the production, from story to preview. He also keeps a careful check on the budget and libraries. We talked to the director comes in when the story is written. From that time on he shapes the production as he visualizes it. Producer Henry Blanke and Director William Dieterle, the two men chosen to work over "Juarez," were in charge. Together they have made such outstanding films as "A Midsummer Night’s Dream," "The Story of Louis Pasteur" and "The Life of Emile Zola."

"In order to get an even closer perspective on the story," Hal Wallis continued, "Paul Muni, William Dieterle, Henry Blanke and I drove down into Mexico and met the Government officials. We discussed the story with them and they seemed to be quite pleased with it. We visited many of the historical places where our characters had been. We spent days in museums and libraries. We talked to the living descendants of Juarez and we took hundreds of photographs which were used in designing the sets."

The next office to be visited was that of Producer Henry Blanke. It was filled with books and classical sculpture, for Blanke is a man of culture and connoisseurship. He is very enthusiastic about "Juarez."

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"We have the same director, the same cameraman, the same art director and the same cast as in "Zaza,"" he said. "And, since picture making is a matter of co-operation and the lot of us were used to working together, it was a happy combination."

In "Juarez," we had an interesting story. It is the tragic love story of Carlotta and Maximilian and the dramatic story of Juarez. Juarez refused to free the Mexican peasant, and Lincoln had many similarities. Both were poor and self-educated. Both were lawyers. Both fought to free the peasantry.

"It's interesting that Maximilian and Juarez never met in history, nor do they meet in "Juarez." Maximilian wanted very much to meet Juarez, he even offered him the office of prime minister, but the ambition of the former was to refuse to meet Maximilian. He knew that one word would always stand between them—democracy.

The story "Juarez" tells is very close to what's happening in Europe today. Napoleon, the third word, was on ninety-nine percent plebeian and exploitation of a struggling people, is typical of any present-day dictator.

"The script writers," Harry Blanke continued, "you consider who's best for the story and who's available. We are a blue-chip group of writers—Aeneas McKenzie and the son of two famous men—Wolfgang Reinhardt, son of the great Reinhardt, and producer of Walter Huston. Later, Aben Finkel, who has written many scripts for Fox, brings his own ideas work on the Juarez part of the script.

"After the writers and the major casting were set, we had one of those idealized board meetings—idealistic because you always have to sacrifice certain things. You think you're going to the making of a million dollar picture and they tell you you're going to get a million and a half. But, as a matter of fact, the cutting of this picture suffered from the budget. If anything, it gained."

My next port of call was the Writers' Building and a chat with Scottish American writer, Aben Finkel. The office was decorated with pictures of Scottie eavels in brilliant red uniforms. McKenzie himself is commander of a Scottie cavalry unit in the British army.

"Juarez" is different from other types of movie stories," he told me. "If you write an exciting story you create your characters and they behave as you want them to. But here you have to stick to the facts. You can't believe historical pictures are interesting if you don't stick to the facts. We took only permissible liberties."

"After a year of reading about the background in French, German and Spanish, we—Reinhart and myself—wrote what is called a "treatment." It was two hundred and forty pages, outlining the story and some of the dialogue. It was the treatment on which John Huston came in. He's wonderful at doing dialogue."

It seemed amazing to us that these three people of such completely different temperaments—McKenzie, a Scotch monarchist, Reinhardt, a social democrat, and Huston, an American Republican—could get along together.

"I think you've misunderstood me, vehemently, "and we all agreed very clearly on what we wanted to talk about. There were many stories we could have written out of the material, but we were agreed on finding a viewpoint which would have a bearing on the lives and experiences of audiences today.

"We practically lived at each other's houses. We used to argue until five o'clock in the morning. We discussed every word and every sentence."

"Johnny, being an actor, would walk up and down, improving dialogue with gestures. Many times we were struck. We couldn't seem to get a scene right. Then Reinhardt would take out a little portable chess set and work out a difficult problem. After that, we could often find a solution. Henry Blanke worked with us all the way through. He'd come in as a fresh mind and he was a great help. Often he'd get so excited that tears would come to his eyes."

Five months later, the temporary script was finished and it was then that William Dieterle, the director, came in on the conferences; and Aben Finkel came to work on the script.

"Paul Muni sometimes listened in," said Finkel. "He could tell what was wrong with a scene and by acting it out he would stimulate us to get it right. He felt that the character of Juarez should be warmer and more human. You see, Juarez was a man who spoke very little. It was difficult to dramatize him in long scenes. Muni felt that Juarez should have someone to talk to—so that the audience could see the way his mind worked. He suggested bringing in the character of Juan, his coachman—servant and confidant. Juan became the symbol of the simple Mexicanpeon."

The scene of my next visit was a small room packed with books from ceiling to floor. There sat Dr. Herman Lissauer, head of the studio research department. In front of his desk lay five fat black portfolios.

"These are our research bibles on "Juarez," he explained. "It took us a year to collect the material for them. We photostated documents and letters of the time; we gathered pictures of places and people. There are people pictures, like Angelina, who we want to remember Maximilian and Juarez. Eighty percent of our characters have been photographed. We have to be accurate. There isn't a mistake made in a picture that somebody doesn't catch. It was the task of this department to re-create the period in every detail—in France, in Austria and in Mexico."

"It's the first Mexican picture we've ever done. We had to steep ourselves in a new mentality and we've gained a healthy respect for the Mexican people. We rented a library of over three hundred books from a man who had specialized in Mexican history. We borrowed the library of the former president."

"Besides, we had to discover the peculiarities of all our characters. We found that Maximilian's voice had a big black egg in his mouth, that he only slept in an army cot, that he never permitted his signature to be blotted. We found out that he was very proud of his hair and liked to wear it down, that Napoleon the Third always smoked tubular cigarettes, that he always wore a black frock coat and celluloid collar and that he kept a copy of the "Little Prince" book. We had to find Mexican songs for the music department, pictures of medical instruments, Indian pottery and Mexican birds in flight for the property department. We had to do everything in advance so as not to hold up production. It was the biggest research job we've ever done!"

So, with a temporary script and Dr. Lissauer's research bibles, Anton Grot, the art director, set to work. There were hundreds of charcoal sketches stacked against the walls. They were worthy of an exhibition.

I used the photographs from research, the set sketches, the charcoals," Anton Grot said. "Here is a photograph of the castle of Chapultepe which we used as the model of the palace in Mexico. It was mid-Victorian in the worst possible taste. It looks just like a Mexican palace. I'm sure that when you see the set you'll say, 'I have to use my own judgment about the sets.'"

There was a little fiberglass model of Chapultepe beside the sketches. Attached to it was a small black object, halfway through both ends.

"That," said Grot, "is the camera finder. You see, after the director and producer have had the charcoals, they build a model of the set, and they, director and producer, can visualize the action. They look through the finder to see what the camera will see. In designing a set, you don't build more than the camera can actually use. It's important for your budget, too."

Upstairs, the entire floor of the drafting room was covered with little models. One took four hours to make a set. There were little branches for trees, real glass in the windows and even little cardboard actors. And there were models for fifty sets."

"We have a deadline of the thirty-six units of Mexican streets, huts, prisons, houses—huts and houses—those there built on location at Calabasas, thirty miles from the studio."

Hubert J. Folks, head of the props department, is a piece of work. There were little branches for trees, real glass in the windows and even little piece cardboard actors. And there were models for fifty sets.

"Whether we're building the throne room of the Halls of the Tuileries or the simplest Mexican adobe hut, everything must be drawn to scale. From these little models twenty drafted drawings are sent to the producing department. Even painted backgrounds of houses or panoramas seen through windows are drawn to scale to set the scene department.

"To make our sets even more authentic, we built plaster casts of the faces of old California missions. They made plaster casts of the surfaces of the old walls. They used these cast on the set wall and the decoration were aged them with shellac and water color. This process is known as 'texturing.'"

While the script was being written and the sets planned, Steva Trilling, eastern director, and I had to fill the imposing list of speaking parts.

" Casting isn't a one-man job," he told us.

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theater's, for her first thought is always to be realistic. She doesn't start out to please the period by adding a soft touch here and there. Most actresses won't make up for not being able to do a scene, Bette wore a white lace mantilla which was so heavy it almost broke her neck. Half a dozen stars wouldn't have worn it.

"Bette reminds me very much of Ethel Barrymore. We had to find actors of caliber equal to that of Bette Davis and Paul Muni and actors who could do what they were doing. We had luck with some of the stars — Claude Rains looked so much like Napoleon. The Third we didn't have to test him. Bette Aherne looked very much like Maximilian. Funny thing, at a party some time ago, Aherne told Blank that he would like to play Maximilian on stage or screen. He had just come from Mexico and, on a visit to a museum, had noticed his uncanny resemblance to Maximilian. That was just before we ever thought of making Juarez. After that, it was his wish.

"Averaging two to three tests for each character, we made tests in the wardrobe, make-up, and lines of particular. Director Dieterle directed the tests. In that way he could tell if an actor would respond to his direction. We used each costume — pictures, par- ophonic parts, we used seventy-five percent of the known Spanish actors in the Hollywood Registry, and we designed the rest or used all the Mexicans in Los Angeles.

Busy at work on a costume sketch for Bette Davis, Orry-Kelly, Warner's head costume designer and the next person on my list to be interviewed, talked between diet pencil strokes.

"Carrying out the suggestion for her test," he said, "She dressed as simply as well-dressed women do today.

"All of the fourteen dresses that Bette Davis wears in Juarez are simple and very regal. We used beautiful materials brought over from French looms — heavy moire and taffetas. They don't make those materials here because people don't buy them. Only one dress — that used for the coronation scene — was fussy. It was white satin, braid and pearls.

"Jewels, so important to the costumes of the times, were brought from Eu- rope and from Mexico City. We used a list of jewels for each costume. The rings, bracelets and necklace to match. One was made of gold and blue enamel with little seed pearls and rubies; an- other, a lovely flexible rhinestone tiara made of hundreds of flowers. Already, jeweled and bare, Bette wore them. Dieterle suggested that, for the scenes in which she goes mad, her costumes range in color from a cobalt blue, as in the second scene, to dark blue to black. It will be inter- esting to see how many people will not- ice the effect on the screen.

"As new faces are being used, the costumes are made on padded muslin models made to the exact measure- ments of the actors. This method saves many fittings. Usually, on an important picture, we make camera tests so that the character was so satisfied with them that we only tried about half of them.

"The tremendous amount of work Davis was a great help to me in designing her cos-

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him questions. We listened attentively to what he had to say. We invited him to sing a couple of songs and applauded him roundly.

During all of this, Daisy stood by quietly and unobtrusively, but when Larry's performance was over, she took matters into her own paws, so to speak. Was Larry to steal all the limelight? Not while Daisy possessed a good bag of tricks!

Tripping composedly to the center of the room, she paused an instant to make sure we noticed her. Then she began a performance of her own. First she sat up and "spoke." Then she walked, upright, over to a chair where she said her prayers. Next she rolled over and played dead. Next, as if deliberately arranging a climax, she stood on her hind legs and danced. And then, dropping to all fours, she looked at us challengeingly, and barked.

"Woof! How do you like it?"

We assured her we liked it fine and left wishing that we, and not Rennie Renfro, Hollywood dog-trainer and owner of the already famous Ara, had bought her in a pet shop for $1.

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**Predicament**

CHARLIE FARRELL, who is staging such a fine comeback in pictures, is in one of those don't-know-whether-to-laugh-or-drop-dead predicaments. It seems while in Europe a year or two ago, Farrell met Bob Barton, a young English chap who longed with all his soul for Hollywood and an acting career.

"Well, why don't you try it?" Farrell suggested.

"Can't. Too stony broke," was the answer.

When Farrell offered to advance the money on a chance of the lad's winning a place in pictures, the Englishman refused.

"No thanks, old chap, awfully, but I'll have to go it on my own," he told Charlie, who moved on to other ports and promptly forgot his brief acquaintance with Barton.

Last week Charlie received a letter.

"I'm coming to Hollywood at last, old chap," the letter read. "I've just come into my money and title, Lord George Campbell Grant." The letter was signed Bob Barton.

**Manpower**

WE had a visit with Mervyn LeRoy, M-G-M's new producer, the other day, and learned some things about picture-making and some things about himself. He has a nice, attractive but unpretentious office, with pictures of horses on the walls, a couple of lamp shades decorated with drawings of horses and a set of horse-head book ends on the desk. He loves horses, Mervyn does!

That "Mervyn" just kind of slipped out. We don't usually call Big Producers by their first names, but he seems to be that kind of a chap—friendly and not at all high-hat and a swell host who makes you think he really means it when he says, "Now drop around any time." Although you know he is as busy as all get out.

Mervyn has some positive ideas about how to make pictures "click" at the box office. One of them is that there should be no such thing as a double bill. Give him a good short and an up-to-the-minute newsreel and a good feature picture and let him go home, he says. As for what makes a good feature picture—well, he insists that a good picture is any one that will make an audience sit on the edge of its seat! Acting, direction, story—the whole gamut of film ingredients count only insofar as they fulfill that requirement, he insists. "A good picture always has either novelty or dynamite," he told us.

He always tries for both.

As for Mervyn himself, we found out he is thirty-eight and wishes he were older so he wouldn't be called "boy" any more. First it was "the boy director" and now it is "the boy producer." He was born in San Francisco and when he was a kid used to sell papers at the stage door of various theaters. That was where he got his first yen for the theater business. When he was about ten, Theodore Roberts gave him his first theatrical "break." This was in "Barbara Frietchie" and Mervyn was supposed to sit up in a tree and yell, "The Yanks are coming!" for $1 a week. The first night he fell out of the tree and made such a hit that his pay was boosted to $5.

When the motion-picture industry began to center in Hollywood, Mervyn...
A special Award was presented to Disney for "Snow White." He was so overcome by Shirley's congratulations, he forgot to say "thank you!"

\[\text{Fonda Coup}\]

The work of Henry Fonda in "Jesse James" so pleased the bosses of Twentieth Century-Fox they immediately thought of the actor for the rôle of Alexander Graham Bell's assistant in the picture of Bell's life.

"The only thing is," one of the producers said to Fonda in a conference, "I'm afraid you don't look much like a technically minded fellow. Guess you don't know much about mechanics or telephones, do you?"

Henry said nothing, but, going over to one of the telephones on the desk, he calmly turned it over, took it apart and just as quietly put it together again.

"W-what?" began the producer. Fonda grinned.

"I was trouble shooter for two years for our telephone company back home," Henry smiled, "and I even wrote a thesis on communicative systems when I was in school."

Needless to say, Henry is Alexander Graham Bell's assistant in the picture. Don't pretend you know nothing about telephones except to answer them, is Bell.

\[\text{Small-Town Big Time}\]

"CARVEL," U.S.A., may not be on the map, but it is becoming an increasingly real place to that group at M-G-M who, headed by Kay Van Riper (pronounced to rhyme with "rip"), create and guide the destiny of the screen's Hardy Family.

"Carvel," the Hardy's home town, is, putting the finishing touches on "The Hardys Ride High," which is all about how they get a lot of money—or think they do. "The Hardys Get Spring Fever" is another in the offing and additional themes also have been selected... which makes it look as though the Hardys will be going on for some time. Not that we are sorry!

So That's What Alis Us Department:

Of Hollywood are neither odd nor screwy. We are not even unusual. A\[\text{D. C. Rosten, who heads the Motion Picture Research Project (gathering data for a strictly modern scientific book on Hollywood). Hollywood and its inhabitants are apace with the Gay Nineties in spending, living, thinking.}\]

Dr. Rosten, young and pleasant, a Phi Beta Kappa, Ph.D., University of Chicago man, draws an apt parallel between the quick fortunes made and spent in banking circles during those frightfully Gay Nineties and the fantastic goings-on here. We of Hollywood haven't gotten beyond that Gay Nineties era, thinks the young writer.

Well, old Cal isn't so sure. To begin with, we never heard of Lillian Russell's going on a diet, Chauncey Olcott's trekking out to his farm after every performance, Diamond Jim Brady's placing himself in the hands of story-minded business agents, or Anna Held's taking a bath in plain sunshine.

And, as far as that goes, our Floradora Sextettes, or Chorines to you, are too busy racing home nights to husbands and babies to be bothered with Stage Door Johnnies.

Where's your alibi now, Doctor?

\[\text{Hollywood Sophisticated?}\]

We're laughing up our sleeve (cut in the newest spring style, of course) and here's why: On one little jaunt about this town, known all over the globe as the home of glamour, we discovered three reasons why Hollywood is probably the smallest town at heart of any place we know, Podunkville included:

1. A neon sign, glowing and gleaming from a small shop window on the corner of Fountain and Highland Avenues (the very core of Hollywood), reads: I Ain't Mad at Nobody.

2. The much publicized Brown Derby (the Wilshire branch) with its stylish skirted waitresses revealing shapely legs still resorts to an outside cistern, exactly

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\[\text{MAY, 1939}\]
try, have its seed, and yield, and give its increase, according to the season of its reapings. And hence you see God's providence, to which all our actions must proceed.

The last is the word, not to be forgotten. It is, therefore, of infinite importance, that we should be prepared for every event, and have always a perfect and exact knowledge of our own state, and the affairs of the kingdom. For we must know, that God is the great King of the world, and that all the events of it are under his control. And therefore, if we would be wise, we must be always prepared for all events, and have a perfect and exact knowledge of our own state, and the affairs of the kingdom.
**HEART OF THE NORTH—Walters**

There have been many entertaining melodramas of the Interior, but for sheer camp value, the latest entry by this producer is a godsend. J. B. Plante DIRECTOR, with Larry Lewis, as the Wild West is tougher than they thought it would be. The Judy Lewis, John Ireland, and Roger Hurricane长江, and the Wild West is tougher than they thought it would be. The Judy Lewis, John Ireland, and Roger Hurricane

**HONOLULU—M-G-M**

The most recent picture to come out of Honolulu was an extravaganza to suit Elizabeth Powell's picture, but somehow Greer Garson as the star. The plot revolves around the famous star's (Boatman) attempt to have a boy embed with his and his mother's island of Eden. The picture is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**IDIO'T DELIGHT—M-G-M**

An effective screen treatment of the Losa-Frontier theme is found in the picture. Shirley is a Russian countess traveling with her two children to America. Despite the fact that she is a Russian countess, she is practically American in her outlook. The picture is well acted and directed, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**THERE'S SOMEONE—M-G-M**

A picture that is well acted and directed, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**IDOL'S DELIGHT—M-G-M**

An effective screen treatment of the Losa-Frontier theme is found in the picture. Shirley is a Russian countess traveling with her two children to America. Despite the fact that she is a Russian countess, she is practically American in her outlook. The picture is well acted and directed, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**PRAIS HONEYMOON—Paramount**

Ring Crosby is a rich cowboy who has quite a problem making up his mind about the girl he loves. The picture is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**PERSONS IN HIDING—Paramount**

Taverns from a book of crime cases, by the same author of "The Maltese Falcon." This picture is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**PRIDE OF THE NAVY—Republic**

This film has been described as a "Swashbuckling" picture. The story is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**KENTUCKY-20th Century-Fox**

Veering away from the usual frontier type of picture, this story is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**THE KING OF THE TURF—Small United Artists**

The long arm of the law is practically pulled out of the story, but here is a picture that is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**LET FREEDOM RING—M-G-M**

This is the movie in which Nelson Eddy has a fine opportunity to show his versatility as a singer. The story is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**WOLF DOWNSBY THE COLUMBUS—Warner**

In this film, William Prince is a New York gangster and he is on the run. He is planning to make his debut as a movie star. The story is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Selick, Konig and Others**

This is the movie in which Nelson Eddy has a fine opportunity to show his versatility as a singer. The story is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**MIKADO—TheToye-Versailles**

The first full-length production of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, this picture is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**NANCY DREW—Detective—Warner**

Another fine detective story is about to be released, this time about Nancy Drew. The story is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**SON OF FRANKENSTEIN—Universal**

The story of the son of the famous Dracula character is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**ST AND UP AND FIGHT—M-G-M**

A well-made action picture that has gained the reputation of being a picture of the year. The story is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**STAGECOACH—Wagner United Artists**

This picture is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**ST. LOUIS BLUE—Paramount**

This Mississippi showboat story is a series of anti-climaxes. The story is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**SWING SISTER—Warner**

This picture is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**TAP—20th Century-Fox**

This picture is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**THANKS FOR EVERYTHING—20th-Century Fox**

American democracy and the American government are the love stories of this picture. This picture is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE—Paramount**

Yes, you might just like this picture of Tom Sawyer and the adventures he has with his Naomi. This picture is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**TOPPER TAKES A TRIP—Holt-Roach, United Artists**

This is a droll little comedy for them that likes it. Robert Young again plays his beloved widowed bachelor. Dick Baker also takes an interest as his disinterested wife. Al Mowbray is again the greedy, laughing-stock. This picture is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**TRADING WINDS—Wagner United Artists**

Fugitive with the action and excitement, this drama full of adventure and romance. The story is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**WINGS OF THE NAVY—Warners**

This is a picture of the heroic airmen of the Navy. The story is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**WOMAN DOCTOR—Republic**

Henry Willson, Fredric March and Claire Dodd are the star of this picture. The story is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)

**ZEE—Paramount**

Greta Garbo originally starred in this tale. The story is a delight to the eye, and the romance is a pleasant surprise. Despite the fact that the picture was made during wartime, the love story is not as俗丽 as it could have been. (Apr. 3)
YOU need no longer wish for beauty. You need no longer envy any girl. For alluring beauty and radiant loveliness can now be yours. Not by magic, but by adhering to the startling secrets revealed by Helen Macfadden in her exceptionally practical book Help Yourself to Beauty.

Here, without doubt, is one of the most remarkable books of our time. A book that tells you how to develop radiant health ... how to add new loveliness and glamour ... how to keep the glow of youth—at all ages.

**Daughter of Bernarr Macfadden**

The author of Help Yourself to Beauty is the daughter of Bernarr Macfadden—America's No. 1 health exponent. Helen Macfadden, no novice as a writer, has contributed dozens of outstanding beauty articles to Physical Culture and other leading magazines. But she has saved her most successful beauty secrets for this great new book Help Yourself to Beauty. Here you will discover for the very first time how through easy, simple methods you can reach out and acquire real beauty ... lasting beauty.

**Former Ziegfeld Follies Girl**

Helen Macfadden was one of the late Florenz Ziegfeld's glamour girls. Many of the beauty secrets described in Help Yourself to Beauty were acquired from the great impresario himself. Others were taught her by her father. Bernarr Macfadden. Yet most of the startling new aids to beauty were gleaned by personally interviewing and studying some of the most lovely ladies in America. This is why Help Yourself to Beauty is so important ... so essential to your future loveliness ... so necessary to your future happiness.

**Wake Up Your Latent Beauty**

Few women realize that they themselves hold the key to their own beauty. Few women realize that they can accent their beauty to glamorous proportions by merely knowing how to camouflage their defects and feature their natural loveliness.

Yes, beauty is something that can be won and Help Yourself to Beauty is the book that will win it for you. For packed between its 180 exciting pages are many tricks to magnify your beauty and develop in yourself that delightful and exciting thing known as allure. That elusive quality which makes all the difference between an everyday person and a romantic, thrilling personality.

ONLY $1.00

ON SALE AT ALL BOOK AND DEPARTMENT STORES
Have you tried a Lucky lately?

TOBACCO crops in the last few years have been outstanding in quality. New methods, developed by the United States Government and the States, have helped the farmer grow finer tobacco. As independent experts like F. E. McLaughlin point out, Luckies have always bought the cream of the crop. Thor-oughly aged, these fine tobaccos are now ready for your enjoyment. And so Luckies are better than ever. Have you tried a Lucky lately? Try them for a week. Then you'll know why...

With Men Who Know Tobacco Best—
It's Luckies 2 to 1
CLOTHES FOR THAT SUMMER ROMAN
Exclusive Movie Fashion Forecast Starring II
BY ELSA MAXWELL: The Unconventional Side
UTY THROUGH SURGERY—Revealing Secret Methods
Until Kotex made 3 sizes I had to cut and adjust my napkins to suit my varying daily needs. Now with Regular, Junior and Super Kotex it's a simple matter for every woman to meet her individual needs from one day to another.

I Confess! I tried other type Napkins!

My days of experimenting are over—Kotex Sanitary Napkins are made with layer after layer of soft, silky tissue that one after another absorb and distribute moisture throughout the pad; check that striking through in one spot. I don't worry about shifting, pulling or chafing with Kotex!

I Confess! Bunchy Ends destroyed my Peace of Mind!

Then I found out about Kotex Sanitary Napkins and the patented pressed ends that sit flatly—now I'm free to go about my normal life without discomfort or embarrassment. No more blunt, bulky ends for me!

Better Say Kotex—Better for You
Everybody's talking about the extra care, brilliance that Luster-Foam "bubble bath" gives the teeth!

BETTY: That Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the new Listerine Tooth Paste is marvelous... my mouth feels so fresh.

BETH: And did you ever see anything like the way it makes teeth sparkle?

1st REPORTER: Ever see a smile so dazzling? All these glamour girls have it— I wonder why?

2nd REPORTER: It's the dentifrice they use—the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. It's swell!

NURSE: Listerine Tooth Paste is designed to go to work on the tiny pits and cracks in enamel—the danger zones where 35% of decay is estimated to start.

IM: Even if I am your husband, I've got to admit your smile gets more gorgeous daily.

JAN: Honey, it's that Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the New Listerine Tooth Paste that does it.

LARRY: Will we ever save enough to each one?

LOU: Leave it to me! I'm budgeting everything, including tooth paste. And what a money-saver this New Listerine Tooth Paste is.

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TRY IT?

Don't be so wedded to old favorites that you miss out on the utterly different, wholly delightful action that you get with Luster-Foam detergent in the New Listerine Tooth Paste. You'll wonder why you ever used any other paste.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent leaps into an aromatic, dainty, foaming "bubble bath" that wakes up the mouth. It surges over, around, and in between the teeth to accomplish cleansing that you didn't believe possible. And what dazzling luster it gives.

You know this new dentifrice must be delightful, because six million tubes of it were sold in 90 days. In two economical sizes: Regular, 25c and big double-size at 40c, containing more than 1/4 of a pound of tooth paste. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW FORMULA—Supercharged with LUSTER-FOAM

P.S. Listerine Tooth Powder also contains Luster-Foam
IT'S HARDY FAMILY FUN AGAIN!

No. 6 in the Hardy Family hit parade... as these beloved folk become "millionaires for a day"! Hilarious... as Andy struts in top hat and "Tux" and dates a cabaret glamour girl... love finds Aunt Milly... Marion knocks the stores for a row of charge accounts... Mom settles for a frying pan... and the Judge winds up with a silk hat... and the bills!

The Hardys become millionaires overnight!
And what fun!

THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH

with

LEWIS STONE
MICKEY ROONEY
CECILIA PARKER
FAY HOLDEN

Screen Play by Agnes Christine Johnston, Kay Van Riper & William Ludwig • Directed by George B. Seitz • An M-G-M Picture
On the Cover—Bette Davis, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Best Wishes, Carole Lombard Gable
A poem—inspired by the tinkle of wedding bells
Dixie Wilson 13

Introducing—The Unconventional Side of Hollywood
Hollywood still has colorful people, writes America’s famous party giver
Elsie Maxwell 14

From Ranch to Riches
Hollywood discovers redheaded Ann Sheridan, Texas tornado
Ruth Rankin 16

The Stars Are Lonely, Too
Can loneliness be cured? The stars have found an answer
Faith Baldwin 18

Lewis Stone Is Really Judge Hardy
A revealing portrait of a beloved star
Glady’s Hall 20

Beginning—Bright Victory
The enthralling life story of George Brent, born to fight
Howard Sharp 22

Beauty Through Surgery
Disclosing secret methods of beautification dared by screen hopefuls
Gretta Palmer 25

Juarez—The Life History of a Movie
Step Two in the amazing growth of a super film
Nancy Naumburg 25

The Dilemma of Lammert
Adela Whiteley Fletcher 28

Why glamorous Hedy is Hollywood’s biggest question mark
Dorothy Dumas 32

A House to Live In!
No need to be envious of the stars—build a home like theirs!
Gwen Wells 45

Photoplay Fashions
Exquisite Movie Fashion Forecast, Starring Irene Dunne
Nina Willes Putnam 62

Second Chance
Concluding—the story of a great star’s comeback

The Camera Speaks—

Hollywood by Candid Light
Faces, famous and familiar, as seen through the Pink lenses
30

Here’s Swope Again!
Beauty and drama framed by a master photographer
36

10 and the Same Girl
Ginger Rogers—Beginning “then,” ending with “now!”
38

The Cowboy and the Lady
A brand new game for Photoplay readers to puzzle out
40

News from Neptune
Brief fashions for summer bathing beauties
42

Reviews
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
4

Boos and Bouquets
6

PHOTOPLAY’S Own Beauty Shop
Carolyn Van Wyk 8

1933’s Gold Medal Winner
10

Close Ups and Long Shots
Ruth Waterbury 11

Cal York’s Gospel of Hollywood
55

The Shadow Stage
58

We Cover the Studios
Jack Wace 60

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?
87

Complete Lists of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue
92
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Picture Review</th>
<th>Shadow Stage</th>
<th>This Issue</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>BROADWAY SERENADE</strong>—MGM</td>
<td>58</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>DOODLE CITY</strong>—Warners</td>
<td>59</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN</strong>—Universal</td>
<td>59</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES</strong>—The 20th Century-Fox</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>I'M FROM MISSOURI</strong>—Paramount</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>KID FROM TEXAS</strong>—MGM</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>KNIGHT OF CHINATOWN</strong>—Paramount</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY</strong>—Paramount</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LOVE AFFAIR</strong>—RKO Radio</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SOCIETY LAWYER</strong>—MGM</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, THE</strong>—20th Century-Fox</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE</strong>—Paramount</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SUDDEN MONEY</strong>—Paramount</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THEY MADE HER A SPY</strong>—RKO Radio</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP</strong>—Universal</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WITHIN THE LAW</strong>—MGM</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Wuthering Heights</strong>—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ZENOBIA</strong>—Hal Roach-United Artists</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Announcing
THE PICTURE MAGNIFICENT!

