MAKE YOU LOVELIER — Secrets of Hollywood Beauty, Style and Health Experts

LACKADAISICAL LOTHARIO — the Life and Good Times of JAMES STEWART

hat American Women Think of Hollywood Women By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING
aren't we all lucky to have Kotex? Until Kotex made 3 sizes we had to cut and adjust our napkins to suit our varying daily needs. Now with Regular, Junior and Super Kotex it's a simple matter for any woman to meet her individual needs from day to day.

The Truth of it is...

...and such Luck

—to find a sanitary napkin like Kotex with its patented pressed ends that fit fairly and so end that dreadful, bulky feeling. And besides you've no idea what a difference it makes when your napkin doesn't shift, bunch or chafe.

What's Lucky about it?

—using Kotex Sanitary Napkins is just plain good sense because they're made with layer after layer of soft flimsy tissue, that one after another absorb and distribute moisture throughout the napkin and check that striking through in one spot.

Better Say Kotex—Better for You
You didn’t believe DANDRUFF could be MASTERED?

Hear the People!

DAY after day they come . . . a steady stream of letters, from every part of the country . . . unsolicited corroboration of a fact demonstrated in laboratory and clinic—dandruff can be mastered with Listerine Antiseptic! Read them.

Sensational new disclosures definitely prove that dandruff is really a "germ disease" . . . caused by the stubborn bacillus Pityrosporum ovale!

A wealth of scientific data, amassed in laboratory and clinic, now clearly points to germicidal treatment of dandruff. And clinics have proved that Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouthwash and gargle, does master dandruff . . . does kill the dandruff germ!

In one clinic, 76% of the patients who used Listerine Antiseptic twice a day showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

If you have any evidence of dandruff, start your own delightful Listerine Antiseptic treatments today. And look for results such as others got. Even after dandruff has disappeared it is a wise policy to take an occasional treatment to guard against re-infection. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

"I have been a dandruff victim for years. Lately it became very bad and I could shampoo my hair every day and have just as much dandruff at night. As a last resort I tried Listerine and after four days it was entirely gone. Now I have not the slightest trace of it."

RICHARD SCHAACKSBERG  New York, N.Y.

"Last year my husband had a bad case of dandruff. Nothing he tried seemed to do any good for it. Finally I persuaded him to try Listerine Antiseptic. At the end of three weeks his dandruff had completely disappeared. A few months ago one of the children's hair showed signs of dandruff for the first time. Listerine Antiseptic cleared that case up within ten days! Now we all take a Listerine Antiseptic treatment once or twice a month "just in case," and we haven't had even a suggestion of dandruff since."

MRS. ERWIN CARSTEDT  Box 307, Big Bend, Fla.

"Since using Listerine Antiseptic as a preventative for dandruff, I really feel safe as to my appearance in public."

HENRY W. SCHLETER  Coldwater, Mo.

"I was comparatively a young woman when I turned grey. This was some twenty years ago. My scalp was in bad condition, and my hair was falling out badly.

I had the bright idea of trying Listerine Antiseptic, and after the first treatment my hair stopped falling out, and dandruff was practically gone.

Since that time I have used nothing except Listerine Antiseptic on my scalp. And at 66 my hair is now white and I have a perfectly healthy and normal scalp."

MRS. PAUL NEMTIT  Chama, New Mexico

THE TEATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp at least once a day. WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don’t expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.
A Prediction by Leo of M-G-M

I saw "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS."
I saw a motion picture which I predict will be high among the year's Ten Best.
I saw Robert Donat's performance as "Mr. Chips", destined to be a leading contender for this year's highest film prize, the Academy Award.
I saw a new star born—lovely Greer Garson, whose beauty shines from the screen with tenderness and truth, stirring hearts to overpowering emotional thrill.
I saw an entertainment that will take its place among the great works of the screen... rich in human drama and warm with laughter and pathos...to be beloved by people everywhere in every walk of life for many years to come...
I am proud of "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS." You will share my pride with wholehearted enjoyment.

Robert Donat scores another triumph as Mr. Chips...a role surpassing even his great performance in "The Citadel."

Greer Garson as Katherine...1939's beautiful new star sensation, her heart-stabbing performance will hold you spellbound!

ROBERT DONAT

Goodbye Mr. Chips

The famed novel at last on the screen!

with GREEER GARSON

A Sam Wood Production • Screen Play by R. C. Sherriff, Claudine West and Eric Maschwitz • Produced by Victor Saville
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

PHOTOPLAY
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Fashion Letter

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

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

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

ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN—THE—M-G-M

If a dream, Mark Twain's great classic of boyhood should have received unalloyed approval. Mickey Rooney in the title role is given almost no chance to display his talent. If you loved the original story and the Mickey, skip this. It will save embarrassment all around. (May)

★ AMBUSH—Paramount

Don't be alarmed by the blood and thunder and shooting with Ernest Truex as the trigger-happy front. It's a story of hook robbers who, in escaping their death sentence, are forced to adopt Gladys Swift and Lloyd Nolan. The surprise is Miss Swift, who doesn't sing a note but manages to give an impressive performance. (April)

BEAUTY FOR THEASKING—RKO-Radio

Nothing given here. You are urged with the problems of a girl whose coquettish advances for her with a woman of ten million. The outcome is of little importance (except to the income tax department), Eddie Quill, Fredya Yorke, Marie Knowles and Donald Woods work against hope. (April)

BLONDE MEETS THE BOSS—Columbia

The impossible Blonde once more for the second time. When Daisy Wilson (Arline Judge) is forced, Blondie (Pony balloon) takes her place, leaving him at home to serve and sew. Meanwhile Baby Daniels and Daisy the gags are cutting corners and Misses Van be happily. Sammy Emus and his band constitute a well done jolting sequence. (May)

BOY SLAVES—RKO-Radio

If you're an inveterate reformer, you'll probably love this. With cold anger it chases the Deep South and kibbles and presents a brutal picture of child labor as it is supposed to exist. Anne Shirley, James Cagney and Robert Daniel do comical work in marked characterizations. (April)

BOY TROUBLE—Paramount

Papa and Maty Fitz (Mary Boland and Charlie Benge) adopt two boys, Donald O'Connor and Billy Lee, and meet the inevitable troubles of everything house with unalloyed humor. Die the whole family in the car—they'd like this. (April)

★ BROADWAY SERENADE—M-G-M

Here again Jeanette MacDonald has a hit, largely due to her own beauty and voice. She is cast as the wife of public Lew Ayres, but when her success don't match hers, there's a divorce. Joan Hunter moves in at this point, but the script writer sees fit to it that he scores Jeanette's new show. Ayres continues to prove that his recent comeback was a good idea. (June)

★ CAFE SOCIETY—Paramount

A vehicles comedy about a wealthy young woman who marries a ship news reporter to split a columnist. The players, Madeleine Carroll, Fred Starring, Claire Collett and others, have lots of vitality and there are two real moments. (April)

CODE OF THE STREETS—Universal

The Little Tough Guys come out in this dainty movie as a thoroughly impossible bunch of youngsters. Only one is interested in a master charge and there is plenty of moral pointed out in this picture. (June)

CRIME IN THE MAGINOT LINE—Tower

In this French-made film, mystery, murder, espionage stall the underground passage of France's famous fort, the Maginot Line. Victor Francen, or a French army officer, actually stunts down the enemy cast. He is given a chance to live in the world. There is suspense to the line and a very much adventure in the line. There is suspense to the line and a must see adventure in the line. There is suspense to the line and a must see adventure in the line. (June)

DODGE CITY—Warner

A Western to add to the box office, this redolent Technicolor film is a sure piece of production. Fred MacMurray is the hero, who has little Lefty Cline. Tanya Warthe (Ann Harding) until the last little her barred Kansas dust, Bruce Cabot a dead-wood willow and Anne Shirley gets the hero's role. Entire cast deserves high praise. (June)

★ EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN—Universal

A new little Russian mural film from Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell, Bing, who signs himself for a telegraph company, and Joan, who is a street vendor, are always on the verge of marriage. Something usually stops them and this time it's young Judy Railey. But even more of a disaster to them, the situation is far out of trouble. Mirta Ehrenman's telepathic Russian act is good for its own height. (June)

FAST AND LOOSE—M-G-M

Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell are the hour's newest additions to the long line of married couples who are causing electric. They look like bears they show up as the happy partners who murdered a rich bankable. You may be surprised at the case with which you yourself can pick "landmarked." (May)

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PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE

BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN—Paramount

BIG TOWN Czar—Universal

BLIND ALLEY—Columbus

BRIDAL SUITE—M-G-M

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S SECRET POLICE—Paramount

CALLING DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

CAPTAIN FURY—Hal Roach, A.

CONFESSIONS OF A Nazi SPY—Warner"
The Winners of the Screen's Topmost Honors

PAUL
MUNI

BETTE
DAVIS

Together in Screendom's Matchless Achievement

JUAREZ
(WAR-EZZ)

The most distinguished production in a year memorable for the outstanding offerings of WARNER BROS.

* A STORY SO MOMENTOUS THAT IT REQUIRED SIX ACADEMY AWARD WINNERS AND A CAST OF 1186 PLAYERS, HEADED BY

BRIAN AHERNE

CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD • DONALD CRISP

JOSEPH CALLEIA • GALE SONDERGAARD

GILBERT ROLAND • HENRY O'NEILL

DIRECTED BY WILLIAM DIETERLE


SEE IT! YOU'LL NEVER FORGET IT!
THE HABIT OF BEING BEAUTIFUL—You know that beauty is the result of habit, that to attain beauty and keep it, you must have a regular routine, a strict regime that you follow faithfully and at stated intervals—exercise, diet, care of the skin and eyes and hair. But you know, too, how easy it is to skip your exercises a day or so, or to give your skin just a sketchy cleansing and thereby undo a lot of your good work. We need to be jogged daily into following the proper routine and, at last, I've found the perfect thing to help us.

It's a daytime radio serial that impressed me so much recently, as I know it will you, too—because it does serve as that daily reminder to you to take stock of yourselves. "The Life and Love of Dr. Susan" is the title of the program. It's sponsored by the same people who broadcast the Lux Radio Theater every Monday night—and the particular feature that caught my interest was the attention paid to beauty problems of the modern young woman by Dr. Susan in the radio story.

Eleanor Phelps plays Dr. Susan and in the program she is called upon to reconstruct the appearance of her young orphan cousin, Nancy Chandler, who is suddenly thrust into her aunt's home. Nancy is convinced she's quite homely and doesn't know what to do about it, so Dr. Susan comes to her rescue and shows her the simple little things that she can do for herself to improve her looks. But they take plenty of character—grit and determination.

Dr. Susan starts her good work on Nancy by showing her how to stand erect instead of slumping over. Eleanor Phelps, as Dr. Susan, has developed an attractive carriage, largely through her study of singing. This has taught Eleanor to stand so that she breathes from the abdomen rather than from the chest. She's found that the correct posture has helped make her stronger and healthier, too.

Eleanor suggests—to teach yourself—that you try to make your back touch the wall. You can't completely, all the way down, but the effort will keep you from having a sway-back. Then pull your hips under you. That makes them look smaller. Hold your chin up to get a good neckline. If you have a slender chin, you should be especially particular about holding your head up. The only reason for having a double chin is laziness and forgetting to hold your head erect to give you a clean chin line. Hold your chest up, too, trying to raise it. Trying to push it out will emphasize a sway-back.

Admitted that standing so straight is a big chore at first, you can't expect to accomplish perfection right at the start. It takes time. But you can devote fifteen minutes at night and in the morning to improving your posture. Get set by standing against the wall and then walk around the room, consciously thinking of the way you are holding yourself. When you're out walking, try to pull yourself up at every street corner. After a while, the whole thing will become habitual and you'll stand and walk gracefully without even thinking about it.

This exercise not only improves your posture, but it will help to flatten your tummy. Priscilla Lane has another exercise which you can do without attracting attention at any time or any place while you're sitting down. The trick is to hold the body erect and pull in the abdominal muscles as definitely as possible, trying to make the front muscles touch the spine. Repeat ten times in a row whenever you get the chance. This strengthens your muscles and inures yourself of a nice flat tummy.

To wear clothes well, a lovely carriage is essential. Jane Wyman, who used to be a model, carries herself so well that she can wear almost anything with an air. Olivia de Havilland is the dress designer's delight because her posture and walk are so graceful that she can wear clothes of any period and carry them well, so that they seem to be a part of her personality rather than

(Continued on page 89)
Romance is always
"Just around the corner" for Jane!

No need for a girl to spoil her own chances when Mum so surely guards charm!

A GAY PARTY—a pretty new dress—and so becoming!
For months Jane had dreamed that this would be her evening, her party, her night to win romance!
But when it came, it was the other girls who laughed, and danced, and got the masculine attention. Romance seemed everywhere—seemed near—why couldn't it come to Jane?

Romance can't come to the girl who is guilty of underarm odor. This fault, above all faults, is one that men can't stand. Yet today there are actually thousands of "Janes" who court disaster ... girls who neglect to use Mum!

It's a mistake to think a bath alone will protect you from underarm odor! Realize that a bath removes only past perspiration, but that Mum prevents odor ... then you'll play safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars—more girls everywhere who know that underarms need special care—not occasionally, but every day! You'll like this pleasant cream that's so simple to use, so reliable!

MUM IS QUICK! It takes 30 seconds—practically no time at all—for Mum!

MUM WON'T HARM CLOTHING! Don't worry about that lovely new dress! The Seals of The American Institute of Laundering and Good Housekeeping Bureau tell you Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric. So safe—you can apply it even after you're dressed.

MUM IS SAFE! With nurses Mum takes first place among all deodorants—proof that Mum is safe. Even after underarm shaving Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor. Get Mum today at any druggist's. Remember, any girl can lose romance if she's guilty of odor! Play safe with Mum!

MORE MOVIE STARS, MORE NURSES, MORE WOMEN, USE MUM

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration
OREGON TAKES BACK TO ITSELF

THERE have been so many articles in the magazines about the dismay of picture producers over the decrease in theater attendance lately, that I venture to give you my opinion as to one of the causes of this lack of interest in movie show audiences. We go to the movies to find the romance and glamour not always to be found in everyone's life.

But there is nothing romantic or glamorous to see in a much-married and divorced hero, a father of children, making ardent love to a supposedly young and innocent heroine, who in reality everyone knows was married to Mr. Whowasit twelve years ago, divorced, married again to Mr. Wondido, divorced, and married again.

In fact, believe it or not, a large percentage of intelligent people has become more and more disgusted and I suggest, as a remedy, that producers in future discard these much-married folk. Give them their choice between marriage and a career and make them abide by it. They say themselves that their careers and marriages won't mix. Very well, separate them—before marriage and not afterwards. Give us, instead of these, some fresh, unmarried young people, who are really more like what they pretend to be, and I am very sure that producers will be gratified at the results at the box office.

It is necessary at the finest of pictures shows to use our imagination to really enjoy the picture, but there is a decided limit on how far we can force our imaginations to go. Producers have simply been abusing the public's imagination too long—so people stay home and listen to the radio.

MRS. GRACE TAYLOR, Portland, Ore.

PHOTOPLAY invites you to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth in one of the columns chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here. Letters on marriage and love in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we will come your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use all 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: Booth and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y.

LAST week, a movie critic of one of our local papers wrote that there was still no answer to the query: "Do the marriages of stars such as Nelson Eddy and Hedy Lamarr affect their popularity with the movie-going public?"

My answer to this is definitely settled by "Pygmalion." A picture of this quality ranks equally with the arts of the stage, music or canvas. One does not care if each player has a dozen wives, ex-wives, sweethearts, lovers lurking in his or her private life. The play is the thing—a lasting impression of an artist's interpretation of a drama of life is given us. A mediocre movie may leave us wondering if the handsome or pretty clothes rack has a satisfactory love life, but it really does not concern us.

JOY C. PERRY, Corbett, Ore.

WHO, ME?

If you think I care about Nelson Eddy's getting married, you got me all wrong. I look this way around the eyes because I got a cinder or something in them, or maybe it's something I had for dinner. I should care what that guy does. He's got his own life to live and I've got mine. Say, what's he ever been to me, anyway? Just a whim.

Don't give me a line about my sitting through his pictures till the manager asked me to leave. Or paying $3.30 out of an ad writer's salary, just to hear him at the Chicago Civic Opera House. Say, Jeanette's in those pictures, too. Swell actress. That's why I saw "Maytime" seven times. I should ruin my figure sitting on it for hours, looking at a guy who gave a punk performance. Don't be a dope. Give me some credit.

What if I saw "Let Freedom Ring" three times? I'm patriotic. Besides, I kept hoping Victor McLaglen would win the fight. Why, I've heard better voices than his on Major Bowes' amateur hour. I'll admit he's a pretty fair singer and he's not bad-looking, but you know those make-up experts can do things to any old face. Along comes a guy who needs a build-up and they give him a mouth like that. So what? I just say, in passing, he doesn't look bad. And his teeth would probably do a neat job on an ear of Golden Bantam. Just a nice, healthy "4-H" boy and you think now, because he marries some gal, I'm bailing out of a high window?

What's wrong with his getting married? It ain't illegal in Hollywood yet, is it? He didn't know me and as far as I'm concerned he's just a bloke named Nelson. What's it to me? My land-

(Continued on page 82)

PHOTOPLAY
Together For The First Time!

CARY GRANT  JEAN ARTHUR

find love below the Equator . . . and thrills above the clouds . . . as 1939's greatest screen adventure provides the swell stars of "Gunga Din" and "You Can't Take It With You" with their most exotically exciting roles!

ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS

THOMAS MITCHELL • RITA HAYWORTH • RICHARD BARTHELMES

Screen play by Jules Furthman

A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Ask Your Theatre When!

JULY, 1939
THE STORY OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
THAT HAS NEVER
BEEN TOLD!

His thrilling, exciting, romantic youth... wrestling, fighting, telling funny stories, falling in love! A picture stirring with its drama, romance, action, emotion!

Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
production of

YOUNG
Mr. LINCOLN

with

HENRY 
ALICE 
MARJORIE 
ARLEEN
FONDA • BRADY • WEAVER • WHELAN

EDDIE COLLINS • PAULINE MOORE
RICHARD CROMWELL • DONALD MEEK
JUDITH DICKENS • EDDIE QUILLAN

A Cosmopolitan Production
Directed by John Ford
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Original Screen Play by Lamar Trotti
The new Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable,
To the new Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,
To the original Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power.

Dear Newlyweds:
This is a letter to you from Photoplay to wish you from our very heart the greatest happiness... you are, all six of you, such handsome people... such talented people... such romantic people... Photoplay, permitting me to speak for it, does hope that you are going to keep this happiness you are now experiencing until death do you part... we want it for you, very much... and selfishly, we want it very much for ourselves, too...

For you, Carole and Clark, you, Doug, Jr. and the former Mrs. Hartford, you, particularly, Annabella and Tyrone, can now... if you only will... put the institution of Hollywood marriage back on its feet a bit... restore to it the glory it should have... You charming people can prove... if you make these matings of yours successful... that hearts can be true in Hollywood... that the best of human emotions aren't always sacrificed to the great god, Career... that love isn't a farce, or a mere infatuation, in Hollywood... but that it can have beauty and tenderness and the faith that is everlasting...

Yet, what terrible risks of romance you are running, even now, when your love is so very strong... here you are, six people all wed within a month... six people... who between you represent thirteen marriages!... three for Clark... three for Annabella... two for Carole... two for Doug, Jr... two for the new Mrs. Doug, Jr... for Tyrone, alone, is it a first wedding... and precisely because it is Tyrone's first marriage, do I think that the responsibility of happiness for him and for us rests most heavily on the handsome Power shoulders...

Let's review the bidding on all this... you, Clark and Carole, were married, very quietly, very much in your characteristic way of doing things, at Kingman, Arizona, on March 29th... I'm sure that the whole world, having watched your romance... having seen how very well you had conducted yourselves during two difficult years... felt very pleased that you were, at last, able to belong to each other... for, if ever two people seemed to be made for each other, you are the ones... you simply share each other's every interest... you both love laughter and good food, sports and horses, people and your work... you are, both of you, of course, absolutely beautiful to look at together...

If you two can't make a go of your marriage, then there is no meaning in the word compatibility... if in a year or two one of you gets a divorce saying those silly things like "He called me harsh names and was rude to my friends and therefore I don't want to live with him any longer"... in other words, the usual flimsy excuses for Hollywood divorces... well, it is going to be very disillusioning to us... it's not going to leave us with much respect for Hollywood emotions...

Personally, I don't expect that of you two, though... I'll put my money on this Gable marriage lasting... I'll certainly put it much more on this marriage lasting than almost any Hollywood marriage I've ever seen happen... and yet... this is Clark's third marriage... this is Carole's second... all statistics on love, not alone in Hollywood but throughout the world... reveal that often-wed people aren't good matrimonial risks...

As far as you are concerned, Doug Jr., I had got all over the habit of paying any attention to your romances, you've had so many of them... so when first I heard your name linked with that of the very social Mrs. Mary Lee Eppling Hartford I never gave it a second listen... after all, since you and Joan Crawford separated there's been you and Gertrude Lawrence... you and Marlene Dietrich... you and Zorina... you and Virginia Fields... yet less than a month after the Gables wed, you and the former Mrs. Hartford, who had just been divorced from the millionaire owner of a great grocery chain... were united... on the Saturday afternoon of April 22nd that you managed to get off from the studio... you were wed at the Westwood Methodist Episcopal Church with the bride's mother and your
father as the witnesses... and I did wonder, Doug, how your father, who also represents three marriages... felt as he stood there and saw a second Mary and Doug come into being...

Since none of us in Hollywood know this new Mary Fairbanks well, it is only possible to guess at what lies ahead of you two... but I would guess that it may be an ideal marriage for you, Douglas... for you, much more than the average Hollywood man, I'd say that a social marriage is perfect... for, like your father, you are a very social human being... like the ads, you like nice things... you are international-minded... you prefer New York to Hollywood... and London to New York... you are a good actor and you respect acting and pictures...

Nonetheless, you are much more aware than most actors that there are other and more important things in this world... as a matter of fact, you are a very intellectual, very cultured young gentleman, Mr. Fairbanks... and because of all these good, worldly qualities in you... a wife who will have only you for her career... a wife who understands how to run a perfect home... a wife who knows all the rules at Palm Beach and Monte Carlo and Sun Valley and the Italian Alps...

Well, your marriage looks perfect... that's what it does... so here's hoping it is a perfect marriage, forever and always... but if it proves not to be... well, that won't hurt us so much as Carole's and Clark's breaking up... and not nearly what Tyrone's and Annabella's breaking up would mean to us...

BECAUSE you, Tyrone... you are still the idealist in this whole group... you are the one to whom heartbreak has not yet happened... you are the one who has the opportunity to affirm for the world the truth that marriage is the greatest of all human relationships...

You must have read that anecdote in the Hollywood Reporter, Tyrone, that illustrates the general feeling about your marriage... The Reporter story ran thus... "A high-school girl called Patia Power long distance from Long Beach. The youngster said, 'I am speaking for a group of girls here at school. We just have to tell you that the announcement of Tyrone's engagement positively floored us. It's the biggest catastrophe since the burning of Rome'"

If millions of girls felt that way about your engagement (and I'm sure they did) millions more felt saddened at your marriage...

It isn't that we begrudge you, who have brought us so much pleasure, your own joy... but you were, more than any other man on the screen, the true Prince Charming... and, so, when you married the day after young Doug married... and yours, too, was a very quiet wedding with only your very closest friends in attendance and Don Ameche and Pat Paterson Boyer as best man and matron of honor... a dream died in countless feminine hearts...

But you, Tyrone, can replace that dream of ours... which admitted was a pretty silly and adolescent dream... by giving us a vision of married love that is so much finer, so much deeper, than any courtship... it may take us a little while to become accustomed to thinking of you in the role of a husband and young stepfather... but you are the most popular man in movies still... and why?

because you, Tyrone, are sensitive and handsome and courteous and intelligent and unspoiled... that's why...

So suppose... as a husband, possessing all those qualities, you make this marriage one with tenderness and strength and dignity... suppose you make it endure, not merely for this year and next, but over many years...

Suppose you show us that two people can go along together cleaving only unto each other, but growing constantly into that inner companionship, that oneness that is the very heart of marriage...

Well, Tyrone, if you can do that... you will have done something much greater for the world than any amount of acting you may ever do... for you can show the world that love does not need to die... that romance does not need to end in stakeness... you will have given us a new faith in everyone in Holly-wood... you will have given us, too, a new faith in our own hearts... it will guarantee our happiness if you can live your happiness...

So that's what we very much wish for you... we wish it selfishly, for our own sakes... very fondly... for your sake, too.

FLASH... at the very moment I am writing these words comes the delightful news Hollywood has long anticipated... Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck have married... it seems they started out for San Diego Saturday afternoon, May 13th, but stalled so that they didn't reach the home of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whalen, where they were married, until shortly after midnight and safely on the fourteenth... the Hollywood touch is that at 2 A.M. they are returning to town to receive the press... well, from Photoplay's section of the press, such very good wishes, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor... we are so happy for you two friendly people... really we are... but, oh, what a month for the women of the world... where are we going to find a dream bachelor in all moviedom now... oh, yes... there is one indeed... a famous actor from Hollywood Greecen... yoo-hoo..."
A new Photoplay department—giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lot—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies.

**BY JACK SHER**

MOST Hollywood directors are unanimous in agreeing that the greatest single fault of the average home-made movie is poor continuity. Amateur cameramen should, therefore, welcome professional advice on this all-important subject from Lew Landers, RKO director.

"If the amateur’s picture is going to mean anything to anyone besides himself, it must have a definite continuity," says Director Landers. "This holds true whether the home cameraman is shooting a plot picture, a travelogue, or just an ordinary interesting incident. A lot of my 8 mm reels are merely records of the 35 mm pictures I have directed at the studio. Yet, even with the plot and scenario already worked out for me, I find that I have to devote a great deal of thought to working out the continuity for the reels."

According to Director Landers, the most important secret of good continuity lies in the careful planning of every shot before a single foot of film is exposed. The next most important factor is the careful—albeit critical—cutting of the film. Besides these two important points, there are many smaller considerations which aid continuity and mark the difference between the professional and the amateur.

Few amateurs realize the importance of "direction of motion" as a connecting link between one scene and the next. If a vacation travelogue shows the family automobile leaving the house in a left-to-right direction on the screen, the next sequence should show the car arriving at the vacation camp still traveling in a left-to-right direction. Otherwise, Landers points out, the audience will get a momentary impression that something went wrong and the automobile was forced to turn back.

One other aid to continuity is the use of dissolves. Any amateur can make a "lap dissolve" by slowly cutting down his aperture while shooting the last few feet of a scene. Then, in a dark room, the film should be taken out of the camera and wound back to the beginning of the "dissolve." The next scene should then be taken with a small diaphragm opening which is slowly opened to the correct exposure. The result of this device will be a gradual fading of the first scene and a dissolving into the next. Such "lap dissolves" are used only to indicate a lapse of time and are an excellent aid to continuity.

**MOVIES in 16 mm are now free! You can get them from the United States Government by simply paying 8 cents on film shipped to you. The Department of Agriculture has available some 200 films which are devoted to every phase of farming and distributing. These films cover everything from WPA and what it has done, to inspection of livestock and poultry. There are even animated cartoons showing the AAA farm program in the wheat and corn belts. The Department of the Interior has 89 films for distribution, mostly about mining. The Department of Labor has numerous films on everything from child care to the prevention of silicosis. The Woman's Bureau has three short films pertaining to women's role in modern industry. "What's in a Dress?" is the title of one which deals with the dress industry.

Those of you interested in far-off places should get the films offered by the Pan-American Union, films living life in Mexico, Havana, Panama and Guatemala. The Social Security Board has several films available on old age insurance and unemployment compensation.

Most worthwhile films from the standpoint of sheer entertainment are the films on the TVA. Best of these are "The River That Broke the Plains," in three reels, and "The River." The WPA has also produced numerous documentary films, the best being those depicting man's fight against the recent floods. You can get all the information you want on these films by writing the United States Film Service in Washington, D. C.

**GARRISON has finally released Joris Ivens' great film "The 490 Million" in 16 mm. It is the story of what is happening in China today and one of the great films of the year. The continuity was written by Dudley Nichols, Academy Award winner, and is spoken by Fredric March. Nothing more need be said. Also now on 16 mm for home consumption is Sergei Eisenstein's newest picture, "Alexander Nevsky."

Castle Films' big picture of the month is their 16 mm sound film of the Coronation of Pope Pius XII.

New Equipment: Bessie Products Corp., of Trenton, New Jersey, has introduced a new titling outfit called a Pro-Trak which makes traveling titles, drum titles, "Roll over" titles and many trick effects.

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**Perspiration odor in dresses—as in undies—can ruin charm... Use Lux often!**

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Compare Luxing with cleaning bills—you'll see how much it saves! Unless the water is hard, you can Lux a dress or sweater for less than a penny. In hard water, just a bit more Lux softens the water, gives you abundant suds. It's economical to buy the BIG box.

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No other fur appears in so many charming moods as flattering FEDERAL Silver Fox. You saw it... deep, silky, frosty with silver... in winter's and spring's most important models... and here it is again, insignia of the new and smart on the airy cape of a sheer evening costume. Be sure that your silver fox is FEDERAL Fox; look for the Federal name stamped on the leather side. It insures lasting loveliness. At better stores everywhere.

FEDERAL SILVER FOXES Hamburg, Wisconsin
Hearts may break and hopes go tumbling,
but life can't rob Garbo of her dream

BY MARIANNE

THIS is the story of a little girl who once lived in far-off Sweden and who longed, more than anything else in the world, to become a great lady. The child's name was Greta Gustafsson; although later we came to know her as Greta Garbo (but that was after her dream came true and she had attained the coveted position called "great"). We were happy about her success on the screen, happy that fame and fortune had brought her an adoring public... and sad... when we had to stand by and watch her learn that being a great lady is satisfactory only when someone else very dear is glad about it, too. But when she was a little girl, long ago in Sweden, she hadn't discovered that a coach and four might as well be a pumpkin if you have to ride in it alone. So she was very happy.

"Read it again," she would plead, as she sat with her mother before the huge fireplace in the kitchen of the comfortable house in Stockholm.

"My dear, I've read it so many times," the mother would protest wearily; though she always smiled and reopened the book to another old Norse fairy tale, or to another chapter in the life of the "divine" Sarah. (Sarah Bernhardt was always called divine by those who worshiped her.) This was little Greta's favorite book.

"I'm going to be exactly like her! Then all men will love me, too, and send me flowers and I shall have gold and silver dresses and a great deal of handsome jewelry." Or, if it were a Norse fairy tale, the blue eyes would become pensive and she would murmur dreamily, "But I shall love only one man and I shall tell my maid to throw away all the flowers except his. Even after they have withered, I will keep them in a little gold box so that when I am very old I can show them to my children and tell them that in all the world there never was a love as great as ours and that as long as we lived, we were each other's very best friend."

The mother looks down at the thin gawky little body, into the enormous blue eyes so earnest and alive, and she says, "Yes, yes, little one; you will be great, I'm sure of that. And I would like to go along and guide you when you come to rough places, but because you are great,

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Booth Tarkington might have created Jim Stewart. He's Little Orvie and Billie Baxter grown up, Penrod with a Princeton diploma.

The appeal of James Stewart, the shy, inarticulate movie actor, is that he reminds every girl in the audience of the date before the last. He's not a glamorized Gable, a remote Robert Taylor. He's "Jim," the lackadaisical, easy-going boy from just around the corner.

In the same way, the charm of Jim Stewart's life story, as it was unveiled for Photoplay by his family in the little country town of Indiana, Pennsylvania, by his closest cronies of school and college days and by the men and women who shared the struggles of his first years on Broadway and in Hollywood, is its stunning simplicity.

Jim Stewart is as American as chewing gum, marbles and Sunday-school picnics and the story of his life is a nostalgic saga of Main Street. The Jazz Age was at its height when he went away to prep school, a cynical sophistication was the approved manner when he was in college and later the artificial atmosphere of Broadway and Hollywood made acceptance of a creed of superficiality easy. Yet, through all
these distracting influences, Jim Stewart remained essentially unspoiled, the roots of his character ever deep in the soil of substantial values.

And to appreciate fully the wholesomeness which distinguishes Jim Stewart today, it is necessary to trace those roots back to the small town from which he emerged.

Indiana is a brisk, busy little town of about 10,000 population in Western Pennsylvania, in the rolling foothills of the Alleghenies. A county seat and the shopping center of the mining and farming districts which encircle it, Indiana is near enough to Pittsburgh to keep the hayseed combed out of its hair, yet isolated enough from any metropolitan area to achieve an independent personality of its own.

Here four generations of the Scotch-Irish family of Stewart have enjoyed success and substance as leaders in the business and social life of the town, leaving it only to march off to war, quietly, purposefully; returning without fanfare to the big brown-stoned hardware store of J. M. Stewart and Company which, since 1853, has stood like an impressive guardian at one end of the business block.

It was to this hardware store Jim's grandfather, James Maitland Stewart, returned in Union blue after Grant had lit a cigar and accepted Lee’s sword at Appomattox. And it was to this store, his tall, rangy son Alexander Stewart came home to carry on the family tradition, after strolling out of a senior classroom at Princeton to volunteer in the Spanish-American War.

Alec, so the family story goes, clad in white flannels and dancing pumps, had walked out of a chemical laboratory to enlist, leaving behind him some test tubes heating over a fire. The explosion which followed his departure was as devastating as any he heard in Cuba.

They tell a lot of other intriguing tales about this big-boned Alec, who rollicked through Princeton in the gay nineties, such as the time he spirited a cow past campus proctors and into the dean's office in Nassau Hall one night.

But it was a more sedate young Alec Stewart who had buried the pranks of his past in the nailbits of his father's store and was now singing a lusty tenor in the First Presbyterian Church choir, who met and married Elizabeth Jackson from the neighboring town of Apollo. A college graduate, like Alec, Bessie Jackson

Jim took the war seriously. He saluted the postman, the grocer, the baker, his teachers
was the daughter of General S. M. Jackson who had distinguished himself as a Union leader at Gettysburg and was now State Treasurer in Harrisburg.

Bessie Jackson Stewart must have been a remarkably pretty young girl in those days soon after the turn of the century, when she came to Indiana as a bride. She is still strikingly handsome today, her soft white hair worn in a trim bob, her deep blue eyes as young as her smile.

It was from Bessie Stewart, seated in the homey front parlor of her house, with a fat album of precious pictures in her lap, that I learned the intimate story of Jim's boyhood. Throughout the long afternoon of my visit, Alec and I lingered in the room, stopping a moment to add an anecdote, supply a date, laugh over a family joke.

One of the first pictures in the book was of an old-fashioned frame house, set back from the street by a terraced yard. This, Mrs. Stewart told me, was their first home after they were married.

Alec had named it, and here all three of their children were born, Jim on May 20, 1908, Mary in 1912 and Virginia in 1914.

Here Jim, when he had passed the crawling stage and had learned to walk, tortured the excitable Polish maid of all work by dragging in worms from the garden to her spotless kitchen, raving with laughter.

Mrs. Stewart flicked the pages of the album. Here was Jim at four years old, with bangs and a white sailor suit. It was that year, Mrs. Stewart recounted, when Jim fashioned his first airplane, adding wings from a kite to a pushable cart and installing the works of a discarded alarm clock as engine.

With interest, he filled me in on the exciting new plaything in the back yard and by the third afternoon, Jim was convinced it would fly. Borrowing an idea from the Wright Brothers, Jim decided to test his plane in the air by gliding from the sloping roof of the washhouse.

"He had managed to drag the cart up on the roof," Mrs. Stewart recounted, "and was all ready to take off when Alec happened to come into the yard. His sister and I were stopped too late and he dashed back to the washhouse just in time to catch Jim and the plane as they hurtled toward the ground. They landed in a confused heap under the roof but fortunately no one was hurt.

"I'm sure Jim might have been seriously injured if his father hadn't happened by just when he took off, and that he was merely grieved because his first flight had been interrupted."

"It's a very good plane. I know it can fly," he argued.

"To distract him from any further neck-breaking experiments, Alec suggested that Jim turn his attention to building model planes and, helped by Clyde Woodward, one of the clerks at the hardware store, Jim began on a hobby that has held his interest to this day.