The story of Juarez, Mexican flame of freedom . . . moulding a fiery-hearted people into a nation that toppled a throne! . . . The story of Carlota, empress to Maximilian . . . burning her fateful romance into the pages of history! . . . All in a glorious human drama sweeping through scenes never matched in action, splendor and power! See “Juarez” at your theatre soon! The picture that shows how great the screen can be!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

PAUL MUNI • BETTE DAVIS
in
“JUAREZ”
with
BRIAN AHERNE
CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD • DONALD CRISP
JOSEPH CALLEIA • GALE SONDERGAARD • GILBERT ROLAND • HENRY O’NEILL
Directed by William Dieterle


JUNE, 1939
She's a newcomer and she'll go places—this redhead Milland in "Beau Geste." P.S. She got it OFF FOR a new high in glamour. But did we try to wreck her career? We did not—we accepted her and are now trying our darndest to reach that new high.

And now you're after Richard Greene. You say he's too good-looking and you might succeed in ruining this young man's career, because he's not as well-established as Robert Taylor was.

All I can say is you ought to be ashamed of yourselves! He's new and not such a good actor as yet, but give him a break.

JANE A. MALCHOW,
Oshkosh, Wis.

MORE than any other factor, I'll bet that Vincen-

dini drawing in Photoplay of Gable as Rhett

Butler was responsible for David Selznick's long

wait for M-G-M to loan Gable for "Done with

the Wind." That suited everyone because Gable

filled every one of the physical requirements

for the part. Yet, you'd think from the squawks

that are rising all over America that Vivien

Leigh was in no way suited for the rôle of

Scarlett.

Why in the name of all that's holy is it any

worse for Vivien Leigh to portray a Southern

belle than it was for Gable to play the English

Fletcher Christian or Power to be the French

De Lesseps? If foreign countries protested like we

do when an American portrays one of their
countrymen, in all likelihood there would be

no foreign market for American films.

Remember Ed Sullivan's story about Rob-

ert Taylor "Give the Kid a Break." Photoplay

started the campaign to lay off unfair cracks

about that young man. How's it for a story

along those lines about the beautiful young lady

who's behind the biggest eight-ball in Holly-

wood, Scarlett O'Hara?

ROBERT FULAY,
Glen Allan, Miss.

* (The story was called "Give Robert Taylor a

Break," written by Ed Doherty for the November,
1937, issue.)

HORRORS!

THE shake and shiver boys, "Frank" and "Dread," see Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi, were

lauded as tops at portraying "boogy men" and

monsters. That was several years ago. Then

last summer the same pictures swept the na-

tion and again broke box-office records. Once

more audiences' spines tingled; their eyes

rounded; their breaths came in expectant gasps

as they watched the twin horror bill.

"Dracula" and "Frankenstein" were the two

most successful oldies revived. Yet the "them-

who make or break careers, gave the credit to

(Continued on page 84)
SONG BY SONG...SCENE BY SCENE...THE THRILL GROWS GREATER!

The stars of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" live their love story in the music of today and yesterday! Al Jolson sings his songs once again in the way that made them great! Another grand picture opens the gates of memory to the past you want to remember!

"Listen!...I love this man from here to breakfast! Want to make something of it? He's tricky? So all right, he's tricky! He's hurt me? So what?...I love him! He's my man!"

Look into the Heart of the Girl Love Couldn't Crush...No Matter How it Tricked Her!

And in the swing of today...Gordon & Revel's latest hit, "I Never Knew Heaven Could Speak!"
SUMMER SYMMETRY.—It's unusual, even in Hollywood, and between scenes on a motion-picture set, to see an attractive girl in a bathing suit doing the frog walk across the floor while everyone else on the set calmly walks around her if she gets in their way.

But that's exactly what happened on the set of the new "Blondie" picture at Columbia. After finishing her unusual walk, Penny Singleton straightened up and then relaxed into a chair.

"What goes on here?" I asked her. "Anything for a laugh? Or is there a deep hidden purpose behind all this?"

"Oh, yes," she laughed. "I got up too late this morning to do my usual exercises, so I'm catching up on them now between scenes. I like the frog walk especially, because it keeps you limber and supple and is fine for the legs and thighs."

"Look," I said, thinking of Photoplay's Beauty Shop right away, and knowing you'd be interested, "how about posing for some pictures illustrating some of your favorite exercises, so we can see exactly how they're done?"

Penny agreed to this; and you can see the results on this page.

This is a particularly apt time of the year to get ourselves all interested in exercises, because I've a pretty good suspicion that most of us have been rather neglecting ourselves for the last few months. You've probably been too busy taking care of your faces and experimenting with new spring make-up, and wondering whether or not to get your hair cut short—after all, it takes so long for it to grow out again if you don't like it short and babyish—really to keep up with your daily exercises.

But if you want to keep yourselves graceful and slender, with a perfectly proportioned figure, exercises are vitally important to you. Excess weight or too heavy thighs often do not seem quite important enough in the wintertime, when you're so busy running around, to do very much about your figure, but summer somehow makes you more acutely conscious of it. So Penny and I worked out these exercises that are practically guaranteed to give you a streamlined figure, if you follow them faithfully for a few weeks.

The frog walk (Exercise A) is one of the most difficult to do, but it's one of the most beneficial for you. The idea is to support yourself on your hands as you walk across the floor.

You know that the ideal feminine figure is changing. Waists should be smaller now and hips a trifle more rounded to be absolutely ideal; and since dresses are getting shorter by the minute, the legs should have a softly rounded, (Continued on page 81)
"Flower-fresh" she emerges from the tub and she'll stay that way with Mum

Smart girls know that a bath alone can't prevent underarm odor

Your bath is over—how gloriously fresh and sweet you feel! How easy to think tonight will be your night—tonight you’ll win romance! But will you? Not if you trust your bath, and your bath alone, for lasting charm.

It’s true. No matter how fresh you feel when you start on your date, no bath can keep you sweet. For even the most perfect bath can’t prevent odor—underarms always need Mum’s special care!

Smart girls—popular girls—don’t take chances. They know a bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents odor to come. To be sure they’re sweet, they give underarms necessary daily care—after every bath, before every date. More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Mum is so pleasant, so easy to use, so utterly dependable. You know odor is impossible when you use Mum every day.

Mum is quick! Late for your date? No matter! A touch of Mum smoothed under this arm, under that, keeps you fresh for hours! Takes only 30 seconds!

Mum is sure! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor. Get Mum at any drugstore today. Make sure you can’t offend! Remember, if you neglect your Mum just once, you are likely to be the loser. Play safe with your charm! After your bath, and before your date, make a habit of Mum.

Mum helps you this way, too! Thousands of women prefer Mum for sanitary napkins because it’s gentle, safe. Avoid embarrassment—always use Mum this way!

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration
You save $10 on this exquisite service! Designed for the lovely bride whose cherished dream is complete silverware for eight! The $29.75 "Dower" set includes eight knives, forks, oval soup spoons, salad forks, and individual butter knives...sixteen teaspoo two serving spoons, sugar spoon, butter knife, cold meat fork. In a solid wood tarnish-proof chest, approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Convenient terms available.

Wear-proofed guarantee shows how "area of wear" is protected by special overlay of solid silver...for years of extra service.

$1.50 Deluxe server for 25¢ to introduce new Fortune design. This delicately pierced useful Fortune server is the ideal prize object.

TUDOR PLATE
by ONEIDA COMMUNITY SILVERSMITHS

THE choice was yours! But now we announce with pleasure that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's delightful musical "Sweethearts," which teams Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, is the final selection of our readers for Photoplay's Annual Gold Medal for "The Best Picture of 1938."

Votes from all over the United States and many from abroad testified to the high regard which the public had for such excellent pictures as "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Four Daughters," "Robin Hood," "If I Were King," "You Can't Take It With You" and others of equal merit, but "Sweethearts" won, hands down.

Although this is the fifth time this famous screen pair have collaborated, it is their first picture in modern dress. Never have they been photographed to better advantage, never have they sung so beautifully, never has the production and surrounding cast been so lavish. Technicolor, of course, was an added enhancement and red-haired Miss MacDonald was breath-taking.

Victor Herbert's lovely melodies have been popular for a quarter of a century, which is another reason for the success of "Sweethearts" at the box office. Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell used the lavender and old lace libretto as a skeleton and built around it a sprightly modern love story—a back-stage yarn of two married lovers appearing in the operetta. This allows you to hear the familiar "Sweethearts," "On Parade," "Pretty As A Picture," "Hood" among others, all thrillingly sung by the principals.

Although the picture belongs chiefly to Mr. Eddy and Miss MacDonald, the supporting cast included Florence Rice as the secretary, Frank Morgan as the conniving manager, Reginald Gardiner as the smooth-tongued talent scout from Hollywood, Mischa Auer as the amusingly temperamental librettist. W. S. Van Dyke, who has directed some of the team's other musicals such as "Rose Marie" and "Naughty Marietta," was responsible for "Sweethearts." Mention must also be made of Herbert Stothart's superb musical direction, Albertina Rasche's dance arrangements, Ray Bolger's dancing (remember the clever wooden shoe number which he danced with Jeanette?) and the photography in general. Minor roles offered Lucile Watson, Terry Kilburn, Gene and Kathleen Lockhart, Betty Jaynes and many others. Altogether it was one of the most impressive productions pictorially and musically that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have ever screened.

Photoplay's Gold Medal, as you know, has been awarded for the past eighteen years as an encouragement to the making of better pictures. It is the only prize in the motion picture business that is given really by the public. As such, it is considered a great honor by the studio, by the director, by the actors involved. Photoplay's rec-

PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD MEDAL WINNER

SWEETHEARTS

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1920 HUMORESQUE
1921 TOL'ABLE DAVID
1922 ROBIN HOOD
1923 THE COVERED WAGON
1924 ABRAHAM LINCOLN
1925 THE BIG PARADE
1926 BEAU GESTE
1927 7TH HEAVEN
1928 FOUR SONS
1929 DISRAELI
1930 ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT
1931 CIMARRON
1932 SMILIN' THROUGH
1933 LITTLE WOMEN
1934 BARRETT'S OF WIMPole STREET
1935 NAUGHTY MARIETTA
1936 SAN FRANCISCO
1937 CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS
1938 SWEETHEARTS

Our readers' choice for the best picture of 1938—Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in "Sweethearts" has been consistently high: we have reason to be proud of our honor pictures as you can see from the above list. It is gratifying indeed to extend to M-G-M studio our congratulations and to add to our Gold Medal Honor list "Sweethearts"—our readers' choice as "The Best Picture of 1938."
that winning cycle with his being signed to play Panhandle in "The Rains Came"... a honey of a role, that one... and all the result of his playing the doctor—and how warmly he played that doctor—in "Dark Victory"... typically Hollywood everybody going around muttering that Brent can act since he did "Dark Victory"... he could act long before that, too, but he never got a chance to show. Those spineless characters Warners have given him up till now... for our money, "The Rains Came"... that almost as interesting to look forward to as "Gone with the Wind"... wouldn't be surprised if it was that Mr. Zanuck's challenge to Mr. Selznick... on account of any picture that has in it Tyrolean Power, Myrna Loy or George Brent, Marie Ouspenskaya, plus a magnificent love story of passion and regeneration, the whole laid in India with floods and earthquakes... and directed by Clarence Brown... that just has to be something...

Nice seeing Don Ameche's stock hitting a new high because in "Midnight" and in "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell" they let him get the girl... dopey anyhow not giving Ameche screen sex appeal since off-screen he could get any girl he might desire with that infectious charm of his... I like seeing Alan Curtis in there again in "Sergeant Middlen"... he's one of the boys that they go around studios muttering about... saying he's a personality but can he act... phoney on that stuff... dominant enough personalities can always be taught to act... look at Gary Cooper... look, too, at that very handsome Richard Greene... there's a lad who is coming right along and being very nicely developed in varied characterizations ranging all the way from "Kentucky" through being Shirley Temple's leading man to the high-born young man in "The Hound of the Baskervilles"... But on the other hand look what's happening to others... look what they did to Mickey Rooney in "Huckleberry Finn" and to Joan Crawford in "Ice Follies"... Thal Rooney kid lavished the most beautiful performance on "Huckleberry Finn"... but who wants to see this gorgeous, typical 1939 boy as a corny hick of half a century ago... and as for Miss Crawford in "Ice Follies"... what is the idea of making her a combined Sonja Henie and Red Skelton... honestly those ice ballets in "Ice Follies" simply made you know how wonderful Sonja was... unless you know by contrast... the flashing of that beauty's silver skates against the cold crisp ice... the very sound of them is thrilling... so what happens in "Ice Follies"...? well, skaters whom you never get acquainted with skate through some form of liquid goo, so that the effect is just a sort of water ballet done with mirrors...

As for Joan's being put into a black wig and a Lamar make-up... well, that kills us... that Lamar double act on Joan Bennett's part was a cute stunt particularly considering that Joan did look so much like Hedy when she got herself up that way... enough, as lots of people have pointed out, to make Gene Markey, Joan's ex, begin dating this newest glamour girl which just led straight to the altar... but all this trick did for Joan Crawford was to hide her own dominant personality... and as it reminds me of what Humphrey Bogart calls Joan's "The Bride Wore Red"... he calls it "The Bride Wore Out"... here's hoping that Joan's playing Crystal in "The Women" puts her stock back where it belongs... it isn't such a big part any more, but Joan will play her...
Double Flattery

in a new scarf arrangement of twin FEDERAL Foxes

Gleaming twin beauties... proud heads looped high on your shoulders... silver loveliness caught in front... held smartly together in back by two slender paws. Indisputable, new flattery! A shining example of the enormous chic of luxurious FEDERAL Fox. Smart stores everywhere show this stunning fur; you'll know it by the FEDERAL name stamped on the leather side of each pelt, your guide-post to lasting loveliness.

FEDERAL SILVER FOXES Hamburg, Wisconsin

PHOTOPLAY
CAROLE LOMBARD GABLE!

BY DIXIE WILLSON

I
That little guy who spills the moonlight
Over every garden trail,
Who plugs our hearts with silver darts,
And weaves of dreams a bridal veil;
That little guy who writes the rules
For Love's sweet and exotic fable,
Can scribble, with a flourish, now,
"Finis: Miss Lombard . . . Mr. Gable."

II
Your Hollywood which manufactures
Reels of Romance by the day,
Which gives us love in plain and fancy
Styles from Nome to Mandalay,
Which serves us thrills in double features,
Now, it seems, has turned the tables;
One slice of Paradise released,
Not for the world . . . but for the Gables!

III
A grin . . . a pair of ears . . . and then
A dinner . . . orchids . . . tender sighs . . .
A girl who found new ecstasy
With looking into someone's eyes . . .
A ring . . . a promise . . . can she cook!!!
But never mind, if Love be able
To capture all the joy we wish
For Mr. Gable and Mrs. Gable.

"For better, for worse, until death do us part—I, Carole, take thee, Clark, for my lawful wedded husband." And with those words one of Hollywood's most glamorous women became the wife of one of its most romantic men. To Clark Gable, Photoplay extends its heartiest congratulations!
To this famous author and eccentric, renowned for her unconventional parties, wit and avoirdupois, Hollywood has become the "city of annuities and trust funds." But fortunately she still finds a few rare creatures whose behavior and cleverness save the town from the curse of normalcy.

The author and Katharine Aldridge, both appearing in Elsa Maxwell's "Hotel for Women," another Darryl Zanuck brainstorm for 20th Century-Fox.
definitely a starlet. In fact, looking at my test the other day on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, I said to Gregory Ratoff, who is supposed to direct me in my forthcoming picture, "Gregory, I'm a bigger star right now than Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer combined."

"How is that?" asked Ratoff.

"Well," I said, "it's very simple. Look at my avoidclumps. I'm the only actress in Hollywood whom producers and directors don't beg to lose here, there and elsewhere. I'm the only one whom you are all begging—please stay fat and ugly. The fatter and the uglier you are, the better we like it..."

Fortunately for me, next to Countess di Frasso (the woman who taught Gary Cooper that a watch chain should be worn across the vest and should not be hanging from the lapel of one's coat) fortunately for me, I say, next to Dorothy di Frasso, Gregory Ratoff is about the most colorful person in Hollywood. Before meeting him, I used to think that I was pretty noisy and that I possessed a sufficient amount of vitality. I have changed my opinion since meeting him. Watching him in action, I feel as if I were the most phlegmatic person on earth. Vesuvius is supposed to be a volcano but Vesuvius is just an innocuous spittoon when compared to Ratoff.

HERE is a sample of Ratoff in action. While directing Alice Faye in a scene in "Rose of Washington Square," Ratoff shouted in a voice that could be heard and probably was heard as far as the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, "Alice, you are terrible. You are colossal. You are magnificent. You are ninety-five per cent good. I wish I knew how in hell I could get the other five per cent out of you."

Discussing the selfsame "Rose of Washington Square" with Al Jolson, Ratoff expressed his amazement at the wonderful performance of Tyrone Power and said that before he began shooting he didn't believe that Tyrone could play the part assigned to him, the part which is, of course, based on the life of Nicky Arnstein, the gambler. "How could Power play the part of Nicky Arnstein?" Ratoff wanted to know.

Jolson looked at him with pity and said, "Why you blankety-blank Russian... A man who could make love to Marie Antoinette... A man who helped Lloyds of London build the merchant marine of the British Empire... A man who built the Suez Canal almost single-handed... And you (Continued on page 73)
“Hey, Anna,” called a pal from across the Green Room, “when do you get out of uniform?”

“After Dodge City,” maybe, Annie called back in that good humored tone.

Annie Sheridan didn’t even bother to glance down at the astonishing beauty of the evening gown in which she was nonchalantly having luncheon, there were miles and miles of pleated chiffon skirt, but from there up it was sort of—well—perfect.

There is a law or something over at Warners’ making it imperative for Annie practically to live among the Hollywood family and shun all other devotees to her. A law of Nature, no doubt, on account of Annie is about the most gorgeous eye-ful Nature ever created. Annie gave away the short curl that had been such a hit among the native population certainly she hopes she never gets another one.

Five minutes after an introduction—make it two—everybody calls her Annie. She hails from a ranch near Dallas, Texas, landed in Hollywood five years ago through a beauty contest, is twenty-four years old, has one (1) marriage and one (1) divorce. She played the lead opposite Gagney in “Angels With Dirty Faces,” has remake history in “Dodge City” with Errol Flynn and will shortly grace Dick Powell’s “Naughty But Nice.” All of which, the versatilistic one will freely admit, is a very good start toward a career. In fact, damn it all, Jeeves, it is a career.

Twenty-four is not exactly a ripe old age. Not at all. Twenty-four is one of the most serious ages a girl can possibly have. If she isn’t serious then, she never will be—and the very good chance is she will never be quite that serious again. So you better look pretty straight there, and admit it.

A LOT of things have happened to our Annie during five years in Hollywood. She arrived via the beauty contest route, with thirty other winners recruited by Paramount from all over the world. So far as anyone knows, Ann is the only one still in Hollywood. Certainly she is the only one who made good.

She was as last and bewildered as any of them. A woman at Paramount who knew her then says, “Oh, what a home sick baby that one way or another, we all drop in my office and exclaim, ‘T’m going back. Can’t stand it. Nothing happens here. Hollywood is the dullest place on earth. Home is a lot more exciting!’” (Hollywood?)

Right then, Annie was going through the trying introductory period of dramatic coaching, streamlining and tests. She did not make friends right away. She was used to a big family of three sisters and a brother, mother and father, stacks of school friends and an active outdoor life. Fearless, athletic, vitality enough for four girls, radiantly red-haired Annie went into a decline while she got herself acclimatized and reorganized.

Her home school having been Texas State Teachers’ College, one naturally inquires, “Did you ever have a school song?”

“Heaving, no,” Annie explains, frankly amazed at such a thought. “My parents merely had to send me to some school and that one was handy!” She was the blues singer with the college orchestra and an active member of the dramatic society. Studying?... She could take it or leave it alone. Any girl who looks like Annie, and has as much fun as she has just been纳iled wouldn’t get much chance to do her homework in a coeducational institution.

Until Hollywood, Annie always figured she would go back to the Texas ranch. That was what the other girls she knew did, or looked forward to. After Hollywood, she still figured one married and settled down. At any rate, you fell in love, married and stayed that way. Fun was fun, but marriage was something you did in earnest. She didn’t know what the hazards were, then.

ABOUT that time she met a young actor named Eddie Norris.

Annie and another girl lived in the Canterbury Apartments; so, it happened, did Eddie. One evening someone in the lobby introduced him, just in passing. The next evening he called and asked Annie out. It was the first time in her life she ever made a date after such a casual acquaintance. They kept on going out for a year and then married.

Eddie is a splendid young actor (“They Won’t Forget,” “Boys Town,” etc.) and he was under contract to M-G-M. For some obscure reason—it is sometimes difficult to understand the mysterious workings of this picture business—there were no parts for Eddie to play during one entire year. Annie was busy almost every minute. So, naturally, Eddie sat home and brooded and got moody and was not a very cheerful companion when Annie arrived after her day’s work.

And there she was—easygoing, fun-loving, all keyed up after an exciting day and rarin’ to go. By that time she had found out what you did with your excess vitality in Hollywood—you went out and did the night spots. All the kids go through this interval. The more mature actresses—while they are engaged in making a picture, anyway—have dinner in bed and study their script until ten o’clock. They have found out you can’t tear around all night work and work the next day.... But they had to find it out, too.

Eddie and Annie couldn’t get anywhere with their finances until they hired a business manager and they waited too long to hire him. Neither of them had much sense about money and there was that difficulty added to all the others. It totaled “incompatibility.”

No blame is attached to either one, either simply. It is an old story in Hollywood—a tradition, you might say—but the only way people learn it is to go through it.

“If two people can’t agree, the best thing to do is get out of it,” is the way Annie analyzes the situation.

So Ann Sheridan’s first life was lived.

She is now going through the interval of readjustment, but not exactly the way you might think. The accepted way is to go to a little haywire after a divorce, but Annie has upset the applecart and is not behaving strictly according to standard. She has gone serious.

“Once your original plan is disrupted,” she says, “you have to work it all out again—and differently. It seems life can change, things can be different—although once you thought they never could be. A new set of ideas has to be worked out. Before it was two people planning a future—now it is one.”

They had planned far enough to have a house nearly built. Eddie is now living in it. Ann has taken a house in North Hollywood and a school friend, Gwen Woodford, has come up from Texas to live with her.

“The way things were before,” says Annie, “I took my work as it came. Played through it. You know—it wasn’t terribly important because there was always Eddie’s career, too. Now I regard it with more seriousness—it’s our future. If anybody takes me out now and keeps me up until two A.M. when I know I have to get up at six, I resent it. That happened last night—next time I’ll take mad-money!... Before—well, if they wanted to go home earlier than two A.M., I resented that. Bitterly!”

Underneath Annie’s flippant exterior—a defensive flippancy which was one of the first things she discovered had to be cultivated in Hollywood to mask any real feelings she might have—Annie has a well-balanced mind and draws sensible conclusions. At least, in conversation with women she does.

She is so dazzlingly beautiful, with a compelling poster-like beauty reminiscent of the late Jean Harlow, that one can imagine men almost resent it if she is too sensible. In appearance, she seems one of the rare exotic creations designed to go through life having everybody else be sensible for her. Annie is good-natured enough to let them think so, anyway.

That sultry, repressed, impassioned quality of hers, together with a figure that makes all the girls want to go home and have a good cry, has

(Continued on page 75)
Annie [she's called that two minutes after an introduction] is something the angels dreamed up for the benefit of downtrodden cameramen—but it took Hollywood five years to claim her its "Miss Oomph of 1939"
Why not admit it—we are all lonely, too often—and the stars are no exception. But they have found an answer

BY FAITH BALDWIN

Wealth and acclaim came to Lionel Barrymore late in life—then tragedy struck. Today, he's one of Hollywood's most beloved, but he will go lonely for the rest of his days.

THE STARS ARE LONELY

LONELINESS is not a prerogative of genius, the great or the near great. It is something that every one of us experiences at some time or another, in varying degrees. The happy extrovert is rarely aware of this condition, but there are times when, because of personal grief or tragic loss, or in a moment of unusual depression, he too faces the fact that being born mortal, being human, he must sometimes be lonely, alone in his heart and in his spirit. How many of us have known that sense of isolation, suddenly and without warning, in the gayest of crowds, or even in the treasurable company of someone whom we dearly love?

There is loneliness in Hollywood, the gayest of towns, the most glamorous, loneliness, in fact, to a piercing degree. Work, excitement, fame, adulation... these are not magic amulets which guard one against being lonely. Sometimes they may serve as barriers, erected between the stars and their inner loneliness, but at almost any time, and without premonition, the barriers may crumble.

If Hollywood could teach us how to ward off loneliness even a little, I would say that it has taught us a blessed lesson.

It is only fair to say that there are, among the stars, plenty of extroverts who love the rush and glitter and excitement; who proudly prance from party to party and publicity to publicity, and live for the most part on the surface. Yet I believe that even these have their lonely moments... perhaps not until they feel themselves slipping, when their popularity wanes, and they begin to wonder if they are on their way out. Then the loneliness takes the form of missing the merry-go-round and the people and the attention.

But the introverts know that other kind of loneliness which has nothing to do with bands playing and cameras grinding and people applauding. A loneliness of the spirit.

Such people walk alone always, no matter how well attended. They are less lonely when by themselves, a paradoxical statement.

No. Fame and youth, success and loneliness, beauty and glamour are never insurance against being lonely.

It has been said, and often, that marriage is the only insurance against loneliness, yet it doesn't quite cover all the risks after all! It may be that many Hollywood marriages are contracted in order to assure two people that they will never be lonely again. Yet they will be, no matter how much their marriage means to them, or how much they love one another. For it is utterly impossible for any human being to fathom completely the depths of the human heart—even his own.

Many Hollywood marriages fail... many Hollywood stars marry again, and again, seeking perhaps for an insurance which, this time, will prove perfect. And when the ideally happy
For Joan Crawford, there was a "joker" in the game of success. It's written in her very eyes.

marriage comes, there is always that fear, as in any happy marriage, that one will be taken and another left. One of the most tragic figures in Hollywood is that of Lionel Barrymore, whose marriage to Irene Fenwick was his life. Now that life has ended and he will go lonely for the rest of his days.

It seems to me that certain little groups in Hollywood have found loneliness their portion. The foreign stars, for instance. They come over here, usually heralded with a great fanfare of publicity, and find themselves in a new and bewildering world. They are regarded with suspicion, with reservation, often with resentment. They do not know the language, they find it very difficult to adjust themselves to new conditions, and they make blunders without knowing why. Not many of them survive, after all.

Some arrive fully panoplied as it were, sprung from the Jove-like imagination of a discovering (Continued on page 74)
It's less a great characterization than a revealing self-portrait, beloved Lewis Stone's interpretation of the beloved Judge Hardy

BY GLADYS HALL

Of course you know without being told that Judge Hardy and Lewis Stone are, in all essentials, one and the same person. The qualities of tolerance, kindliness, forthrightness and salty wisdom which are the dominant factors in the character of Judge Hardy are also the dominant factors in the character of Lewis Stone.

When Lewis Stone steps onto the set of a Judge Hardy picture, no transmutation of character takes place. There is no addition of make-up. The mannerisms, the wise, slightly quizzical, wholly compassionate smile remain the same. And when Judge Hardy steps off the set in the evening he sheds no mummer's cloak. In other words, when you meet Lewis Stone you meet Judge Hardy and when you meet Judge Hardy you meet Lewis Stone. It is as simple as that.

I say all this even though Mr. Stone deprecates the idea that an actor and the part he plays are ever one. But this is largely because Mr. Stone, like the Judge, is incapable of exhibitionism of any sort.

He did admit, though, that the Judge is not "acting." He said, "I try to keep the acting out and the warmth in. I know how our friends would resent it if they thought that we, the Hardy family, were just playing parts. We are not just playing parts. We are feeling them, and warmly. We all lunch together in the studio when we are working, usually in Mrs. Hardy's dressing room, where she, very much in character, cooks for us. I daresay an onlooker would be hard put to it to determine whether Fay Holden, Lewis Stone, Cecilia Parker, Mickey Rooney and the others were really Miss Holden, Miss Parker, Stone and Rooney or Mrs. Hardy, Marian, Judge Hardy and Andy. We even," laughed Mr. Stone, "have the amusing experience, occasionally, of discussing our own personal problems and affairs only to find out that we have confused the issue and are discussing the problems and affairs of the Hardys!"

The realness of the Judge in the minds of the public is again testified to by the voluminous mail, addressed to Judge Hardy, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, California. These letters run into the thousands weekly. Many of them are from women, complainant letters telling the Judge that the writers' husbands are "... just like you, dear Judge Hardy..." There are letters from the kids, too, from boys Andy's age and girls of Marian's age. "And these letters," says Lewis Stone gravely, "could form the basis of a completely comprehensive survey of American parenthood: in what respects it is successful, and why; in what respects it fails, and why."

College professors write to the Judge; fathers write to him saying, "Tell me how you do it...:" priests write; schoolteachers—and one and all they tell the Judge that after a Judge Hardy picture is shown in their neighborhood the girls and boys behave better, adjust better and are more tractable for weeks afterwards.

For these reasons it is important to emphasize, for those of you who aren't aware of it, that the Judge and Lewis Stone are, in all essentials, one and the same man. It's nice to know, isn't it, that when the Judge steps off the sound stage he doesn't become a different, more second-rate, less sound and substantial citizen, husband and father. The Judge is real because Lewis Stone is real, and in the same fine ways. And even as Judge Hardy stands as friend and arbiter to his unseen friends, so does Lewis Stone stand in a similar relation to the young people who come into personal contact with him. Let me tell you that on the M-G-M lot where Mr. Stone makes pictures, there is a pathway beaten to his dressing-room door. It is a pathway worn by the feet of young people, studio stock players, bit players, beginners, even stars of both sexes, who go to the veteran actor for help with their problems. And this path was worn long before the first Judge Hardy picture was thought of.

"We have to be very careful with the Judge," Mr. Stone told me, a smile in his eyes. "The Judge has to be a very good boy. It looks as though I may never play any other character again. For example, when I played the part of the drunken doctor in 'The Bad Man of Brimstone' the repercussions were terrific. The Judge's fans, who are his friends, didn't like it. They didn't like it one bit. They very definitely and emphatically and articulately said that they didn't like it. When I played the part of the drunken doctor in 'The Chaser' the same reaction set in. Even more so, if possible. Hundreds of letters came in, letters of really passionate protest, crying out 'The Judge has turned actor on us!' It was," said Mr. Stone, 'the jury' pronouncing sentence on the Judge!

The odd part about the situation Judge Hardy has created about me is that I left the stage and went into pictures simply and solely because I could not endure the hideous monotony of playing one character for days, weeks, some-
times months. I chose to go into pictures because in pictures I could play rich man, poor man, beggarman, chief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief . . . and now it looks as though I will be Judge Hardy and Judge Hardy alone, till the end of my screen days. Judge Hardy, of course, does get around. He doesn't say the same lines, make the same gestures, give and take the same cues every night of his life. He goes out West, he falls heir to a million dollars, he lives a life of considerable variety. He is as versatile as any one man could well be. But even so—yes, I must admit it—I would like to play other characters occasionally. Whether it will be wise for me to do so or even possible for me to do so, remains to be seen. And if I must make an ultimate choice I will, of course, sacrifice other characters to the good Judge. And without too many regrets, actually; for if the Hardy pictures do as much good as the letters we receive seem to prove they do, then they do good, don't they? If the sight and sound of the Hardys on the screen, living out the pattern of their normal, everyday lives, help to adjust the maladjusted, then that's as good a reason for living as any I have found after quite a bit of living . . .

"Yes, I believe I can say that I shrug into the Judge's slightly worn coat easily. The Judge is a straight-line character. No quirks in it. Possibly nothing of extraordinary interest in it, either. He has no mannerisms, no tricks of personality, no complexities, no neuroses. Well, neither have I. The Judge has been a long time on the bench. So have I. His judgment is tempered; his is 'the quality of mercy.' I dare to hope that time has given me something of the same mellowness. I would estimate that the Judge has been some thirty odd years on the bench. I have been thirty-eight years on my bench, the stage and screen. I should suppose

(Continued on page 76)
MARCH, in 1904, came into Ireland like a lion and departed considerably spent, having left behind (in John Nolan's thatch-roofed farmhouse near the river Shannon) a bowling bit of potential dynamite some time to be known as George Brent. The banshees stopped wailing over the pest bogs because, informed as they are as to the future, it was understood among them that this was a time for gledful celebration.

In an upper room of the house an old man, on hearing the cries of his newborn grandson, reared his lean six feet four body erect, dropped the history of Ireland he had been reading to the floor, took his shillalah and went striding out on the moors. Old John McInnis had within him a fury and a hope, a clear vision born of his venerable years which pictured this Gaelic Island free at last; and the reckoning should come in the day of his grandson, and—if John McInnis had anything to do with it—by the help of that grandson.

Impatiently, while the first years went by, he watched the boy grow, saw the small legs walk sturdily, saw the five head take shape and the eyes, curiously intelligent, brighten with vitality. And on a summer afternoon, when George was six, old John came stalking around the corner of a barn to discover the vessel ready for any intoxicant he meant to distill there...

Another little boy, from a neighboring farm, stood shakily on the piled boxes and pointed his rifle, carved in loose imitation from wood, at George on the ground. "Spang!" said the child, "you're dead!"

George responded. He lifted his right arm, pointed his stubby forefinger at his slayer, tightened his fist, and shouted, "Boom!"

"After a moment he added, "You have to fall."

"But I killed you first!"

George grinned. "No you didn't. You just hit me in the leg. And, anyway, it's me that'll be givin' the orders now, for awhile."

The other boy descended hastily. "You are not. I said I was general before and I'm going to stay that way."

George said nothing. Here, clearly, was a circumstance demanding action, not words; and he acted. Shortly afterward he arose, casually wiping blood from his mouth. "I'm thinking I'm the general!" he panted.

Old John, at his barn corner, turned and happily banged his stick against the weather-beaten side of the building. His eyes held triumph.

Shannonbridge is an old town, so old it looks as if it had grown with the trees and the rocks there in the center of Eire where the Shannon, slow-running, meets the faster river Suck. John and Mary Nolan had their farm from the Nolans before them, and these were a substantial line of Black Irishmen, believing in the hardy destiny of the Celts and in freedom and in the inviolability of home and family. They had fought magnificently for the first two of these idealisms and the third was protected belligerently by the four-feet-thick stone walls of their remote house, with its encircling meadows.

Little George, his pliable and imaginative mind bursting with his grandfather's blood-
GEORGE woke abruptly in the dim light. His grandfather bent over him, his whiskers white patches against a face lined and sunken, bellying the eyes which still held life.

"It's time, lad," the old man said.

George slid out of bed. While he struggled into his trousers he saw that on the other side of the windows fog drifted like sulphur gas, yellow and thick. Liverpool was silent.

Without words old John opened the door and, with George following, walked out on the landing. George's sister, three years older than he and pretty, except for her eyes red from weeping, stood waiting in a circle of bags and portmanteaus. "We've an hour," said the old man.

They drove to the dock through the gloom, still silent. George was eleven, close to tragedy, and his heritage was one of moods—of high exaltation or of exquisite melancholy. This morning, this last morning in England, the melancholy had settled close around him. Intuition told him that he would never see his grandfather again.

The SS Philadelphia, eerie with camouflage (two of her sister ships had been torpedoed within the week) loomed like a monster through the mist. George followed old John and his sister up the gangplank and out onto the aft deck.

"Twill be an uncomfortable crossing, lad," the McInnis told him. "The Atlantic is rough.
In this season, and rougher yet with steel fish prowling under its surface. If anything happens take care of your sister."

"I will tell her, sir," George said.

And George would not be forgetting the things I have told you about? The cause of our people?"

His grandson faced him, lower lip out, eyes glassing over. He was back some-day, Grandfather. And I'll not forget.

The old man smiled then, contentedly: "The saints be with both of you," he said, and kissed the children and walked away, his heels making brisk sharp sounds on the deck.

It had been decided, after Mary's death, to send her children to an aunt who lived in New York, and this lady promptly clapped George and his children into a car and drove them the most likely way of solving the sudden double problem which had been visited upon her.

The little girl was sweet enough, gentle and saddened over her mother's death. But in the boy's face his aunt detected temper; and he was so silent, so chary of word or smile. The Dwight Preparatory School, she discovered upon inquiry, was a good one, and accessible. She enrolled him there and went home, feeling her duty well done.

As she walked in the door of her house the plane landed beside it, and the noise of growth and schoolmaster in a bitter frame of mind. Her nephew, it seemed, within half an hour of his enrollment had fought with another pupil, and furthermore, had knocked two of the pupil's teeth loose in the fracas. The master had commended the master who had attempted to punish him (George) for such infractions of institutional rules; and furthermore and furthermore and furthermore.

George's aunt interrupted. "He is your problem, now," she said and hung up. For a moment she regarded the telephone, thoughtfully. Then she began to laugh, and laughed until her face was the color of an Irish beet.

SULKING moodyly in his room at the school, George considered the day. It had been a good fight. He got up and, leaning his elbows on the top of a chest of drawers, inspected his face minutely in the mirror. He saw there the formation, soft and unfinished but basic, of a strong face: the wide forehead, with dark hair crisp and clean; the straight nose; the wide, apart eyes, one purposeful, the other swolien and black; the clear-limned pugnacious chin. A clean-cut face. The face of a thinker, a thing-maker, a doer—more, who would fight for what he thought.

Quite suddenly he remembered the moment on deck at Liverpool, when he had promised the boy who he had just met. "I will, too," George told the image in the mirror. And he knew he would, most surely.

Somehow, his heart felt lighter after that.

"Thank you," he said when his mother joined him and again...

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From his family in the little country town of Indiana, Pennsylvania, from his friends on the sophisticated college campus of Princeton and from the men and women who shared the struggles of his first years on Broadway and in Holly-wood, PHOTOCOPY: a remarkable and exclusive life story of the one movie actor who has made a success of simplicity.

A nostalgic saga of Main Street, as American as chewing gum and marbles and Sunday-school picnics, is the opening chapter of this searching portrait of James Stewart, with a bow to Booth Tarkington who might have created him, could be called "Penrod from Princeton."

Watch for it in PHOTOPLAY.

out what it's like in other states. And if I wanted to come back I'd have money from working—I could buy my own car, if I wanted to.

He waited, his face impassive but his heart beating hard, for Jimmy's reaction. He need not have worried. Jimmy's eyes were shining, his stub nose wrinkled with excitement.

It was June, and hot. "Now listen. Dyu s'pose—could I come with you?"

The smallest of smiles caught George's mouth at the corners. After a moment he answered, "Well—I don't know. If you thought you could take it..."

They started in the dead of night a week later, leaving behind notes propped on dressers, carrying with them some prepared bags of provisions and boyhood memories of all that constituted an adequate change of clothes.

For days the two boys tramped through New York and Connecticut, down the winding state roads between the streams and woods and past the farms: sleeping comfortably out of doors in the convenient summer heat, working off and on at manual, one blackboard exchange and two for discussion the two boys straightened their shoulders and made briskly for the largest building.

Fifteen minutes later they emerged from George's office, grinning, the boys—and, to justify all of George's predictions, they were to get a man's wages: five dollars a day.

The summer passed too quickly, but it had its destined effect on the boy. George's childhood was gone. His new possession, his for life now and a thing on which he might build his future, was independence: the knowledge that he could sustain himself by himself, ask ing odds of no one.

It was the first really great triumph. He was ready, then, even before his eighteenth birthday. His intervening summers, he had spent respectively helping to wreck a camp left over from the World War and picking fruit for a family of Italians upstate. During the last summer, he had found the particular stimuli his turbulent spirit needed—a group of people who, like himself, remained closely akin to the homeland across the Atlantic and followed the build-up with apprehension to change with restless interest.

They had formed an organization called the Pearson Club and when George joined it the leader was Frank Harrow a rabid radical. And whether or not it was for the best, George, whose vitality overflowed the narrow scope of his existence, absorbed Harris' philosophy like blotting paper. Besides, he made a close friend of a man who performed it—stopped for the sake of ease—George beneath his calm exterior, was almost mystical.

The inevitable result came in June, when one evening the shrewing cleric knocked his pipe out against his hand and leant against the wall—into the casual tones—"I'm going back to Ireland soon, my boy. I wish you could go with me. But of course that's impossible..."

This young priest, whom we may call Father Dan, a brilliant Irishman with the cause of Eire as the main purpose of his life. George sat next to him one night at the club, and they had walked together through the New York streets afterwards, talking of Ireland's plight. The walks became a habit and Father Dan, trained in the arts of persuasion did such work so well that by spring of the same year George, beneath his calm exterior, was almost mystical.

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Is Hollywood facing a new fad?—
Not stars but young hopefuls are learning about the strange new ways of artificial beautification—Here are the clinical facts

Editors' Note: Beauty is Hollywood's greatest commodity and, therefore, new developments in the science of beautification are of interest to all those who are interested in motion pictures. It is true that the surgical methods described in this article have not been used appreciably by well-known personalities in the picture industry, because so much emphasis must be placed upon natural beauty, heightened by natural methods of beautification.

Next month Photoplay gives you an opportunity to learn these ways to natural beauty which Hollywood does employ—the ways of the high-powered, highly paid beauty, style and charm experts: the Miracle Men at Work on movie stars and movie aspirants.

Thanks to Hollywood standards, the demand for beauty perfection is tremendous. Mostly, this perfection is sought through health routines and cosmetic devices within the safe and comforting reach of every purse. But now another kind of beauty is being bought, today, by any woman who has the price. It may be artificial beauty, with less character and charm than the moderate good looks with which nature has endowed a girl. But it is being bought, piecemeal and, as a whole, by well-to-do women.

A famous publisher's wife admits, openly, that her handsome nose is new and synthetic. A dozen society women in New York and Paris tell intimates that they have had their breasts lifted by surgery. Such famous international characters as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor have had "face shelling" operations, which, over a period of ten days, peel the top layers off the skin.

When sub-glamour girls in New York first had the facial surgeon enlarge their eyes, young women with hopes of storming the West Coast studios were not long behind. The vogue for this brand of loveliness is reported to have tempted some established actresses to tamper with their native beauty, but obviously it would be foolhardy for the great stars of today to change the appearance which has made their fortunes.

Sensational stories of artificiality as the basis of moving-picture careers should not, therefore, be credited, but many little unknowns are saving their pennies to buy synthetic loveliness, by surgery in the hope of landing on the screen. It is they who could turn surgery for beauty into a Hollywood fad.

In the little town of Hollywood (studio population 100,000) there are eleven surgeons who make known their willingness to change the shape of your face. There are many in New York.

Drastic transformations in one's appearance can, surely, be made by these surgeons in a few hours, or less. In disclosing the details of modern cosmetic medicine, Photoplay aims neither to endorse nor to condemn, but only to present the facts.

First of all, since the doctors who undertake to remake a woman's face are doctors, we might consider how the medical world regards their work. Immediately, we discover that most of the Academies of Medicine and Medical Societies of the country look askance at any surgical operation performed on a normal, healthy body.

For there is always in any operation, a slight danger of infection and unforeseen complications; beauty doctors are not, therefore, invited.

(Continued on page 65)
Spectacular crane shot—note painted tapestries, props in foreground, electrical equipment on cat walk above set.
Here is your pass into the magic land of moviemaking where you can witness Step Two in the growth of a superfilm in all its exciting detail

BY NANCY NAUMBURG

When you see a movie and you’ve read that two years went into its making, you may think that the studio has been boondoggling. But when you go there and see for yourself how such a movie is made, you’ll change your mind.

Last month we took you to the Warner Brothers studio to watch the preparation of “Juarez,” with Bette Davis, Paul Muni and Brian Aherne. You talked to the producer and the writers, who told you they spent a year and a half gathering facts of the tragic love story of Carlotta and Maximilian, the Hapsburg prince who was duped by Louis Napoleon of France into becoming Emperor of Mexico. How his lovely Empress Carlotta sought vainly to get aid for him and finally went insane. And how Juarez, the great Indian statesman, the Lincoln of the Mexican people, fought to give them a democratic form of government.

The head of the research department told you how they made the story authentic; the casting director, how they tested hundreds of actors for the fifty-four speaking parts; the art director, how they executed the throne rooms of Europe; and the costume designer, the elaborate period dresses.

Come out to the studio again and watch the shooting of “Juarez.” You can ask questions. You can talk to all the people who are making it.

With everything in readiness, the script finished, the actors cast, the costumes made and the sets built, the actual production begins. William Dieterle, the director, is the one man from now on by whose guidance “Juarez” will either stand or fall. He must co-ordinate all the forces of the production. He must create a world he has visualized.

Dieterle prefers actors on the “hammy” side. He knows how much they can give. Then he tones them down. He is a meticulous worker. He confers with the writers, he casts the smallest part himself, he directs all the dialogue tests which his assistant would normally do. When he comes on the set in the morning, he knows exactly what he wants. Timeless, he rarely sits down. There’s a tension on his set, even between scenes. Only the actors relax.

A staunch believer in astrology, he shot the first scene of “Juarez” three weeks ahead of schedule, two hours before the usual call. He waited for a phone call from his astrologer to tell him the exact moment to begin.

“Shooting ‘Juarez’ is like shooting two separate stories with two completely different casts,” Jack Sullivan, assistant director, tells you. “We planned our schedule so that we could shoot the Maximilian-Carlotta (Brian Aherne-Bette Davis) story first and the Juarez (Paul Muni) story after that was finished. We were able to do this because the three principal characters never meet.

“We make a shooting schedule for each week and every day at two o’clock all the department heads get together and read off their schedules for the other pictures in production so we can plot the stage space. If we don’t have that meeting, we’d find two companies on the same stage.

“With a two-months’ shooting schedule because of the size of the production, I called the actors for Monday morning, gave them their scene numbers and told them to be made up and ready on the set at nine o’clock.”

Come to the make-up department and talk to head make-up artist, Perc Westmore. Let’s ask him how he makes up the stars of “Juarez.”

“A Paul Muni picture is always interesting to me,” he tells us. “When you make up an actor you create an illusion. But if you don’t have an actor who can create the illusion, all the make-up in the world won’t help. Paul Muni is a thorough artist. He knows everything about his character and he knows more about make-up than any other character on the screen. It’s never too much for him to come in here every evening or whenever we want him.

“We started with Muni by taking photographs of him, then painting the likeness of the Indian Juarez over them. We took plaster casts of his face. Then we knew what we had to do: accentuate his bone structure, make his jaws appear wider, square his forehead and give him an Indian nose. He had to be darker than anyone else in the picture. We created the illusion of the Indian by giving Muni a dark reddish-brown make-up, high lighted with yellow. We wrote down every step in the process so we could repeat it.

“It took months of experimenting. Make-up tests usually go in cycles of threes, with the third test the best. But when it (Continued on page 82)
IN 1938 Hedy Lamarr was the screen's sensation. In 1939 she is Hollywood's dilemma. On March fourth, when Hedy was married to Gene Markey in the Governor's Palace at Mexi- calli, Lower California, by a Mexican magistrate, she told reporters: 

"We decided to get married, Mr. Markey and I, while we were having dinner last night. Mr. Markey has to start work on a picture at the studio where he is a producer. I go into a picture Monday. We thought we had better get married right away, for if we waited it might be weeks before we again had time."

Immediately, I was reminded of a certain Hollywood star who cannot determine whether to be appalled at Hedy, or amazed at her. This star, who built and who now sustains her career with brilliant surety, asks: 

"How on earth does Miss Lamarr hope to manage a new marriage and a new career at the same time? Either one consumes all the time, energy and thought any woman has to give!"

Right now, unquestionably, Hedy's career needs all her attention. Hedy, at the moment, is something of a pain to Leo, the M-G-M lion, who truly can sing, "She's mine, all mine!" For it was Metro who put Hedy under contract, brought her to this country and spent two years and a fortune grooming her for the American screen.

"Algiers" turned Hedy's name into a house- hold word. It set men and women alike to dreaming about her, but for different reasons. It made her one of the most valuable human properties in Hollywood. Nevertheless, the studio executives at Culver City may well wish they'd never seen her midnight-colored hair and never heard the soft syllables of her name.

"What a break 'Algiers' was for Hedy," those stars who can look backward with more pleasure than they can look forward were sighing not long ago. But having just returned from Holly- wood where the Lamarr name, like a litany, is on everyone's lips, I wonder. I wonder if there's anyone in that movie town, where com- petition and pressure always exist in extreme measure, who is more to be pitied than Hedy—professionally speaking, of course. I wonder if "Algiers" really was a break for her, or the worst thing that could have happened.

Why?

"Algiers" put Hedy on a spot. And a spot is notably a bad place from which to work. This, in a measure, may explain why "I Take This Woman," the picture Hedy made following her skyrocketing fame, fell so far below expecta- tions that you and I may never see it. Metro did what they could to salvage that pic- 

(Continued on page 88)
Proudly he carries on a name that yesterday spelled genius to Broadway; today, phenomenal success to Hollywood. Illustrious son of an illustrious father—Tyrone Power, in "Rose of Washington Square."

G. Korzeniowski

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST
Actor Spencer Tracy, Hollywood's man of the hour

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell leave the kiddies at home for a café society evening

Not what you'd call exactly photogenic but a darn nice guy! Number one bachelor of filmtown, Jimmy Stewart

Frank Morgan and the so-attractive wife of Director W. S. Van Dyke
Charm by the bushel in the person of Claudette Colbert

Clear-cut cases of a cameraman's skill: photographer Hyman Fink takes his new camera in hand to produce some remarkable close-ups of faces, famous and familiar.
THE homes of Hollywood are known as "show places." Even when a star tells you, with a breezy wave of the hand, that "it's just a little place," you prepare yourself for marble halls. That's because Hollywood homes usually are designed with the same degree of attention to flattering detail as a studio set. Stars' homes are backgrounds for their glamorous personalities; they must, so most of Hollywood believes, live up to what you and I expect of our favorite heroine's or hero's background—something extravagantly exotic.

Yet, in spite of this, there are homes in Hollywood which are designed for everyday living, the houses which fix themselves in your memory as places where folks might settle down and relax, even as you and I.

Such a house is that pictured on this page, the home of Andy Devine, gravel-voiced comedian whose lumbering antics have endeared him to millions of movie-goers. It is at Van Nuys in the San Fernando Valley, near Hollywood, surrounded by miles of open country reminiscent of Andy's native Arizona. A show place? Yes, of a different sort, a show place of comfort and convenience, of informality and possibilities for gaiety, a gathering place for a family, an (Continued on page 71)
Lords of all they survey: the Mayor of Van Nuys, Andy Devine, and sturdy young Tad
With an eye to her future, Sam Goldwyn ruled Ann
omelette less too long for marquee lights, so it's
loved to Tom, Dick and Harry. An only
breeding a single girl with more than one asset: beauty, brains,
several ambitions: to write, to make a fortune
early, then marry and have at least six children!
She entered by Stage Door, the exclusive realm
of stardom and now, as Gary Cooper's leading
lady in "The Real Glory," proves that big brown
eyes and a college education spell success.

Rare as that day in June is Deanna Durbin of
Three Smart Girls Grow Up." Amazing adolescent
trouper, like a seasoned
star, she's consistently won the praise of critics
of Universal hits and the undying grati-
ality, she's retained, through three years of fame
since the wholesome charm of a Canadian young-
star named Edna Mae, who, at thirteen, never
dreamed her dreams would all come true.
Lady of leisure at work on a script: Rosalind Russell

One Sunday afternoon: Fredric March and Henry Fonda try badminton

HERE'S SWOPE Again!

John Swope's camera eyes the infinite variety of Hollywood and once more Photoplay proudly presents the results.

Time and tide wait for Ilona as she strikes a streamlined on the sunny shore of the Fi
"Extra" curricula on the sound stage—aptly tagged by Mr. Swope, "Two of the girls broadening their minds."

Top: picture of a director directing—Wesley Ruggles.
Left: "Sincerely yours, James Stewart"—titled by the photographer, "Conclusive evidence of success—demand for an autograph." (These studies are from Mr. Swope's "Camera Over Hollywood," Random House publication)
The hit of "Top Speed" and "Girl Crazy" was spotted by talent scouts, and movie-goers first saw Ginger in 1930.

A slenderizing campaign brought Ginger down to the proportions best suited to the camera—she's never lost them.

The metamorphosis of Ginger Rogers who started out in life as a Charleston contest winner and lived to prove that "Variety is the spice of life."
4. A success on Broadway, a number of pictures to her credit at Paramount's Long Island studios, this is how Ginger looked when Hollywood beckoned her.

5. There has always been a redhead in pictures, but the Ginger of "Suicide Fleet" little dreamed that she would become one of movieland's most famous.

6. The process of growing up—experimenting with new make-up, taking on a more sophisticated manner—that was the Ginger of 1934, when she married Lew Ayres.

7. A new partnership—one that was to last longer than her marriage—was born when Ginger and Fred Astaire burst upon the public in RKO's "Flying Down to Rio".

8. Other studios fought for the privilege of flying the Rogers' banner over their pictures. College students all over the country voted her their favorite.


10. Ginger rebelled. She demanded a dramatic rôle for every dancing picture she made—"Stage Door" proved she was right. And there lies the secret of why you hear, "I never get tired of Ginger".
An encore to Photoplay's popular "picture story" quiz—an old-fashioned, rip-snortin' melodrammer about the Cowboy and the Lady. The game is easy to play—just fill in the missing links of the story with film titles. Whenever a break (indicated by dotted lines) in our story has occurred, we have inserted a scene from a motion picture. Fill in the title of each picture, following the numerals for sequence and, when you are through, you will have a complete story. We'll start you off: It was a dark and stormy night—coyotes were a'yippin' and weasels a'poppin'. "Three Comrades"—now you go on from there. The hair-raising tale is complete on page 84.

From the film, "The Cowboy and the Lady," comes the title of our picture story.

For your convenience in guessing picture titles, use the spaces below:

1. 11
2. 12
3. 13
4. 14
5. 15
6. 16
7. 17
8. 18
9. 19
10. 20

It was a dark and stormy night—coyotes were a'yippin' and weasels a'poppin'.

were a'settin' around a campfire, a'talkin' about gold. They were . . . .

Said the first: "How about robbin' a bank?"
Said the second: . . . .

But the third just muttered darkly to himself . . . .

and, a'plunkin' herself down on his knee, added, "My name's . . . .

Our hero thought she was . . . .

Came morn—his . . . .

my . . . .
had turned to brass. He was stuck with a.

and slunk off toward the.

Cuz, befuddled as he was by.

he mistook the peroxide in her hair for the gold he was a'seekin'. His heart took a.

—and she took him to a gun toting sheriff where he was soon a'sayin', "I promise to.

plumb crazy and fit only for to be an.

To Hell, "the town saloon which was.

He was a'settin' thar a'thinkin' a'thinkin' hard, when a gal hove into sight. Sez she: "Hi-yah.

It was hard to coin dough out thar in the.
"Fair and warmer" says Mr. Weatherman, so Photoplay covers the waterfront. The result — this brief preview of brief fashions for summer — this brief preview of brief fashions for summer bathing beauties. Be you blonde, brunette or redhead, you simply can't resist 'em.

Rita Hayworth (left) of Columbia's "Only Angels Have Wings," shows a Victorian trend with her Kleinert ensemble. Her white crinkled rubber suit with its rubber lace edging boasts a floral trim of varicolored rubber poppies. The drape of her cap is also caught with a poppy cluster. Wedged-heeled bathing shoes complete her quaint costume. From Knobby Knit, Beverly Hills, Calif., and Lord and Taylor, New York.

Jo Ann Sayers (lower, left), seen in M-G-M's "Within the Law," selects for beach wear a white satin lastex one-piece, front-skirt suit, with leaves printed in blue, yellow and green. Suit, designed by Mabs of Hollywood, from I. Magnin, Los Angeles.

Frills on bathing suits are the last word in 1939 swim styles! Virginia Grey (lower, right), now in M-G-M's "The Hardys Ride High," plays on the beach in Shepherd Knitwear's two-piece model of navy blue taffeta printed with pink polka dots and ruffle-edged with white piqué. From Coulter's, Los Angeles.

Dorothy Arnold (lower, right), recently seen in Universal's "The Family Next Door," wears "Mexicala"—a colorful name for a colorful suit! The simulated two-piece model of cotton matletex (West Coast Manchester) is gayly printed with white stripes and polka dots of white and blue on a background of red. The trunks are of solid matletex shirring; the plain bra fashioned on a matletex band. Desmond's, Los Angeles.

Shirley Ross (left), of Paramount's "Some Like It Hot," models Bradley's strapless suit of silky Formafur fabric (knitted of rayon and superelastic Darleen yarns). Even high divers can wear it, for its fitted bodice is boned, back and front, and has an adjustable drawstring. The skirt's flare is taken from winter's skating garb. Cramer, Palmer House, Chicago.
MORE NEWS FROM NEPTUNE

Starlet Jane Wyman (above), whose newest Warner film is "The Kid from Kokomo," suns herself in a novel Catalina swim suit called "Puckerette." It is fashioned of tangerine matelassé oilskin and stylized by gathered side panels and a finely shirred front-waist inset. Suit from Bullock's, Los Angeles.

Arleen Whelan (center), appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Boy Friend," models the "Halfskirt Zip-In," Jantzen's Velva-Lure action suit. This delightful rayon fabric has a velvety sheen that gives a glamorous appearance. A Talon fastener is a unique style feature which makes it easier to slip into the suit. J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles.