"When he was home last Christmas, he was more enthusiastic in his description of a new model he had just finished, than building anything pertaining to Hollywood."

Mrs. Stewart turned the pages of the album again. Next was an engaging snapshot of Jim gazing up at his father in unmistakable hero worship.

"Jim always has been intensely proud of his father," Mrs. Stewart said. "From the time he was a little boy, he's worshiped Alec and the greatest compliment you could give him was to say that he was like his father."...

One of Alec Stewart's happiest hobbies was his membership in the Volunteer Fire Association. Indiana was proud of the tradition of its volunteer firemen, and like many small towns in Indiana, Jim considered his father's membership in the fire company a source of pride.

The Jacksons are a large family and the house was filled with relatives, home for a reunion. Jim was out in the kitchen with Delta McGray, the big, good-natured Irish butler. The family crowded around him cooing compliments, making a great fuss over him.

"Oh, he has eyes just like his Aunt Emily," said Jim.

"Look, he has his Uncle John's nose."

"And his hair, isn't it just like Frank's?"

"Jim stood it as long as he could as one after another of his features was compared to that of some member of the family. Everyone except his father had been mentioned."

"Finally, jealous of the slight, Jim shouted, "Well, anyway, my teeth are just like Daddy's.""

"Just like Daddy's." It was the keynote of Jim's childhood, that desire to be like the tall, tender man who never forgot a promise, never failed to come to a man's rescue. Jim imitated his father's rangy walk, his wide, jerky gestures, caught the trick of slow, deliberate speech.

When you meet Alec Stewart you know instantly where Jim acquired his mannerisms, his voice, his eager interest in all about him.

One of Alec Stewart's happiest hobbies was his membership in the Volunteer Fire Association. Indiana was proud of the tradition of its volunteer firemen, and like many small towns in Indiana, Jim considered his father's membership in the fire company a source of pride.

Whenever he could, Jim followed his father to the fire association's meetings, watching drill, with excited interest, helping polish the nozzle of a hose, sharing the company's pride in the acquisition of each new piece of equipment.

So great was Jim's persistence in attending each meeting, his wide-eyed worship of the heroes of the fire company, that he was accepted as official mascot of the company and when he was six years old, Jim was thrilled at Christmas time by receiving as his main present, a fireman's uniform, complete to visored cap and brass-buttoned tunic, an exact copy of the outfit worn by his father.

The present had never been unwrapped than Jim, disregarding all other gifts, rushed to his room to don the magnificent new raiment.

He was still in his prized costume at the Christmas dinner table, having removed the shiny, visored cap only after vigorous protest, when the sour-sounding bell over the firehouse changed a summons on the quiet winter afternoon air.

Alec pushed his chair away from a half-finished plate of turkey and started out of the house. Before his mother could stop him, Jim, grabbing up his fireman's cap and his hatchet from under the Christmas tree, followed.

"The fire wasn't a very big one," Alec remembered, "just an old barn and we put out the blaze in short order. When I looked around for him Jim wasn't anywhere in sight. I walked around in back of the shed and there he was with his hatchet that wouldn't have made much of a dent on a snowball, hacking away feverishly at a rear door."

It was a memorable experience, that first fire he attended as mascot and, a little later, recounting the story to his grandparents, Jim's enthusiasm for fire fighting was emphasized.

The small barn with one or two horses became a great stable with scores of frightened animals trapped in a giant configuration.

Grandma Stewart listened attentively to the glowing account. Exaggeration followed exaggeration until finally the little old lady asked, "And were all the horses lost, Jim?"

"The apprentice axman shot a look at his father, who had been watching the boy curiously."

"Well," hesitated Jim, "I think one of the horses got his tail burned."

It became a celebrated story in the Stewart family when someone seemed overboard on a story.

"One of the horses got his tail burned!"

Jim was eight years old when the Stewarts moved from the "Garden of Eden" to their present home, a big brick house on Vinegar Hill, the residential knob which rises in the center of town. Meanwhile Jim had started going to the Model School, an adjunct of the State Teachers College in Indiana, and here began his friendship with Joe Davis, Bill Neff and Hall Blair, who were to become the closest chums of his boyhood.

Jim Stewart was born and raised in the Model School. The Model School was a serious little boy who wore glasses and showed an unusual talent for drawing. In fact, the cover of the book in which she has kept unusual work of her pupils through the years is decorated with a skillful crayon sketch of Jim's, depicting a knight in armor astride a fiery black charger.
Nothing definite was said on the subject, but it was pretty well understood between them that she was, henceforth, to be his girl. It was toward the redhead's chair that Jim always hurried at dancing class and it was to Jim she turned when partners were chosen for parties at the school. All through the spring, young love ran its course, undisturbed by anything more serious than an occasional hair pulling, until the fateful day that John Blair's father gave him a pony.

Ah, the fickleness of feminine fancy! Just twenty minutes after the redhead saw John Blair's pony, Jim had definitely returned to the ranks of the unattached males. But if the redhead was lost, there was solace to be found in the fact that next-door-neighbors, Jean Prothero and her sister Agnes, also had recently acquired a pony and welcomed the mastery of a man's hand on the reins.

The Prothero pony was a much faster animal than John Blair's and Jim exulted in passing the Blair cart, with its beribboned redhead passenger, and flicking his whip with a nonchalant disdain that must have been both a reproach and a reprimand to the unfaithful one.

(Continued on page 78)
WHAT AMERICAN WOMEN THINK OF HOLLYWOOD WOMEN

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

The impression that most of us have of women of Hollywood is a patchwork, made up partly of the old myths and partly of highly personal and detailed information. Where the myth stops and the information begins to be accurate is not always clear to us and perhaps it isn't to the Hollywood women. I shouldn't think it would be. But from what we hear and from what we read in the magazines and newspapers, from letters which come from Susan Smith who went out to live in Hollywood (nearly every woman now knows a Susan Smith at first or second hand) and from tourists' brief views of the industry and the community, the ordinary American woman has made her composite picture of the women connected with motion pictures, the stars, the lesser lights, and the women who have married into the business and have just gone along to be wives.

It is not the picture which we had ten or fifteen years ago. Then, to be a woman in Hollywood, especially an actress, was almost synonymous with being a siren, living in real or in potential sin all the time, and dwelling in a house and social environment as teneous as the shadow pictures on the screen. As time has gone on and pictures have raised their own standards of intellectual values, as we have heard stars and minor actresses talk, often using better English and more careful inflections than most of us, we realize that there must be more to life out there than we thought. It's not just sex. The Hollywood women, at least a decent proportion of them, have brains as well as beauty. They work hard. (They must work hard—or how could they do it?) And they have to behave. We have heard all about those disciplinary contracts which demand better behavior of motion-picture actresses than is required of the ordinary society woman.

Also the candid camera has shown us the realistic Hollywood woman. It reveals flaws, frowns, squints, casual actions, the girl getting older, and those prove humanity better than the posed photograph with every eyelash brushed, combed and stretched. The radio and news columnists have often been mercilessly frank about displays of temperament, about comment on those who carry success well and those who can't stand it. We realize they have their problems and some of them aren't so much different from our own.

But just the same, it's a queer life from the point of view of the average American woman. She isn't jealous of the Hollywood woman as a rule, nor does she covet the Hollywood home, which often seems from the photographs to be a swimming pool surrounded by shoe closets.

There are, of course, thwarted women in every town, who feel that they could have done just as well given one second chance at a more husband. But aside from the few who are bitterly biting their nails because they are not in Hollywood, the ordinary woman feels that she does not compete in the same field as the Hollywood one. She may be critical of Hollywood life and she is usually curious about it, more so than she admits. She may not believe all she hears about it, or she may swallow every piece of gossip that comes her way. But she is not envious because she feels that Hollywood is not down her street. The average woman is more likely to envy the wife of her husband's boss, her college roommate who wrote a book, or Dorothy Thompson.

Hollywood is like Mars, a place where ordinary people don't live, or where ordinary people become extraordinary by the fact of residence. This isn't true of the average woman's point of view about New York or even Paris. She may not get to those places very often, but she can imagine herself there and what she would do if she did. Not so in Hollywood.

What does this feeling stem from? First of all, I think, from the fact that Hollywood women seem to lack privacy. This is not only in their professional work but also in emotional life and in marriage. If they have divorces or entanglements, they might as well have them in a goldfish bowl or in the front yard. If they have a happy married life, that's also news. This is not true of other women in public life. If, for example, Pearl Buck or Margaret Mitchell should have a personal complication in her life, her friends might know it. The literary set might be aware of it. But her millions of readers, her fans, would not. Winchell might say something about it casually, but unless it amounts to scandal or a
murder, there is not likely to be a feature about how a famous writer gets along with her husband. We know that Katharine Cornell is married, but we would be surprised and rather bewildered if Katharine Cornell's name were seen tacked to an article which said "Cornell Tells Why My Life Has Romance."

But such a line about Katharine Hepburn might be all in the day's reading. Stokowski could have had almost any other friend except Garbo and it would not have been headline news. There is a peculiar difference. Cornell, Hepburn and Garbo are all serious actresses with great publics, but the private lives of the movie actresses are more exposed than those on the legitimate stage. They are not often able to conceal anything and if they do, the fact of concealment itself is publicized.

So the average woman thinks that the Hollywood woman has no private emotional life. That she can not imagine for herself. Marriages which are open to the public do not seem real to the average American woman. Marriage relations are things which the normal woman keeps to herself, or shares only with her friends, and maybe the hairdresser and the laundress.

There is this exposure which sets the Hollywood woman apart and makes her seem quite different from other people, at least in the eyes of the average woman. There is also the impression American women have that Hollywood life is impermanent. When the average American woman marries she gets fixed for life, or so she hopes and trusts. She does not believe that the Hollywood woman, even with the same intention, has the same chance.

The Hollywood life and career itself seems destructive of human relations. Again and again the public is told that a marriage or a love

(Continued on page 77)
So, you thought you knew all there was to know about Ginger Rogers! Well, this is no picture of a serious careerist, it's the fun-loving Ginger, who jumps into this old game of Truth and Consequences with the zest that makes her beloved by studio workers and stars alike. She called quits on six of the questions—the forfeits she paid are pictured on the opposite page—but think of all the fun in store for you imagining what her answers should have been.

1. (Q) Of what personal accomplishment are you most proud?
   (A) The sketch I did of Madame Maria Ouspenskaya is one thing which really tickles me; it was one of the first sketches I undertook. I had seen her in a film with Garbo and had been interested by her face. I had never met her, but after I finished the sketch, working from a photograph—it took me three or four weeks altogether—I invited her to dinner so that she might see it, too. If she hadn't liked it as much as I did, I believe I would never have recovered from the disappointment.

2. (Q) In what other actress have you noticed a resemblance to yourself?
   (A) Just recently in watching Priscilla Lane on the screen I had the funny feeling that I knew her—there was something so familiar about her. I realized then that it was because we are somewhat alike; not our features particularly, but our expressions, mannerisms or something—just what it is, I can't explain.

3. (Q) What famous personality would you most prefer to meet and why?
   (A) There are so many I'd like to meet that I can't name them all here, but I believe I'd feel most honored to meet Leopold Stokowski and Professor Albert Einstein. I'm sure I would have nothing of interest to say to them, but if I could only listen in on a conversation they might be having with someone else, someone else who would know how to probe them intelligently, that would be wonderful!

4. (Q) Have you ever taken part in a blind date and what were the circumstances?
   (A) No. Mysteries of that kind don't interest me.

5. (Q) Do you ever read beauty articles, seeking some beauty secret for yourself?
   (A) I'm an easy mark for any and every advertisement which promises that a certain product will make me ravishing. If it's a lipstick, I promptly send for a half dozen and then, after trying them briefly, I invariably return to my original stand-by.

6. (Q) When have you ever consciously imitated someone?
   (A) Never consciously, but I always unconsciously pick up the accent or inflection of the person with whom I am talking. Just recently, at lunch with an European, he accused me of making fun of him, saying, "You talk at me, like me." It took me twenty minutes to convince him that it was unintentional and that I was not ridiculing him. It's a very embarrassing quality.

7. (Q) When you have a man opponent at some sport, tennis for example, do you ever deliberately throw a game his way, on the theory that men do not like to be beaten by women?
   (A) I should say not! I love to beat a man and I always play to win. I get a big kick out of it. And if he doesn't enjoy it, so much the better! I'm for the woman-winner every time, in everything.

8. (Q) Which photographic angle of your face do you consider the best?
Imagine asking a gal Question 11! Well, Ginger wouldn’t answer—but she did let us print one of her drawings (top)—a sketch of Madame Ouspenskaya—good, too, we say. Question 18 was another stopper, but the consequence really wasn’t meant to frighten little children. It’s how the well made up woman of 1939 does not look

(A) Do you mind if I say, “Behind the ears”? And I am not being facetious! I saw a rear view of my head for the first time on the screen just recently, and I couldn’t help it, I thought that view of me was kind of cute.

9. (Q) What is your most successful disguise for avoiding recognition in public?
(A) I’ve tried everything, but nothing is fan-proof. The only really sure way to avoid recognition is not to go out.

10. (Q) What was the most tomboyish physical feat of your childhood?
(A) I was runner-up in a broad-jumping contest once. But my greatest dream was to become a champion pole vaulter, though I never got any farther at that than over the back fence on the prop-stick for the washline.

11. (Q) What has caused your keenest embarrassment?
(A) Miss Rogers took the consequences. (Let us reproduce one of your drawings.)

12. (Q) Do you really enjoy opera, or do you go because it is the fashion?
(A) I can’t say I enjoy all operas, but I only go to those I really like. I have seen eighteen different operas, and (Continued on page 86)

Rumor has it that there is only one answer to Question 26, but Ginger preferred to have a picture taken riding “no hands” on her bicycle rather than reveal her secret.
Hilarious are the doings among the top-drawer socialites of the young cinema set—which, like Gaul, is divided into three parts—Rooney, Cooper and "Dead End" Halop

There is a reason for the male dominance, and a good one—for certain ones of our little movie girls of sixteen or seventeen (not all) must, due to their roles, remain a good fourteen (or, let's say, just fourteen), for quite a few years beyond all credibility. The public's attention is supposed to be diverted from a babyish girl in boyish clothes, flat heels and a toeing-in cuteness.

Naturally, these little buds must be led and guided by the stronger, older (oh, yeah?) males. Result? The boy sprouts of today are the Lucius Beebes of tonight's shindig.

Now what do these children do for entertainment, where do they go, how do they think? Do they miss the normal high-school whirl of other small towns?

It all depends on the division in which one is classed. If you rotate around the Mickey Rooney sun, you go places and you have sophisticated rompings which is: The Biltmore Bowl, The Palomar, The Wilshire Bowl for dining and dancing. You are dressed up like a billy goat and your ears are a cozy, watermelon pink from scrubbing. You have your weekly allowance of thirty-five dollars in your pocket; so, boy, what could be sweeter? You glide, you dip, you zip (I've got lumbago just thinking about it) until very late, at least eleven forty. Then you race for a car that would cause the manufacturer's eyes to pop with surprise and tear her home before midnight for fear pa and ma will be waiting to shove you headlong through the knotty pine wall.

This is life as it is lived by the faster, dizzier crowd. The girl friend of the whirling dervish—Mickey—is usually nonprofessional and always older than her escort.

"I know what I'm about," Mickey once told me, "and I'm taking no chances. Besides, I think older than those kids around here and so I enjoy the company of older girls." By "older," Mickey means a decrepit twenty or a middle-aged nineteen.

The Dead End clique must be divided and subdivided (do I hear shouts of approval?) into various classifications if one is to give an accurate report of Young Fry activities.

The undisputed leader of this clique is Billy Halop. Billy is It. Leo Gorcey (whom I suspect of not being a beautiful baby, for, baby, look at him now!) is the Cholly Knickerbocker of the clique, reporting the various activities of rival groups to leader Halop. Bobby Jordan, who blushes, and who is himself the little leader of his set (the wheels within wheels would floor you), goes in for roller skating on Saturday afternoons with Judy Garland or Marcia Mae Jones and recess carrying-on, over a glass of milk, with Bonita, Bernard Punsley, who is the only member of the group to go to high school, cares little for social doings but does appear if leader Billy commands. Huntz Hall is a high-powered driver, high-powered dresser, high-powered shooter-off-of-the-lip, a walking advertisement for Halop's exclusive circle. Leo is, by far and away, the most worldly of the group and talks a mean romance. He even writes a marvelous life of intrigue, if one is to judge from the note inscribed to a Warner Brother friend and penned to a publicity wall which reads: "I promise not to have more than two romantic affairs this year."

"One would have him leaping off balconies and screaming for Pa," the friend howls.

As a whole, the boys are average boys, whizzing around in their own cars (Halop's is a gorgeous rosebleed red), going to parties and behaving well.

(Continued on page 73)
The proof of a good home party is (it's an easy guess)—the "eats." Billy Halop, social leader of the Dead Enders, entertains. Martha Burnett (right), Florence Halop, Judy Garland, the host, Bonita Granville and Grace Clarke. Charades are popular, but the first and last love is dancing. Below, Jitterbugs Bonita Granville and Frankie Thomas. Lower, right, Skating date—Bob White and Judy
With a wave of their magic wands, these five wise men of Hollywood transform plain girls into the most glamorous ones in the world. Heretofore closely guarded secrets are revealed for you to perform miracles in your own appearance.

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

I owe it all to my mother," the stars once lisped, with pretty sentiment. "She is my best friend and my severest critic." Now—and we count it something for which to be thankful—this has changed. In the more realistic year of 1939 the stars report, "I owe it all to my studio make-up man, hairdresser, dress designer and health and charm experts. They are my best friends and my severest critics."

These Hollywood miracle men are severe critics, too. They stand off and regard stars and potential stars as impersonally as if they were amateurish wood carvings.


They do not stop there, however. Immediately after criticizing, they demonstrate that they also are the stars' best friends. There is a corrective formula for everything that is wrong with the feminine face and figure. The miracle men know what it is. They put it to work. And they transform those who are average and a trifle above average into individuals whose attraction and charm circle the globe. "Give," we said to these miracle workers. "Be modern and share your wealth!"