Anne Shirley (lower, left), of RKO's "Sorority House," wears Gantner's two-piece swim suit of polka dot shirred satin lastex. The halter bra ties on to the shorts in front with a casual bow. The suit features Gantner's famous "floating bra." Palais Royal, Washington, D.C., features the suit.
Evening coats for summer are long and colorful. Irene Dunne, appearing in Paramount's "Invitation to Happiness," wears a Bernard Newman model of soft Radier woolen styled in early American manner, with fitted bodice, a dropped waistline and a gathered skirt—jeweled buttons accent the bodice and a chiffon scarf finishes the neckline. Irene's gown beneath is of pale grey chiffon.
Superstition does not haunt the steps of Rosalind Russell, M-G-M star. Thirteen giant hooks and eyes close the chartreuse jacket of this dressmaker suit, created for her personal wardrobe by Irene of Bullocks-Wilshire, Los Angeles. The red, chartreuse, blue and black printed Ducharne crepe scarf is novel variation for the so-popular wimple—it is the hood collar of the short-sleeved blouse that tucks into the straight black skirt which, like the jacket, is of London Shetland. Rosalind’s rough straw rolled-brim hat with forward-tilted crown was created by John Frederics.
All-important accessories (left) give verve to Claudette Colbert's dressmaker suit of black Rodier cashmere that features a straight skirt and a softly tailored jacket. Tiny white crystal beads, looped across the front of the white crepe blouse, give a shimmering high light to the black suit. A kerchief edged with fine lace, a rhinestone and enamel breastpin in lily motif, white antelope gloves, a white faille turban with black veiling, a summer muff of silver fox and a ruby and diamond bracelet give distinction to this classic suit Claudette wears in Paramount's "Midnight."
Color and contrast fabrics individualize this dressmaker suit from the personal wardrobe of Bette Davis, star of Warner Brothers' "Dark Victory." Moss green, black and white plaid the sheer woolen fabric that fashions the circular skirt and outlines the black sheer woolen bolero; the blouse repeats the moss-green coloring in its jersey fabric. A wide black suede belt girdles the waistline. White gloves, an over-the-shoulder bag of black patent, and a wee chapeau of straw with black chiffon streamers complete Bette's costume which was selected from I. Magnin, L. A. Notice Bette's new "baby" coiffure.
In a polka-dot season, Bette chooses a navy culotte-skirted gown, boldly spotted with white coin dots. A red leather belt joins the tailored crepe blouse (with hood attached) to the crepe culotte skirt. Bette also selected this casual gown from I. Magnin, Los Angeles. The collection of gold and black "Juarez" costume jewelry (above), set with simulated pearls and garnets, was inspired by the beautiful jewels worn by Bette in "Juarez," which is her newest starring film for Warners. This and other patterns of "Juarez" costume jewelry, designed by Ricarde of Hollywood, may be found in the smart shops everywhere—the pieces of this pattern, "Maximilian," courtesy of The Broadway-Hollywood, Hollywood.
Pack up your old kit bag and leave your troubles behind. It's summertime—playtime. Pack "this" and "that"—but not too much. Lana Turner, appearing opposite Lew Ayres in M-G-M's "Calling Dr. Kildare," poses on these two pages in a colorful week-end wardrobe that may help you with your planning. For spectator's sports—a two-piece contrast frock (above, left). The jacket blouse is of white Celanese rayon Celbrook sharkskin—the pleated skirt, belt and ascot of maroon and white printed pure dye silk. A wide maroon grosgrain band circles the peaked crown of the large natural straw hat. For dress-up—a two-piece frock (below, left), of grey Paga cloth accented by maroon buttons and gloves, and a natural straw hat and bag set—the bag is worked with raffia in gay hues. For play—a little suit of Celanese rayon crepe (below, right), zebra-striped in brilliant greens, blues and white. The separate gathered skirt ties on over the blouse and shorts. All three of the costumes on this page were designed by Kornhandler, Los Angeles, and were selected from Roos Brothers, Hollywood.
For casual mood—a peasant slack suit of white and salmon pink (top). The full-sleeved blouse is of white crepe, the flowing slacks of salmon pink Celanese rayon Celbrook sharkskin. A garland of salmon pink flowers hides the diminutive crown of the “inverted saucer” natural straw hat. For the beach—a robe of heavy Celanese rayon crepe (right), zebra-striped on a white background. The pleated skirt attaches to a fitted bodice that closes with two self-covered buttons. For swimming—a one-piece silk lastex swim suit in basket-weave design (above, center), with white and blue posies sprinkled on a blue background. The brassiere top is held by a halter strap. Created by Mabs of Hollywood. The slack suit and beach robe were designed by Kornhander, Los Angeles.
"Peasant Thoughts" is our name for Vicki Lester's attractive cotton and Dupont rayon shirtwaist dress (left). Delightfully informal—the gay printed skirt, topped with gleaming white, will inspire you to tie the matching print bandana on your curls. Print in rose, blue or grey with white top. Sizes 9 to 17 and 12 to 18. "Cotton Dot" (above, left) for a young and charming frock adorned with yards of ric rac braid. Vicki wears it without the lined bolero for dancing, wears it with it for dining. Make a grand entrance—the wide sweeping skirt will do it. Red or blue on a white ground. Taffeta slip. Sizes 9 to 15 and 12 to 16. For that "Scarlett O'Hara" feeling, Vicki selects this exquisite picture frock of embroidered cotton (above, right). The pleated ruffle on the skirt is edged with ric rac braid and the shoulder ruffle to match is separate. Red or navy on white—white taffeta slip. Sizes 9 to 15 or 12 to 20. "The Eyes have it"—we mean that envious glint that tells you your gown is a triumph—if it's this bow-bosom cotton evening gown worn by Vicki (opposite page, top)—brilliant with floral stripes, dramatic in its unbelievably wide skirt. Blue or red background. Sizes 9 to 15 and 12 to 16.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown here are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U.S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades. Address your letter to:

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary, Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York, New York
PASTELS

Lucille Ball, star of RKO's "Panama Lady," wears a cool white summer frock of embroidered Du Pont Spun Rayon that laundered like a kerchief. The frock is styled so that the self-color embroidery of the fabric is placed at edge trim and forms a striking detail motif on the front and back of the four gore skirt and long self-fabric belt winds around several times to define the slim waist. Lucille selected the Ennsberg Original at J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Pinto Scotti, Chicago; Halle Brothers, Cleveland; H. Liispen, San Francisco, also carry this classic frock which is available in pink, light blue and maize with self-color embroidery, as well as in white

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BACHRACH
Foremost on the shoe horizon is the basic shoe that complements summer costumes. Joan Blondell, appearing in Universal’s “East Side of Heaven,” wears a classic Tango pump of white buck and tan calf (note its beautiful detail in photo No. 4), with her white jacket frock of Coudurier imported linen, printed with hats and sea horses of red, yellow, green, blue and chartreuse. The halter blouse is of chartreuse crepe. Joan wears these pumps, not only with this Irene Original from Bullock’s-Wilshire, Los Angeles, but also with several other summer frocks. Looming just as brightly on the shoe horizon are countless numbers of novelty shoes that transform inexpensive casuels into costumes of distinction and individuality. Pictured are some of these whimsies. (1) A bright blue coarse linen-weave fabric, with wedge heel and floral in-step motif. (2) A red kidskin model, with “double” platform sole of contrast blue, quilting on the vamp and grooves on the heel. (3) A perforated oxford of chartreuse felt with raised sole and “tea cup” heel. (4) Joan’s Tango pump. (5) A red felt play shoe, with cane straw covering on the platform sole. This group of shoes, which are in a variety of colors, were photographed through the courtesy of Bullock’s-Wilshire, Los Angeles. All are Delman models except the Tango pump, which is manufactured by Brauer, St. Louis, and was selected from J. W. Robinson & Co., Los Angeles. This Tango pump may also be obtained at Marshall Field Company, Chicago and Macy’s, New York.
Our peeking Cal has been at it again

to bring you the inside stuff on those

fascinating folk of fabulous filmtown

Bette's"Victory over the Dark"

PEDESTRIANS in the valley town of Van Nuys stopped in sympathy as the hand of a beautiful blonde gripped the leather strap of a "Seeing Eye" dog. At the town's busiest intersection, the dog paused for the traffic to clear before leading his charge, her eyes covered with black glasses, across the street.

A motion picture actor, glimpsing the little drama from his car, almost started from his seat as if to hail the girl. The cry died in his throat and he drove on, remarking to his companion, "There was something so familiar about the girl it gripped me by the throat for a minute. I—almost—oh well, skip it."

Sometime later that same actor sat in a theater watching "Dark Victory." As blindness erupted over Bette Davis, causing her to walk valiantly but stiffly across the garden, the actor let out a small hoarse sound that was lost in the emotional storm in everyone's heart.

At home, he frantically called Bette on the phone.

"Yes, she had been the girl with the dog. She had completely obliterated her sight with glasses, placing her life within the dog's care."

It developed, as Bette explained, she is establishing in California a home for the raising and training of "Seeing Eye" dogs.

"I wanted to know how blind people feel when under the complete care of their dogs. I wanted to share their experience so that I could better understand their problems and the dogs."

Another "Victory over the Dark," for Bette Davis.

Isn't It Ducky?

AMONG other things on the Mickey Rooney five-acre ranch, is a swimming pool and two ducks. The ducks, like all good barnyard fowls, have their own pen on the back lot, but every day that Mickey is working he tucks one under each arm and carries them up for a dip in his private pool and he doesn't even blush when someone wiseasses about "teaching ducks to swim."

Coeducational?

IN AN effort to find the one and only baby to appear with Ginger Rogers in her new picture, "Little Mother," BKO-Radio sent out a call to Central Casting and soon the lawn was filled with tiny, laughing, squalling mites marshalled by eager mamas. One of the little mothers was in an unusually excited rush to have her baby tested for the part. She kept showing the young hopeful up in the front of the camera, only to be told she'd have to wait her turn.

The turn finally came, she snatched up the baby and securied away in great haste. Ten minutes later, she was discovered a few sets down the line, without the baby, of course, acting as one of the little coeds on the scene of Anne Shirley's picture, "Sorority House." P. S. Now there are two in the family working in the movies.
Indian Invasion

HOLLYWOOD, so long used to being spectacular, has been outdone at its own game and within its own gates by a dozen American Indians! The red men were brought to Filmtown by 20th Century-Fox to appear in Shirley Temple's new picture, "Susannah of the Mounties." The studio sent a business executive, a technical director and a publicity man clear up to the Blackfoot reservation in Montana for them. Of the twelve they brought back, only one had ever been off the reservation before.

They arrived in all their tribal regalia—leather suits beaded and fringed, feathered headdresses, long hair and paint—chosen in the main, not by the studio representatives with an eye toward pictorial possibilities, but by the reservation superintendent as a reward for being "good Indians."

The studio publicity man had been sent on the expedition not so much to get publicity as to keep the press from making wisecracks about "heap big Injuns in Hollywood," since 20th Century had put up a bond of $50,000 to insure, besides the red men's safe return, their protection against ridicule. But they needn't have worried. Everywhere the befringed and befeathered twelve went such was their quiet dignity and magnificent authenticity that no one thought of writing a funny story.

There was Mad Plume, appointed leader of the expedition because he is considered the best Indian on the reservation. Mad Plume owns broad acres of wheat and many head of cattle and sheep. He is an honest, God-fearing, self-respecting Indian who, although eligible for an old-age pension, has refused it. "I and my family do not wish charity," he told the government men. "We provide for ourselves."

There was Chief Coward, too, scion of another illustrious Blackfoot family and a man of importance in his tribe. His name, like the names of the others, is born of tradition. An ancestor chief had a son who, believed by the tribe to be cowardly, was known as "Little Chief Coward." But, in an emergency fraught with danger, the son acquitted himself with unexpected bravery, which made the name "Coward" one of glory, honored by Little Chief Coward's descendants to this day.

There were also Yellow Kidney, Night Shoots, Many Guns, Old Person, Bull Plume, Turtle, Spotted Eagle, Iron Breast, Big Beaver and Little Blaze.
MOST of them own land and stock on the reservation. All of them know the menace to the
red man secreted in a bottle of ‘fire water’ and haven’t tasted liquor for from twenty to forty
years, if ever. All of them spoke pretty good English, although it was typical of Indian reticence
that when the expedition left Montana only two had made known their command of the
language. The others had indicated they
neither spoke nor understood it and it took the
exciting days on the train and others still more
exciting at the studio to loosen their tongues.
The visitors were housed at the 20th Century
lot in an especially built ‘hotel.’ At first, the
place was heated by gas, but so impressed was the
studio manager by their dignity and appearance that he ordered fancy electrical equipment
installed. They were valeted by a special man
who did nothing but look after their wants.
They were taken on sight-seeing tours of the
city and beach resorts. They were escorted to
the première of ‘The Little Princess,’ creating almost as much hullabaloo when they
arrived as did Shirley Temple herself. They were given $5 each and taken to a five-and-
ten-cent store where they spent every cent on
gimmicks to take home . . . all of this, of
course, in addition to appearing in “Susannah
of the Mounties.”

For their services, the twelve received $50
a week each, a lot of money to an Indian. All
exceptions were paid. Orders were that the best
was none too good for them. When they found
this out, they demanded steak to eat three times
a day until their hosts, fearing that such a
concentrated diet might prove injurious to their
health, suggested they cut down their rations a
bit . . . which proved to be the only fly in the
pleasant ointment of their Hollywood visit.
Their feelings were hurt at such a display of
inhospitality. As Mad Plums explained, sorrowfully, “When Blackfoot have visitor at home,
visitor has all food he desires. White man is
bad-mannered.”
The unpleasantness finally passed over, how-
ever, and before they left the studio the In-
dians had, with appropriate ceremony, initiated
the young publicity man who escorted them to
Hollywood into the tribe, no small mark of
affection. They named him “Running Eagle”
and, yes, he accepted their invitation to be a
blood brother in the truly solemn spirit in which it was offered. As we say in Hollywood,
he “played it straight” . . . as indeed it was.

A Woman In Love

THE elopement of Hedy Lamarr and Gene
Markey is still bringing an aftermath of stories
concerning the event.
Cal, for instance, was driving through Glend-
dale the day the news broke and paused at a
stop signal where a newsboy was shouting the
news. “Extra, extra,” he called, “Hedy Lamarr
elopes and breaks a million hearts.”

Capturing our eye he poked his head through the
car window and sighed, “And I do mean
mine, see?”

We saw. We sympathized. We drove on.

Powell’s Decision

IT’S SAD news for the legion of Bill Powell
fans who had hoped soon to see the actor on the
screen again. But only recently Bill made a
momentous decision that must have cost him
many hours of lonely meditation. Once his
mind was made up, however, he didn’t hesitate,
but drove, for the first time in many months, to
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, where he had
spent so many glorious years as a star.
(Continued on page 64)
THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

THE KID FROM TEXAS—M-G-M

A WEAK, tite little story keeps this picture from A rating, although its cast and performances are ex-cellent and many of the situations are laughable. It's about a cowhand from Texas who wants to play polo, so he stows away with a shipment of polo ponies to Long Island where he falls in love with Florence Rice, who's engaged to Robert Wilcox. He gets his chance to play, ruins the game, and ends up in a rodeo. Climax of the picture is the polo match between his rodeo cowboys and the socialites. Dennis O'Keefe is the cowhand, and he deserves a much better assignment. Jeanne Crain turns in her usual splendid characterization as Florence's aunt; and Virginia Dale is the rodeo girl who loves O'Keefe. Buddy Ebsen gets most of the laughs.

ZENOBA—Hal Roach-United Artists

THIS is the first of the comedies in which Harry Langdon replaces Stan Laurel. He is adequate. The main laugh is the elephant, Zenoiba, who trund-les through the film. The setting is a Southern mansion and Hardy's role is that of a doctor who has given up healing ailing neighbors with pink pills. His main worry is his daughter, played by Jean Parker. She's in love with James Ellison, but James' mother. Alice Brady, is a pigt and insists he marry June Lang. Just here Harry Langdon arrives with Zenoiba from a carnival and Zenoiba doesn't feel very well. And Hardy gives her pink pills. This makes Zenoiba quite grateful, and if you can make any sense from the rest of the story you are a smarter audience than this reviewer.

THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE—RKO-RADIO

ALTHOUGH this is a sweet picture and will have enormous appeal, there is one thing distinctly wrong with it; and we may as well discuss that before launching into praise of its good qualities. The trouble is in the story, and that can't be blamed on Hollywood because it is a true story, that of Vernon and Irene Castle, who danced. Gosh, they did dance! But that's about all they did. You see Vernon, a poor straight man for comedian Lew Fields, met Irene when she was an amateur and they fell in love, and got married. They stayed in love until Vernon cracked up his plane, and him- self in it, during the war. So far as career is con-cerned, they were discovered in Paris and made a terrific success. And that is simply that. There is no conflict whatever, but it's got everything else. It's got so much nostalgia, courtesy of Nostalgia King Richard Sherman, you will drown in the flood of your memories if you're thirty or over. And it's got the irresistible Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire team, playing the Castles, recreating for you the dances Vernon and Irene originated, plus others. Edna May Oliver plays the crusty old woman who discovers the pair, and Walter Brennan roles into practically every scene there is, as Miss Rogers' faithful old servant-crone. He gives a fine performance. Astaire is unusually adept in dramatic scenes and adept, as usual, on his feet; Ginger is stunning, and surpasses herself while dancing. You will not want to miss this. It sparkles like a polished, crystal glass.

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL—20th Century-Fox

IT'S no easy job to make fast-moving, emotional entertainment out of the story of a technician's life. Mr. Zanuck tried it, with such edifying success he took over San Francisco's Fair just for the preview. Don Ameche plays Bell, and after the long series of comedy roles in which he has been featured it is nice to see he has kept his propensities for meaty dramatic portrayal. It was not necessary to em-phasise to any point of boredom the details of Bell's inventing the telephone; his story is also concerned with early work in the teaching of deaf-mutes to hear and talk. Even his wife, played with sympa-thy and pathos by lovely Loretta Young, was un-able to hear—and, of course, it was largely through his love for her that Bell turned to listening devices which eventually resulted in that black instrument you pick up so many times daily. The love story, in any case, has warm emotion and touching pathos, as well as lighter moments. Just to make the piece sure-fire, the money interest (so close to the heart of all audiences) emerges when Bell at last finds success only to discover a big corporation will try to take his rights away from him. His friends, be-lieving in him, mortgage their belongings in order to give him assistance. You could not ask for more superlative produc-tion; Irving Cummings has directed with a sure touch, and the principal stars are given perfect support by such trouper as Elizabeth Patterson, Henry Fonda (as Bell's assistant) and Charles Coburn.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

THE Bronston's were never noted for gay writing, and the studio here has made a point of adding no touch of humor to the tale of "Wuthering Heights." It's a study of a group of neurotics—and no won-der, when you take a look at these moors where they live. The piece introduces Laurence Olivier as Heathcliff, the strange orphan lad befriended by the family who live in the Heights as a child he has a gypsy quality which intrigues young Cathy, but her brother renews and hates him. Thus, as the children grow up, love grows between the cast and the girl, even though the brother, a set, Luella Heathcliff to live in the stable and act as a servant. Cathy, played as an adult by Merle Oberon, finds herself torn between her sheer physical love for Heathcliff, and her desire for jewels and pretty dresses, as offered by upright, rich David Niven. At last Heathcliff goes away, gets a fortune, returns to find Cathy married to David; and just to make everybody unhappy, the discarded lover marries David's sister, whom he loathes. Thus hate rules everywhere, and there is keening over the moors, and the film settles right down to a good cry. Of course it is given magnificent production and be-cause of the really fine acting of Miss Oberon and Olivier, to say nothing of Niven's restraint, there is a haunting quality about the picture which will stay with you. Olivier has a tendency to be Shake-spearian, but has vitality. Geraldine Fitzgerald, as the sister, is very good, and Flora Robson does her job with finesse.
JEANETTE MACDONALD does have the best luck in her pictures. This story could have been so easily ruined since basically it is somewhat dated. Yet here again the MacDonald has a hit, largely due it is true, to her own beauty and voice. She is cast as the wife of a pianist, Lew Ayres. He is given a scholarship abroad. They need money for expenses, so Jeanette accepts a job in a musical whereupon she is a sensation and Lew doesn’t match her success. The pair get a divorce. Ian Hunter moves in at this point, but as the script writers would have it, Lew is asked to score Jeanette’s new show. Best music is when Jeanette sings the Madama Butterfly melodies. Ayres continues to prove his recent comeback was a good idea.

GEORGE RAFT, Paramount’s problem child, has made another picture, Hollywood, ever since the success of “Kentucky,” has hurriedly rounded up its stock of horses, its prop bluegrass and its Southern accents for the cycle that picture started. In this, you do get some swell races and plenty of action set in the beginning on its hurry-up way by the meeting of Raft and Ellen Drew. He’s a gambler from the North, she’s a Southern gal—and they can’t agree about thoroughbred horses. But Raft has that virile quality that makes short work of a little Kentucky daughter’s prejudices. Miss Drew is an attractive and talented young woman, Raft swaggers convincingly, Hugh Herbert and the too-long-absent ZaSu Pitts carry the comedy.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Broadway Serenade
Dodge City
East Side of Heaven
Love Affair
The Story of Alexander Graham Bell
The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle
The Lady’s from Kentucky
Three Smart Girls Grow Up
Wuthering Heights

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Jeanette MacDonald in “Broadway Serenade”
Errol Flynn in “Dodge City”
Bing Crosby in “East Side of Heaven”
Sandy Henville in “East Side of Heaven”
Irene Dunne in “Love Affair”
Charles Boyer in “Love Affair”
Loretta Young in “The Story of Alexander Graham Bell”
Don Ameche in “The Story of Alexander Graham Bell”
Fred Astaire in “The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle”
Ginger Rogers in “The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle”
Walter Brennan in “The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle”
Deanna Durbin in “Three Smart Girls Grow Up”
Charles Winninger in “Three Smart Girls Grow Up”
Robert Cummings in “Three Smart Girls Grow Up”
Merle Oberon in “Wuthering Heights”
Laurence Olivier in “Wuthering Heights”

REMAKES are always questionable as to quality: This one was called “Penhouse” in 1933 and starred Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter. Now Walter Pidgeon makes love to Virginia Bruce in the same story, and at least you are sure of some flesned romantic interludes. Pidgeon, a lawyer, is first in love with Frances Mercer but this goes when he disgraces himself by saving gangster Leo Carrillo from a murder charge. Lee Bowman comes in here somewhere, and has to be saved by Pidgeon’s astute arguments as well. Of course, when real love comes to Walter, Virginia brings it—and very prettily, too. Eduardo Ciannelli has one of his heaviest roles to date and handles it with obvious delight. Miss Bruce looks beautiful and Pidgeon is suave.

IT’S to be hoped that Sandy will not be through like Baby Leroy at eight months. He’s probably past that dangerous age anyway. Sandy is the star of this picture—stealing it, as cute moppets have a way of doing. Right from under the noses of the principals, Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell.

You may expect, as from all Crosby films, plenty of sweet melody sung by that voice of his. The songs are hummable, but not up to the usual standard. Perhaps we have come to expect too much of the Bing, because, no matter its faults, the piece is entertaining. Mischa Auer does his regulation melancholy Russian act and there’s a thoroughly unpleasant radio announcer, played by Jerome Cowan who has only to tip his hat to a lady and hisses are elicited from any audience.

Well, now for the story. It begins with Bing who sings mesasges for a telephone company. Joan Blondell works at a hotel switchboard and the two of them are equally on the verge of marriage. Something usually stops them and this time it’s Sandy, grandson of a millionaire (C. Aubrey Smith). His mother, Irene Hervey, is an old friend of Crosby’s; is married to a drunk (Bob Kent); has let the drunk and is trying to keep her child away from a court order. Complications get everybody into trouble and Bing sings his way out of it. Production details are handled deftly, most of the laughs go to Auer, Joan looks piquant and very pretty. A first-rate picture, wholesome and entertaining.

(Continued on page 89)
There's something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue in this month's film news.

“SOMETHING old, something new, something borrowed, something blue”—that classic chant of all brides is exactly what we need to sum up the Hollywood studios this month, where “something old” is that never-to-be-forgotten “Beau Geste,” now being remade with Gary Cooper, Bob Preston and Ray Milland; where “something new” is Hollywood’s wonder director, Garson (“A Man to Remember”); Kanin, at work on “Little Mother”; and Claudette Colbert becomes the “something borrowed,” for she’s at work in M-G-M’s “It’s a Wonderful World”, while Bette Davis provides the “something blue” in that tear-jerker, “The Old Maid.”

We look in on one of our theme pictures, “It’s a Wonderful World,” at M-G-M. We find Claudette Colbert, James Stewart and Ernest Truex mixed up in a noble experiment with Director W. S. Van Dyke. They’re shooting the whole picture from a newfangled camera boom. And in two successive scenes we watch them do the very first scene in the picture and the very last.
That famous old classic, "Beau Geste," comes to life with Bob Preston, Gary Cooper and Ray Milland. But a mouse steals the show from them.

not. And in a minute that's just what they do. Only this time Jimmy isn't despondent any more. He's got Claudette in his arms. That's the last scene of the picture. For the rest, see your neighborhood theater.

The minute the acting stops Jimmy Stewart grabs a big malted milk his valet has brought him and starts working on it.

"Tell No Tales" is our next stop on the M-G-M set line-up. A rumor that a hundred dollar hill figures prominently in this picture is enough to attract us. There's always the chance somebody might leave it lying around. But when we arrive Melvyn Douglas, calm and collected as usual, is tucking the century note in his vest pocket while he loads up on movie whiskey—cold tea—at a bar.

Nevertheless, we stick around to watch Melvyn, Louise Platt and Gene Lockhart perform for Leslie Fenton, another ex-actor turned director.

Melvyn plays an ace newspaper reporter in this mystery thriller. He receives a $100 ransom pay-off note at this very bar and starts tracking down some kidnappers. Every step he takes uncovers another story. He wades through five desperate, daring chapters before it all comes to the unraveling stage.

We brave the smoke pots which energetic "grips" are swaying around in the air to make a realistic tobacco fog in the saloon, and watch the scene. In it Gene Lockhart plays a tune on the piano. He pounds out his own composition "All the World Is Waiting for the Sunrise."

"Gene," protests Melvyn, "would you mind playing something else? It brings back sad memories. When I was flat busted in a furnished room once in New York, some guy next door played that thing all day and all night."

"Where was that room and when did you live in it?" Gene asks, and Melvyn tells him.

"Then I'm sorry I disturbed you," Lockhart grins. "I was that guy next door. That was just where and when I wrote it."

Our favorite Metro series, "Tarzan," is in Florida shooting Johnny Weissmuller under water at Silver Springs. So we take in "Calling Dr. Kildare," which has all the earmarks of another series starting up.

Lew Ayres, of course, is the young intern in a big hospital where Lionel Barrymore, director of the hospital, teaches him that science isn't the only side of medicine; there's the human side, too. Lana Turner seconds the motion, but in a different way. She's a pretty young thing who brews Doctor Lew a peck of trouble.

Lew is aseptic and sterile in white when we arrive, but they're squirting prop blood and perspiration on his handsome face. The set’s a big hospital with prim rows of cots and nurses gliding about on the scrubbed floors.

Lew and Lionel go through their lines while a real doctor stands on the side lines and (Continued on page 72)

Now she's a poetess—Claudette Colbert who goes to town with Jimmy Stewart in M-G-M's screwball comedy, "It's a Wonderful World"
Concluding the delightful story of
a grand old trouper, whose nature
could not change but whose luck did

The story thus far:

WHEN Marie La Tour, star of silent pictures, discovered that she was almost penniless, she hit on the idea of launching Betty, her orphaned granddaughter, on a Hollywood career. This career hit its first snag when Marie discovered that Benny Rossman, an enemy of long standing, was in charge of Goldmont Studio, the home of her past successes. Betty, however, on her own, met Christie Beall, a young director at Goldmont, who cast her for a minor role in "Bringing Up Mother."

On the first day of shooting, Chris asked Marie to be on the set to give Betty confidence. Since Rossman was out of town, she agreed to do so. Chris asked Marie to run through Betty's scenes for her. He shot them "just for a gag" — or so he told Marie.

At the studio preview, the audience reaction was lukewarm to Betty's performance, but when Beall's second version, with Marie in Betty's part, was run off, her performance rolled 'em in the aisles.

Betty acceded her grandmother of double-crossing her and ran away from home.

At about this time, old Jelliff, ex-hoofer and a close friend of Marie's, arrived in California from New York. Marie told him about Betty and also about her dire financial state. Even the success of Marie's part in "Bringing Up Mother" amounted to nothing when Rossman saw it. He not only refused to release this version, but also fired Chris, telling him he could take the cans of film. He never wanted to see him — or them — again.

Meanwhile, Marie discovered that Betty was staying at Lydia Watts' home and went there to beg Betty to return. It was on that same day that Jelliff, job hunting, was run down by an automobile. When the news reached Marie at Lydia's, Betty, in swift sympathy for her grandmother, returned home with her.

Jelliff would be laid up for weeks. With bills piling up, Marie appealed to Chris to help her find work. He arranged for Mr. Reis, producer at Liberty, to come for cocktails. He advised Marie to pull the society act, be "hard to get."

The setting was perfect, Betty had gone off for the afternoon with adagio-dancer Alex Loom. Reis was all that Chris had pictured him and was taken in completely by Marie's grande dame act. Just as Marie had "reluctantly" agreed to make a picture for him, somebody came across the hall. It was Mrs. Phoopher, the owner of the house. She was outraged that her "caretaker" was entertaining in her living room and ordered Marie and her guests out. Marie knew that her goose was cooked as far as a contract with Reis was concerned — but it was good to see Betty, who had crossed the lawn on hearing upraised voices, come toward her with outstretched arms.

Now continue this story:

FEW people have got moral courage enough to admit they'd rather have a banana split than Russian caviar. But I know what I like and have never been scared to admit it, so I must say the sugary little house Chris found for us was just what I preferred. If nothing else, it was a whole lot cozier than the big Beverly Hills mansion from which we had just been kicked out. But then any place you have been kicked out of loses its flavor.

Our new half-portion home was in a bungalow-court, and Gussie knows you could of caught anything the neighbors had on account the buildings were so close together. Radio City would of been a good name for it, because radios to the left of us, radios to the right of us vol- eyed and thumbed, to quote the author of the Electric Light Brigade. Everything in the place turned out to be something else the minute you examined it, which is what thoroughly modern means in Hollywood. The desk had washtubs underneath, the near- oil painting on the living-room wall dropped down and turned into an ironing board, and every door had a surprise behind it, ranging from iceboxes to beds. But there was Bougainvillaea and sunshine over all and a very low overhead. From his in-a-door bed Jelliff admired the whole thing contentedly.

"Seems more like the old days when we was all young and struggling together," he says. "It's the first time I've been uncomfortable enough to feel perfectly at home in years."

Betty was looking at my old theatrical trunks in disgust on account they were occupying pretty nearly all the floor space.

"And these wretched things," she says, "They lend the finishing touch of atmosphere, Gram, I don't see why on earth you insist on keeping them."

"Those trunks have owned me for the past thirty years," I says, "and I don't know if I could persuade them to give me up. Some day I and they will have it out. But in the meanwhile we'll just line 'em up like a sofa and throw a portiere over them. They will make a good place for unwelcome company to sit."

NOT, however, that any company came for the next several days. Alex Loom hadn't been around since the night of the Big Blow and while Betty refused to talk about him, I gathered she had decided against Swing Adagio as a way of tossing herself into fame. Or maybe Alex had come to the conclusion she wasn't worth tossing. Anyways, Betty went around with an air of being off all men for life. She had avoided speaking to Chris when he helped us move Jelliff and when a little later Chris finally blew in one day to see if we were getting along all right, Betty saw him first and sneaked out of the back door. I hadn't the heart to let him know this, because he looked so worried and tired.

"We are all feeling fine," I told him. "Betty's out looking for work and something is bound to turn up soon."

"I am getting the Hollywood handsahke, myself," he told me, trying to laugh. "You know, shaking hands and being pushed away at the same time! If a fellow's out of work for two weeks he's trying to make a comeback according to this lousy town. And I'm only one day under the dead line."

I wished him luck and pretty soon he left, bowing us wearing phony smiles. And after that we didn't see him for quite some time.

Chris had tried to lend me money but I wasn't taking any. We were eating my gold vanity case at the moment, but there was still a couple of bracelets and a watch or two left in the harder, which was sufficient to give an old trouper, such as myself, courage to face quite a lot. But eventually, as time trickled on and no jobs marched in, even my back-flips didn't seem to help my nerves much. One cheerful thing however was the way Jelliff got well. The day he sat up in a chair and asked for a copy of Variety I knew he was practically cured.

WHEN this happened I went out and bought two copies of the same issue so's we wouldn't fight over who was to read it first. Then we took them out onto the porch where we could sit in the sun and I was up to my ears in news of old friends, thoroughly enjoying myself on account that Variety is the only foreign-language publication I can read fluently. Then all of a sudden Jelliff gave a shout.

"Turn to page sixty-eight," he yells. "See, where it says 'Inventory Dig-up Tops New Pix Grosses.'"

Well I turned to the right page but for once I couldn't translate immediately.

"Well?" says he in a triumphant tone. "I didn't want to say anything the other evening but..."

"But what?" I says, bewildered.

"Can't you read?" he shouts, getting even more excited. "It's about that reissue of 'Lillie of the Valley' — don't you remember it?"

"I'll never forget it," I says with a shudder. "Why remind me?"

"Because it's topped all grosses for the month, that's why," says Jelliff, "including the A pictures from the major studios. That means your name is a household word all over the country today. You mean something again, Marie. Not but..."

"It's just a fluff," I says feebly. "It can't mean anything, really."

"The hell it can't," says Jelliff. "Don't you

(Continued on page 78)
"Gram," Betty called, "I've got them." With which she stood up and the cans of film on her lap dropped off and commenced rolling.
"I'm not going into 'The Thin Man Returns,'" he said. "'I've thought it all over and if anything should happen to my health while we are in production, it would mean a complete loss of time and money to you. I do not believe I should shoulder that risk.'"

And with never a hint of the grief that decision must have cost him, he drove out the front gate with a smile and a wave of the hand to the many friends he left behind.

Recently at a preview of a Bob Hope radio show, Bill stepped from the wings for his role to the thunder of applause that lasted for four full minutes.

He stood there and waited, a smile on his face and a mist in his eyes.

So good luck and best wishes to one of the best—Bill Powell.

**Idealist**

We had a tête-à-tête with young Jo Ann Sayers on the Metro Lot the other day. We think we have never seen a prettier, nicer, more charming youngster than she is ... nor one who is carrying higher the torch of idealism. She has been in Hollywood almost a year, but to date no disillusionment has marred her enthusiasm for a career, her confidence in herself, her belief in others, her youthful joy at merely being alive.

You remember her ... her screen debut was in "Young Dr. Kildare," as the young society girl who became a "mental case." You remember her in "Huckleberry Finn," "Honolulu" and "Fast and Loose." Yes, and she's good, you say. Well, we think so too.

Yet it is something else about her that attracts us most—the kind of girl she is. Her real name is Miriam Lilygren and she has lived in Seattle most of her life. She is a former student of the University of Washington and a "Tri Delt." She has a mother and father and two sisters, one older, one younger than herself. She is crazy about them all. She thinks her parents the handsomest couple she knows and the best company.

In 1937, her mother, an aunt, an uncle, her elder sister and herself were all enrolled at the University and having the time of their lives.

She got her screen contract "as easily as falling off a log." A talent scout saw her in a college play and in due time she was asked to sign on the dotted line. The Lilygrens held a family conclave about this. They decided it would be "fun" for "Mimi" to be in the movies. The money didn't count. Her father is well off. But it would be interesting, they thought.

So, with her mother and younger sister, she moved to Hollywood and became Jo Ann Sayers. Since then, life for her has been "just about perfect," she says. Her career seems all set. There has been no unpleasantness, no disappointment, no heartbreak. Success has come like magic—easy, lovely magic.

Well, we hope it will keep on that way. We hope nothing will happen to change the happy, sincere, lovable youngsters that Jo Ann is now. But we aren't so sure as she is about that. We've been around Hollywood for a long time and have seen things happen to kids like her—sudden, unexpected, bitter things. She is different from most of the picture girls we know right now ... more, as we said, idealistic; more certain the world is a beautiful place to live in.

But we have jotted down in our "little black book" a reminder to interview her again one year from now. We wonder if she will be the same girl. We sincerely hope so—but our fingers are crossed.

(Continued from page 57)
SMOOTH FRAGRANT SKIN WINS HEARTS

MEN LIKE GIRLS WHOSE SKIN IS SWEET...IT'S THE MOST APPEALING CHARM OF ALL

DOROTHY LAMOUR

LUX SOAP'S ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES SKIN REALLY SWEET, DELICATELY FRAGRANT

YOU'LL LOVE THIS LUXURIOUS BEAUTY BATH. TRY IT!

A LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY BATH IS THE BEST WAY I KNOW TO PROTECT THIS CHARM

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "Man about Town"

THE COMPLEXION SOAP 9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE

THIS lovely Hollywood star tells you a secret that is helping girls everywhere to win popularity—romance. When you make Lux Toilet Soap your daily beauty bath, you're sure of daintiness. The ACTIVE lather of this fine complexion soap leaves skin really fresh—delicately fragrant with a perfume that clings. You'll love it.

JUNE, 1939
The smart "modern minimum!"

Wire From Kay Francis
ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BLDG.
124 RANT 42ND ST. NYC

DEAR SIR PLEASE UNDERSTAND THAT THIS IS NOT A COMPLAINT BUT I FEEL THAT THE FOLLOWING ITEM IN YOUR APRIL ISSUE SHOULD BE CORRECTED QUOTE WE SHANT MEGH THE LOOK ON HER FACE WHEN SHE SAW HOW THINGS WERE SURPRISE HURT DISMAIY WERE WRITTEN THERE FOR A TRAGIC REVEALING INSTANT UNQUOTE SINCE I DID NOT ATTEND THE GUNOA DIN PREDICIBLE HOW CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT I WAS DISAPPOINTED IN NOT BEING PHOTOGRAPHED AT THIS TIME. MOREOVER YOU MENTIONED THAT I HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT ALL OF THE FAN MAGAZINES YOURS WAS THE MOST ACCURATE SO YOU CAN IMAGINE MY SURPRISE AT READING THE ABOVE SINCERELY

KAY FRANCIS

Something to Shout Over

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX is pretty elated over Nancy Kelly these days and not entirely on account of the good work she has been turning out as "Jesse James." "Tailspin," et al. No, it seems that the studio's photographic department has discovered Nancy Kelly has "legs," which is a cameraman's way of saying she has good legs and is therefore a fine subject for pictures.

They found it out one day when she was posing for "still"s in connection with "Sting 'em up and Living!", Straightway, studio fashion experts descended upon her with bales of bathing suits, shorts and other abbreviated apparel. She has been spending something like a day a week posing for pictures in same, ever since.

Dorothy Lamour Versus Sarong

A PIECE of cloth, wrapped as a sarong, has grown into a nightmare of grief for Dorothy Lamour. Little dreaming the garment she wore in several early movies would become her trademark throughout the movie world, the star now wishes she had never seen or heard of the South Seas costume. Out of it has grown humiliation, and as Miss Lamour claims, hindrance to her career.

Climaxing a series of unhappy publicity stunts the false rumor spread that Dorothy had consented to appear at the New York World's Fair minus her clothes.

Naturally, this report was instantly denied but the hurt in Dorothy Lamour's eyes remained.

"And all" as she weeps, "because of one piece of cloth.

Let's put on a campaign of "No More Sarongs for Lamour," and help a grand gal along.

Diep Dong, Wedding Bells?

AS soon as Tyrone Power purchased Gravesend, Beverly Hills mansion, the reports of his early marriage to Annabelle, French actress, flew thick and fast.

When Tyrone refused to comment, a writer approached Annabelle, but the only word from Lewis, I can chew gum just like American girls.

So here comes the bride, chewing gum at everything, maybe.
FOLLOW TODAY'S EXTRA SKIN CARE


Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mayo. Deeply interested in acting, The Lady Betty Bourke has studied 4 terms at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She believes in the new skin care with "skin-vitamin" in Pond's.

Britain's Titled Ladies

CREAM
EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"
INTO THEIR SKIN*

Often Sings at charity affairs—The Lady Alexandra Haig, daughter of the late Earl Haig, Britain’s famous military figure. "Now that 'skin-vitamin' is in Pond's Cold Cream, I’m even more enthusiastic about using it."

In Britain, as in America, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the new skin care. Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond’s Cold Cream.

Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond’s night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratories method.

JUNE, 1939
sent to Shirley as a big surprise, and now the members sport badges made in the form of a small shield with an eagle mounted on top and the words "Shirley Temple Police" engraved on the shield.

There are no politics in this police force, and only Shirley herself says who shall or shall not belong. In the roster of members are such people as J. Edgar Hoover, the President's grandchildren, and Buzzie and Nick, who, in fact, are the famous movie star to be appointed—in fact there are very few movie people in the force. Shirley keeps a keen eye peeled for any infraction of the Force's rules, and when she finds her caught without his badge or not keeping it shining! Her fines for disobedience are strict, and there is absolutely no higher court of appeal. At the end of each year, the fine money is donated to some worthy cause.

—and He Gets a Summons

Edward G. Robinson, Jr. (Manny, to you) turned six the other day, and Hollywood's small fry society turned out in full force to help him celebrate. No Ron suits and pink frilly dresses for this affair—no siree! It was a rip-roaring Western jamboree, with all two hundred of the young guests dressed for the occasion in full cowboy and cowgirl finery.

Invitations to the party were the real McCoy in court subpoenas, issued by "Miss" Manny, who summoned his guests to appear on the appointed date at the "Higginsville Jail." Manny's special deputies, equipped with police billy clubs and double-barreled cap pistols, met at the home of Captain Valance of the Beverly Hills Police Force, and were transported thither in a rectum-holding, honest-to-goodness "Black Maria" a mile up the canyon to "Chief Manny's Higginsville Ranch." There the kiddies found ponies to ride, lassos to swivel, a hosegown with real bars to get locked up in, and literally hundreds of hot dogs to consume.

Hymie, who pincheshit for Cal York at the studio, was to run his legs off to keep up with such exuberant young celebrities as Norman Powell (Joan Blondell's son), Gary Crosby, June and Stuart Erwin, Wesley Cagles, Jr., Ricky Arlen, Peter Douglas (Melvyn's youngster), Sandra and Ronnie Burns and Margaret (Humphrey's) by, Michael. Need we add, a wow of a time was had by all?

We Prophecy

Kay Griffith will change John Howard's mind about remaining a bachelor, and soon Caesar Romero may change Ann Sheridan's mind about marrying anyone...

Wallace Beery will re-woo his divorced wife Rita, with a determination to be a better husband next time. If he wins her, not that Walla wasn't always a kind one...

Tyrene Power placed that sparkler on Amanda B. this forestall false publicity concerning him and Sonja Henie, when they begin to work together on their new picture, "Second Fiddle."

PHOTOPLAY

A portrait of an Actress Viewing Stills

At Irene Dunne's for tea, recently, we toured quite joyfully that Irene's sense of humor is not confined to the screen alone. A publicity man from RKO Studios brought out a packet of still pictures for her to pass on prior to their release to the press and, leaping our pardon for thus intruding business upon social amenities, Irene seated herself behind her desk and began to wade through them, keeping up a running fire of comment as she did so.

"I look as though I had a toothache in that one." Ah, Topsy herself! See the way my hair stands on end... Better title that one, "Hearts and Flowers" with a Stomachache! "Ye gods, the Dying Swan!" I don't see why I must appear so vacuous when I try to look ethereal... I look like a convict in that one... And a wrestler in that one... And Whistler's 'Mother' in that... Heaven, my double chin! I had been trying to keep it a secret..." And so on. She okayed them all, though.

"You know," she confided, "I don't seem to care as much as I used to how I look in print. I was getting so tired of seeing myself in 'Glamorous Poses Numbers One to Ten' that I figured the public might be, too."

Boulevard Vignette

It was a big preview night on the Boulevard. The Klegs were racing, herding was on the rampage and a swarm of whistles filled the air. An autograph-hound stopped Ann Rutherford.

"Won't you sign my book, please?"

"Certainly." Ann suited action to word, but was not rewarded with thanks.

"But, oh, you didn't write 'Polly Benedict'" (Ann's role in the Hardy series in case you haven't been following these screens)."

"No, my name is Ann Rutherford..."

"But you are 'Polly Benedict,' aren't you?"

"Yes, but—that is—"

"Well, then," imperiously—and fans know how to be imperious at times, take it from me—"write it down!"

So, obediently, Ann did as she was told, wondering just what sort of fame it is, anyway, that robs you of your own identity!

"Papa" Spank

That young English actress, Virginia Field, was working in three pictures at once and trying to get them all done so as to reach London in time to be presented at the March court.

One day, she came driving lickety-split up to Metro, late for a fitting, only to discover there was no space to park her car. No parking space is allowed except the executive parking lot. This is the size of a golf course and there were only three motors standing in it.

Miss Field drove right in. She had trooped through the studio gate and was half a block down the street when she was stopped by the gateman called her back. "You'll have to move your car," he told her. "Papa doesn't like it." "I'm sorry," she said. The gateman grinned. "Louis B. Mayer," he said. Miss Field moved her car.

The Rescue of Charlie McCarthy

Edgar Bergen happened to sit next to us at the studio preview of "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," and while we were waiting for the "curtain to rise" told us an anecdote from his past that (being a rabid McCarthy fan) practically made our hair stand on end.

It seems that when Edgar and Charlie were touring with a Chautauqua unit one summer, Edgar was laid up in the little town where the Chautauqua was playing, leaving Charlie in his usual suitcases in their dressing room.

Suddenly a fire siren sounded. "The Chautauqua tent is on fire!" people screamed. Edgar said he is sure he set a new world's record in his sprint to the flaming tent. But he would have been too late and Charlie would have had to more had not an opportune rain come put out and the fire.

The Private Exploits of Tarzan

Tarzan Weissmuller has been running around a good deal with Beryl Scott, a San Francisco deb. When someone asked him the other day if he would marry her, he said, "I think so."

That would be when his divorce from Lupe Velez was completed of course. But don't rely too much on the idea. This department, upon such information, likes to remember last summer at the Chautauqua village where Johnny had his boat over there and averaged about three dates each day with the pretty daughters. We asked the bartender at the Ithaca one night, "D'you think he'll marry any of them?" He laughed. "All in time, all in time," which sounded to us like a cry of triumph.

In any case, Tarzan won't do anything very active for a while. He has a cracked elbow.

The great swimmer slipped and came hopping in his own bathtub.

Cal's Thought of the Month

A critique has panned Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer's picture, "Huckleberry Finn," starring Mickey Rooney on the assumption that the proved earlier one of the young Mickey than Huckleberry Finn. If it be true it's the first time Cal has ever seen a Mickey Finn in pants.
Try Hollywood’s Amazing, New LIPSTICK

A SENSATIONAL creation by Max Factor * Hollywood, Tru-Color Lipstick is the most exciting lip make-up discovery in years. Just note these four amazing features:

1. lifelike red of your lips
2. non-drying, but indelible
3. safe for sensitive lips
4. eliminates lipstick line

Yes, indeed, Max Factor’s Tru-Color Lipstick really has everything! Try it and you’ll discover the perfect lip make-up. New alluring color harmony shades...$1.00. Note coupon for special make-up test.

Max Factor
* HOLLYWOOD

JUNE, 1939
main scene from a bathtub and the less clothes the better box office is always true of her works. . . .

APROPOS of Lammert it is very funny the way the other girls are going around and whispering that the reason Metro couldn't complete "I Take This Woman" is that Hedy can't read lines . . . well, the public read Hedy's lines in "Ali-
gers" and was more than satisfied . . . so just leave the acting up to Bette Davis and give us some more of the same Iedy that "Ali-gers" showed and we'll be quite content. . . .

That, in turn, makes us wonder what they will give Bette Davis as the reward for her work in "Dark Victory" . . . since they've given her two Oscars for her work so far I guess they'll have to give her the whole darned Academy this time . . . she is that magnificent. . . .

I wonder if anybody but me, when reading of Jackie Coogan and his trou-les, begins to feel sorry for Freddie Bartholomew, too . . . not but that Fred-
die's money, such as there is of it left since all his legal difficulties, is very safe . . . but where is the boy heading? . . . M-G-M now has Rooney as a first-
league boy star and the way they are developing that youngster Terry Kil-
burn is something to watch, too . . .

also isn't it typically Hollywood to be staging a comeback at the age of eighty, as Sydney Jason is as the result of "The Little Princess" . . . still I suppose all actors of any age or sex relax a little when they observe a man like Lewis Stone getting the lead in "It Can't Happ-
en Here" which ought to be a terrible hit . . . Lewis Stone has simply worked steadily for the past forty years . . . he's saved his money, too, so that he is a very rich man . . . besides there are actors like John Halliday, though not many of them . . . Mr. Halliday after a most successful career on the speaking stage and a less important career in movi-
es . . . for reasons I'll tell you in just a moment . . . has enough money to live just as he wants to live . . . the way he wants to live is in Hawaii on a lazy, sunny plantation where he can eat and read . . . so he doesn't feel that . . . and when he feels his money is getting just a little low . . . he takes a picture job . . . they are always being offered him . . . he can pick and choose . . . he comes back every year or so . . . as he did for "That Certain Age" you remember . . . picks up ten or fif-
ten thousand dollars which is Holly-
wood chicken feed . . . and then retires to Hawaii until such time as that sum is used up . . . that's why he hasn't pushed his picture career more . . . if he did, he'd get into the higher salary brackets and have less leisure . . . and leisure is what he wants most . . . pleasant, isn't it . . . and proves not all actors are temperamental spendthrifts. . . .

While you are still in there in the running, however, it must scare the daylight's out of you, if you are a star, to have another performer with a similar type of appeal start climbing. That in turn makes us wonder why Schiaparelli's biff. . . .

That was the morning after "Next Time We Love" had been previewed, how-
ever, and the whole town was talking about Stewart . . . so Henry Fonda barged into Wanger's office, where I was, and said to the producer, "You see? If you had been smart you could have had Stewart instead of me under contract. . . . that's really the way Hank feels about Jimmy, too . . . thinks he's the greatest actor in the world and ten times better than Fonda . . . but I don't agree. . . . Jimmy Stewart is a great one-performance actor . . . as a frustrated lad à la his "Made for Each Other" he does remarkably . . . but he's always too much that one part. . . . Hank Fonda isn't . . . to me he is real star stuff of the young Will Rogers type. . . .

All of which adds to up the fact that movies and movie-making are a nerve-racking, exciting, satisfactory and terrible business and that the longer you study it the less you know about it . . . and that the world can't become a really bad place as long as there is a new Deanna Durbin picture to look forward to. . . . and where that most romantic of all Hollywood couples, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, are at last able to get married. . . .
A House to Live In!
(Continued from page 32)

honest-to-goodness home, built to be used for rest and play, dining and reading, entertaining on a small scale, outdoor living on a larger scale. A remodeled country house, built about 1916, of which when you see it you don't say: "Imagine being able to have that house!" You say: "Me, too—some day!"

It is our pick of the "Me, too" houses of Hollywood.

If you know the familiar ranch-house style, designed for living all on one floor, but the second-story addition was completed recently, you have a room for the second son, Denny, born to the Devines last January. Mrs. Devine, who was born on a farm, says they will keep on adding rooms on top of their house for every child they have. That's the kind of house it is. As a matter of fact, a second dormer to the right of the first will serve only to improve the "balance" of the architecture, if the Devines have a third child some day. L. G. Scherer, Hollywood architect in charge of the remodeling, has arranged these dormers probably for the efficiency of living space in its sleeping roof so the addition takes little or nothing away from the low-to-the-ground appearance of the house, which is one of the chief assets of this type of architecture.

Actually, this style house can find a harmonious background on any level lot. The house is wide enough to allow for the sweep of the front walls, which measure 120 feet wide. The house is fitted with a porte-cochere. Such a house should be placed on a lot measuring at least 130 by 100 feet. The family's living quarters are all to the right of the porte-cochere, useful in rainy weather, (yes, even in California!) and the maid's room and the garage are to the left.

The outside of the house is unsurfaced redwood siding, placed vertically on the front and back facades and horizontally on the sides, for interesting variation. The house is dead white and the roof is of cedar shingles, painted rust red.

It is the interior plan which impresses you most with its livability, however. You enter by walking up the brick-suraced loggia, past the large bay window of the living room, into a small stair hall, with a guest cottage to the right. The living room itself is of pretty good size—fourteen by twenty-one feet and six inches high. The impression of space is created by the way in which this room opens into the dining room at the left and the card room at the right. This effect has been intensified by the same vertical knotty pine paneling in all three rooms, with a special hand-woven rag rug made to run through dining room, living room and card room. The thin coat of white paint used on the paneling, so the knots in the pine show through, the rough-textured stone fireplace, a few well-chosen sporting prints and the black wrought-iron railing of the walls, all help keep up the informal atmosphere.

The card room, so-called because it is a separate suite for a game of bridge, is actually the only guest room in the Devine house, unless you count the Nanny's room parked behind the garage and in which Tad, the older son, takes his afternoon naps. There is an in-and-out full day bed in the card room which folds neatly back to make a divan when there are no guests.

Note the farmhouse-effect of the small-patterned wallpaper on the ceiling, a nice way to introduce pattern into a room with all wood walls.

The open, cut-off corner of the house, at the extreme right end of the house, is a beautiful combination of rusticity and modern convenience. Partly paneled in white-painted knotty pine, partly in wallpaper with a blue background, it has a row of built-in shelves at either side of the windows and at the head of the bed. There is nothing complicated or costly about these shelves, though the carpentry work has been done to make them perfect matches for the wood trim of the room. That shelf-cabinet-bookcase arrangement at the head of the bed makes it possible to turn lights on and off, answer telephones, regulate the air-conditioning system and listen to the radio, without stirring from bed. Notice the strips of wood which run vertically under the windows to carry out the pattern of the shelves above. A tiny detail, but it adds much to the charm of the room.

BEHIND the dining room and part of the living room lies the kitchen, one of the most interesting rooms in the house, because it too has felt the touch of livability. The Devines live a great deal of time in their kitchen. They discovered that, whenever they had guests, which is often, the girls had a tendency to congregate in the kitchen in the talk while they got "snacks" from the ice box, hence, the round table and semi-circular chairs, and a counter around the fireplace for that activity. Through this bar opening, refreshments can be served into the living room without the cook or the butler leaving the kitchen. The bar is a modern innovation, made to look right in this setting.

Back of the kitchen, at the foot of the stairs leading up to the second-floor nursery, is Tad's bedroom, large enough for sleeping and playing and to accommodate his nurse's cot. The bay window looking out over the acres of Ando Ranch—which is really a ranch, with horses, cows, chickens, even a tobacco patch—lets in a great amount of light. By reason of the staircase placed at the back of the house, the two children's rooms are entirely apart from the rest of the house, so the nurse can go from one room to the other without disturbing the family and their guests.

The nursery, although the newest part of the house, is in keeping with the rest, with white-painted pine paneling and wallpapered ceiling, done in white, yellow and blue and having cross ventilation, ample closet room (for storing children's bulky equipment) and its own private bath.

The whole house could be built, new, today for $15,500, exclusive of the cost of land, according to Mr. Scherer. This includes a twelve by twenty-foot remodeled to house a gas-fired, forced-air heating unit and water heater, with adequate storage space besides insulation of double layers of metal foil in the roof, and the five bathrooms which, in most families, could be cut down to three, without much loss of convenience and at a saving of about $600. The price also includes the garage, but not the stables, barn's quarters, small room, poultry equipment and other "extras" which Andy has and which would not be part of the average family's scheme of living, anyway.

In fact, it is just the kind of house you and I might envy, despite its existence as a "show place" of Hollywood.

JUNE, 1939
I didn't know he was a Grand Duke—I just knew he was looking wistfully at that fresh package of Beam's in my hand. "Have some?" I offered. "With pleasure!" he answered—and bowed as if we were royalty!

"This refreshing Beem's flavor," he confided, "—it has that delicious American pep! Never can I resist its tempting taste! A thousand thanks for this so luscious treat! You are—how shall I say it?—one grand friend!"

straightens them out on a few technical points which complicates the doctor's job in the "softest case I ever had." But he's a little early. Because in a minute Doctor Meade will put his hand on a surgical knife, of all things, and the real doctor has to step in and patch him up! But you won't see that in the finished film.

M-G-M's pride and joy and two time Oscar winner, Spencer Tracy, greets us this month at 29th Century-Fox where Spence is on loan making "Stanley and Livingston," which will soon be page news for weeks and weeks when grandpa was young.

TC-F really started shooting this picture a year and a half ago when an expedition, headed by pretty Osa Johnson, followed Stanley's exact route through darkest Africa and shot 100,000 feet of film, against which most of the Hollywood end of the picture is being filmed.

Hollywood has doctored up the Stanley-Livingstone saga slightly. But out of the very plot between Nancy Kelly, a British consult's daughter, and Richard Greene, a reporter, the spectacular result comes in the successionary Dr. Livingstone by newspaperman Stanley forms the rest of the script.

Spencer Tracy is a strange apparition with a full gray beard and white hair. He wears heavy jungle boots, a pith helmet and duck trousers that once were white. Cedric Hardwicke, playing Livingstone, is even more dirty and mussy than usual. It's the scene where they meet—one of the most famous scenes of the Nineteenth Century. "Roll 'em! Camera Action!"—and Hollywood re-creates:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?—"

NEXT door we find Warner Baxter in the midst of a return bout with the colorful character that made him a big star. The Return of the Cisco Kid, ten years after "In Old Arizona," is the biggest tribute his studio can pay Warner for hanging on to his youth. O. Henry might whirr in his grave at what they've done to the story plot of his Cisco Kid, but it sounds fire-proof to me.

He leaves Cesar Romero, a killer-diller, in the most hideously gressey make-up we've ever seen, long black hair and a huge wart by his nose, is whooping it up with Warner. Mescal fizzes or possibly tequilas do the trick aided by an energetic guitar ensemble.

The script calls for all this debuchery to be broken up by a pistol shot. "Wow, boys," says Director Herbert Leip, "let's dub it in later. Camera!"

Cesar and Warner go into their voisins and Warner repeats, "Boys, we're right behind their table a gun goes off like the crack of doom. Warner and Cesar: "Shoot!"" "Sorry to double-cross you, boys," the director apologizes. "But the only way to make up a story like this is to make everybody's face is really to scare 'em!" Yeah—but we aren't acting in this picture!

Back from the suburbs we crash Raymond Poincare, the heart of Hollywood and find Ginger Rogers doing a solo in "Little Mother," with David Niven in Fred Astaire's usual corner, without, of course, his linoleum role.