They gave, every last one of them—the make-up men, hairdressers, dress designers and health and charm experts. We have spent months listening to these men tell about the things they do for the stars—and why they do them. They gave us material that has never been published before so that Photoplay readers, possessing heretofore closely guarded secrets, could perform miracles in their appearance—and probably in their lives. One thing does follow another, we've found.

This month, the gentlemen in our line-up are the make-up men. Excuse us for a minute while we take time out to do a little boosting about them.

Perc Westmore has such skill for making women look lovely and lovelier that Warner Brothers have raised his salary for fourteen years running—to keep him on their lot. To impress you further, we throw in the fact that Perc also is the authority on make-up in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Jack Dawn insists that only stupid women are ugly. He dreams of a clinic in which he may guide all women to beauty. In the meantime, on the Metro lot, he is confidant and adviser in make-up problems, to stars like Loy and Bruce, Shearer and Garbo.

Mel Berns has such genius for turning ducklings into swans that the First National Studios moved heaven and earth to get him when Babe Ruth, the home-run king, arrived on their lot to make a movie. Mel admits his work since then, at RKO, with girls like Ginger Rogers and Lucille Ball, has been duck soup.

Wally Westmore, high mogul of Paramount's make-up department for fourteen years, directs a staff of forty-three beauty artists. Many times he has proved the god in the machine when a new star was born and a hundred million others like you marveled at her beauty.

You don't like your face? Well, change it!

Clay Campbell spent the early years of his independence painting faces on wax dummies. He transformed the dummies so entrancingly that George Westmore, papa of Wally and Perc and famous in matters of beauty before them, urged him to take his talents to the movie studios. He guessed what Clay could do for faces with animation. Clay worked first as assistant to Perc Westmore. And now he's the last word on make-up at Twentieth Century-Fox.

These five wise men from Hollywood say:

You Don't Like Your Face? Well, Change It!*

*You've heard of plastic surgery, but have you ever heard of cosmetic surgery?

I. Homemade Face Lifts: Take adhesive
tape one-half inch wide. Fold it in two pads about three-quarters of an inch long, with half

Don't eliminate all expression

that length exposing the sticky side. Pull a length of heavy thread that is about the same color as your hair through the center of the thick half of the pads. Now, press the sticky end of those pads against your temples, as near to your hairline as you can get them. Bring the two lengths of thread together at the top of your head and tie them securely. As you do this you will raise your skin. Be careful, how-

Two chins are too many

catches the light and there is no shadow. Consequently you don't look normal. So what do you do? You make a shadow! Simply enough, too! You merely cover your second chin with a powder base that is two or three shades darker than that used on the rest of your face! And your second chin immediately ceases to be high lighted and conspicuous. Unless you

ruin everything by wearing sequins or some shiny white surface that reflects light directly under your chin. (Jack Dawn)

4. If Your Ears Don't Know Their Place: Use duoliquid adhesive, to put them in their place and to keep them there! For even if you

arrange your coiffure to cover your ears, they will ruin your sleek hairline if they protrude beneath it. Put the duoliquid adhesive behind your ears and on the back of them, too. Then, in less than a minute, when it has dried a little, wrap a towel about your head to tie your ears back. Leave the towel on while you finish your make-up. Duoliquid dries colorless and transparent. And once it sticks you can depend upon it for the rest of the evening. If you chance to tie your ears back too tightly it's a simple matter to loosen them a little. (Clay Campbell)

5. If Your Jaw Is Too Wide: A darker make-up base on the outer part of your jaw will throw it into shadow and make it less apparent. Try a base two shades darker than that you use on the rest of your face. And see to it that the two bases are blended so they merge smoothly. (Wally Westmore)

JEEPERS, CREEPERS! IMPROVE YOUR PEEPERS!

1. Keep mascara away from your eyelids! Apply it to the tips of your lashes only. When mascara is close to your eyelids it closes down the opening of your eyes and this makes your eyes look smaller. (Wally Westmore)

2. Don't fool yourself that your eyes will look

I I L U S T R A T E D B Y BARBARA SHERMUND
larger if you pluck your eyebrows higher. Eyebrows should be of the same shape as your nose and frontal bone. When they fail to do this your eyes look strange, but not larger. (Wally Westmore)

3. If your eyes are close together, widen the apparent distance between them by widening the distance between your eyebrows. (Wally Westmore)

4. Your facial lines always curve. You can't afford to have even the suggestion of an angle in your eyebrows. (Wally Westmore)

5. Don't be one of the many women who make flagrant mistakes with eye shadow. Most eye-shadow colors are not natural in the first place. The only true color around the eyes is some shade of brown. This means that any other color must be used subtlety—and we mean subtlety! (Wally Westmore)

6. Here's a way to do your eyes so they will be beautiful, but won't seem obviously made up. Draw a line over and below your eyes—of course—with a pencil. Erase it with your finger tip until it is nothing but a shadow. Then with your pencil make a little "V" at the outside corner of each eye. Make the little "V's" the same shape as the outside corners of your eyes, merely a slight continuation of your eyeline. Fill them in with a light paste make-up base. By this process your eyes look larger and they are given a frame which enhances them just as much as a frame enhances a picture. (Mel Berns)

7. Shape your eyebrows within reason by puckering or shaving. Then train them in the way they should grow with hbandole (used for setting hair waves) or mustache wax. This is an excellent measure for eyebrows that grow every which way and also for eyebrows that droop. (Mel Berns)

8. If your eyelids are wrinkled—and some are naturally, irrespective of your age—have no traffic with eye shadow. (Mel Berns)

9. If you have squint wrinkles around your eyes, the species you get from the sun and from lip salve on smoothly and evenly. (Pere Westmore)

2. Don't moisten your lips before you put on your salve. If you do, the salve will cake and you won't be pretty. (Pere Westmore)

3. Be generous in your use of lip salve, but remember the excess before you leave your mirror. Blot your mouth with cleansing tissue, until no imprint remains. (Pere Westmore)

4. Put on your lip salve with a brush. This will permit you to extend you want, and to keep the line even. Outline your mouth first, then fill in the color. (Mel Berns)

5. Make your upper lip—which gives your mouth expression—a little larger than it is normally. Do this by extending the natural outline. (Wally Westmore)

6. Your lips should curve. There should not be any trace of an angle at any point. At the corners they should curve upward. And they'll do this—even if they don't naturally—if you'll put the tiniest dot of color at the corners of your mouth, then wipe it off with a deft upward motion, so you leave only a hint of color. Thus you will enhance your expression and make you seem younger. (Wally Westmore)

Little puffs of powder, Little dabs of paint, Make the chorus lady Look like what she ain't.

—If used, use smartly! We have, we'll confess, added a final line to that old classic. We had to, for honesty's sake. For it makes all the difference in the world what you do with your powder and paint, whether you take the way your face grows into consideration when you put it on. Don't take our word for it, we give you the voice of authority—Pere Westmore.

WHAT KIND OF FACE HAVE YOU?

Mr. Westmore, Make-up Analyst Extraordinary, says there are seven basic facial types. His advice is: Determine to which of these you belong before you even look at a rouge pot or powder puff. Whichever type you are, you have particular charm—if you will give it a chance, if you will, please, make up to suit yourself and your bones, and not in imitation of someone who does very well in her way but who isn't even remotely like you. Now for the seven different types—and the make-up which causes them to bloom like the flowers that grow in the spring, tra la . . .

The Oval Face: This is accepted by artists as the ideal type. And it is exactly what the name implies, a face oval in contour. If, like Kay Francis, you are blessed with such a face don't ruin it, be careful to:

1. Start your eyebrows on a line exactly above the inside corner of your eyes. And keep them as natural as powder. If you have particular charm—if you will give it a chance, if you will, please, make up to suit yourself and your bones, and not in imitation of someone who does very well in her way but who isn't even remotely like you. Now for the seven different types—and the make-up which causes them to bloom like the flowers that grow in the spring, tra la . . .

The Round Face: The round face is full in outline, even to the jawline and the forehead. It is a face shaped like Sonja Henie's. It requires:

1. Foundation cream and powder at least one shade darker than your complexion.

2. The darkest possible shade of rouge which your coloring will tolerate. Like foundation cream and powder, that is light in shade accentuates your facial fullness. And that's just what you don't want to do.

3. Rouge to rise on the outside of your cheeks to your temple and also to extend down so it will shade your jawline ever so faintly.

4. Width in your mouth. To reduce the distance between the corner of your mouth and your chin line.

5. After your lip rouge is applied remove the excess with cleansing tissue.

The Square Face: Ann Sheridan has a square face—a face with a square chin line, broad jaws, with the same square line at the temples and carrying across the forehead. If you're on the square too:

1. Keep your mouth as wide as possible. And see to it that your lips have a graceful curve and tilt upward at the corners.

2. Put your rouge under the center of your eyes in a circle, then carry it back toward your ears and down under your jawline, ever so lightly. This will give you a shadow at your jaw and make the lower part of your face seem smaller.

3. Curve your eyebrows a trifle higher. By hook or crook, suggest more length in your face.

4. Brush your eyebrows upward. This, together with the tilt of your mouth, will help to soften your contours.

The Oblong Face: Here's a face that is long and thin. The forehead is a little wider than the chin. Loretta Young has such a face. And lovely it is, if it's made up properly, if, to be exact:

1. The lightest rouge that will blend with your complexion is used.

2. Your rouge is blended carefully in the center of your cheeks in a circle.

3. Your eyebrows start on a direct line with your tear ducts and don't extend unnaturally to make your forehead look broad and your chin smaller by comparison.

4. The distance between your eyebrows and eyes is kept equal to the height of your eyes when they're open normally.

5. Your lower lip is made fuller at the corners.

The Triangle Face: In this face the jaws are broad and wide and the forehead is narrow and tapering. Like Alice Faye's. The correct make-up is very simple and very important.

1. Rouge should be applied on the side of the face carried fairly faintly and delicately toward the temple. Also, it should be carried down to the jaw, equally faintly, to make a shadow there.

2. The eyebrows should begin directly over the tear duct, be fairly narrow (but not at all a thread line) and arch slightly.

3. The mouth should be made as wide as possible. There should be nothing to suggest a Cupid's bow—perish the thought! The natural outline of the lips should be followed faithfully.

4. If the chin inclines to recede, a lighter foundation cream should be used from the line where the recession begins.

(Continued on page 89)
Movie-minded monarchs? Not only do England’s King and Queen enjoy the movies—they even make their own!

BY PAUL LARNARD

TIME was when an English King sought amusement, the most famous thespians of the realm were summoned to Buckingham Palace to give command performances before a court resplendent in Elizabethan costumes. Today the shadows of Hollywood’s elite entertain royalty from a silver screen not far from the historic thrones before which minstrels of old once revelled.

Mickey Mouse is now court jester in the halls that once echoed Falstaff’s laughter and though on state occasions there is all the pomp and ceremony of the days of King Henry VIII, with scarlet-coated guards and lords and ladies in waiting encrusted in diamonds and decorations, for their private recreation King George VI and Queen Elizabeth have dropped the royal falconer from the palace pay roll and replaced him with a royal projectionist.

For, like President and Mrs. Roosevelt, the King and Queen are enthusiastic film fans. With both families, moving pictures provide their chief form of entertainment. A new film is shown every other evening or so at the White House and at least twice a week Their Majesties view a movie in the gold and white ballroom of Buckingham Palace.

Based on the number of requests for their films, Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert appear to be the chief favorites of England’s movie-minded monarchs, although the only picture which has ever been singled out for a return engagement at the palace was a Marx Brothers’ comedy, “A Night at the Opera.”

Pictures with an English background, or films built upon some incident in British history are received with particular interest at Buckingham Palace. Anna Neagle’s performances in “Queen Victoria” and “Sixty Glorious Years” won a nod of royal approval. “Gunga Din” was applauded.

“Pygmalion,” the first of Shaw’s plays to be screened, was shown at the palace recently and was reported to have been met with obvious delight by the royal family. The Shaw film was viewed at the theater in London, where it has been playing for some months, by the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and in Paris it was one of the few movies attended this spring by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

Among other British-made films which were screened for King George and Queen Elizabeth this year were “The Citadel,” “The Lady Vanishes,” “Stolen Life,” with Elizabeth Bergner, a particular favorite of the queen mother, Queen Mary, and “Drums.”

AMERICAN films, however, supply the bulk of Their Majesties’ film fare. Pictures which have found favor with the royal fans in recent months include: “You Can’t Take It With You,” “Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife,” “Men With Wings,” “Zaza,” “Idiot’s Delight,” “Wuthering Heights” and “The Little Princess.”

“The Little Princess” was shown also to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, who have indicated that Shirley Temple shares with Gene Autry the role of their screen favorite. Just before her thirteenth birthday recently, when newspapers the world over reported that England was beginning to eye the eligibles for a consort for the future queen, Princess Elizabeth admitted that her matinee idol was Autry, the singing cowboy.

Relished by the Princesses and the King and Queen alike was “Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.” But it is Mickey Mouse that really rates with royalty.

This fondness for Mickey Mouse is shared by the queen mother, Queen Mary, who is perhaps the most frequent patron at the picture theaters of any of the royal family. Proof of the dowager queen’s partiality for the antics of the (Continued on page 84)
A "right guy" gets a break

LOUIS HAYWARD stepped into a dead man's shoes when he won the title rôle in "The Duke of West Point." The dead man was his best friend, Jack Dunn, so Louis gave it everything, for Jack's sake as well as his own . . .

Now, everybody's talking about him. He has won a long-term contract with Edward Small Productions and another starring rôle in "The Man in the Iron Mask." He seems to be going places for sure.

An acting career didn't "just happen" in Louis' life; he chose it—carefully and seriously. The son of a South African mining engineer, he spent much of his boyhood in school in England and France. But his father died suddenly and it was then Louis chose acting as his future. His mother gave him most of her savings to invest in a stock company which toured the British Isles. The venture failed but the training was invaluable. Louis got work on the stage in London and later a part in the Lunt-Fontanne hit play, "Point Valaine," in New York. Inevitably, Hollywood talent scouts saw him and he was given a screen contract. Roles in a few pictures followed, but too discouragingly often, he wasn't doing anything.

Meanwhile, he had fallen in love with Ida Lupino. But she was a star and, stubbornly, Louis wouldn't marry her and become, as he said, "Mr. Lupino." So they waited three long, not-too-happy years. On top of the difficulties Louis was having with his career, Ida fell ill and had to spend months in bed fighting a nervous breakdown. At last, however, things changed for the better. Louis got his break in "The Duke," followed by his contract and the "Iron Mask" rôle. Ida got well. So one day the two of them drove to Santa Barbara and were married . . . And now they seem to be living happily ever after—the more happily, perhaps, because they've known trouble.

SHUR-R-R-E an' there's a bit of mischief in her eye an' a bit of blarney on her tongue—an' why not, I say, when she's a true Irish colleen from Dublin . . . She's Geraldine Fitzgerald, known on the Warner lot as "Jerry Fitz, sweet kid" . . . Known the country over as Hollywood's latest 'discovery' since she played Ann King in "Dark Victory." An independent lass, Jerry. Her aunt is Sheliah Richards, leading lady at the famous Abbey Theater in Dublin, but when Jerry decided she wanted a career, she got a job on her own . . . went on to British pictures, to the New York stage presentation of George Bernard Shaw's "Heartbreak House," to Hollywood with a Warner Brothers contract. She is still being independent. After she had her film contract, she went home to Ireland and wouldn't come back until the studio promised her a definite part (the "Dark Victory" rôle). She has an Irish "way with her" that no one can resist. She is frank—and refreshing. For instance, she is out to be a big movie star and makes no bones about it. She says, "Shur-r-r-e an' it's stardom I'm after!" Just like that.

The little Fitzgerald is beauty-loving, fanciful, volatile. She can paint and often does. She is musical, too. She reads prodigiously, all kinds of books. She is given to daydreaming; she admits it. She is quick-tempered but generous, imaginative, moody, intense. Like many a child of the Emerald Isle, she believes in "The Little People." She is married—to Edward Lindsay-Hogg, who writes songs and breeds fine horses, and who is with her in Hollywood now. She isn't too crazy about California's famous climate, but she'll be staying here for a while, I think, because, after "Dark Victory," she was rushed into a swell rôle in "Give Me a Child" and there are certain to be still bigger and better Fitzgerald rôles as time marches on.

The Luck O' the Irish

ALMOST seven years ago a London-bound ship sailed from Capetown, South Africa, with a three-year-old youngster aboard, a tiny, blue-eyed girl, starting out to seek her fortune.

Seven years later, in Hollywood's Carthay Circle theater, on the night of "The Little Princess" premiere, it looked as though she had found it, for people were whispering excitedly, "That little Sybil Jason—isn't she wonderful?" Sybil's story is different from that of the average movie child. For one thing, her parents live many thousands of miles away from her—in Capetown. It has been her elder sister, Anita, who has taken care of her, mothered her, taught her all she needed to know to become one of Filmdom's outstanding children.

Sybil and Anita had sailed for London at the invitation of Frances Day, British screen and stage star, who, hearing of Sybil's talent for singing and playing the piano, had offered to sponsor her. In London, in a charity concert at the Palace Theater, Sybil stopped the show and as a consequence was signed for a British picture called "Barnacle Bill." When it was re-released, Warner Brothers took one look at her and gave her a Hollywood contract. She has been working in American pictures ever since.

Meeting Sybil, you would never know she is a "movie child." She isn't precocious; she hasn't the sophistication of many movie children. Asked if she likes working in pictures, she says, "Yes, specially when I can eat lunch in the studio dining room with all the grownups."

When she isn't working, she goes to public school in Beverly Hills where she and Anita live in a modest apartment. When I asked her if she wants to be a movie star when she grows up, she stammered and said she didn't know . . . And I suddenly caught on that being interviewed was a rather painful business and that she would much rather go outside to play.
**Talking About**

**BY MARIAN RHEA**

**Alias Blade Stanhope Conway**

**BOB CUMMINGS** would laugh if you said it to his face, but his story of success is a sort of Cinderella story. Here he was “kicking around the studios, playing in fairly unimportant roles, and then, chosen by Universal for Deanna Durbin’s picture, “Three Smart Girls Grow Up,” he proved a big surprise, was signed for a long-term contract and is going places, at last.