We have to admire Ginger. She's one actress who has licked the type-casting bugbear. She can sing and dance, and sing a song for our money until the cows sneak in at eventide. She can also act.

"Little Mother" is the songless and danceless brand of conventional romance. Ginger plays a shopgirl who finds a baby on her doorstep one day. The store thinks she's a shoplifter until she fires her. Then the store owner's son tumbles for Ginger and his papa gets the idea it is really his bar sinister grandchild.

Ginger and David Niven are on the set when we approach. David's in must for a change. Garson Kanin, the twenty-six-year-old new Hollywood wonder boy, directs them.

We watch until the scene—Ginger's first date with David—finally gives the director's okay, then we take a quick trip out to Selznick-International to check up on what goes on with "Gone with the Wind."

We catch a scene in the Wilkes mansion, where Scarlett meets Rhett for the first time and Ashley breaks the sad news that his true love is Melanie. Remember?

Leslie Howard, in a fawn-colored coat and stock, is quietly, Olivia de Havilland in a poke bonnet is demurely, Leigh in a green sprinkled muslin hoop dress and white green-trimmed hat is simply devastating.

To describe the exquisite costumes Selznick has supplied for even the "Wind" extras is impossible. The color of this one scene and the perfection of its detail is a work of wardrobe art. Every Technicolor camera takes a screen painting and every one is shot so carefully as an artist wields his brush.

Maybe "Gone with the Wind" won't be ready for release until next Christmas, as the rumors say, but when it is—there'll be something to see.

BACK at Paramount we find the "Beau Geste" company returned to the lot after eight weeks of trials and tribulations on the bleak sand dunes of Yuma, Arizona. "Beau Geste," a little two-million-dollar Charlie Scottie turned out, is of course a remake. Beau—_the old version netted a fortune in its day._ It was a swell picture be it remembered. If you'll remember.

"Beau Geste," 1939 edition, launched the greatest location trip in modern Hollywood history. Paramount set up a tent city on the windy dunes, nineteen miles from Yuma. Eight hundred men, a thousand horses and thirty-five camels milled around between the rattlesnakes, scorpions and centipedes and the howling sandstorms for two whole months, minus modern conveniences.

When we find Gary Cooper, Bob Preston and Susan Hayward, (a little redhead who figures to go places in this one), they're all safely back on a sandless sound stage, dressed up in evening clothes. But all of them are keeping their heads off from Yuma acquired sand coils. Breathing sand does it. "This gives us all some weird news we've had in months. We had noticed on the call sheet outside the door this afternoon, a large mouse, and below, "one mouse's stand-in."

Believe it or not, the cheese-eater has a mechanical stand-in running around the floor, while the true blood mouse is being held in tow by a horsehair harness. You can't see that on the screen and it keeps the Mickey Mouse a convenient hole from false modesty.

We head next for "The Magnifi- cent Seven," a new western about a French actor, Akim Tamiroff, who plays the part of a Latin-American dictator when said ruler shuffles off unexpected by the plans of Lloyd Nolan, who is about to put over a ten-million-dollar loan.

As a matter of other characters are involved. Ralph Forbes, Mary Boland and Patricia Morison are among the most important.

A word here about this Morison girl: she's due for a star build-up at Paramount because of her next acting in "Persons in Hiding." She's smallish, with long black hair and blue eyes. She got off to a good acting start as Helen Hayes' understudy in "Victoria Regina."

Paramount has just bought Phyllis Bontome's "Danger Signal" especially for Pat—so don't forget the name.

NEITHER Samuel Goldwyn nor Hal Roach has a word to say about their month. Walter Wagner is still frozen solid on the story for his "Winter Car- tain." So our column is a bit sparse.

San Fernando Valley at Warners' where Bette Davis is just starting "The Old Maid."

Here we see movie-making at its highest peak, with its greatest actress, Bette Davis, embarking on another al- most certain dragnet triumph. "The Old Maid.""

"The Old Maid" is tried and true dramatic material—and that, we'd say, is absolutely the case. Akins wrote the play from Edith Wharton's story. Helen Menken and Judith Anderson made it into a Broadway play.

Briefly, it's the story of a woman forced by the circumstances of her life and loves to watch her own daughter grow up without even letting her know she's her mother. The end is tragic.

Jane Bryan is the daughter. Miriam Hopkins plays Bette's cousin, whose life is woven closely about hers. George Brent is a wistful lover.

Bette Davis, two of the palest bona fide blondes in Hollywood, are decked out in blousing hoop skirts, paddled and puffed in the period is 1861, the setting, Philadelphia. The scene we watch is inside an old-fashioned lingerie shop set; they're buying Miriam's clothes and Bette, Bette's favorite director, perches behind the camera on a stool, cool and dignified. He directs quietly, reasons and cau- toles with Bette. We think we have discovered at least part of the secret of Bette Davis' greatness. To wit, Mr. Goulding.

The sun is just beginning to set when we drop by Universal to call on "The Sun Never Sets." The whole company, with Bette, Bette and Barbra, Barbara O'Neill and buxom Virginia Field are busy at that world-wide British afternoon rise—"The Sun Never Sets."" Universal is British flag- waving, pure and simple. A long line of British consular career men meets weekly for a news-monger's lunch. We'll have none of the white-tie-chin-up— Carry-on stuff. That is, he won't at first. But an ongoing stream of British influence and popularity, and scattered outposts of Empire, Doug comes through for dear old England and the coast and circumstance of India, South Africa. And scattered outposts of Empire, Doug comes through for dear old England and this is where they've settled on the tag end of Hollywood's working day and we're ready to call quits for another month.
are wondering whether or not that man can play Nicky Arnstein?"

There is another director in Holly-
wood who is one of my favorite mine, who
represent to me the unconventional
side of the city. The most of our plays
invent are a result. It goes with-
out saying that I mean Edmund Gould-
ing, who is now being praised from
cost to coast for the truly magnificent job he did directing "Dark Vic-
tory." Not only did he bring out the
very, very best in Bette Davis, George
Brennan, and the Fitzgeralds of Hum-
phrey Bogart but he succeeded in re-
maining the selfsame Eddie Goulding.
A director, and a man with a few
thousand talents, whom I have known
for over a quarter of a century.
A gentleman of the ensemble, a song
writer, an actor, a playwright, an asso-
ciate producer and a director, Eddie
Goulding knows everything there is to
be known about the stage and screen.
Sometimes I wonder why he bothers to
hire any actors and actresses at all when
he can play all the parts himself.
He doesn’t talk as loud as Ratoff but he
can hold his own in any company. After
all the East is still an eccentric
showman and not a calculating banker.
He rides around in a car that would
never make me imagine that a Vander-
bilt is inside. When I first beheld Cedric Gibbons, the
husband of Dolores Del Rio, drive past me in a
breath-taking, maroon limous-
ine. Eddie goes to the studio wearing
what looks to me like a pair of
lounging pajamas and a dressing gown and
the greatest miracle of all, he is not
overawed by his own success.
Not any more than his favorite star,
Bette Davis. During the filming of
"Dark Victory," she saw only a few
rashes. All the Warner Brothers’
horses and Warner Brothers’ men could
not drug her to attend the preview and
the even jobling genius of Eddie
Goulding failed to persuade her to walk
into a projection room where "Dark
Victory" was being run for a few guests.
She does not think that "Dark Victory"
is great only because of herself—and
that fact ought to endear her to another
unconventional friend of mine, Samuel
Goldwyn, who recently made an almost
historical speech before the members of
the Century Club during the High-
me. "You must realize," said Sam, "that
this is a very special picture. No one in
particular can claim full credit for it.
It’s not a Marie O’Hara picture, it’s not a
Laurence Olivier picture, it’s not any-
one else’s picture—it’s just a Samuel
Goldwyn picture."

The mention of Laurence Olivier’s
name brings to my mind the name of
that, by now, famous compatriot of his,
Vivien Leigh, who, believe it or not, did
no more to get the part of Scarlett than
a woman in the moon. Much as it may
engage the Hollywood wireacres, she
actually came to Hollywood on a vaca-
tion. Like everyone else, she was sure
that it was in the bag for Paulette God-
dard, but she counted without George
Cukor, who, while no longer directing
"Gone with the Wind," is entirely re-
dependable for the present glory of Vivien
Leigh. He is a fine director, one of
the finest there is, but George’s idea
of acting is not that of Charlie Chaplin.
And he did not feel so much help while
rehearsing Goddard in several of the
scenes, the fine hand of Charlie. His
parting words to Paulette Goddard were:
"Thank you, and oh yes, will you tell Charlie that he did quite a

clever bit of directing in that last
scene?" But to return to my unconven-
tional people. There is Nunnally Johnson, the
associate producer, on the Twentieth
Century lot, a most efficient and bril-
liant man, according to all who know
him in Hollywood, but a Great Ameri-
can Legend, according to his friends
back East. It was he who said to a
lady when asked whether or not all the
inhabitants of his home town (he comes
from Georgia) resemble the characters
in "Tobacco Road":
"Oh, no, Ma’am, the Tobacco Road
people are considered the country club
set where I come from.
It was likewise he who, while
writing a letter whom Johnson con-
siders to be the "world’s worst" ex-
claimed:
"That fellow is so bad that he oughtn’t
to be permitted to use the language at all..."

Suppose he gets hungry, Nunnally,
what then?
"Oh, let the blanketly-blank stand still
and wave flags."
The newest Nunnallyjohnsonism—
they collect Nunnallyjohnsonisms in
Hollywood and keep them under lock
and key—has to do with his recent va-
cation. Mr. Johnson claims that one
night, while returning to his hotel
from a gay party, he overheard the manager
of the hotel pray. The prayer went as
follows:
"God, please take Nunnally Johnson
and send back the American Legion..."

hesitate to describe Charlie Chap-
lin, a stickler on etiquette and a perfect
host, as an "unconventional person" and
yet...

What would you call him if you
don’t hear him as I did—describe
the story of his forthcoming "The Dis-
tator," a picture in which he plays two
parts: that of a Jewish barber and that
of Der Fuehrer. Said Charlie, as if an-
ticipating an argument:
"Why shouldn’t I impersonate Hitler?
After all, don’t forget, that the sem-of-
a-run smiley mustache... Look at
his photographs taken during the war
when he was still a mere corporal.
He was wearing the typical German
mustache... That was in 1918 when I
was already making dozens of pictures
So who is impersonating who?
A genius is always unconventional.
That is why I cannot finish this article
without mentioning Darryl Zanuck’s
name. God knows, there is nothing
mad or eccentric about making money,
hand over, for one’s stockholders and
turning out one hit after another
but, if conventionality is just a
pen name of mediocrity, then Zanuck is the
most unconventional man of all.
In the weeks and months to come you
will hear plenty about him. Wait till you
see "Rose of Washington Square" and
"Stanley and Livingston."
Re-reading what I have written so
far, I discover that I have not
mentioned Hedy Lamarr yet. This surprises me as
much as it will surprise the readers of this
magazine. Just imagine anyone
writing about the Hollywood of today
without mentioning Hedy’s name at
least once. What is the matter with me, I
wonder? Could it be that I think of
her nowadays as Mrs. Gene Markey and
that hearing everyone say, "Markey
married the prettiest girl in Hollywood."
I naturally conclude that they are
talking about Joan Bennett? For to me,
Joan was, is and will always be the
prettiest girl in Hollywood."
The Stars Are Lonely, Too!

(Continued from page 19)

The pictures of these Hollywood stars, by their very natures, are unable to join in the general easy rush after the show. Once the event is over, the domesticated has become a part of present-day life and society. The most successful and best known actors have always thought of Ronald Colman as a lonely man, despite his close and loyal friends. But I often think of the movie picture that has changed and moved on. Joan Crawford... a less lonely figure you couldn't imagine. Or could you... spectacular marriages, never enduring... the incessant struggle to climb still higher the ladder to success, and now rumour busy linking her name with someone else. Yet lonely she has been, I fancy, all her life. For that is the 'joker' in the game of success.

If you must have fame, if you must reveal your special gift to the world, if you want what you're willing to the world. The screen stars pay in the continual publicity, they would soon cease to exist. When it pursues them into their private lives and pries at their private emotions they turn on it, with anger and anger. But they can do very little about it.

There is a good deal for the run-of-the-mill person to learn from how people whose lives are one tremendous struggle... a tug of war you might say... a struggle on one hand for success, and its attendant discontents, and on the other for personal privacy... a struggle against boredom, against growing satied and stale, against loneliness. Yet a few of the stars in Hollywood have come to a solution... which is, I think, to take what comes, to make the best of it, with a sense of gratitude, a sense of and a complete realization of values and, on the other hand, to live as fully and naturally as possible within the limitations placed upon them.

* * *

There is no cure for loneliness. There is no certain fact of the lucky, the sane, the visionary among the stars have learned that faith, fundamental belief in the human, the powers of happiness, in the panes of hard work, in the loyalty of a few, can serve to alleviate the common lot of human beings. These have been in the public which makes and, if it wishes, breaks them, how futile in the last analysis the hurry and ceaseless striving... these have somehow managed to insulate themselves against boredom by lasting interests and against heartbreak by a belief in enduring love. It may fail them, but they will have courage to go on.

These are the lucky ones whose insurmountable loneliness continues to give them protection. They have a passionate interest in modern art and there is no place now in his life for loneliness. An increased number of others are insuring themselves by bearing children, or adopting them. Every year the demand for orphans increases and they have created real homes in the country, ranches where the closeness to nature fills and more Hollywood orders. Still others have moved to Hollywood and have created real homes in the country, ranches where the closeness to nature fills and more

Loneliness touches every man but those who have faith go on.
promoted Ann to first place in the photographer's esteem. She is something an angel dreamed up for them—the glamour girl epitomized: immense eyes of deep photogenic hazel, mobs of red-gold curls that seemed to simple can't be authentic but is, fabulous fingernails and eyelashes out to there, incredible legs and skin. Wonder they go mad every time she appears in the gallery for a sitting.

The crowd through the Warners publicity department is always lined with new pictures of their various players. As a rule, the press boys walk straight through, eyes forward. Looking at pictures is too much like what they get paid for. But the other day, a sitting of Annie went up—and now you have to blast your way through that corridor. The old hard-boiled press, sold to a bunch of "leg art"—after all these years. But what leg art!

On the other hand, Annie has a lot more than the high visibility with which Nature so lavishly endowed her. As proof, the other day I asked Bette Davis: "Who, in your opinion, is the most talented young personality on your lot?" Without a pause, Bette answered: "Ann Sheridan!" And Bette isn't handling out ill-considered opinions. Annie nearly swooned with joy when she heard that. Bette is the bright shining idol in her life.

Ann has just finished "Dodge City," with Errol Flynn. It is the story of the good old pioneering days of 1872. Our Annie is a good ol' pioneer woman—ean't you just see her in a rumbocket and a tight bodice up to her chin? Well, you never will—not this trip, anyway. She went for a costume fitting, and we found that out. Annie does her pioneering in a dance hall, wearing those costumes that always look as if the gal had started to undress from the top down and just then the telephone rang. The astute Brothers Warner, having uncovered the facts concerning Annie's shoulders and—uh—extremities, are not going to begin concealing their assets now. The fact that she can act the house down doesn't bother them any, too. Big plans are on the way.

With Joan Blondell, Kay Francis and Anita Louise all departed from the studio, it looks as if Annie will have a busy year.

Annie says anyway she has worked up to the "slapping stage" of her career, and hopes it is over. "In Angels," I slapped Cagney. In "Naughty But Nice," Dick Powell and I trade slaps. I nearly break Powell's jaw when we get going! There isn't any slapping, so far as I know, in the next one; entering a more dignified phase, you see... Just so I don't have to play misunderstood wife next, that's all I ask," Annie says.

She is much more intense about her work than she used to be, but she still manages to keep the intensity well under cover from the average observer. She would rather kid about it. But when she goes into a scene, she is surprisingly workmanlike and conscientious.

A girl can't have her mind on her work all the time—it wouldn't be normal—not when she loves to dance as much as Annie does.

As for men—"Men are wonderful things—I like men very much. In numbers. Not concentrating on any particular one right now. Playing the field." (The field is thrilled, judging by the telephone calls that come in all the afternoon. Annie was indifferent, but—well, you know. Not too indifferent.)

"Marriage?... My goodness, I just got out of one. Why get in another?... But I'm not off marriage. Not a bit. It's a grand old custom—one that's here to stay, I'll bet. I hope to marry again some day, some time, and have fourteen children. Uh huh, fourteen. A nice round number, don't you think?... Right now, you see I'm concentrating on my career. Excuse me a minute..."

The telephone was ringing again. Annie said yes, she would love to go dancing at La Conga tomorrow night... But I know very well she was concentrating on her career all the time, because she plainly said she would have to be home before midnight.

And for Annie, the one who used to close up all the night clubs and wear out three pairs of dancing partners a week, this is revolutionary. It is almost exactly the same thing as not going out at all.

KINGS AND BROTHERS

The life story of George VI and Edward VIII, told by the world's master biographer, Emil Ludwig.

Here for the first time, the amazing human drama behind the English throne is told in full with sympathy and knowledge. These brothers held the scepter of the world's greatest empire. They wore the richest crown in history, George VI and Edward VIII are not merely the symbol of royalty, they are human beings, sons of the same mother, attached by the ties of blood and memories. They are figures in a great play that Shakespeare would have written had he lived in our times.

No other modern biographer has ever equaled the dramatic skill of Emil Ludwig. When his story appears, the pages of that dramatic magazine will become a stage lighted with the glow of history. You will live through the drama as if you were a part of it. Watch for this beginning in the May 20th issue of

LIBERTY

On Sale May 10th

From Ranch to Riches

(Continued from page 16)

Anniversary Sale

Rogers Silverplate

By Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths

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Every piece of this *Rogers Silverplate is stamped Oneida Ltd. That trusted Oneida name guarantees years of extra service. Because the wear point is overlaid with solid silver. Because Oneida's special Balanced Plating gives uniform protection. Because Oneida's scientific annealing insures extra-

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Just think of it...a complete *Rogers Silverplate Set for eight people...made and guaranteed by Oneida Ltd. Silverplate, in tarnish-proof wood chest ($3.50 value)...all for the unbelievably low price of $19.95.

See the beautiful patterns, compare the lustrous quality finish, feel the extra weight, try to bend the super-strong handles and tines. You'll say it's worth twice the price. Buy your $19.95 sets now, for Mother's Day, Spring Anniversaries and June Weddings.

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ON THE AIR, May 7th - "Melody and Violets" with ROBERT BEACHES and ARTHUR SHAW'S ORCHESTRA

Lewis Stone Is Really Judge Hardy

(Continued from page 21)

SURELY from just such a background may the beloved Judge Hardy have sprung, strong-hearted, with his virtues, sweetened by tolerance . . .

The Judge, too, I think, knew grievances in his younger days as, in his younger days on Broadway, Lewis Stone knew the life of a young man-about-town . . . and again, as Lewis Stone saw a tragedy in his early life when his young wife, mother of his two small daugh-
ters, so suddenly died, so they must have had his heart bruised, his sensibilities shocked, since only from such bruising can the judges of human kindness run with so fine and healing a flavor as our Judge presents on the screen.

"Yes, I guess in many respects the Judge and I are alike. Like myself, the Judge is not one to retire and take his ease. He has worked hard all of his life as I have worked hard all of my life. And neither of us could be happy away from his chosen profession. I feel that the Judge loves his work as I love mine. I am so glad, so glad I am an actor."

"Nor would the Judge be half the man he is without his family. Nor I. Nor any man. I have two daughters, as you know, and, in their twenties now, both married. Their own mother died when they were very small (Mr. MacDonald is fifty-nine years ago) and, as a result, they have always been with me through all of the various ages and have had the strong and good friends, my daughters and I. And so the Judge's 'family feeling' is some-
ting I need not feign or assume."

"The Judge, then, is the type of man who does his work conscientiously, to the best of his ability. And then lays down his gavel and goes home. And, similarly, I lay down my script and go home. And it is home. We have a five acre farm in the San Fernando Valley here in California. I have my chickens and ducks and horses and truck garden. I keep chickens and ducks because I like the noises they make. I may be hard, Farnyard noises. I don't know what kind of farmer the Judge would make," smiled Mr. Stone. "If I were a farmer I make. I get fine spurts of farming frenzy and potter about the land. And then the Judge, after the manner of their kind, go about undoing the damage I have done. I have a workshop on the premises and spend hours there, whittling and whistling away, ruining good lumber, turning out something perfectly im-
sequential.

"We live a very normal, very quiet, very happy life. We play an occasional game of bridge, but I don't know about the Judge's game. But for myself I can say only that I am one of the best 'contributors' to be found anywhere. They even match for me! We go to a neighborhood movie now and then, Mr. Stone and I. We have a circle of friends, most of them nonprofessionals. The girls come home for holidays and visit."

"If to be healthy, happy, busy, with-
out skeletons in the closet or frenzied
ambitions, is to be unexcelled, then I am coming to see me a lot of people. But we have our fun," smiled Mr. Stone, "we have our jobs, we have "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow . . . the Judge and I . . . ."

It would make an amusing tag line for a tobacco ad, I said, "Good-by, Judge Hardy." The really amusing part of it is that I really did!
Bright Victory

(Continued from page 24)

He was expelled from the University after six months, because of a shindig on the campus which became a hullabaloo and that late-for-all it seemed to the authorities a significant thing that George was the only one of thirty students who emerged from the fracas conscious and unruffled. Father Dan, casting about for something to occupy his protégé until the time for his use should wear off, roped him over to the famous Abbey Players theater and got him a job lugging props.

This chance opportunity became a living entity to George. With his face and braveness it was easy enough to persuade the director that he could handle a walk-in in a scene or two; and, with growing poise, he wangled a bit and then a part and finally a lead. He did these things, usually the night when Father Dan came backstage to say, quietly, "Come with me tonight, lad, if you would help your country."

An hour later George ducked his head to follow the priest through a lowering soldier into the cellar of an outskirt shop. Behind a table sat a man whose mouth was a grim line, which George observed George minutely from beneath lowered lids.

"This is Michael Collins," Father Dan told George, and the young man's eyes shone. He stepped forward and saluted.

"It's proud I am at this moment, sir," he said. "In my way of thinking you are a great patriot and a great leader."

Collins stood up and held out his hand. "Thank you. We need good lads. You're one I see." It was the highest praise he could offer.

Collins assigned him as his dispatch carrier. Then, for months, life was an exhilarating brew, holding the mystery and the secret-society quality dear to any youth's heart. New hiding places must be devised for papers, about his body and on the motorbike; new stories and explanations must be prepared for the British soldiers, who were getting a little suspicious of him at last.

They were stopping him more often, now, searching him with greater diligence. But he had been because of that night when he hopped a truck, rearranged to be driving that road at that hour, for Belfast.

There was fog this night, and even the towns were dark. George, walking silently at the edge of the road, heard the truck coming and as it slowed beside him he began to whistle "Where the River Shannon Flows."

"All right, George," the driver said, and he climbed up on the front seat.

Suddenly a shout came from a hedge-row, which they could see dimly to the right, and after a moment something hard struck the metal roof above them, clattered across it and fell into the road. At that moment George saw the dark uniform and the face of a British captain he had met in Dublin, peering over the brush. Then the figure, the face, were gone.

That object lying behind them in the road had been a hand grenade which had not exploded.

"Close one," the driver said laconically.

"Right, sir," George said. But, gun in hand, he followed out and looked back again into the fog. If he had been able to recognize—or think he had recognized—that officer... Well. It could have been any other man, couldn't it?"

The time was growing short, in any case, Collins' preparations for the final push were almost complete; and then would come climax, the pitched fight which would mean victory and all the things the brave little band had worked for; or defeat—and almost certain death.

Then, one afternoon, George sat at a table in a Dublin restaurant, eating mutton and reading a newspaper whose headlines told of raids by the British, of forays in the early morning hours, of clashes at remote villages. The waiter came up with coffee and George moved his arm to make room for the cup.

He felt that the waiter was looking at him curiously. He glanced up.

"Here you are, sir," the waiter told him, setting down the coffee. He added, softly, "Have you packed for your trip, yet?"

George stared after the man as he walked away. What the hell?

Something cold knotted in the pit of his stomach at that instant. The waiter had not been babbling. This was a signal, of some sort. Leaving the coffee untouched, he tossed coins on the table and, keeping himself from running with difficulty, went to his room.

He took a case of papers from his Gladstone, sorted them, burned some on the grate and slid the rest between the material and the lining of a window curtain.

He was lying on the bed, smoking and reading, when the squad of British soldiers knocked on his door. . . .

They departed disgruntled an hour later, leaving the room in a shambles but with the curtain untouched. "Don't go out of Dublin until you are given official release," the officer instructed him.

For a few minutes George stood motionless, staring at nothing, trying to make sense from what had happened. No logical answer presented itself.

Slowly he turned and began gathering his clothes to stuff them haphazardly into the Gladstone. When that was done he put on his hat and topcoat, took the bag, and went without hurry down the back stairs of the building.

Father Dan was waiting for him, in the growing dark, at their regular meeting place beneath a road bridge leading out of Dublin.

"The Holy Mother be praised!" the priest muttered, taking George's arm. "You're out of it, then. George, we've got Collins. They caught him in ambush and... But that makes him a martyr. When they've finished with the others they'll be after you. You'll have to make a break for it."

"I'll stay," said George, "and see the thing through." It's hopeless," Father Dan's hand was urgent on George's arm. "We'll try again—later—and then... But you've no time. I heard them talking. By morning, after they've found what they're hunting for, you'll have a price on your head of a hundred pounds."

"For a moment the two stood in silence. "God be with you," the priest said at last.

A moment later George stood alone, the world and his future in ruins.

Escape from Ireland and the British brought George Brent penniless and alone to America once more. There the fighting Irishman faced reality at last and there came to him love, marriage, divorce and the greatest honors Hollywood has to offer. Don't miss—July PHOTOPLAY.

Forever and ever

Life's finest sentiment demands the finest. A hand-wrought circlet of such beauty that time cannot outmode it—a ring so exquisite in its loveliness that admirers will never question its quality even though it be modest in price. Your jeweler will gladly show you the many different designs in Genuine Orange Blossom rings which have been prepared for your selection. Ask him for your copy of "Orange Blossoms," a lovely and useful book for brides.

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JUNE, 1939

77
SPECIAL TYPE MAKE-UP MATCHES WARM, PULSING COLOR OF HUMAN BLOOD

Shows Thousands How to Win Loveliness

Discovery of French Colorist Changes All Conceptions of Allure in Make-up—Utterly "Natural-Looking" in Effect

THERE is a new way of make-up that may help you win loveliness you never dreamed could be yours.

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And see the other gorgeous shades, too—like Framboise, Number 424—and Coronation Red, Number 401. What they will do for your appearance is almost beyond belief. At all drug and department stores.

Remember something special about the time you made that picture?"

"Only that it was made in the old shack of a studio Goldmont used to have off Vine Street," I says, trying to push away the years.

"The reuse is still a Goldmont re-release," says Jelliff. "Wasn't there something funny about your contract with them? Juda-horned-betelain, I know there was!"

"Well," I says, "Goldmont was a kind of half-baked outfit at the time and didn't have much dough. It seemed to me...

"It seems to me I drew up that contract," Jelliff interrupts me. "And that you've got certain rights... says I, suppose we could force Benny Rosman to show us a copy of it, but..."

"Maybe it won't be necessary," I fin-
ished for him. "Jelliff, my.trunk! Do you
suppose by any chance I saved my copy?"

The idea was enough to set us frantical. I helped Jelliff inside and began to sling that veteran baggage around like a redcap and then we dug in.

There were programs and clippings, but there was nothing even resembling a document. Then, just as I was about to give up, my eye caught an old menu. It was full of something else which dropped at my touch. Jelliff grabbed the folded paper with a yell like a jiterbug and set his spectacles on his nose.

"Here we are," he gurgled. "Let's see let's see, I pretty well remember it..."

Jelliff had done a job on that con-
tract which would have made of a modern Hollywood flesh-peddler jealous. He had drawn up a document by which instead of pay, I and Jim had taken part cash and a third interest in the picture. What was even more surprising, Jelliff had put in about reissues and dramatic or other speaking rights, as well as any published version. There was no ques-
tion in the world but that I still owned a piece of the month's top box-office release!

"My Gourd," says Jelliff tremulously, "didn't I tell you you needed a man's protection?"

Well, there is an old saw which says "An umbrella today keeps the rain away," and it certainly looked like we had found a paraplu. We were going to be able to bail out, but not, we figured, without opposition. Benny was hardly likely to ring for the cashier the moment we mentioned "Lillie of the Valley." And then, speaking of theatrical Angels, just as I and Jelliff were in the middle of talking about this the tele-
phone rang and I answered.

"Miss Lu Tour?" says one of those buttermilk female voices peculiar to pri-
vate secretaries, "Mr. Rosman of Gold-
mont calling." I put my hand over the receiver and told Jelliff.

"I'll bet he's got me another janitor job," I whispers and then Benny was on the line.

"Hello, Marie," he says pleasantly, "I haven't seen you in a long time. How's things?"

"What do you want me to do for you, Benny?" I says.

"Now, now," says Benny, "don't go flying to any conclusions. I've merely been thinking over what you said about our old quarrel and I'm man enough to admit you're right. Can't we bury the hatchet long enough for a little talk?"

"If it's buried where I can reach it easily," I says with caution.

"How about three o'clock at my office?"

"Okay," I says and hung up. Jelliff stared at me like an eager hound while I told him what had been said.

"I'm going with you if it kills me," says Jelliff grimly. "You may think you can do without a man's protection, but..."

By the time I and Jelliff and his crutches reached the Goldmont lot that afternoon, we had decided to play dumb bunny and let Benny do all the talking. The Big Front looked quite surprised when I introduced Jelliff.

"Agent, eh?" he says. "So even you have one in your pocket?"

"Witness for the defense," I corrected him. Benny, plainly excited, handed around cigars, even offering one to me.

"Look here, Marie," he finally began, "you did a little work on a picture called 'Bringing Up Mother' while I was in the East, remember?" I nodded.

"So I have been having some trouble with that picture," says Benny. "We've been getting howls of protest from the exhibitors and we've withdrawn the picture for a remake. Here is a chance for us to do each other some good. We can still retain your contract."

"I've been talking with the people who saw your footage and they are all agreed..."

"Miss La Tour," says Jelliff, "only did that work as a favor. She was a stand-
by to speak, without standing, salary or contract."

"I knew you were an agent," says Benny sadly. "Go on from there."

"She'll want a jump sum for the time she's already worked," says Jelliff, "and five hundred a week during the remake in case you need her."

"It's a holdup," says Benny, "so I'm not going to bargain. We've got half a million dollars in that film and in order not to throw it out the window, I have already got six of our best writers en-
larging Marie's part."

"And in spite of myself I couldn't help but feel pretty excited by that.

"That's interesting," I says, "but why am I so good all of a sudden?"

"Two reasons," says he. First, any-
body who can get be11's laugh out of a projection unit, holds something good. Second the reason is that reuse of "Lil-
lie of the Valley."

Then he picked up some papers towards Jelliff. "A memo agreement I had pre-
pared," says Benny. "You might look it over."

Three he picked up a couple of telephones while I and Jelliff went in-
to a huddle at the other end of the room.

The contract Benny offered was so near to what we wanted that there was no argument necessary, except it called for options, which Jelliff made me cross out.

"Just the one picture," he insisted in a whisper.

"You might be good, you know. And how about that old contract? Shall I jump him on it now?" I thought quick and shook my head.

"I may be a sentimental old fool," I whispered back, "but I'd rather set my-
self in right here on the strength of what I can do, than by means of any threat. We'll let 'Lillie' come up some time later. Right now I'd rather give an accounting than ask for more."

Well, by that time Benny had finished putting his phones through their lim-
itering up and we were back for the dotted line. Benny added his signature and then buzzed his secretary.

"Miss La Tour and I want to look at
I've always depended on Pond's Vanishing Cream for smoothing away little roughnesses. I'm delighted that now it has "Skin-vitamin" in it.
Westmore Color-Filtered Cosmetics
Transform your Complexion Instantly

In the motion picture world, they call Perc Westmore "the greatest colorist of all time!"... You have seen the evidence of his genius on the faces of the stars—on the set and off. Now you can see it on your own face! What Perc Westmore does for the stars, he can do for you—through his revolutionary discovery, COLOR-FILTERED COSMETICS. Cosmetics free of those hidden tones that cast ugly aging shadows, Make-up that gives you a thrilling constant glow—even under unflattering lights! Start with Westmore color-filtered Foundation Cream. Drop in at your drug department or ten-cent store today—and ask to see the four luminous shades with Powder to match.

"Well, it was like this, sir," says the white coat. "Miss Betty and Mr. Lorm were in the living room talking for a quite a while. They talked pretty loud once or twice and they both seemed excited over something. Then Mr. Lorm ran upstairs and pretty soon he came down with a couple of suitcases and put them in his car."

"Oh, my Gawd!" I says. "Go on!" The butler looked more embarrassed than ever.

"I'm not supposed to mention it," he says, "but I feel I should, to you, Miss La Tour. For you see Mr. Lorm gave me the address of a hotel in New York and told me to send the rest of his things there."

Then I asked the butler, "Miss Betty went with him, I suppose?"

"Yes, Miss La Tour."

"They've done it," I says bitterly. "They've eloped! The poor crazy child really meant what she said about getting herself off my hands and I didn't believe it."

"Hold on," says Chris, "maybe it's not too late to stop them. Didn't they say where they were headed? To Yuma? To the airport?"

"Well, sir," says the butler, now really upset, "I did hear a mention of San Pedro. There is a steamer sailing for New York tonight." Chris was fumbling with his bank roll before the man had finished speaking.

"We're going to catch that steamer," he says, hurriedly giving the man ten bucks. Then he turned to me.

"Hop along," he says, "if I step on it we can just about make the grade."

WELL, I will never forget that night drive so long as I live. The road to San Pedro was deep in fog that bellowed in from the ocean along the low lying stretches, blotting out the stars and throwing our own lights back in our faces. It was a long lonely road through the foothills, anyways you look at it, and Chris spoke only the whole way.

"Steamers are always late sailing," he says in a hoarse voice and I tried to take comfort in the idea.

Then, at last, the lights of San Pedro came into view. We dashed up over the bridge listening with all our might for the blust of a ship's warning signal. But there was no sound of it as we rattled in over the broken paving and railroad tracks of back streets, Chris taking every short cut he knew. And then, at last, there was the pier, all brightly lighted and busy, but with no sign of a ship. Suddenly I gave a cry and pointed to a ghostly form well out in the bay.

"Look, it's her," I says, "she's at sea. Oh, Chris, we're too late!"

Chris drew his brakes on so hard they screamed and dragged me out of the car.

"We'll get a boat," he hollered crazily. "We'll radio it and if they're on board we'll manage. Keep your chin up."

Then, at last, we were out on the dock, which was filled with that lدتdead slackness which follows when a big ship has just gone. Chris was grabbing everybody he could, asking questions, and I was looking around through the nervous tears which wouldn't keep out of my eyes. Then some instinct caused me to go straight out to the open part of the dock and there on a luggage truck sat Betty all alone, crying as if her heart would break.

Chris heard as soon as I called her name and came running. By then I was running towards her, too, and first thing we knew Betty had heard us and looked up.

"Gram," she called, "I've got them. Oh, Gram, Gram, look!"

With which she stood up and the cans of film on her lap dropped off and commenced rolling in all directions.


And then we were all after them, chasing the darned things which traveled as if they were alive. One rolled right to my feet. Betty threw herself at the path of another just before it leaped into the water. The last one went spinning down to the end of the pier, but Chris got it in time, and we all come together breathless with relief and excitement. I held out my arms to Betty but for once Betty didn't see them. Her head was already buried in Chris' coat, and his arms, I could see, had taken her up.

"Oh, darling," Betty was saying. "I've been such a fool. That's the proper thing to say, isn't it? Well, I mean it. And I love you, too, what I mean.

About that time I decided to walk back to the car and put those reels where they couldn't run away.

"Moving pictures," I heard myself muttering, "and I never before knew how fast they could move."

WELL, I would really prefer not to have this following part of the story published, on account it is really none of the public's business. But what with all the present light of publicity beating upon me, I expect the fan mags will make up something worse, so I might as well beat them to it and tell the truth.

Alex Lorm had stolen those films. He'd done it, as we thought, to get in with Betty. And Betty knew he'd taken them while she was sore at me, she hadn't done anything about it.

"At first he'd just hidden them," she told us. "And then when he heard the talk about your revival picture and Reis being interested, Alex couldn't decide whether to try and make some use of them or whether they were too hot to keep.

"But, why didn't he destroy them?"

Chris asked curiously.

"He was too much of a coward to do anything definite, I guess," says Betty. "So in the end he simply gave them to Mrs. Watt and told her a fool story about their being indiscret foreign films a friend wanted to screen. She promised to throw them overboard at sea.

"When I went there tonight and found that Alex didn't want to ask her to give them back I threatened to have him arrested for stealing them. We got them off the boat just in time.

"And Lorm has gone down to the sea in that old barge," I says. "Never mind, that's one kind of jail that's really hard to get out of!"

The rest of the story is too well known to repeat. Everyone has seen my hand and footprints where I did a backdrop in the wet concrete at Grauman's. Everyone knows about what "Bringing Up Mother" did when it was finally released and Reis knows, there was enough in the pictures to make it clear Betty and Chris were married and it is perfectly true that she baked that wonderful wedding cake herself.

However, one thing I do want contradicted. Mr. Jelliff is not penniless as has been implied. Not since he collected his commission on that old contract, as my agent.

And as for what the columnists say about me and Jelliff being after bound just because of our being seen together in the Brown Derby so much, well I wish to state that all that was the bids Benny and Mr. Reis are making against each other for my services. As Mr. Jelliff often says, we are too old to be thinking of such nonsense as marriage, BUT . . .

The End
Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 8)

sculptured line. The frog-walk exercise satisfied demands, because it pulls in your tummy, takes inches off your waist and firms your legs, especially if you wear a smoother line.

Penny illustrates for you (Exercise B) that old stand-by to firm your tummy which will literally melt flesh off your thighs. You were probably taught how to do it in grammar school and, if you're not, it faithfully ever since, you can skip the following instructions. To do it correctly, as Penny shows you, you stand up very straight and lift your arms lifted fingers touching at the back of your head. Then you take a deep breath and sink slowly, keeping your back straight. Raise yourself to standing position again, without wavering, and exhale. This will help you keep the shape of the thighs and hips and also mold your legs in a nice streamlined way.

Not for Penny, merely touching the floor with her finger tips. She can lay both her hands flat on the floor (Exercise C) without any difficulty at all. And when you're learning without fail. You probably won't be able to do it the first few times you practice, but if you just keep on it soon will be able to. The main thing, of course, is to keep your legs straight while reaching down. You'll feel all at the back of your legs and have the comforting feeling that this exercise, too, is firming your legs. If you're thin you'll be more than pleased with the results. And a lovely, beautifully molded figure is more than your balancy work and effort that's necessary to achieve it.

THE COLOR PROBLEM—after you've gotten this lovely figure for yourself, naturally you want to display it. After all, what's the use of being positively streamlined if there's no one to appreciate it? So, your first idea is to dash right down to the beach and boll gracefully to see. That's all very well and good, but you'd better make up your mind first whether you want to look like a white or go in for a nice tan sun. There are several things to consider. In the first place, the smart new spring and summer make-up are very delicate. They're not quite as purplish or cyclamen as they have been this winter, but there's still a deep blue in the pink.

The pastel tones in make-up are definitely set for the spring and summer—delicate pinks, pastels, shell, shell pink, shell pink, shell pink, shell pink. Even eye shadows are not so dark or so bright. The light blue eye shadow is the smartest and most popular and, of course, your nails should be pink, too, to match your cosmetics instead of the deep red or purplish tones we've worn all winter. A blonde looks as fragile as a Victorian lady in this make-up and almost any man wants to shelter and protect the helpless little creature.

There's a new shade in make-up out too, for the brunet who can't wear the pastel shades so becoming to blondes. It's a bright, new, vivid red, a true scarlet that comes in both lipstick and rouge and also in nail polish. It accentuates a black or white or navy costume in a very charming manner.

It's always a matter of individual taste as to whether or not you want to acquire a glowing sun tan. But before you do, take your make-up into consideration.

If you're blonde and wearing pastel cosmetics, then you can't tan at all or you'll ruin the entire effect of your make-up. What you can do, though, is to coat yourself to a nice brown and wear this vivid red lipstick discussed above, because it accentuates your tan and is very smart. Brunettes can wear whether they tan or not, so they don't have the blondes' problem.

Before you go out in the sun, remember what a time you had last year trying to get your skin into shape again after a long, hard summer spent outdoors. The sun dries and coarsens your skin, if you've exposed it too much, and it's a long hard struggle to bleach it out and soften it so that you don't look like a weather-beaten fisherman. Be moderate in your sun tanning and keep your skin well lubricated.

A good idea is to get all the sun tan you want on the rest of your body but protect your face. It's healthy to stay out in the sun, but it doesn't do your face very much good because the drying-out effect is too difficult to combat. You needn't worry about your pale face in contrast to your tanned arms and legs, because you can easily remedy this by simply using a dark powder on your face. It will save you loads of grief later on when the summer is over and you wish you hadn't been the athletic type and wonder why you didn't just stay under an umbrella on the beach.

You can get special lotions and bases, too, that you can use both as a sun repellent and a foundation cream, so you won't have to worry about protecting your complexion.

Be careful of your hair when you go in salt water because it makes hair sticky and raises havoc with your wave. Set your hair with brillantine to keep it in place and get plenty of all shampoos to keep it glossy. Elaborate hairdos are too difficult to manage during the summer. If you're going to be running around outdoors and a simple charming hair style that doesn't take much time or trouble to arrange is more attractive anyway for an informal summer.

Cutting your hair short in the new baby manner is really the ideal solution for a carefree life for it's terribly smart and practically no trouble to take care of. You can even wash and set it yourself with a minimum of bother. If you have the kind of face that can get away with it, it takes years off your age and adds a pleasant charm to your features.

Norma Shearer and Bebe Davis are two of the Hollywood stars who have had their hair cut in both the boyish and enormously becoming to both of them.

Revolon's NEW Spring nail enamel shade

*Spring is a gypsy...and TRINCAR is a Flamboyant queen! Gypsy roseced... rich, wonderful with navy, black, grey, beige and all the flowers pastel so important fashionably this season. Like Revolon, TRINCAR comes in three graduated tones—all styled to individual taste. And so you may choose TRINCAR—light gypsy roseced, or TRINCAR-2, medium gypsy roseced, or TRINCAR-3, dark gypsy roseced, with the certainty that—light, medium or dark—its the loveliest, most fashionable shade you can wear! Smart women the world over say that Revolon is best for locks, best for wear, best for nails. You—and your nails—will prefer Revolon Cream Nail Enamel. Its soft, creamy texture keeps nails on their best behavior. Ask for Revolon 1, 2, 3 or 3. Featured in leading department stores and in quality beauty salons.

Revolon CREAM nail enamel
Do you want Men to Whisper to you or about you?

Use a long-lasting Deodorant

"You need a true perspiration check that your ball can't render ineffective, that won't fail you after tennis, a walk, dancing."—Dorothy Bix

ATTRACTIVE GIRLS will go on longing—in vain—to have "sweet nothings" whispered in their ears, until they learn the simple rule of long-lasting personal daintiness.

Every girl needs a long-lasting deodorant . . . one that cannot be neutralized by a shower, or become ineffective after an afternoon of shopping or an evening of dancing.

No matter how sweet you are at the beginning of the day—or evening—excitement, exercise, nervousness are bound to make you perspire. Once your underarm becomes damp, your fate is sealed.

Perspiration odor may not only kill your glamour on that occasion. Its stale odor, intensified by the heat of your body, will hover around you every time you wear that dress—and people will turn away disilluminated, revolted.

Play Safe!

If you think this couldn't possibly apply to you, smell the armpit of the dress you are wearing when you take it off. It may explain the disinterested attitude of men you have known.

No wonder so many refined and cultured women consider the use of Liquid Odorono so important to their charm and poise. Liquid Odorono keeps your underarm dry from 1 to 3 days. It instantly diverts perspiration from that one small-closed-in area to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely. A doctor's prescription, it scientifically controls dampness, odor, staining.

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Most women need only two applications of Liquid Odorono a week. You can forget about odor or dampness—or the dreadful fear of embarrassment from it—for as much as three days! Think how easily that solves the problem of everyday dampness.

Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Also in Ice form. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. The large size is more economical. Buy a large-size bottle or jar today! The Odorono Company, Inc., New York, N. Y.

came to our third test of Paul Muni, one person said: "Make him darker," another: "Change the high lights." We started all over again but we got off on the wrong track. Finally we came back to the third test, which was by far the best.

Bette Davis didn't need many make-up tests. Per Warrick continued: "I wanted her to look as fragile as Dresden china. Ordinarily we'd give her a much darker make-up. But we threw aside all rules. With a very light make-up and dark lip rouge, framed by her black wig, her face looked definitely chiseled. Caro'lla's mouth had a Cupid's bow and a perpetual smile. We painted Bette Davis' mouth with slightly upturned corners. She liked it so much that now she paints it upturned all the time.

We cut her hair down to about three inches all around her head. She wears it slightly swirled. It's definitely a new trend. We didn't have to cut off her hair. We could have dyed it black. But the wig was better for Caro'lla's smoothly polished headresses. And it's very becoming to Bette.

"Maximilian was the blond. We had to bleach Brian Ahern's hair and make a plaster cast of his face to get the exact shape of his jaw, so his beard would fit. We tied each hair individually to a mask of hairlace (a fine net invented by Westmore in 1930). It took Ahern two and a half hours to put on his beard each morning and he found he couldn't chew when he wore it. He had to drink his lunch through a straw all during the picture.

Every one of the hundreds of extras playing Frenchmen, Mexicans and Australians was made up individually. Our make-up people were here at four in the morning, cleaning and labeling the three hundred mustaches used each day, for they had to be ready for the extras at six.

We get our first glimpse of the shooting of "Juarez" on stage 7, where in the busily rushing council chambers, lined with gilded columns, the costume makers are busy tomorrow the studio is under constant transformation. The scenes are being moved the lighting is changed.

The first shot is a long establishing shot of the players at the council table. This one is made with the camera and cameramen perched on top of a long crane suspended above the heads of the players. "Okay for sound," calls the mixer. They can begin the scene.

Louis Napoleon has undertaken the conquest of Mexico because the United States has been too busy with the Civil War to enforce the Monroe Doctrine. Word comes to him that the North has won the battle of Gettysburg.

"It's your business," Claude Rains yells at his Minister of War, "to know when you will win a battle before it is fought.

To save Mexico for France, Eugenie suggests creating a puppet emperor, and Fremont, the adoring Napoleon, will return to France the lands confiscated by Juarez, the Mexican president.

"Of course, the request for a sovereign must come from the Mexican nation itself," Gale Sondergaard says slyly, meaning that they will hold a fake plebiscite (like Hitler's).

MOST scenes last about a minute, or part of it. But this action-packed two-minute sequence. Now it is broken up into medium shots and close-ups so that the facial expressions of the characters can be seen. These will be intercut with the long shot.

Gale Sondergaard and Claude Rains, go off the set to relax. "I don't mind playing a villain," Gale Sondergaard tells us. "Eugenie is a fascinating character, even though she does everything she can to balk what the picture stands for—the cause of democracy. I'm proud to play Eugenie because she shows up the side of dictatorship in its true colors. This is the most magnificent script I've ever read."

Claude Rains, having his goatee adjusted by the make-up man on the set, bears a striking resemblance to the Winterhalter portrait of Louis Napoleon in the Tuileries (bought by the studio to hang in Maximilian's palace in Mexico). "They had to cut down my mustache," he tells us, "otherwise, you'd see only my enemies face.

The rest of the week will be spent shooting all the scenes which take place in the council chamber, the chef's quarters. Gale Sondergaard gets sick. Jack Sullivan has to switch the schedule and call Bette Davis to play one of her insanity scenes.

THAT night, set carpenters hurriedly construct the set of a Paris hotel room. Scenic artists paint the backings of buildings to be seen through the window. Overhead pipes are laid to give the effect of rain.

The next morning the set-dresser "dresses" the room with dark draperies, a little oil lamp and plush furniture of the period.

When we see the set, it is as dimly lit as an ordinary room. We ask Tony Gaudio, director of photography, why there is so little light.

"I'm making a new kind of film, so much faster than any we've ever used that we only need half as much light," he explains. "It gives the photographer a chance to use more natural lighting so that when you see the scene on the screen, you're not looking at a motion picture set."

Gaudio never touches the camera himself. His operating camera assistant does that. But Gaudio directs the composition of every shot and its lighting. In a corner of the set, director Dier- terle is silently going over the scene with Bette Davis, dressed in gray.

In this scene, she is desperate because she has come to Paris to get help for Maximilian, stranded in Mexico. Napoleon has refused to help her. She is about to begin to lose faith, and now Prince Metternich comes to see her.

Bette plays the scene. Her voice is loud and indignant. We see her sitting in a chair in semidarkness, her white face distraught. In the drab hotel room, rain falls against the window. "Help me, Prince Metternich. They want to kill me," she cries.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Photoplay regrets postponing until next month the gay and frolicsome account of teen-age activities in Hollywood, "Young Fry Society." You'll find it in JULY PHOTOPLAY

PHOTOPLAY
"Who, your Majesty?" Metternich (Walter Kingsford) asks.

The Evil One. He is trying to poison me," Tears stream down her face. "Help me to get to my husband." It sounds so real that we forget she is playing a scene. When it is over, no one speaks. Everyone is moved.

In her dressing room, getting out of her voluminous petticoats, Bette tells us the surprising fact that her last scene has not been difficult to play.

"That's because Dieterle has such an amazing understanding of what I'm supposed to do. He plans all my action for me. I don't plan my scenes in advance. I let them work themselves out on the set. If I went around thinking about my insanity scenes, I'd go crazy.

"The really difficult thing for me," Bette says, "was learning those formal speeches. I usually learn lines by sequence of thought and my lines follow naturally. But for Carlotta, I had to say them only the way they were written."

When the Carlotta-Maximilian part of the schedule was finished, the Juarez part of the story began. The palaces were torn down and Mexican sets built in their place. When we visit stage 7 again, instead of Napoleon's council chamber we see an El Paso saloon. In an alcove, three men are sitting—Montalvo, leader of the Mexican reactionaries (Montagu Love), Uradi, vice-president under Juarez (Joseph Calleia) and a Creole, Le Marc (Louis Calhern). They are plotting to overthrow Juarez and make Uradi president.

In the foreground, through the latticed screen behind the three actors, we see Mexicans talking and drinking. We notice that they are acting in pantomime. This is because their voices would interfere with the words of the three actors in the foreground. When the scene is finished, the sound mixer makes a recording of their voices and laughter called a "wild track." This will be used for dialogue later.

Now they take a close-up of Louis Calhern. He has to eat peanuts while speaking lines. But the peanuts are too much for him. Ordinarily a one-take actor, Calhern muffs his lines. Dialogue director Irving Rapper goes over them with him. By the time Calhern has made a perfect take, he has consumed a great many peanuts. Now everyone on the set is eating peanuts.

The man replenishing the peanuts is Pat Patterson, property man, who looks a great deal like Spencer Tracy. Patterson is kept busy fetching everything needed from a huge property trailer always on the set. Its index lists items as diverse as chicken coops, adhesive plaster and vultures.

"No matter what's called for, we've got to get it," Patterson says. "When Dieterle wanted John Garfield as Diaz, army leader, to eat Mexican corn in his prison cell, we had to scrounge around for it. Corn was out of season in December but there's no such word as 'can't' in the movie industry. We finally located the corn in the agricultural experimental station of the University of California, at four dollars an ear, plus postage. We bought and consumed at least a dozen ears for one scene and it took three days to shoot the scene.

"We used at least 10,000 separate property items in this picture and at least 1,000 hand props (those which can be picked up and put down) and consumed at least a dozen ears for one scene and it took three days to shoot the scene.

"When I went out into the dead acres of the desert and started taking shots, they were all approved. I can imagine how that.dry grass and sand could make the air so thick that you could hardly see."

"The exteriors scenes are shot on the Warner Brothers' ranch at Calabasas in the San Fernando Valley. Here platers, carpenters and scenic artists have spent a month constructing a picturesque Mexican city, stretching for many acres, complete with solid stone buildings, carved wooden doors, cobbled streets and a colored-domed Cathedral.

"Hundreds of Mexicans throng the streets in bright shawls, straw hats and sandals—old men, fat women, little children. You follow them into a huge square, where on the steps of a building you see the living impersonation of the Indian Juarez."

"You wouldn't recognize Paul Muni. You stare at his dark red make-up, his broad cheekbones, his sleek black hair. You notice his slightly stooped shoulders, his high celluloïd collar, his black frock coat. He looks every inch like the pictures of the statesman. His make-up is so complicated that his stand-in wears a rubber mask instead of Muni's black-up. But, contrary to some reports, Muni does not wear a mask. "It's done with mirrors," he smiles.

Paul Muni is playing one of the most dramatic scenes in the picture. Uradi, taking advantage of a loophole in the constitution, has made himself president of Mexico. Juarez comes alone and unarmed to see him in his heavily guarded headquarters. Crowds follow Juarez. Uradi orders his soldiers to fire at him, but one by one they lower their rifles.

"I have come here to confront Senator Uradi in the presence of you all so that you yourselves may judge which of us is honest. Command him to come out."

"Uradi is afraid. I don't dare," he says in his headquarters. "He has an awful power over crowds."

Outside, the crowd keeps calling for him. In desperation, Uradi comes out and orders Juarez arrested. "Kill the traitor!" someone cries. One of the crowd fires a gun at him. Uradi falls dead. Exaltedly the crowd shouts "Viva Juarez!"

Dieterle directs all the crowd scenes himself. Standing by the camera above the crowd, he tries to get a mounting tempo. "Raise your fists like this—now 'Kill the traitor!" he cries passionately. But too many extras shout the lines at once. Then he picks three men with loud voices to say them.

Six times they rehearse until he is satisfied and they are ready to shoot. The Mexicans play the scene to the hilt. "Viva Juarez!" they shout, throwing their straw hats in the air.

They spend the afternoon taking close-ups of Paul Muni addressing the crowd, using "booster" lights to help out the wayward sun.

So ends another day in the production of "Juarez," a picture destined to be one of the most important of the new year, because it has something to say and because it has actors, a director and a cameraman who know how to say it.

Next month you will attend the 'Dole' where you will see the scenes you have watching being taken, you will go into the cutting room and watch the editor assembling the film. You will talk to the composer and hear the orchestra recording the score and you will be present at the re-recording, where all additional sounds are added to the dialogue. You will see for yourself how a motion picture is put together in its final form before it is shown in your neighborhood theater. Watch for this sidelight on movie making in July Photoplay.

JUNE, 1939
Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 6)

200% AMERICAN

I'm on the warpath against all product-

ers, whose IQ is so low they can't

imagine the American Red Man as any-

thing but a war-painted, scalping sav-

age. Instead of scientists (the phallic)
digging into the grave of grandfather

Indian to find out how he lived in order

to write it up in some dusty book, pro-
ducers could gain even more by taking

a traveling studio and visiting the

Red Man's grandchildren. Ask them
to go back a hundred or more years into

the legends, ceremonials and symbolism
and record them for future generations.

Their legends are more romantic and
mystifying than any story coming out

of Hollywood. Their code of honor and
punishment would we well to copy.

The child mimicking Indian dancing
and symbolism has no time for "Dead
End" trials. Hail to this Lochnivar who
can rescue from oblivion the only real

American!

MRS. VIOLET THUNDERCLOUD,
Chicago, Illinois.

P.S.—I am a paleface.

HUMANIZING HEDE

Now that she is on the tip of America's
tongue, what do we say about Hedy Lamarr?

For one thing, there's the way she's
being handled in Hollywood. I was

reading that while she was working on
her new picture, the studio discovered
that if she spoke too much, her aura of
mystery and glamour was lost and she
was decided to hold her lines down to
a minimum in the future.

Just how long do they suppose they

can keep that up without having fifty
million once gaga males yawning in

her screen face? Stars such as Myrna
Loy retain their popularity because they're
like mild wine; they

tingle the blood nicely and leave a
pleasant memory. A too heavily glamar-

ized Lamarr makes for a "heady" drink
that prompts one to wonder groggily
what he had seen in all it.

I'm not one to view with alarm, but

let me point out the classic example of
Marlene Dietrich. There are coinci-
dences, too, in both stars' careers. Each
made a foreign picture which served to
introduce her to the American people.

The first made-in-Hollywood efforts of
both had closely allied localities which
told their names to the pictures' titles:
"Morocco," "Algeria."

In my opinion Hedy Lamarr has ex-
cellent possibilities as a star, but she
must be more humanized by her studio
in order to make her into one of the
heroes and heroines of the average movie fan last longer
than the proverbial snowball in Hades.

HERMAN PAKULA, Chicago, Illinois.

SOMETHING NEW AND DIFFERENT

For just one year I'd like to see things
done right. I vote a ban on all "class-
ics," "remakes" and Broadway plays as
subjects for the directors to get busy on.

Then I'd like to look in on the writers
on the studio payrolls hurrying the mid-
night oil trying to think up completely
original plots, just to find out if there is
such a thing as an honest-to-goodness
writer among the highly paid literary
lights of the movie colony. They've been
getting too much in the habit of taking
off dusting off books like "Huckleberry
Finn," or "The Little Princess" and dig-
ning up old films, or paying fabulous
sums for hits from the Great White
Way. I yearn for a surprise dish to
vary the same old diet of strawberry
shortcake.

Helen Cummings,
Salisbury, North Carolina.

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY, ETC.

ERROL FLYNN reminds me of the character in "Holiday," the one who believed that a job and money were not more important than enjoying life while young enough to do so.

I'll admit that he's a strange individual
and that his convictions are not of
the conservative type or apt to strike
most people as being sensible, but I ad-
mire him for standing by his beliefs.

He is a fine actor, but I have the
feeling he could do more if he would
get down to it. In "The Sisters" and "Dawn Patrol" he came nearer realistic characterization than in other roles. I
should like to see him go deeply into
some good roles, leaving the spectacular
physical exhibitions alone, although he
has no equal in such pictures and has
brought more color, excitement and con-
viction to his swashbuckling roles than
any other actor.