Born in Joplin, Missouri, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Cummings, Bob was slated to be a mining engineer and entered Carnegie Tech, but he wanted to be an actor. This naturally brought him into college theatricals and later into the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, from which he was graduated with honors.

He thought he was all set, but it was about then that the New York stage was raiding the British stage for actors, while Americans were finding it tough to land even a walk-on part.

All of which didn’t daunt Bob. He went to England and studied the British method of speech. After several months of this, he bribed the doorman of a theater in Sussex to let him put his picture in the foyer; had a picture taken of this setup, and wrote American agents that one “Blade Stanhope Conway, British actor, author and producer” was prepared to consider American offers.

Offers came in droves and Bob or, rather, “Blade Stanhope Conway” accepted a role in a New York play, “The Roof.” Movies ultimately interested him and when he heard Paramount wanted a native Texan for “So Red the Rose,” he tried out for the role as a bona fide “Lone Star” citizen (under his own name) and got it. That was the beginning of his Hollywood career.

Bob is straightforward, frank, endowed with an engaging grin and becoming modesty. He owns his own plane. He has, too, a flair for woodwork. Yes, girls, he is married to Vivian Janis, former Ziegfeld Follies beauty.

**A charming bit of old Russia**

**MADAME MARIA Ouspenskaya** (pronounced “Oo-spenn-sky-yah”), the little old lady who charmed us in “Love Affair,” has been a part of the theater since girlhood. She was a star in the Moscow Art Theater for many years. She triumphed in London and New York. Recently, she has been among Filmdom's most valued players. Yet it was in a real-life rôle, following the Revolution in Russia, that she contributed her greatest performance...

She was playing in Moscow at the time. Her sister, whom she adored, was critically ill. Maria didn't tell her that beyond their frosty windows an empire was crumbling. It would have killed the sick woman. The Ouspenskayas had only one stove and this was installed in the sister's room. But wood and coal were even more scarce than food. So, one by one, Maria burned the books from her library; the furniture—priceless heirlooms. But she never breathed a word of the terror in her heart.

Spring came at last. The invalid improved and Maria could ultimately reveal what had happened. But, in shielding her loved one, she had played the greatest rôle of her life. . . .

She is a lovely little lady, Madame Ouspenskayas, quiet, friendly, cheerful, free from temperament and jealousy... She is not seventy, as has been reported, but just a little over fifty. She is a talented pianist. When she is not playing in pictures she supervises a dramatic school in New York. She will appear in “The Rains Came,” scheduled by 20th Century-Fox.

Russian born, she is now an American citizen and proud to be. She would like to keep on acting “for years and years—until I actually am as old as I appeared to be in ‘Love Affair.’” When you congratulate her on a scene, she only smiles. . . . And you wonder if she isn’t thinking: “Ah, but you should have seen the performance I gave one winter in Moscow!”

**Fence-sitter and whittler**

**WALTER BRENNAN** is scarcely in his forties but he has been playing old men parts in the movies on-and-off for fourteen years.

I was introduced to him on the “Stanley and Livingstone” set at 20th-Century-Fox. There was a sort of shyness about him that I liked, instantly. That same sort of quality that we loved in Will Rogers.

He has won two Academy awards—one for his work in “Come and Get It” in 1936, and one for his performance in “Kentucky,” last year. His histrionic career began at Rindge School of Technology at Cambridge, Mass. He had expected to be an engineer, but got so interested in school theatricals that upon his graduation, he went into small-time vaudeville.

When this country entered the World War, he joined and served two years in France.

The close of the war found him restless. So he tried this and that business enterprise. He raised pineapples in Guatemala. He made a fortune in the Los Angeles real estate boom and lost it all when the boom collapsed. So, in 1929, “dead broke,” he says, he tried motion pictures. Eventually Samuel Goldwyn noticed his work and signed him for “The Wedding Night.” He was “clicking” ever since.

Now life looks pretty fine. He has plenty of work. He has salted away some money. He has a dandy little farm out in North Hollywood. He and his wife have been married for nineteen years and have two sons and a daughter.

The boys aren’t interested in being movie actors but little Miss Brennan would like to be a Big Star. Well, her father isn’t against this. . . .

“There is plenty of time,” he told me. “Trouble with most people is they hurry into things so fast, they never stop to have fun along the way. Now me—I like to sit on the fence and whistle and think about life and enjoy it . . . Or maybe just enjoy it.”
When it came time to face what had happened to them, both Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kaye were honest with each other. Gripping the receiver with a force that strained her knuckles white, she said, "All right, my dear. We'll call it quits, then—" And long after she had heard the faint click at the other end of the three-thousand-mile wire she sat quietly, still listening to the sound that meant the end of her marriage.

She knew now that she would have courage enough not to call him again, as she had done so often during the last week, when somehow the hope in her would not die. Let Fidler have it for his Friday night radio show; let Winchell shout it on Sunday, when she would be at that party her producer-friend was giving. Everyone there would listen, and they would look at her, and she would smile—just enough. Her explanations would be simple, have dignity. "Impossible situation...you can't beat this Hollywood thing after all, can you?...the only sensible thing is to separate, you see...."

But when the party guests looked at her, all of them, that Sunday, she forgot the brave rehearsed clichés and couldn’t work her mouth into a smile, or even the semblance of one. It was no use. The tears started down her cheeks and when she realized they weren’t going to stop she got up and went home, without saying anything at all.

After she had gone the other guests at the producer’s house did her explaining for her, among themselves; and they remembered for her, too. They went back four years. A few knew the story, so that they held the conversation while those who listened sat eagerly forward. "Then what?" said these attentive women from time to time. "What did she do then?"

Then she accepted the Hollywood contract, it seemed. That was after she’d married Herbie, of course. And Dottie so much in love with him it stuck out of her ears. "Both of them!" several ladies cried, interpolating.

It seemed, in addition, that you could not altogether blame Dot for what had happened. (The girls could afford this generosity to her, now.) Herbie had insisted that she come to Hollywood, even if it meant living away from him so much. "It’s a career—a big one," he’d told her, "and I’ve no right to keep you from it. As for this separation business, if our love isn’t strong enough to survive it, we’d better know about that right now."

The two of them had been very sure. Later, Herbie could get engagements on the Coast, or maybe even in a studio, and be with his wife always after that. The Kayes together would build a little house. And when the children they hoped for should come. ...

The producer’s guests smiled reminiscently, here. They interrupted again. "Remember?" they said.

Paramount had just about died. Paramount had called in Miss Lamour and had almost torn her singing from torch song. Wasn’t it enough, asked Paramount heatedly, that she’d gone and revealed her marriage to the press when the studio had expressly asked her not to? Hard job at that, doing a glamour build-up about a married woman. But the madness of announcing to the world that she intended to take a year off and have a baby!

She tried to make the studio understand, although she did a bad job of it because she wasn’t clear in her own mind why she’d hit upon this extravagant idea. Dorothy didn’t even know then how desperately afraid she was for the fragile thing her marriage had become. She was sure of her love, and of Herbie’s love for her. But the brutal fact of that distance between them, bridged only by the thin electric ghosts of voices which they sent by long-distance telephone to each other every night, was always there.

Somehow, no matter how Dorothy tried to find it, there was no answer to this problem. There were so many problems, anyway, and so few answers. The guests at the producer’s house nodded in unison. The ladies there knew about that; about Herbie’s independence, and... (Continued on page 81)
Though Irene Dunne looks so happy here with Fred MacMurray in "Invitation to Happiness" at Paramount, she's already planning her next on-screen flirtation—with Charles Boyer over at Universal.

Riches
BREATH
TAKING!

The phrase, "cradle of the deep," takes on a new meaning as Johnny Weismuller gives little Johnny Sheffield a swimming lesson while on location for "Tarzan in Exile" at Silver Springs, Florida. It's quite enough to have us gasping, but not these intrepid Tarzans, who float through the trees with the greatest of ease—far, far under water!
A TRIO OF EVES
Fetching Jane Wyman (above) has taking ways indeed! She’s now taking over all future "Torchy" roles on the strength of her excellent work in "The Kid from Kokomo"—in which she took over the romantic rôle opposite Wayne Morris, who’s usually teamed by Warners’ with Priscilla Lane.

All three of these Eves have much in common besides talent and promise. Like Jane, young Lana Turner [left] got her first big film break from Mervyn LeRoy, with whom she went to M-G-M. She has just signed a new long-term contract there and is now appearing in "Calling Dr. Kildare."

Both Ellen Drew (right) and Jane really do come from Missouri! And, like both the others, Ellen has been on the screen for only a brief year or two. Having completed her rôle in "The Gracie Allen Murder Case," she’s now in England, where she’s making still another film for Paramount.

P.S. There’s a trio of Adams on page 38!
It's back to those outdoor rôles which even his feminine fans love best, for Gary Cooper! First, Paramount's colorful new version of "Beau Geste," à la Sahara, and then Goldwyn's "The Real Glory," with a Philippine background.

Behold the happy bridegroom! There's no mistaking that broad smile—at left—on the face of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who took time out from filming Universal's "The Sun Never Sets," to marry socialite Mary Lee Epling Hartford.

Ever-popular Robert Young (right) has almost more assignments at M-G-M than anyone can handle—what with "Bridal Suite," co-starring with Annabella, and currently a more dramatic rôle opposite Ann Sothern in "Maisie Was a Lady."

The "Eves" are on pages 36 and 37.
"... HE BELONGS TO THE AGES"

1. Abraham Lincoln—as he looked in 1860 when first elected to the Presidency.
2. A rare picture of the late Ralph Ince as the screen's first Abraham Lincoln in "The Birth of a Nation" in 1915.
3. Joseph Henabery achieved fame as Lincoln in "The Birth of a Nation".
4. Although perfect in the title role of "Abraham Lincoln" in 1930, Walter Huston was not "typical" as the President.
5. The name of George Billings, however, became synonymous with the role after he portrayed the President in 1924.
6. One of Frank McGlynn, Sr.'s many Lincoln roles was in "The Littlest Rebel".
7. John Carradine as Lincoln in the 1928 "Of Human Hearts" with James Stewart.
8. 1939 Lincoln: Raymond Massey of Broadway's hit, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"—soon to do RKO's version—
9. and Henry Fonda, who makes June's biggest casting news as "Young Mr. Lincoln," made over by gum rubber and a make-up artist, a perfect counter-part of the Lawyer from the West.
The screen, heeding the current wave of love for Country, makes news by adding two more names to the roster of film Lincolns.
Willys of Hollywood, stocking stylist, chooses the six stars with the loveliest legs—and tells you how you can improve your own standing on a firm beauty basis.

Fifteen years ago a young boxer by the name of Willys De Mond gave up trading socks in the prize ring to trade in stockings among the stage and screen stars of Broadway and Hollywood. Today, known as Willys of Hollywood, he is recognized as the leading stocking stylist in the business, designing most of the silks and chiffons, meshes and clocks, that are pulled on over the toes that tread the movies' Hall of Fame.

If anyone should be in a position to judge who has the most perfect legs that parade before the public eye, it is this Adrian of the ankles who has looped his tape measure around the calf of just about every feminine celebrity on the screen.

According to Willys, the perfect leg has a measurement of eight and one-half inches at the ankle, twelve and one-half inches at the calf and nineteen and one-half inches at the thigh, and, despite their difference in height and weight and measurements above the waistline, there are six stars in Hollywood whose leg measurements match this ideal proportion.

Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers, Alice Faye, Eleanor Powell, Betty Grable and Marlene Dietrich are the half dozen Claudette Colbert's legs are two exclamation points ending a well-turned line—even without benefit of stockings, as at left—observes Willys. A whole publicity campaign was based on the streamlined limbs of Marlene Dietrich (below) a few years ago. The sensation was, and still is, justified, he believes. In the opinion of this expert, most dancers' legs are too muscular for beauty, but not those of Eleanor Powell (at right), whose flashing feet carry more than mere rhythm.
glamour girls who have the best-looking legs in Hollywood, says Willys.

"The most beautiful legs in the world are in Hollywood," declares the hosiery expert, "and the most beautiful legs in Hollywood belong to these six stars, all of whom have perfect leg measurements."

The average extra girl in Hollywood, adds Willys, has far better-looking legs than the average chorus girl of Broadway's musical shows and night clubs. A more athletic life on the part of the screen supernumeraries, and the tendency to wear more sport clothes with accompanying low-heeled shoes, is the explanation he gives.

"No girl need have ugly legs," Willys insists. "The three main aids to attractive legs are plenty of walking on low-heeled shoes; massage; and special exercises for the leg muscles. The three exercises I recommend to stars who want to keep their legs trim are walking on a straight line, pointing the toe with each step; picking up marbles with the toes and tossing them, and walking in an exaggerated pigeon-toed fashion to strengthen the muscles of the calf."

Of course, Willys wouldn't be a stocking stylist if he didn't point out that the proper choice of hosiery enhances the most attractive leg. A glamorous leg, he says, often depends upon tricks of illusion.

(Continued on page 79)
You're invited to join the guests at one of the earliest of their gay costume balls—the late Irving G. Thalberg, Ouida Rathbone, Norma Shearer Thalberg and Basil.

At one of the earliest of their gay costume balls—the late Irving G. Thalberg, Ouida Rathbone, Norma Shearer Thalberg and Basil.

Wedding anniversary kiss from "Franz Joseph" to "Elizabeth of Austria" at their memorable brides-and-grooms-of-history costume affair.

Exotic Mrs. Harry Lachman, Gregory Ratoff, Russian singer Tamara, with Ouida—whose parties never lack the international touch.

Brand-new bride of Gene Markey shows her ring to the wives of Charles Boyer, Doug Fairbanks.

Golden opportunity, even for such guided guests, when Richard Tauber sings, accompanied by Percy Kahn.

Success of the party can be guessed from applause of Leslie Howard and host Rathbone!
ARE ENTERTAINING

Magic words, these... the "Open sesame" into the top drawer of film society... for what Hollywood host and hostess can outshine Basil and Ouida Bergere Rathbone? So outstanding their past social successes... as pictured in the panels below... and brought up to date by their recent party for world-famous tenor Richard Tauber... panoramared in Hyman Fink's exclusive candidettes... that it was the Rathbones chosen to officiate at filmland's biggest event of the year... What a party that was, too... for the benefit of the Hollywood Actors' Guild, one Saturday midnight at their Bel-Air home, as in the case of most of these enchanting events! How typical of all Rathbone parties (the Guild affair, open to the public for sweet charity's sake, and the more intimate Tauber gathering for friends only) is the blend of renowned figures from every walk of life... Little wonder that everyone in the film colony prays for an invitation when the Rathbones are entertaining!

Hedy Lamarr finds the dry wit of new husband Gene Markey more fascinating than the music, as Charles and Pat Paterson Boyer eavesdrop

AT THE MOST SOUGHT-AFTER PARTIES IN CINEMA CITY

Typical of the cinema great at such social high lights as the wedding of Basil's son—the Gary Cooper, Myrna Loy, Norma Shearer

Of course, the marriage of Rodion Rathbone, Basil's son (with his father and his bride), was one of the most brilliant events of all

Entertaining's a full-time job, as proven by Mrs. R., planning the big charity party with Dolores Del Rio, Myrna Loy, Mary Pickford
Happy Birthday to MIKE!

MIRIAM HOPKINS plays hostess in honor of the seventh anniversaries of son Michael (top, with his mother) and Stan Shilling, young musician who appeared with her on a recent radio broadcast. Above, Mike puts heart and soul—and lungs—into the birthday cake ritual, as Susan Ann Gilbert (Virginia Bruce’s daughter) and Hal Wallis’ son, Brent, prepare to give aid if needed! Left, above, Gloria Gretchskoff, Mike, Stan, Brent, Louise Lovett, Kathryn Brown. Left, Miriam’s husband, Director Anatole Litvak, with Mary Brown, Mike, and Jeffrey Selznick. Note plane motif at feast (below).
Deanna Durbin, young star of Universal's "After School Days," chooses a gay active sport costume of colorful daisy-printed silk linen. The hooded jacket is a cozy companion to the halter-neck playsuit that is worn beneath. Deanna's white beach slippers have platform soles and an elastic strap insert for snug fit. More of Deanna's exciting summertime wardrobe appears in the Fashion Letter.
Bette Davis, seen in "Juarez," selects a windbreaker jacket (opposite page) of Leney woolen striped in shades of watermelon red, green and white, which fits casually over a short-sleeved sport frock of white Oxford crepe. Bette's fantastic play shoes are of gay red and white raffia.

Bette's "blouse and skirt" frock (right) is of crushed raspberry and white crepe, and a third note of color—deep purple—appears in the narrow suede belt. The pocket clip is a large cluster of violets and deep green leaves.

Also in her wardrobe is a summer frock of chartreuse sheer woolen (below). The jacket, which is double-breasted with matching bone buttons, has pocket insets of knife pleating—a repeat accent of the skirt styling. Her lapel pin of rhinestones is set in gold. Bette is now filming "The Old Maid," her next starring production for Warners.

All of Bette's frocks were selected from J. Magrath, Los Angeles.
Navy and white dotted silk trims Priscilla Lane's blue Downey Bark crepe (Onondaga) sport frock, designed by Howard Shoup for her to wear in Warner Brothers "A Family Affair." The blouse, with flaring collar and full, short sleeves, is joined to a circular skirt with a blue and white ribbon belt. Her matching blue linen shoes are contrasted by navy kidskin. This studio designed frock is not available in shops.

Andrea Leeds spends weekends at the beautiful Samarkand Hotel in Santa Barbara resting and playing to keep in perfect physical condition for her strenuous rôle as leading lady opposite Gary Cooper in Goldwyn's "The Real Glory." Andrea's play clothes for these week ends are colorful and gay to match the mood of vacation-time. She wears a sport frock (opposite page, top) of purple Cellia jersey accented by an inset waistband of lastax ribbing striped in purple, white and yellow. Her open heel and toe pumps of white mesh have kidskin trim and heels. For a sail in the Santa Barbara Bay, Andrea dons a collarless Sacony wool knit jacket (far left), checked in blue, fuchsia and gold on a natural background—as protection against wind, Andrea gathers her curls, peasant style into a printed silk kerchief. Under the jacket she wears a white linen crush slacks suit tied casually at the waist with silk jersey (opposite page, right). Goldwyn's "Music School," in which Andrea is now appearing, introduces Jascha Heifetz to the screen.
Brown herringbone lightweight tweed is featured in this two-piece tailored suit (top, left), which was designed by Dolly Tree for Billie Burke to wear in M-G-M's "Bridal Suite." The yellow organdie blouse has straw pleated jabot and cuffs. Miss Tree completes the costume with a brown straw hat that is shadowed by flowered veiling and high lighted by a yellow feather and a shoulder cluster of wee, yellow daffodils. A pert sailor (center, left) fashioned of lilies of the valley, a lingerie blouse with tucked butterfly jabots, full sleeves and flared cuffs, white gloves and a daffodil shoulder cluster accent Miss Burke's dressmaker suit of sheer navy woolen. The short, open box jacket of the suit is collarless and has bracelet-length sleeves. Miss Burke's "shirtwaist and skirt" dinner frock (below, left) is in combination of black taffeta and white mousseline—the jabot and cuffs of the blouse are fan pleated. To transform this frock into a theater costume Miss Burke adds a wee hat of carnations and black velvet (insert, left) and a short fitted black taffeta jacket. Old Persian wealth is recalled in Miss Burke's dinner gown with black crepe skirt and brilliant green crepe jacket, with all-over gold embroidery and emerald studding (below). Miss Burke tops this gown with a tailored white fox jacket (insert).
For those hours in the garden or on the beach, Irene Rich, NBC dramatic star, chooses this tailored slacks suit of natural colored sharkskin (right). The multi-colored striped wool sweater lends startling contrast and Miss Rich’s necklace of gold keys, designed by John-Frederics, is great fun. The large, toast-colored hat (insert, top) is rough Tuscan straw. Miss Rich also wears this John-Frederics hat atop a black hand-crocheted yarn snood to dramatize her street frocks. Spring’s perennial favorite, navy and white, is also one of Miss Rich’s preferred color combinations. Here she wears a pure silk navy and white print dress and coat ensemble (below, right) from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. The print-lined coat with print sleeves is of navy sheer woolen. The frock beneath features short, puffed sleeves, a deep V-neckline and shirred ruffle yoke detail. The John-Frederics high-crown sailor is white braided organdie and cellophane. The huge white pigskin bag also comes from John-Frederics. For summer evenings, Miss Rich selects the silk evening gown (below, left) printed in varied shades of chartreuse, yellow and pink. Designed along simple lines, it is gathered at the neckline with jeweled clips. Miss Rich’s wrap is of luxurious silver fox. Warner Brothers’ “The Right of Way” is Miss Rich’s latest film.
Anne Shirley, RKO’s vivacious ingénue appearing in “Career,” wears checks for day, checks for evening—fashion twins that are like as two peas in a pod. The princess pinafore of her street frock (left, center) leads a double life by serving on its own for sport (inset)—likewise the frock of white piqué (left, bottom), red ric rac edged, that peeks out as a jumper blouse. This novel two-frock costume is purchased as one and does duty for three. When worn combined, Anne adds Debway’s “little” girl leghorn and Merry Hull’s “Finger Free” gingham shorties. Anne’s pinafore dinner frock (above) has a red ric rac edged organdie guimpe and dust ruffle—the guimpe and the pinafore part company to play the new roles of separate blouse and formal décolleté evening gown. Both of Anne’s frocks feature Galey and Lord’s black and white checked gingham.
A flare-away skirt and a collarless shirt-waist blouse give chic style detail to Virginia Bruce’s white linen-like frock of Tresor, a Crown Tested fabric of Crown spun rayon and cotton, boldly checked with navy—the contrast color that is repeated in the belt and bolero jacket. The toeless strap sandals with perforated trim are of white pigskin. Virginia is currently appearing in M-G-M’s “Stronger Than Desire.” The frock and sandals are available at Best and Company, New York, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia and Brookline. Virginia selected her frock from I. Magnin, Los Angeles.
Navy blue and white—summer’s immortal color team for that cool look on sultry days. Nancy Kelly, co-starring with Spencer Tracy in 20th Century-Fox’s “Stanley and Livingstone,” wears a white frock of ribbed crepe, made along tailored lines and widely belted in navy kid—the bolero is of navy linen. Interesting accessories are the white baku hat with high, pleated crown and navy banding and LaVelle’s new matching shoes and gloves in which white suede and navy kid are contrasted. Nancy’s frock and accessories were selected from J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles.
Sta**e Door Johnn**y

The car passed through Paramount's gate with a nod from the gateeman to the chauffeur. Outside a sound stage the car drew to a halt and the smallish man in the back seat settled down to a wait.

"Some guy calling for his girl-friend, eh?" one electrician remarked to another in passing.

"Or maybe some husband waiting for wifey," the other laughed.

The little man inside sat quietly; presently a young girl emerged from the set, entered the car and they drove away.

"Who was that, anyway?" the curious electricians asked the stage doorman.

"That. Oh, that was just Charlie Chaplin," was the reply. "He drives over and waits for Paulette Goddard to finish work every evening."

Stage door Johnny—ain't that a new rôle for the great Mr. Chaplin?

A New "Roz"

Next in importance to recent Hollywood weddings, is the sudden and amazing transformation of Rosalind Russell from quiet semi-sedateness (the Russell sense of humor robbed Roz of too formal an approach to the world) into a hoydenish madcapishness that has the town in hysterics.

At the swanky charity affair given by the Basil Rathbone's, Rosalind upset the applecart by accidently falling over backward in her chair, just at the moment her hand had touched a champagne bottle. (No, it can't be blamed on the champagne, children.) But Rosalind's good sportsmanship, as she lay there laughing at herself, the bottle popping champagne in the air like mad, simply won the frozen faces over in a body. Roz's career as a tomboy next hit a high-spot when the lady mounted the Victor Hugo orchestra stand and actually played the trumpet in Skinnay Ennis' band, while listeners had hysterics.

No wonder when Rosalind appeared on the set of "The Women," with her hair in such a fantastic coiffure, the cast didn't know whether to exclaim or roll on the floor.

Yes, Roz is quite a gal these days, and the town adores her.

Romance in Earnest:

Sonja Henie and Addison Randall, the cowboy star who plays in Westerns under the name of Jack Randall, are dating nightly...

Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland have staged another unfriendly parting; it looks final this time. . . .

Arleen Whelan, former girl-friend of Richard Greene, and Alex D'Arcy are so serious . . .

Mary Brian and Nino Martini, the singing star, are a pleasing and surprising twosome these days.
Why Hollywood Is All for John Garfield

1. Because John is all for Hollywood.
2. He does not feel being a former New York "Group" actor makes him superior in every way to ordinary motion-picture actors.
3. He claims his acclaim in "Four Daughters" was due to the foolproof rôle of Mickey and not to any outstanding ability of his own.
4. He thinks movie moguls are the greatest sports in the world to chance that part on him, a newcomer, when many a seasoned player asked for the rôle.
5. He still speaks with respect and considerable awe of his love for the stage but not to the critical detriment of Hollywood and movies. And vice versa. In this he is honest.
6. He loves his wife and is utterly unable to get over the wonder of his new baby. Feels humble and undeserving of such a fate as fatherhood.
7. An established actor, he is grateful to be playing a bit in "Juarez" with such stars as Bette Davis and Paul Muni.
8. Also, as an established stage star, he didn't mind too much when Warners changed his name from Jules to John. Only claimed it wouldn't help matters anyway, but they were welcome to try it.
9. Admits plenty is wrong with Hollywood and movies but thinks open knocking and grumbling (instead of gratitude) is destructive and not constructive.
10. He chooses his friends among the lesser lights because he likes 'em and because he's a real "Group" artist.

Biting Comments

ALICE BRADY is a connoisseur of pearls. She has a large collection and is that proud of them. She was wearing her most priceless string one evening at a dinner party and enjoying the admiring glances of most everyone present. Then suddenly there appeared another lady with a bigger, better string—or at least they appeared to be bigger and better. All eyes were turned toward the other lady, but Alice was equal to the occasion. She merely stated the trouble with pearls was that they were so easily imitated, but that she could always tell the difference. A young man seated beside her asked, "How do you tell the difference?"

"I'll show you," she promised and taking his arm she advanced to the newcomer. Smiling sweetly, she admired the string of pearls. The lady immediately removed them and handed them to Alice. With a gleam in her eye, Alice thrust them toward the young man's mouth.

"Bite them," she invited, "and you'll discover the difference."

Bosom Pal

WARNER BAXTER did it as a joke, intending to reveal his "perfidy" right away. And then he kind of got cold feet and decided, guilty conscience or no, he had better keep quiet about the whole thing, since he'd got himself into it. And of course, Ronnie Colman, being a good sport, wouldn't betray him. . . .

All of which relates to a certain time when both Warner and Ronnie, bosom pals as everybody knows, were to be interviewed by a syndicate writer on adventures in their past lives. Both interviews were scheduled for the same day, but Warner's was to come first.

The night before, Warner and Mrs. Baxter had dinner with Ronnie.

"Interviews make me rather nervous," the latter confided, "so I've made some notes on the anecdotes I shall relate tomorrow. See what you think of them." He passed an outline to Warner who read it carefully.

"Fine!" Warner said, enviously, when he had finished. "I wish I had such good material! As a matter of fact I haven't given that interview much thought and am afraid I shall have to extemporize when the time comes."

When Ronnie's interview rolled around, however, he found to his sorrow that Warner hadn't exactly "extemporized." Ronnie had begun to relate a certain incident and was about half way through when the interviewer interrupted him.

"I am awfully sorry, Mr. Colman, but this morning Warner Baxter gave me an anecdote so similar that I'm afraid I must skip yours."

A little taken back, Ronnie tried another one, only to hear, "Sorry, Mr. Baxter also gave me material similar to that."

Whereupon Ronnie saw the light. Warner had "stolen his stuff"! So, nervous and floundering, yet wanting to laugh, too, he had to forget his notes and recall some brand new stories.

No, gallant gentleman that he is, he didn't tell the writer what his "pal" had done. . . So there are probably a good many people who, to this day, believe Warner the hero of certain adventures which really happened to Ronnie.

Close Shave

BEHIND the wholesale marriages of Hollywood's glamour boys lies a cozy little event that could and does happen to any couple altar bound. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Mary Lee Hart ford hadn't seen each other since Douglas left New York in mid-winter, so naturally Douglas impatiently awaited her arrival. At long last she was in Hollywood and half way to his arms, when she stopped, amazement mirrored in her eyes.

Round-eyed they gazed at each other.

"Your mustache. Oh, it's gone," she moaned.

"I didn't promise to marry you without a mustache."

For a whole second the world rocked in balance and then with a laugh she was in his arms. Doug's mustache, that is so fetching a part of his handsome face, had gone by the board in his rôle in "The Sun Never Sets."

(Continued on page 72)
A former amateur boxing champ—otherwise Errol Flynn—with Lili Damita—otherwise Mrs. Flynn.

Not "Man Mountain" Dean, but Andy Devine, be-whiskered for art's sake, accompanied by Mrs. D.

A noted pair of dyed-in-the-wool fans—Damon Runyon, author of so many hit (and sock) stories, with George Raft.

Also watching the two was a noted pair of dyed-in-the-wool fans and flight's crew. She later sailed for England but not, they say, because of any fight.

So Joe Louis did it again? Ace producer Darryl Zanuck and Al Jolson, now a Zanuck star, don't look a bit surprised!

Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck playing 'possum about the elopement plan which made them Mr. and Mrs. not long after
Robert Young gives another of his amusing and delightful playboy characterizations in this madcap comedy about a gay young black sheep who, because of a terrible hangover, misses his wedding date with Virginia Field. His mother, flighty Billie Burke, tries to find an excuse for his aversion to marriage, so she plans to get Psychiatrist Walter Connolly to swear Bob is an amnesia victim. Connolly is at a winter resort, but they descend on him there. Unfortunately for Miss Burke's plans, Annabella is manager of the resort hotel and Bob starts a terrific flirtation with her. This complicates everything, of course, but you'll get a lot of laughs out of the mix-ups. Annabella does a grand comedy job, Virginia Field is lovely to look at and Connolly is a riot.

In this latest opus, Tyrone Power turns villain but the ladies, bless 'em, will love him just the same; they'll forgive him every little fault, every little weakness, even as his screen sweetheart does. The story is laid in the prohibition era, when drinking and gambling were considered smart and the theater great were apt to find themselves rubbing elbows with the inevitable grafters and gangsters at every popular rendezvous. As the picture opens, Al Jolson and Alice Faye are seen trying to make the grade as a vaudeville team, while Joyce Compton—in the rôle of Alice's screwball friend—is trying to make the heart of a small-time magician, her latest crush, beat a bit faster.

Everything might have turned out all right if burro-artist Tyrone hadn't come along just then to steal Alice's heart, along with a flock of other valuables. From that time on, the whole cast is involved in his get-rich-quick career, as Alice and Al work their way to the very top of their profession, via the Follies, and Ty works his way just as surely toward his destiny as a petty crook, who believes in achieving success the "easy" way.

The climax comes when Tyrone finds that the only valuable thing he ever stole was Alice's love (Al was pretty fond of her, too). Jolson, in familiar blackface, sings memory-strumming music of the period. Alice gives a touching performance as the ambitious young star who still clings to her man, come hell or high water, and Joyce garners a laugh every moment she's on the screen.

Don't let the prize-fighting background fool you on this! Definitely adult in viewpoint, it handles sympathetically such delicate matters as the sex-versus-training angle of a prize-fighter's life, the bewilderment of a charming aristocrat married to a man whose background is almost completely beyond her understanding, and the quandary of a little boy who must choose between the mother he adores and the father he seldom sees.

The characters are all human and likable, presented with a minimum of trite or sentimental situations. First, there's Irene Dunne, as a wealthy thoroughbred who throws caution to the winds in marrying a man who has never had—and never wanted—her own advantages in life. Then there's Fred MacMurray, splendidly right as the would-be champ whose one obsession, that he can't face failure, causes him to lose the very things he values most. Charlie Ruggles and William Collier, Sr. are delightful as Fred's trainer and Irene's father. Fifth in the quintet which attempts to solve this problem of adjustment to two irreconcilable backgrounds is Billy Cook, excellent as the ten-year-old son whose unhappiness precipitates his parents' divorce.

The way it all works out is a treat to all moviegoers who appreciate truly intelligent problem drama, climaxing with a magnificent championship battle which is tense with excitement. But—don't go expecting to see an action melodrama of life in the ring, or you'll be in no mood to enjoy the preceding scenes, which would be a pity!
MAN OF CONQUEST—Republic

Here's some more history for you—early history, with lots of action and plenty of gunplay. Richard Dix, memorable for "Cimarron," plays Sam Houston and he is always at his best in such a rôle. As in "Juarez," there are social implications, since the story is built on a people's fight for freedom. This time it's democratic Americans shooting it out with Mexicans. You will have a fine time watching the great drama unfold, with the last stand at the Alamo and the battle of San Jacinto as high lights. Romance is taken care of by Gail Patrick. C. Henry Gordon is Mexico's brute of a general and George Hayes is amusing as Dix's side. The production has scope and breadth, pace and a good story.

BLIND ALLEY—Columbia

Here's an out-and-out cop and robber drama with the black business of murder as its motivating theme, and the psychological exposure of a criminal's mind as its climactic aim. Frankly, the whole grim affair is far from our idea of screen entertainment, but we must give praise where praise is due and declare Chester Morris one of the best portrayals of cowardly killers on the screen. His work as an escaped convict, who takes refuge in the home of a professor of psychology, is far superior to the story material provided. Ralph Bellamy, as the calm professor who holds the criminal until the police arrive, furnishes splendid contrast to Morris' more emotional characterization. Ann Dvorak, Joan Perry and Melville Cooper complete the cast.

CAPTAIN FURY—Hal Roach—United Artists

Those of you who like rip-roaring melodramas with no subtlety or shading will find this Western entirely to your taste. Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen are English convicts sent to an Australian penal colony to work out their sentence at hard labor. They manage to escape with much furor and Aherne forms a band to rescue settlers from an unscrupulous land baron, George Zucco. From that point on, Aherne plays Robin Hood, righting wrongs all over the place. Zucco is so villainous you wonder why his band doesn't cut his throat, whereas Aherne is so heroic you're lost in admiration. It all adds up to a grand thriller with June Lang adding the romantic touch and Virginia Field pairing with McLaglen.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Stolen Life
It's a Wonderful World
Juarez
Rose of Washington Square
Invitation to Happiness
Union Pacific
Man of Conquest
Bridal Suite
Captain Fury
Confessions of a Nazi Spy

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Fred MacMurray in "Invitation to Happiness"
Irene Dunne in "Invitation to Happiness"
Paul Lukas in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"
Francis Lederer in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"
Gracie Allen in "The Gracie Allen Murder Case"
Richard Dix in "Man of Conquest"
Bette Davis in "Juarez"
Paul Muni in "Juarez"
Robert Young in "Bridal Suite"
Barbara Stanwyck in "Union Pacific"
Joel McCrea in "Union Pacific"
Lynne Overman in "Union Pacific"
Tyrone Power in "Rose of Washington Square"
Claudette Colbert in "It's a Wonderful World"
James Stewart in "It's a Wonderful World"
Brian Aherne in "Captain Fury" Elisabeth Bergner in "Stolen Life"

IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD—M-G-M

It would be a wonderful world, at that, if Claudette Colbert would just go on making comedies— one every fourteen days. That's how long it took to shoot this and it's far more entertaining than some of the epic preoccupations released this month. For one thing, it's gay. The suspense is held throughout, because most of the time Jimmy Stewart and Claudette are fleeing from the police, but they manage to make you laugh anyway. You see, Jimmy's a private cop assigned to watch out for a millionaire playboy, Ernest Truex. Truex gets mixed up in a murder, is framed, is convicted. Jimmy helped him hide, so Jimmy gets two years as an accomplice. But the boy's got a clue that would clear Truex, maybe—and Truex has promised Jimmy a hundred grand if he does. Jimmy escapes on his way to jail and kidnaps Claudette, a poetess on the loose, so he can use her car. He's very unkind to Claudette but golly, she thinks he's wonderful and helps him all through the rest of the picture. The action is fast and the story has plenty of new twists in it; particularly, you will appreciate the fact that Stewart is not made too much of a hero. His grammar's not very good and he's conceited and pretty rude and furthermore, when he has time and the inclination, he makes passes at Claudette, as who wouldn't under the circumstances? She looks especially lovely and is at her best, which is very good and very funny. Guy Kibbee and sundry other people have unimportant roles.