Ellen Barkdoll,

HAIL CESAR

If ever there was a man who could be
called a "charming" villain it's Cesar
Romero. He plays the part with dash, humor and devi-
ously good looks to the audience. What the screen
needs is a few more humorous rascals.

For one thing, he's glad Romero never wins the
gal (though I bet that smile of his proves
plenty of them in real life).

Kathleen Hayes,
Valier, Montana.

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT

I READ PHOTOPLAY

and think it is es-

pecially good. It

lacks only one thing
and that is a column for
teens. Us "teensters"
want to know how to
overcome certain
problems, a few beauty
hints, manners when
going out, etc. I am
quite sure many "teen-
sters" will agree with
me.

A CONSTANT READER,
Lansing, Michigan.

In next month's
PHOTOPLAY a smart little
teenster" will find
lots of hints on what
to do when your best
friend has been taken to the graduation prom—in
"Young Fry Society."

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY

The missing links in PHOTOPLAY's picture story appearing on pages 40 and 41 are:

1. Three Comrades
2. Jesse James
3. Cowboy from Brooklyn
4. Oklahoma Kid
5. Valley of the Giants
6. Too Hot to Handle
7. Gold Is Where You Find It
8. Gateway
9. Just Around the Corner
10. Brother Rat
11. Blonde
12. One in a Million
13. Kentucky Moonshine
14. Tail Spin
15. Love, Honor and Behave
16. Toy Wife
17. Shining Hour
18. Shopworn Angel
19. Mad Miss Manton, The
20. Idol's Delight

PHOTOPLAY

MAN'S-EYE View

unsightly hair spoils your charm

Rinse It Off This Easy Way!

Everything you go, this year, your
legs are sure to show! With the new,
short-length skirts, you must keep
your legs alluring...smooth...and
free from hair. Remove ugly hair as
millions of women do—the easy and
convenient next way.

Just spread neet (like a cold cream)
on unwanted hair...then rinse it off
with water. That's all you do. Gently,
neet removes hair from your legs—
and forarms, too.

Neet leaves your skin smooth as sat-
in, and petal-soft.

Avoid Briskly Razor Stubble

There are no sharp, wiry hairs to
nag your stockings or
no scraped or
roughened skin...
and no danger of cuts when you use
Neet. For lovely arms and legs, with
no unsightly hair, get Neet! At drug
and department stores.

Generous trial size at
each ten-cent store.

Neet Just Rinse Off
Unsightly Hair

to membership in several of our well-thought-of medical societies. Most renowned physicians will admit, privately, that they consider this point of view obsolete: they think that a woman beautifully suffers from possession of an ugly nose as worthy of the best surgical attention as one whose appearance has been ruined by an accidental scar. Yet conservative surgeons will operate in the second case, and not in the first.

The point is that many of the most skillful plastic surgeons refuse to operate for such frivolous reasons as beauty. There are women who insist on cosmetic surgery are denied their help. Some of the cosmetic surgeons are highly skilled, and probably as well equipped to operate as their more orthodox rivals. Others are outright quacks. And it is very hard for a layman to distinguish between the two.

Seventy-five per cent of all beauty operations, say the doctors, are performed to remove the signs of age. But there are dozens of other operations available to a woman who is dissatisfied with her appearance.

IMAGINE the entirely hypothetical case of a woman who now lives in San Francisco with a comfortable bank account, a homely face and an inestimable desire to be beautiful, nonetheless. She is willing to spend at least $5,000 and six months of her life in becoming a beauty. Look her over: she has a thick, sticky waist and is fifteen pounds overweight, from the camera's exciting viewpoint. Her nose is an undistinguished hump. Her eyes are narrow slits. Her mouth is too wide, and the lips are too coarse. Her hair shows signs of exposure and neglect. In spite of her youth, there is a suggestion of a double chin. Her chin itself tends to recede. Her eyelashes are short and skimpy. She wears glasses— and needs them. Her teeth are ugly and uneven. Her ears protrude. But she wants to be in pictures!

Very well: her first visit will be to the dentist, who will probably advise her to have her own teeth filed down so she can attach beautiful, gleaming porcelain caps. (This will cost her about $1,000, and take a month or so.) Next, she must take up the problem of reducing and adopt a stringent diet. Then she will make her first call on the cosmetic surgeon.

The first feature which he will attack will be that nose. The doctor and the patient discuss the general outlines of the nose-to-be. If it is an ugly hump, or hook type, she must be broken; if only the tip needs changing, no fracture is essential.

Little Jane Doe is given a local anesthetic and the surgeon sets to work. In the dentist's office all the changes from the inside of the nose, so that no scars will ever show, but—since she has caused a hemorrhage—the young lady will find herself with two of the finest black eyes she ever saw. She will spend a few days in a hospital recovering, and then the make the scaffolding of bandages away to admire her beautiful new nose, which the surgeon-sculptor fashioned for her.

Next—the chin. Some unfortunate women with receding chins also have buckteeth. In these cases, the operation must be followed by a straightening of the upper teeth to make them point down, instead of out. And a patient may have to wear braces for a year.

But our little aspirant to beauty has simply an Andy Gump chin, with no complicating circumstances. When she has recovered from her nose complaint, she returns to the plastic surgeon's table and is again given a local anesthetic. This time he attacks the problem from the inside of the mouth: an incision is made between the lower teeth and the lower lip. If her trouble had been a protruding jaw, he would at this point have removed some of her jaw bone. Since the opposite is the case, he inserts into the chin a piece of ivory, cut to the needed shape, and moors it firmly into place.

The recovery from this operation will not take long and, during it, odd jobs of face-changing can be performed.

The widening of the eyes is an operation which increases the range of vision and has a certain optical value. Little Jane Doe, in search of beauty, can have her eyes widened in five minutes in the doctor's consulting-room, and will have fully recovered, with luck, in about a week. At the outside corner of the eyes, small slits are made on both the outer and inner edges. While this operation is in progress, the doctor may tell Miss Doe about the quite recent attempt to increase the width of the outer edges, in case, are sutured together, so that the heel closed, and an oval-shaped eye results.

Another common eye-operation corrects the "sleepy" effect of drooping lids: the eyelid is cut along the top of the eyeball and some of its skin removed, along a straight incision. By this time Jane Doe is beginning to shape up nicely: her greatest worry now is narrowing her mouth. This is another out-of-office operation, which should not cut too heavily into her day. The doctor gives her a local anesthetic and, when this has taken effect, makes two incisions on the inside of the mouth, one along the upper and one along the lower lip. Tissue is removed, if necessary, and the coarse lips made finer. At the same time, the edges of the mouth are sutured together, narrowing it. (If Miss Doe had wanted a larger mouth than she had, slits would have been made at the corners of the lips, as they are on her eyes. And if she had asked for a Cupid's bow, these would have been slanted upwards, to correct their tendency to droop.)

She is lucky in having her lips too full, rather than too narrow. The second condition can be corrected, but healing requires rather more fuss and time for the tissue is stretched, after the lip has been opened up, and scar tissue about an eighth of an inch wide is allowed to grow. Similarly, upper lips that are too short can be lengthened by dropping the lip down from the nose.

While all these changes were being made, our young woman has presumably been losing weight, besides. In the past some very dangerous diets have been devised: perhaps the worst one (which peeled off twelve pounds in four days) limited the ladies to a diet of orange juice and required that they take four ounces of castor oil at bed time. The skimmed milk and bana-

Today, Hollywood women have learned not to break down their health through spartan frugality. Those who contract require that they shall weigh only so much at a certain date some-
times take half a dozen hot paraffin baths at the Elizabeth Arden Holly-

You're a lucky girl when you receive a Genuine Registered Keepsake Diamond Ring. With it comes the gold bond guarantee of registration and quality.

Look for the name Keepsake stamped in the ring . . . for five decades it has been the guarantee of quality of design and value, sparkling beauty and smart styling. Ask to see Keepsakes at leading jewelry stores. There is a style to just suit you at the price you want to pay.

**Alluring STARS**

Reveal the Secret of
an Exquisite Figure...

**The John Wing BRASSIERE**

created by RENEE of HOLLYWOOD

A thrilling revelation from glamorous Hollywood stars! Hollywood decrees . . . "Breasts must be high, round and separated...yet firmly and naturally supported." Admiring eyes acknowledge your success when you wear Renee's Toby Wing Brassiere. See it today at your lingerie counter!

For a free autographed photograph of Toby Wing mail your name, address and name of your favorite brassiere shop to Renee of Hollywood, 743 Santee Street, Los Angeles, California.
wood, salon; in these, the patient is covered with the most exquisite hair parfum, which closes the pores, is bundled into waxed paper and piled high with blankets. When permitted to perspire for from twenty to forty-five minutes in a single bath, one may lose two to six pounds—for the time being, at least.

But most actresses, today, resort to orthodox medicine for help in this problem. Janie Doe, fashion designer, takes three egg-white masks a month, and will follow their example. They may resort to the Cottage Hospital in Santa Barbara for the face-lift, a procedure put on a scientifically suitable diet for their particular condition. Mary Carlyle is one Cottage Hospital patient. She is an invalid, other who got her diet from her physician; she doesn’t diet now, he says, but she has a beauty which aways with her luncheon is the usual lettuce salad and that her breakfast consists of “black coffee and a gardenia,” as one of them put it. “Joan sniffs the gardenia.”

Our Miss Doe can take off her fifteen pounds by a physician’s diet, but this may not solve the problem of that large waist of hers: for this, exercise and massage are indicated. But if—as may be the case—her face has a sagging look and her breasts are not firm, back to the plastic surgeon.

**SUPPOSE** that our Miss Doe thinks that her twenty-two years are showing; she will realize that most middle-aged girls of her age have a face-lift. What comes after the face-lift depends on what she or her physician or the patient herself desires. Some recommend following an operation with a light skin peel. Most beauty surgeons, however, are opposed to peeling.

A complete face-lift consists of two operations: the “operation,” which draws up the skin of the face and neck, and the “peeling,” which draws away the crow’s feet and wrinkles around the eyes. Either can be performed in an hour and recovery of period of recovery is less than three weeks.

Slight scars remain after these operations; tiny stitches along the lower lid are taken for the eye-lift, and these are easily concealed under the lashes. But the “face-lift” requires lifting the skin around the edges of the ear and leaves a slight scar in the hair line at the side-front. Of this you may be reasonably sure: any actress who wears her hair combed to the top of her head has not had it done. If your Miss Doe has have her face lifted either in the doctor’s office or in a hospital.

A few days later, she will return to her regular schedule. At the end of two or three weeks, when the stitches are out, she can face the world—or take up the question of a peel.

**PEEFLING**—sometimes called sheiling— the skin removes the top layers and exfoliates the old epithelial layer under

Just how dangerous it is, de-

pends largely on the formula used for peeling. On the skin itself, the face-lifter, Doe, if she is wise, will go to her own doctor for an “allergy” test of the chem-

ic and suitability of the formula. She will discover whether she possesses any idiosyncrasies which might make her react to any of the peels used.

One of Hollywood’s best-known experts is Irene Hobson, a silent picture actress herself, who, now, at seventy, runs a beauty salon of her own. She includes, besides the peel, reducing diets, exercise, a course in a new outlook.

Miss Doe, if she comes to terms with Irene, will now disappear from the world for a month, during which time she will not be found in the theater or parlour. Her face will be treated with a special oil and covered with a mask to prevent irritation. When the old epithelial layer is sloughed off, and the mask removed, the baby skin underneath will be fed and nurtured with oils until it is strong enough to stand the outside world.

If our Miss Doe had not already had a reducing course and a face-lift, she could not both of these in one place. The “central face-lift” used here is not, how- ever, surgical: it shrinks the face by a diet made from tree broom and is also taught how to walk, breathe, carry properly and develop a cheerful frame of mind. Irene Hobson has snowy white hair and a young face.

One of the newer peeling methods is that used by Gloria Blake, who operates branches in both New York and Hollywood. Celebrities have come to her for the removal of freckles. And it was she, she says, who peeled the face of the Duke of Windsor at Cannes and re- freshed the bags under his eyes.

The Bristol treatment requires a week or ten days out of Miss Doe’s life: after her allergy tests, she appears at the salon and her face is washed with colloid sulphur soap and swabbed with a mineral salt solution. On the second day of the treatment, a concentrated form, is applied: the face, at this stage, swells and turns very red. Later it turns brown and dries to a few feet of a very bad sunburn. For three days the patient must remain indoors and she will probably prefer not to see her physician on the fourth day, when the mask begins to crack and after one or two days more it is peeled off. Twice a week thereafter, for five weeks, the patient is given plastic masks of herbs and honey. (Such peeling treatments may cost Miss Doe $500 or more.)

**SURELY** now, you think, Miss Doe is ready for the wintering at home. She is a beautiful, gleaming teeth, a lovely nose, wide, appealing eyes, a firm, baby skin and a glorious figure. But has she?

Many girls of today suffer from sagging breasts, and this condition might still interfere with her career. Very well, then. Back to the plastic surgeon who will re-shape the breasts, under local anesthetic, to accord with the pa- tient’s ideals. There are many cases of uplift possible after breast operations today, and the only scar, in most cases, is a slight one.

These operations are only mildly pop- ular in Hollywood. You probably read of an heiress who nearly died at the birth of her child. It is said that a real threat illness was caused by the fact that her breasts had been lifted in such a way that the milk glands were out of place. This, however, is unusual.

If Miss Doe still suffers from deficien- cies, there is nothing left but what can be done for her: fat stomachs have been often corrected by surgery, but this drastic method is needed only for older women, who have allowed their figures to get shockingly out of shape. And as for thick legs—nothing that any- body can do will correct this. One Hollywood aspirant permitted a surgeon to open up her legs, along the stocking seam, and to insert electric wires which suck out the flesh away. It returned, how- ever.

But our Miss Doe’s ears still protrude: a few months ago, this would not have been noticed, but the face-lifting effects, the hair being worn high, may wish to have them corrected, provided her face-lifting scars do not rule out this type of hair-d o, anyway. Until very recently, ear operations were performed almost entirely on men. This is a very manly operation, however, and leaves a scar only where the ear joins the head at the back.

In her innumerable trips to her doc- tor’s office, Miss Doe had encountered a surprising number of men patients. In Hollywood today, men are having Ravin operations, and it is said, women; in New York, the percentage remains about seventy-five per cent of the former. This operation is, however, but this shows a marked increase over a year or so ago.

Of course, she now nearly through with her beautification campaign. She has, still, however, to see her oculist.

Take her to see an oculist, which corrects her eye troubles by exercises: some forms of astigmatism yield to this today. Per- haps not. If he tells her that she must wear glasses, she has two courses open to her. She can wear the dark glasses, which many women wear out-of-doors in Hollywood anyway, and have them ground to fit her eyes. Or she can ask for "contact" glasses. These are in- visible to the naked eye, and may be kept on for some time.

She has already spent from $6,000 to $11,000 making herself beautiful: what are the results going to be? That de- pends on what she herself—plus her screen personality, willingness to work and native intelligence. None of these things can be bought by even the best- married of the movie stars. And it is the most im- portant elements of all.

The girls, as beautiful as birth, as any doctor could make them, have found that waiting on tables was all that was available to them. Some, the contestants eager to make the grade con- tinue to bring most of the business into the cosmetic surgeons’ offices.

Will actresses and actors resort to artificial to keep themselves in the spot- light? Perhaps they will. Some actresses of an earlier age did so, and with more terrible results than today’s crop are being submitted for. The most list- ed in the casting agencies today, plays the parts of bags and wickets; she is also the “milking the stage to regain her beauty and, when it lifted under the skin, she came to the surface of becoming less ugliness!” Other women have tried to stay young with far less disastrous re- sults, but their hands still give them away, and no plastic surgeon knows of any operation which will restore youth to the aged hands.

For many Hollywood stars should insist, in coming years, on retaining their youthfulness, at whatever cost, they will be doing the personality for the most charming characters of any town: the snow-haired old ladies whose faces have not dimmed in sixty or seventy years of, wise living. The great Italian actress, Duse, was a frank sev- ents who has retired to the packed houses. Marie Dressler did not have her face lifted, and yet death caught her at the very crest of her car- eer.

If Hollywood insists on looking young, the facilities are there. But youth, with its defects, is a rare talent, with or without youth, is some- thing every producer is eager to buy.

---

**DONT GIVE UP ATHLETICS**

Although no one is an athlete, however, to appreciate what a blessing Tampax is to all classes of women—housewives, travelers, students, business girls. The Tampax principle of internal absorption, long known to doctors, has already saved women by the million to throw off old re- tractions and adopt this new method of monthly sanitary protection.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor, so in- geniously made that you are not even conscious of wearing it. Only pure, long-fiber surgical cotton is used in Tampax. Also note the sealed hygiene applicator in which Tampax comes to you. Using this, your hands do not even touch the Tampax!

No balking, no wrinkling with Tampax, even in swim suit or sheerest formal. No dis- posal problems. Two sizes: Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 2¢, Average month’s supply, 35¢. As much as 25¢ saved by purchasing large economy package of forty.
GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If you score eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 91.

1. The play in which this famous pair will star will be shown on Broadway this summer. Its title is "My Dear Children":
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Astaire
Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore
Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March
Mr. and Mrs. Melyn Douglas

2. This columnist is also a motion-picture producer:
Mark Hellinger
Louella Parsons

3. She was elected "America's Deph Girl" by a committee of 25 men-about-town:
Carole Lombard
Dorothy Lamour

4. Lew Ayres was once married to:
Andrea Leeds
Adrienne Ames

5. All of these actresses are married:
Patricia Morison
Kay Baker

6. Although she announced her retirement from the screen, this actress will soon be seen in another picture, "Memory of Love":
Kay Francis
Judith Barrett

7. This star recently celebrated both his 25th wedding anniversary and his 25th anniversary as an actor:
C. Aubrey Smith
Arnold Lake

8. Three of these stars are married to doctors:
Claudette Colbert
Hedy Lamarr

9. This picture was kept under police guard during its production in order to maintain absolute secrecy:
"Wuthering Heights"
"Confessions of a Nazi Spy"
"It Could Happen to You"

10. She is playing in the Theater Guild Production, "The Philadelphia Story" on Broadway:
Katharine Hepburn
Dorothy Lamour

11. This young actress was discovered while selling candy in a small shop in Hollywood:
Lana Turner
Virginia Field

12. Two of these actors are the fathers of twin boys:
Dick Powell
Sing Crosby

13. This world famous personality will soon appear in her 2nd motion picture, "Hotel for Women":
Eleanor Roosevelt
Elsa Maxwell

14. When this actress was a child, she acted in several pictures with Mae Murray, who wanted to adopt her:
Mudge Evans
Miriam Hopkins

15. Ten years ago this actor made his debut portray in the Cisco Kid in the first outdoor all-talking picture, "In Old Arizona"; he is now playing the same character in its sequel, "The Return of the Cisco Kid":
Roman Novarro
Warner Baxter

16. Three of these stars are ex-chorus girls:
Marion Davies
Joan Crawford

17. This actor was a plumber's apprentice when he was offered a part in a stage play that led him to Hollywood:
Vincent Price
Louis Hayward

18. Because of his outstanding performance in "Three Smart Girls" Grow Up, he was awarded a new long-term contract:
Robert Cummings
Louis Hayward

19. Two of these actors were once commercial models:
Lewis Stone
Fredric March

20. He is termed "Czar of the Movies":
Jack Warner
Will Hays

In the selection of wedding papers, it is so important to be correct. For this social world is prone to look with a critical eye upon the details that surround the ceremony. Lineweave Wedding Papers conform to the amenities of an informed social world. You will do well to choose them.

Hollywood’s celebrities have helped to make the Savoy-Plaza’s guest register an album of distinguished autographs. Stars, writers, directors, producers prefer this hotel as their New York home because of its service for those who make an art of living.

Plan
now to make the Savoy-Plaza your headquarters during your visit to the New York World’s Fair 1939

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The Invisible Way! Fibs, the Kotex Tampoon with new feminine features, really solves the problem of days when less protection is needed. More comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.

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Quilling—so Important! Special "Quilling" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—keeps the soft cotton sides in place—increasing comfort and lessening the possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert.

FIBS COST LESS... ONLY 25¢ FOR 12

Yes, Fibs Cost Less!... Only 25¢ for a full dozen. Try them next time. Mail coupon now for trial supply FREE.

The Dilemma of Lamar

(Continued from page 28)

inspired her health and her energy by strenuous dieting.

It would be unfair, however, to quote this distinction between Hedy and Sally Elters says of Hedy. Sally, who knows Hedy well, will tell you:

"She is realistic, a down-to-earth European. She's alert. She's acquisitive. Why, I have only to serve a dish that pleases her and she pounces on my recipe for the cook. Just watch her—that's all I have to say! Her eyes may be schembrous but her soul is practical. She'll want! She'll have the rest of the things you have to know in this business—and more besides!"

Sally, who always has seen Hollywood and its people with keen percep-

Cover Fashion Note: metal buttons with acorn motif high light Bette Davis' frock of fuchsia sheer woolen. The neckline band closes with a double knot and ends in long streamers. From J. Magin, Los Angeles

3 Reasons Why Women Choose FIBS

THE KOTEX TAMPON

IT'S A KOTEX PRODUCT...SO IT MUST BE GOOD

For some time now the Culver City studios have resounded with Lamar conferences. Following the sensational decision to use G-M plans to co-star her with Robert Taylor in "Lady of the Tropics."

Hedy is as fortunate in work with Robert Taylor as she should have been to work with Spencer Tracy. Both Bob and Segree, if they are not holding the box-office fort alone. They are the co-starrring stuff that women need get.

Remember how Norma Shearer, returning to the screen in "Marie Antoinette," after her last retirement, fortified herself with that current box-office magnet, Tyrone Power. . . .

Claudette Colbert shops for her co-star or leading man as carefully as she shops for stories. . . .

The finest plans continue to be made for Hedy, unquestionably. Meantime, while waiting to see what the studio plans for her. Hedy has been occupied herself with romance. She commented upon Gene Markey's cosmopolitan charm, incidentally, before she knew him. And it was Joan Bennett, hear-

ing what Hedy had said, who told her ex-husband about it one afternoon when he came over, as usual, to see their little daughter, Melinda.

That was the beginning of the romance which eventually brought her to Mazcali a few weeks ago. For any man know a woman is intrigued by him and feels it is only right to shower her too—for her superb taste and dis-

syrment, if for nothing else. And

there are, Heaven knows, any number of other things to be chucked up for Hedy. Black hair. Melting eyes. A mouth like a heavy poppy. And her promise in "Algerians."

They're still talking about Hedy at any rate, though there is a different flavor to the things they say, though there now is speculation even in those voices that used to take on a strange tinge whenever her name.

Undoubtedly, that famous Hollywood hostess who discarded the idea of giving a Suppressed Desire party could give it safely. Though she still has not abandoned the idea because, as she said, "It would have no variety and, therefore, it would be no guilty pleasure for me."

They're still talking about Hedy, but now it is possible to take seriously about whom or what she wanted to be would come in a black wig and looking more like herself now!"

Hollywood suddenly appears to re-

member that just as one swallow doesn't make a wet, so none too many tarts can make a star. All of which means that Hedy's future, like so many things to-

day, is in the crowded lap of the gods.
LADY VAISHES, THE—Goomish British
Alfred Hitchcock, the great English director, here gives us a moving story of the hood-
ished and, of course, love-Str. All action takes
place in the luxurious atmosphere of the Crystal
Mount, where Mary Whittet, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Red-
crane, and others, play splendidly. Will suit the most
of "gung-ho" fans.

LAST WARNING, THE—Universal
Director Alfred Hitchcock and Frank lens manage to trace a blackmail note through a help-
ful network of criminals and kidnappers. There's not much score and (March)

LIT FREEDOM RING—M-G-M
This is the movie in which Nelson Eddy has a fight with Victor McLaglen. It is set in Virginia and
visualizes by the power of the screen and the star
strength of the stars. It will give the most
of "gung-ho" fans.

LIT US LIVE—Columbia
Based on the very popularly legion years ago, this is an adaptation of some of whose
plays. Claudette Colbert and Paul Henreid are
in the starring roles. They are aided by Warren
Hard, Richard Greene, Anna Lee, Hunter, Mary
Manse Doors, and others. It is a top story.

LIT WOLF SPY HUNT, THE—Columbia
Based on the very popularly legion years ago, this is an adaptation of some of whose
plays. Claudette Colbert and Paul Henreid are
in the starring roles. They are aided by Warren
Hard, Richard Greene, Anna Lee, Hunter, Mary
Manse Doors, and others. It is a top story.

LISTED FOR HIRE—M-G-M
This is a story of a man who has been Warners
and is now working in the film industry. The
is a top story.

LIEF VTH, THE—20th Century
This is a story of a man who has been Warners
and is now working in the film industry. The
is a top story.

LITTLE LUCY, THE—20th Century
This is a story of a man who has been Warners
and is now working in the film industry. The
is a top story.
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SUGAR PLAIN—Wanted
Without games, without tricks and without danger, I delineate the adventures of nine people who meet and face their traveling days on the border line. Nineteen people. George Bancroft, Tim Holt and others are exceptional. Very holy. (April)

STAND UP AND FIGHT—M-G-M
A well-written, well-made and well-directed film that delineates the cruelties of race and creed. The negro in pursuit of happiness is the negro of tomorrow. The white race is the negro of tomorrow.
"PURELY VEGETABLE" 
LAXATIVE
ADVISITED BY 
NOTED 
OHIO DOCTOR

"SOCIETY LAHER-T - M-G-M. - See play by Frances Goodrich, Albert Hackett, Leon Leon Wood, and Richard Morley, directed by Lewis Milestone. The Cost: Alfred Lunt, and Lynn Fontanne. The Cast: June Havoc, William Holden,Synopsis: A hit play that has been making the rounds for years and years. A story of a young girl who is forced to give up her life of leisure when her parents die. The school at which she attends is torn apart by the events of the past."

"STORY OF ALEXANDER GrahAME 
BEL M L-W-Y. - See play by Reginald de Courcy. The Cost: John Barrymore, Screenwriter. The Cast: John Barrymore, Arthur Lake, Charles Laughton, Andrew Duggan, Synopsis: A story of a young man who is forced to give up his life of leisure when his parents die."

"MAYBELLINE-EYE BEAUTY AIDS"

"DOODLE CITY." - Warner. - Original play by Louis B. Mayer. The Cast: Francis Lederer, with Charles B. Fitzsimons, William Russell, Dorothy Patrick, Synopsis: A story of a young man who is forced to give up his life of leisure when his parents die."

"HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES," THE 

"EVE FROM PARADISE." - Selznick. - Screen play by John M. Stahl, with Fredric March, Charles Boyer, and Greta Garbo. The Cast: John M. Stahl, with Fredric March, Charles Boyer, and Greta Garbo, Synopsis: A story of a young man who is forced to give up his life of leisure when his parents die."

"KID FROM TEXAS-THE." - M-G-M. - Screen play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. The Cast: John Barrymore, Gary Cooper, Jack La Rue, Sumner Travis, Synopsis: A story of a young man who is forced to give up his life of leisure when his parents die."

"LADY FROM KONT宙N." - PARAMOUNT. - Play by Malvina Stuart and William Goetz. The Cast: Sissy Spacek, with John Barrymore, Alfred Lunt, and Lynn Fontanne, Synopsis: A story of a young man who is forced to give up his life of leisure when his parents die."

"LOVE AFFAIR." - RKO-Radio. - Screen play by Budd Schulberg, directed by Alfred Lunt. The Cast: John Barrymore, Alfred Lunt, and Lynn Fontanne, Synopsis: A story of a young man who is forced to give up his life of leisure when his parents die."

"THE PHANTOM." - RKO-Radio. - Play by Malvina Stuart and William Goetz. The Cast: John Barrymore, Alfred Lunt, and Lynn Fontanne, Synopsis: A story of a young man who is forced to give up his life of leisure when his parents die."

"THE WHITE LION." - M-G-M. - Screen play by Budd Schulberg, directed by Alfred Lunt. The Cast: John Barrymore, Alfred Lunt, and Lynn Fontanne, Synopsis: A story of a young man who is forced to give up his life of leisure when his parents die."

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"FOR WONDERFUL IRONINGS

"SUGGESTIONS FOR STARCHING HABITS"

"STORY OF VERNON AND IRINE CASTLE, THE." - RKO-Radio. - Screen play by Lewis Foster. The Cast: John Barrymore, Alfred Lunt, and Lynn Fontanne, Synopsis: A story of a young man who is forced to give up his life of leisure when his parents die."

"THE THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP." - M-G-M. - Screen play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. The Cast: John Barrymore, Alfred Lunt, and Lynn Fontanne, Synopsis: A story of a young man who is forced to give up his life of leisure when his parents die."

"WITHIN THE LAW." - M-G-M. - Based on a story by Malvina Stuart and William Goetz. The Cast: John Barrymore, Alfred Lunt, and Lynn Fontanne, Synopsis: A story of a young man who is forced to give up his life of leisure when his parents die."

"WUTHERING HEIGHTS." - S-A-G-O. - Screen play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. The Cast: John Barrymore, Alfred Lunt, and Lynn Fontanne, Synopsis: A story of a young man who is forced to give up his life of leisure when his parents die."

"ZENOBIA." - HOL-HOOCH-ITALIAN-ARTISTS. - Screen play by Robert E. Lord and James O. Mearns. The Cast: John Barrymore, Alfred Lunt, and Lynn Fontanne, Synopsis: A story of a young man who is forced to give up his life of leisure when his parents die."


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