STOLEN LIFE—Paramount

This could have been just another case of mistaken identity vying with sex-triangle motif for story honors. The skill of the star, Elisabeth Bergner, lifts it into the artistic-triumph class, instead. Of course, it's a Continental film, but you'll find it was designed to please American audiences, too. Bergner, with the greatest display of talent, undertakes and successfully manages the dual rôle of twin sisters, both in love with the same man—Michael Redgrave. While both sisters love with an intensity consistent with their characters, those characters are as far apart as the poles. One is ruthless, selfish and destructive; the other is quiet and generous. Not once, in the many transitions from one character to another, does Bergner muffle a single lift of the eyebrow.

The story is simple enough. Redgrave isn't really quite sure which sister he loves. He marries the ruthless one, only to find that what attracts him in her also has a repellant quality. While he is away on an expedition, his wife is drowned at sea, and her sister attempts to take her place as the wife. It all seems very easy, especially since the girl's own father cannot tell them apart, but the unfortunate girl learns that if she takes her sister's name, she must take her sister's personality as well. Miss Bergner's performance throughout is flawless. She is ably complemented by Michael Redgrave, and the rest of the cast is perfect enough to appear to be only a necessary part of the background.
Buzzing around the sets—Hollywood proves a busy, balmy beehive, with a bumper crop of honeys in the offing

BY JACK WADE

... "Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Epic movies every time..." 

We sincerely hope Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow doesn’t whirl in his grave as we streamline his famous verse in up-to-date Hollywood style.

It’s only because on our monthly stalk of elusive big pictures, we discover more and more biographies and famous lives supplying your eventual film fare.

This trip it’s Abraham Lincoln who gets a Hollywood break. Our first studio stop is Twentieth Century-Fox where the number one picture is "Young Mr. Lincoln."

Frankly, we couldn’t see good-looking Henry Fonda as the homely string bean that was young Lincoln—that is, we couldn’t until we arrived on the set. Then the surprise!

The towering tousle-headed, mole-marked, rawboned fellow we encounter doesn’t look much like Handsome Henry. Built-up boot soles have added inches. A backwoods antebellum haircut has changed his head shape. Plaster moles and wens and a putty nose decorate his face.

The wart and nose give Hank the most trouble. It takes him three hours each morning to put the make-up on, which is bad enough, but the big cheek mole falls off and gets lost in action scenes and the putty nose—"Well," says Hank, "it itches!" And he can’t scratch it without ruining three hours’ work and upsetting production!

"Young Mr. Lincoln" is limited to Lincoln’s youth. The picture ends before the great drama and tragedy of Lincoln’s life—the presidency—begins.

It shows him as a backwoods philosopher, business failure, bumbling lover and legal tyro. But it climaxes the story with a murder trial in which young Abe’s great gifts for law and justice emerge dramatically. The case is right from the Illinois court records, too.

For romance, both Ann Rutledge and Mary Todd get a ghost break in the picture. Pauline Moore plays Ann and Marjorie Weaver is the plump, nagging Mary Todd. Alice Brady, Richard Cromwell, Arleen Whelan and Eddie Collins (Snow White’s Dopey model) fill out the cast.

Director John Ford has assembled the company on an outdoor set representing the ramshackle, dilapidated main street of New Salem, Illinois, circa 1840. On the front porch of Abe’s general store is a barrel of whiskey and a dipper, around which a bunch of idlers, including Eddie Collins, are gathered. Alice Brady drives up in a covered wagon and Abe has to break up the drinkers before he can do business with her.

The warning whistle blows, the cameras turn. Abe Lincoln Fonda spies the lady in the wagon, bestirs himself from his cracker barrel, ambles lazily out and scatters his tipsey townsmen. He lifts Eddie Collins up, kicking, and hoists him over the rain barrel. He’s about to dunk him in.

"Stop!" cries Eddie. "Wait a minute."


"Br-r-r-r-r!" shivers Eddie. "That water’s awfully wet. Can’t you heat it or something?"

He looks so pitiful that Ford relents. They’re warming Eddie’s barrel bath as we leave for the "Second Fiddle" set, Sonja Henie and young Mr. Power.

"Second Fiddle" interests us particularly this month—not only because it’s Sonja’s Hollywood return picture after a long screen vacation, and the next big Twentieth Century-Fox musical extravaganza—but because it includes Irving Berlin’s latest score of sure-hit tunes. dances you’ll be doing soon and a mild burlesque on the "Gone with the Wind" talent hunt.

We confer about all this as we sit, very elegantly, at a table and stare down at a big dance stage, an exact replica of Hollywood’s glamorous Earl Carroll niter. Our conferee is pretty Mary Healy, a décolleté and delicious darling from New Orleans, who came to Hollywood, got a contract at TC-F, and the personal and professional attention of Rudy Vallee. She gets her first movie break in "Second Fiddle," singing the song of the very number we watch, Berlin’s gay "Back to Back."

"Second Fiddle" casts Sonja Henie as a Minnesota schoolteacher who is yanked out of private life to Hollywood for one of those Cinderella parts, à la the "Scarlett" search. Tyrone Power is a demon press agent who must keep
her in the headlines. He builds a phony romance between great screen lover Rudy Vallee and Sonja, showers her with orchids, mush notes and what not—in Rudy's name—all the time being a lovelorn John Alden chap. In the end, of course, he speaks for himself, John.

Sonja glides only briefly on her silver runners in "Second Fiddle," with no big ice production numbers, which is almost as startling to us as the news that Rudy Vallee appears without his band. All of them go to town in their dance numbers, though—even Edna May Oliver is shaking and breaking it as Director Sidney Lanfield shoots the "Back to Back" dance number.

Sonja's a knockout in a sleek black velvet dress, fourteen pounds slimmer since her exhibition tour, although Ty Power still calls her "Chubby." She's teamed with Rudy, blushing and grinning as usual, in a tuxedo and red.

"On Borrowed Time," that dramatic stage commentary on death, is a natural for Lionel Barrymore and young Bobs Watson, with Director Harold Bucquet (center), set boss
BY HOWARD SHARPE

GEORGE BRENT was born George Nolan in March, 1904, and eighteen years later almost won freedom for Ireland in the first revolution. The events leading up to that had to do with a childhood spent alternately working in peat fields, catching fish in the nearby River Shannon, and listening to his grandfather tell him stirring stories about civilization’s long fight for Liberty. The boy and his sister were sent to America when their parents died, during the great war, and moody, rebellious young George kept his aunt in a perpetual stew; this was accomplished by fighting with his schoolmates, falling desperately in love with an adolescent Irish colleen, and running away to work in lumber mills and on farms during the summers.

An expression for his maturing ideas and his vitality came through the offices of Father Dan, a priest from the Sod, who carried on the work of Old Michael and ultimately took George to Ireland with him. For a time the lad worked with the Abbey Players, learning how to act; then Michael Collins, rebel leader, made him a dispatch carrier. An era of danger ensued, during which young Nolan rode through fog and the dark Irish nights on a motorbike, dodging hand grenades and British raiding parties. Until last Michael Collins was killed in ambush—and in a hiding place beneath a road-bridge leading out of Dublin, Father Dan bade his nineteen-year-old disciple God-speed. George Nolan’s world, and apparently his future, lay in ruins.

FATHER DAN’S departing heels tapped a measured good-bye on the road overhead, the sound fading into silence. George leaned against the base of the old stone arch, looking out of its shadow at fields chalk-white under Ireland’s August moon, listening to the quiet that meant Michael Collins was dead, the rebellion over, the great plans shattered... "One hundred pounds on your head before morning." George passed his hand over his hair and swallowed hard against a rising lump of nausea in his throat. Somewhere in the swirl of panic a sane small voice said: You will get out of this. You have plenty of money, you’ve got that motorbike. Keep your head, you damn fool.

He climbed slowly up the bank; with deliberate movements got the motorbike out of its hiding place, primed it, started it. Kicked the tires. But his hand had the throttle lever wide open before the dust of the road had settled from his starting.

In the morning gloom, in Belfast, an old friend named O’Rourke helped cover him with evil-smelling tarpaulins in an outbound truck. "We’ve heard from Father Dan," O’Rourke said. "The secret service is busy already. Make haste, me lad."

At nine that evening George stood in a Glasgow alleyway, knocking on the kitchen door of a cheap café. He had bank notes ready in his hand—better than a gun. The man with the apron, and slits for eyes, gave him a slip of paper with an address on it. "Hide at this place until tomorrow. There’ll be a traveler steaming down the Firth and through the Irish Sea to Liverpool. You can get a freighter there."

"Bound...?"

The man shrugged. "You'll not be caring, America, probably."

The address was a rickety little rooming house near the docks, owned by a dour Scotswoman with grey hair strained close to her scalps, thin lips, a sharp nose; her eyes said plainly, "Who are you?"

But she asked nothing aloud until late in the
afternoon, when her knock brought him un-easily to the door of his room. "'Tis an Irish laddie, hmm?" she muttered, her eyes on her work-yellowed hands.

"Originally," he said, trying to keep the rich rolling brogue out of that "t." He thought: It's a trap, maybe. He saw the corners of the proprietress' mouth draw down imperceptibly in disbelief. "If you'll just take this money," George added, "and get me a paper of tobacco at the corner shop."

When she returned he had gone, with his luggage. She invoked the Diety aloud as she took off her apron, and was quite out of breath from running when she reached the police station. But the shadows of the warehouse George had found were deep and cluttered with waiting sealed boxes; he tried one open and put his bag and coat inside, so that when, at ten that night, the crates were carried aboard the trawler he was one of the shirt-sleeved dock hands, helping. He simply stayed on deck when the others left.

At Land's End the trawler was haled by a small motorboat and took aboard a party of police. George, crouching tense by the pilot-house, recognized the leader of the little knot of men as they stood forward, talking earnestly with the captain. Against the boy's ribs a trip-hammer heart beat hard, sending excitement coursing through him; here was the hour at last, and its name was zero. He braced himself.

Then, as the captain turned, George jumped for the rail. He clambered down the ladder, bringing up in the motorboat's cockpit with a crash. The motor was thudding at ease under the long nose of the craft and George's fingers tore at restraining lines... He heard the shouting above him and the sharp interpolative explosions might have been exhaust—or guns. He did not look back to see.

The freighter, standing a mile or two out, was turning slowly and black smoke wisped from its funnels. It was just under way when George drew alongside, his arms frantic semaphores, his throat raw from yelling. A floppy ladder came overside as the freighter slowed; and a minute later the little police craft was bobbing, empty, in its wake.

George had had to make the jump with his Gladstone in one hand. On deck he waited, panting. The thought struck him that he did not have the least idea what this boat was, nor her destination, nor her captain's affiliations. To get so far, by such thin margin, only to find himself in irons—"Holy Mother," his heart prayed. "Please!"

And, "By all the Saints!" said Captain Johnny Flaugherty, striding up. "Are you the man? Twas a close one, George—that time."

Captain Johnny had been George Nolan's friend for two years.

"You are one of the apostles of liberty," Captain Johnny said. He took his pipe out of his mouth and gestured with the stem at the dark smoking mass that was Montreal. "You'd be hanging from the gallows in Dublin this day except for your wits."

"And some blackguard the richer by a hundred pounds," said George fiercely. "Richer than I at that, y'know."

"Collins paid you well?"

"Yes. But escape is bought dear."

"You can have your passage money back," Captain Johnny said quickly.

George grinned at him. "I don't regret the (Continued on page 87)
The Life History of a Movie

A superfilm reaches Step Three in its fascinating career and offers an exciting lesson in how movies are made

BY NANCY NAUMBURG

If you're curious about movies, you may wonder how they're made from a brainstorm in someone's mind, step by step, to the finished film. In the two previous articles of this series we took you to Warner Brothers studio to watch "Juarez" being made. You talked to the writers, producer, casting and research heads. They told you of the year and a half of preparation before a single foot of film was shot. Then you watched the two months of shooting with William Dieterle directing Bette Davis, Paul Muni, Brian Aherne and many others.

Now, with the shooting over, perhaps you'd like to come out to the studio again to watch the post-production stage of "Juarez," in which it is edited, scored and has all additional sound effects added.

Let's go to the cutting room first... Warren Low, film editor, was completely surrounded by long strips of film hanging from nails. Having worked with Producer Henry Blanke and Director Dieterle on "Zola" and "Pasteur," he knew what they wanted for "Juarez."

"Editing is much more than pasting pieces of film together," Warren Low told us. "It's much more than putting together sequences in their proper order. You must feel how long to hold a close-up or a long shot. You always try to move into a scene gradually so that the audience is not conscious of a scene changing.

"I spend a good deal of time on the set, so that if anything is missing I can suggest certain shots be made. William Dieterle is a splendid person to work with, because he figures out his cutting while he's shooting. He moves his camera quite a bit. He doesn't take a great many close-ups, he prefers medium and two-shots (that is, a medium shot which includes two people).

"You've seen the routine of shooting—first the master or long shot, which establishes the players in their setting, then generally a medium shot or close-up, or both, to focus the action more closely. Every scene is shot all the way through in long, medium and close shots. This gives the editor a chance to use some of each and in that way break up a scene in telling his story. Of course, the actors must do and say exactly the same things in all the shots of one scene, because the editor never knows where he will cut it.

"When the day's shooting is completed, the film is rushed to the (Continued on page 80)
ALL WOMEN WANT LOVE, DON'T THEY?

THEN WHY DO SO MANY OF THEM RISK LOSING THE CHARM OF CLEAR SMOOTH SKIN?

YOU CAN'T BE ATTRACTIVE WITHOUT IT——

JOAN BLONDELL

STAR OF COLUMBIA PICTURES' "GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS"

SCREEN STARS DON'T RISK COSMETIC SKIN

I ALWAYS USE LUX TOILET SOAP BECAUSE IT HAS ACTIVE LATHER

IT'S THE SIMPLEST THING IN THE WORLD TO REMOVE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH LUX SOAP

DON'T RISK THE CHOKED PORES THAT CAUSE COSMETIC SKIN. THIS ACTIVE LATHER HELPS KEEP SKIN SMOOTH.

HERE'S MY BEAUTY ADVICE: USE COSMETICS BUT USE LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Clever girls follow Hollywood's tip—they use all the cosmetics they wish, but they use the soap with ACTIVE lather to remove thoroughly stale cosmetics, dust and dirt. It's foolish to let pores become choked—cause the dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin.
1... a sunbonnet to keep you lily-white in spite of the elements! This one's very sea-going with its marine-blue straw brim and fishnet crown and streamers. $5.00 at Saks 5th Ave., New York, Chicago and Beverly Hills.

2... goggles as streamlined as the Twentieth Century, with oversize lenses, oversize rims, oversize bows—to make you look fragile. In favorite colors, $3.95 at Saks 5th Ave., New York, Chicago and Beverly Hills.

3... a striped knit B.V.D. swim suit with lastex midriff, for stripes, you know, are streamlining the best figures in Hollywood, Paris and New York. $6.00 at Strawbridge and Clothier, Philadelphia; Hale Bros., San Francisco.

4... a striped beach kit includes Antoine's famous suncream, a lipstick, compact, dusting powder, mirror, tissues, cigarette compartment and goggles. $5.00 at B. Altman, New York and J.W. Robinson, Los Angeles.

5... a canvas carpetbag with a fishnet pocket, for when a lady goes to sea she has to tote her beach coat, towels, slacks, shorts, literature and lunch. $4.00 at Saks 5th Ave., New York, Chicago and Beverly Hills.

6... wooden clogs that beat the Dutch because they're cut out at sole and heel for a fairy tread. You can change the linen laces to suit your color scheme. $6.50 at Saks 5th Ave., New York, Chicago and Beverly Hills.

Beachcombers

Hollywood solves a sea-going situation with Indispensables, chic and comfortable, for a day on the beach.

By Frances Hughes, New York Fashion Editor
In England, The Lady Rosemary Gresham, daughter of the 21st Earl of Erroll, has cared for her skin with Pond's since her school days. She says: "Pond's is as perfect as ever for cleansing and softening my skin!"

In Canada—Mrs. Robert W. Armstrong, of Toronto, goes to Lake Muskoka for fishing. "Skin-vitamin" in Pond's is an added reason for banking on this grand cream!

In Britain, in Canada and in the United States, 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, 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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JULY, 1939
Cal York’s Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 60)

Cross Roads

JOAN CRAWFORD stands today at a dangerous crossroads in her career. She knows it and is crushed and heartbroken over it. Her last few pictures have been anything but the successes she had hoped. Whether the blame lies on story, direction or cutting isn’t important now. The important thing is, Joan must now quickly and without delay, make a turn-about-face in pictures.

How to do it, where to turn, what to do, is the question. All her hopes were founded on "Ice Follies," in which her ability as an actress and a singer were to be exploited. At the preview, a brief flash of Joan on skates and a quick snatch of song were all that remained of the hours of work and the great hopes that had gone into the picture.

"I want to get away. I've got to get away," she says to her friends. But the bugaboo only awaits her on her return. Perhaps away from Hollywood, however, Joan will be able to see more clearly what to do. Certainly the rôle offered her in "The Women" is a mere bit, a strong bit but not worthy of Crawford’s talents.

So what lies ahead now for Crawford? It’s the question of the month in Hollywood. And one and all we hope will be solved satisfactorily.

Hollywood at a Side Glance

At a penny chewing-gum machine stands a fair lady waiting for her gum after dropping in her penny.

When more comes, like everybody else, she attempts to beat the machine into giving. "Oh, man," she murmurs and finally walks away.

It’s Hedy Lamarr.

An item in a paper attracts the attention of an actress, dressed as a bride for a movie scene. Searching in her bag for her glasses she peels at them a moment and then, stealing a little glance around, picks up a corner of her elaborately woven veil and wipes off the glasses.

The girl? Her name is Bette Davis.

Gossip is the Staff of Life

We like to have lunch at Warner Brothers. The Green Room is a chummy sort of place where people stop by your table and pass the time of day and may be tell you the latest gossip. We had some enjoyable chitchat the last time we were there.

Ann Sheridan was telling us about her new yen for ice skating. It started when they took her and Ronald Reagan out to the Ice Palace one day to pose for some publicity "stills" in fancy skating costumes. She had never been on skates before, but the idea so caught her fancy that, every single morning since, she has gotten up early (as early as five o’clock on days when she has been working) and has taken a skating lesson! She’s pretty good by now; she admits it. In fact, she has to ask for a new awanky roadster. The Dead End Kids teased her so much about her old 1933 model that she finally said something about it. She calls the new job "Scarlett," for no good reason. It is coal black.

Johnny Payne stopped by and had an extra cup of coffee with us and while he was there Jimmy Cagney stopped by and had a cup with us, too.

Olivia de Havilland asked us out to tea with herself and sister Joan Fontaine and we were tickled to death on account of we like them both a lot. Each has the delightful ability to listen during a conversation and to appear darned interested in what is being said, too.

Yes, we had a swell time lunching in the Green Room that day.

War Games

RESULTS of the far-away European unrest, have caused Hollywood time, money, headaches, and a pangs to be more ways than one. For instance, Warner Brothers have had to go to the terrific expense of re-sounding twenty-two of their huge stages to shut out the hum of planes being tested overhead.

Where formerly an occasional plane interfered with the delicate sound mechanism, now dozens and dozens of planes, from lighter ships to bombers, are daily flying over the Burbank studio, making it necessary to re-shoot almost every scene.

Added to this trouble is the fear that many of the English stars may be called home at any moment.

Yes, we reached out these days, even to the land of make-believe.

Livelie’s Last Laugh

Clark Cable was doing a scene in which, as Rhett Butler, he was required to carry the lovely Olivia de Havilland down a long flight of stairs. While the couple climbed, he teased Olivia about being such a featherweight. So, come the seventh take, Olivia secreted a thirty-pound weight from the camera boom under her voluminous frock—and Clark, after picking her up with a flourish, gave her a startled look and staggered on. Olivia smiled rather smugly—but last.

New Orleans Belle

Mary Healy, the lovely little lady from New Orleans and the most recent newcomer to get her break at Twentieth Century-Fox, has an interesting bit of background connected with her "discovery" and subsequent trip to Hollywood for a screen test. Mary has always been talented and for a time she earned money now and then by singing in night clubs in New Orleans. However, when circumstances rose that made her the main support of her family, Mary decided that, while such an income was all right in its way, it was sketchy and very unreliable and that a steady income was the thing to try for.

So she studied stenography and got a job in the Twentieth Century-Fox exchange with the specific understanding that she was not to have any aspirations towards movie work. When a talent scout checked into the office she evaded him and conscientiously kept her nose in her work. But, just to show that you can’t control things like that, it was Mary that the scout saw one evening the following week end while out dancing—and it was Mary in the office. She had a right to accept her change of status with the result that she was one of the two girls chosen out of the group sent to Hollywood. Mary will have her big chance as the second lead in "Second Fiddle," a dramatic as well as a swell singing rôle.

"For teeth that shine like the stars... use CALOX POWDER"

Here’s a tip from Hollywood for a lovely, radiant smile:

Your smile is more alluring when your teeth gleam with natural, sparkling lustre. In Hollywood, where the screen demands brilliant, radiant smiles, stars are particular about the dentifrice they use. Results show!

Lovely Anita Louise and scores of other screen stars rely on Calox Tooth Powder to help give added sparkle to their smiles.

Important to You

You, too, can have confidence in Calox. Calox is safe—a smooth blend of five tested cleansing and polishing ingredients that can’t scratch precious enamel. Calox is pure—made with prescription accuracy by McKesson & Robbins, whose products have been prescribed for 106 years.

Follow the stars. Put added sparkle in your smile. Get Calox today at any drug counter.

There are four convenient, long-lasting sizes. Remember Calox... for teeth that shine like the stars’.

(Continued on page 73)
Ben Folks, says Leo proudly, "is a born social leader. Now me, I couldn't qualify 'cause I used to be a plunger's assistant (was a kid)."

"Anyhow, Billy seems to have more of that manly hero stuff at parties, like the one Miss Gable gave for us at La Corna after 'Crime School.' Billy got up and did a swell job master-of-ceremonies. But it's a funny thing about Billy, he just can't keep a girl. Just too downright chivalrous. When he sees a pal admire his girl, he just naturally gives up. He gave up Judy Garland to Bobby Jordan who admired her and he 'gave up' Alice Preston to Gabriel Dell when Gabriel fell for her. But he's still a grand leader and way out in front."

There was a moment, an awful moment, when it seemed the dancing, black-haired Billy would have to relinquish his place of honor to blushing Bobby Jordan. It happened after a preview of a picture. Standing in the midst of the usually after-theater crowd, the car announcer called in a loud voice: "Miss Constance Bennett's car!" and then, "Mr. Bobby Jordan's car," amending it to, "Mr. Robert Jordan's car" and Bobby and Judy Garland stepped into the chauffeur-driven flivver and drove away.

Nothing a member of the Dead Ends had ever done surpassed this moment. But Halop circled his social leadership by instantly purchasing a hemorrhage-colored car that flashed before the astounded eyes of the natives for all the world like a tomato surprise on wheels.

Another factor in Bobby's favor as leader is that (and here's where boys elsewhere are liable to drop over) the fact that he still consults his mother concerning his dates—where he's going and with whom.

Hollywood mamas dote on decorum, insist on it for their movie daughters. Bonita Granville, for instance, is not permitted to attend a dancing party in a night club, unchaperoned. Nor is Deanna Durbin or Georgiana Young, Lovetta's youngest sister. Deanna may go dancing with a young man, but no night dancing without mamas or papas, or her director, Edward Ludwig.

To be sure, the Young Fryers (except occasionally, as when Judy Garland sneaked out for a moment of deviltry at the garage of Hugo) seldom attend night spots unless in a large group. And at least one chaperon accompanies the group.

Incidentally, there is little or no public rowdiness among the Young Fryers—an object lesson some of the olddiers could well copy in their rounds of gayety.

Equally loyal to their leader are the members of the Jack Cooper group. A little more sedate, perhaps, than the Dead End socialites, Jack leads the group that entertains at home parties. To this group belong Deanna Durbin, Marcha Mae Jones, Bonita Granville, Dick Morris (Wayne's kid brother) and Peggy Stuart. Jackie's latest romance.

"The proof of a good home party," says leader Cooper, "is, first of all, the eats. Deanna's parties are somethin' when it comes to food. Then, of course, there's music. Sometimes we have a real orchestra but most of the time we use the radio or victrola records."

"The rules and regulations governing dress among the Fry parties would cause Emily Post many an anxious moment. For instance, formality is strictly taboo among the males, but the girls, nearly always appear in floor-length dresses and fancy coiffures, while a corsage (tired, maybe, but still a corsage) plonked on the shoulder."

The question of a new dress for each new party is a problem between mother and daughter and one we leave strictly to mother and daughter and the tears that are shed and the cries of, "Well, I simply can't wear that old blue taffeta again. Jackie Cooper must be sick of the sight of it and, anyway, Deanna had a new dress last time."

Now, what goes on at these home parties?

Well, there's dancing and games and stuffing "'til you just can't eat another bite—kept another sandwich and a piece of chocolate cake and more ice cream. And after that, not one more bite, except—"

Charades and games called "Quotations" and "Cartoon" are played for a while, but their first and last love is dancing. Games are something to fill in with until dancing begins.

"I've got to admit," says young Cooper, "that the Dead End kids are tops in dancing."

When a large group party includes members of all social cliques, the undivided group stands by to admire the terpsichorean ability of Billy Halop's rhumba or Hunt Hall's waltzing. Leo Broady is practically the only jitterbug in the group—and can he jitter!

"But what about kissing games?" we asked a fifteen-year-old member of Cooper's little band. "Don't you play post-office, for instance?"

She drew herself up proudly. "Kissing was all right when we were fourteen," she said, "but we've certainly grown beyond that now. Besides, dancing is more dignified."

Not to be overlooked is that other band of Young Fryers, "The Little Tough Guys," who acknowledge as their leader good-looking Frankie Thomas, who vies with all other leaders for top billing. And don't think the struggle for supremacy isn't terrific.

Just as the handsomest football or basketball star may lead his own high school group in other towns, so do the biggest movie successes, as Mickey Rooney, Billy Halop, Jackie Cooper and Frankie Thomas, lead their groups. But when these leaders start straggling for the top social rung, look out!

Mickey scored with his organized football team and song writing. Jackie Cooper came back with a trump in his own orchestra in which he plays the trap drum. (Recently, the orchestra moved into the Victor Hugo for one glorious night.) Mickey came back at Jackie by beating them all at bowling and Frankie Thomas shows them all up by his prowess as a skater.

After the Roller Bowl (a common meeting ground for all cliques and cliques), the high spot is Eaton's Drive-In-Stand on Fairfax and Wilshire Boulevard. With horns honking to summon the slack-clad waitresses, the Young Fryers sit in their cars, gorging on root beer, hot dogs and hamburgers with ousings.

With onions, is the last word in Elia Maxwel's behavior with Young Fry Society in Hollywood.

P. S. To prove that you just can't keep up with the Young Fryers comes, as we go to press, that Leo Gordon will soon desert Young Fry Society to join the Young Married set with blond Catherine Marveis as his bride.

JULY, 1939
There stood — staring at the rows of medals on the General's chest — too dazzled to speak. Suddenly — "Can that be a package of Beeman's in your hand?" whispered the General. His smile outshone the medals when I managed to stammer, "Y-yes! Have a stick?"

"That flavor refreshing as a cool shower after a hot March! The General declared. "Snappy as a band on parade! Give me Beeman's every time for real pep and tang! Miss — you deserve a medal!" And he made me one then and there — out of Beeman's shiny foil!"
It's tested. Jack's hard. After it, the
show gathered momentum. Dark
though, a Milestone to.

George field, John Howard, Janice Log-
gan, Lionel Stander and five hundred
Los Angeles High School kids.
We look in on a high-school dance
in a gymnasium set. Immediately a hun-
dred couples speed past us having
something resembling epileptic fits and
when the food appears, there is a rush
like a cattle stampede. Before we know it,
we're outside. We should have known
better. We'll never crash a high-school party of five hundred kids
again, even if it is only make-believe.
Too dangerous.
The "Heaven on a Shoestring" set
dezign takes us backstage in the
Bijou Theater for an always interest-
ning and colorful set atmosphere to us
— a vaudeville scene. Theatrical trunks,
costumes and gaily painted vaudeville
paraphernalia clutter the long corridor
beneath the curtain ropes.
Through all this Pat O'Brien weaves
his way, drunkenly, singing, reciting
lines, cracking jokes. He climbs an iron
spiral stairway, goes along a balco
ey upstairs and inside a door with a star
painted on it. All the time the camera
perches on a large crane, follows him.
"Heaven on a Shoestring" brings Pat,
George E. Stone and Director Lewis
Milestone back together for the first re-
union since "The Front Page." It is
the story of a brilliant Broadway producer's
rise and fall and rise again through the
talent of his daughter, Olympe Bradna.
We're about to move on when a boy
comes in — a new candidate for Mr. O'Brien,
he says. Pat rips it open. It's from his
pat at Warner Brothers, congratulat-
ing him on being the picture at Para-
mount. It reads:
'Twinkle, twinkle, our favorite star.
Now we know just where you are.
You're at Paramount with Bradna.
But don't forget the gal's your
daughter.'
Well — it doesn't seem to rhyme very
well—but the advice is good. We'd
have to hold to a paternal complex, hugh,
around lovely Olympe.

That old stage thriller, "The Cat and the Camel" is the last stop. Laura
La Plante did the first Hollywood ver-
sion in 1926. Elliott Nugent played it
on stage and we're going to see An-
ne potential Goddard, Bob Hope, Gale Sondergaard, Douglas Montgomery
and John Beal. Producer Arthur Hornblow
looks over the script.
The set is a gloomy, vaulted man-
sion. The relatives, says the script, are
gathered to hear the reading of a
rich ehe's will, ten years after his
death. Paulette inherits the money,
then many of the people try to frighten
her out of her wills so they can take it
away from her. There are plenty of
dark doings with all that sort of stuff.
Alligators swarm in an artificial
swamp near by. One of them is yawn-
ing (we hope he's yawning) as we pass.
Paulette is wearing a white checked dress. Seems they had a
time finding the dress. They tested
thirty or forty, but Paramount
designers failed to hit the right pattern.

Then, one day, Paulette showed up at
the studio in this checked number.
"Mighty" cried the high-priced stu-
dio designers. 'That's it! That's the
dress—exactly what we've been trying
to find. Where did you get it? How
much did it cost?'

"It's my mother's," confessed Paulette.
"I borrowed it. It cost fifteen dollars
at a bargain counter!" The bargain-
counter dress got the job.

LEAVING the movie lots to their fate,
we change the scenery for a look at the
other temples of Radio City.

Three new developments in the Hol-
lwyood radio picture strike us at once.
First, the big program boom in dra-
matics; second, the simmering crown of
movie star bookings to a tested few;
and, third, preparations for summer air
vacations.

As we wander around the modernis-
tic rehearsal studios we learn that star
interviews on the air are passé. Good
actors and actresses are all radio want
outs of the Hollywood studios now.

As a result, radioactive stars get re-
pell calls week after week. Bette Davis,
Barbara Stanwyck, Madeleine Carroll,
Spencer Tracy, Robert Montgomery,
Lionel Barrymore, Virginia Bruce, Er-
zel Flynn, Edward Arnold and Basil Rathbone are a few who are in radio
to stay.

Basil Rathbone, we learn, has rescued
"The Circle" since taking over from
Ronald Colman. His dramatic sketches have
done it. Good News has vastly
increased its evening spot. So has
Chase and Sanborn with Donald Meek
and his movie guests. Charles Boyer's
dramatic ten-strike is the talk of the Sun-
set and Vine. After three years Cecil B. DeMille's Lux Radio Theater is still
at the top. Rudy Vallee, always attune
to radio trends, is now spending more
money on his air playlets than on any
other part of his show.

Publicity man, Jean Hersholt has joined
Joe Penner and Jack Haley. Dick Powell follows soon
when Tuesday Night Party leaves for
the vacation months. Bob Hope, the
Good News Show, Charles Boyer's
Woodbury Playhouse, the Lux plays
and Jack Benny are all set to vanish when
it gets hot. Rudy Vallee, the Screen
Actors Guild Golf program, Chase
and Sanborn, The Circle and the Kraft
Music Hall plan to stuff it all year.

Hollywood Radio City chatter: Jack
Benny hasn't suffered in popularity
from his smuggling mugging. . . . the
reason, they say, is that he's always
the poor boy in his scripts. . . . Jack
Benny's solidly behind him and
wont hear of his resignation. . .

The golden voice of Mariam Anderson,
the Negro prima donna, broke down
the "no applause" rule on The
Circle and kept it down. . . . dorothy
Durbin is the godmother for Jimmy
Wallington's new baby boy. . .

Fannie Brice has a complete beauty
makeover across the street for a
couple of hours before she does a
Good News Snook . . . Milea Korjas
always brings her daughter along to
to cheer her singing on Good News.

Ned Sparks is planning "surprise ap-
carances" on all Hollywood air shows
... CBS ushers call all bad days "Ga-
ble Days," because when Clark is on
a show the crowds are terrible. Bing
Crosby is so lazy he now wears zipper
shoes to broadcasts . . . Bing's "new
panama" is eight years old.

And the radio dust of the month comes
from Groucho Marx. Introducing
Alexander Woollcott to the studio
audience in "The Groucho Game" was
cracked. "The fat man is Alex Wooll-
cott. Double-o, double-l, double-t—and
double-chin!"

She needs a long-lasting
Deodorant
ONE THAT NEITHER BATH NOR EXERCISE CAN RENDER INEFFECTIVE

"She needs a long-lasting
Deodorant
ONE THAT NEITHER BATH NOR EXERCISE CAN RENDER INEFFECTIVE"

SHE spends hours grooming her-
self for an important evening and
yet neglects the one essential to
long-lasting airiness?

She hasn't learned that every girl
needs a long-lasting deodorant—one
that cannot wash off in a bath or fail
you after tennis, an afternoon of
shopping, or one or two dances.

You may think because you start
out sweet, you'll stay sweet. You
may think you don't perspire enough
to matter. Every girl does . . . after
exercise, when you're nervous or ex-
cited—just when you need to make
your best impression!

Test Yourself!

If you don't believe it, smell
the armpit of the dress you are wear-
ing when you take it off tonight.
You may discover why no one calls
you "sweetheart."

You'll understand, too, why so
many thousands of women rely on

Liquid Odonoro to guard their fem-
inine appeal. Liquid Odonoro keeps
your underarm dry from 1 to 3 days.
Perspiration can't collect on your
dress and grow more offensive every
time you wear it!

Perspiration is simply diverted
to other parts of the body where it
can evaporate freely. A doctor's pre-
scription, a true perspiration check
— Liquid Odonoro scientifically con-
trols dampness, odor, staining.

Easy to Use

Two applications of Liquid Odonoro a week
are usually enough. No dread of dampness or
offensive perspiration odor for as much as
three days!

No fear of ruining your favorite frocks
with ugly stains. How easy that makes it
be deainty every day, all day!

Liquid Odonoro comes in two strengths—
Regular and Instant. Also in Ice form.
Tested and approved by Good Housekeep-
ing Bureau. The large size is more economi-
cal. Buy a large-size bottle or jar today!

The Odonoro Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.
outh loves to play. The inclination to make a career of playing is aided and abetted in California with its everlasting sunshine and blue skies and the dozens of its unmatched outdoor play spots.

"What shall I wear?" gets a very definite answer. Time was when just about anything would do for knocking about on beaches, climbing over boat sides, the country club golf course, or wherever "having fun" is the chief order of the day.

But it is all different now, particularly this year. If a girl doesn’t expend as much care in the choice of a play wardrobe as she gives to her dress-up for that swanky party, she will be sorry indeed. For all around her will be worn the best-looking play clothes you can imagine, smartly designed both as to fabric and cut and precisely planned for the whole dizzying round of intensive playing from sunrise to sundown.

Because Deanna Durbin, Universal’s sixteen-year-old singing star, is one of the screen’s hardest-working players, her play hours are all the more precious. Her vacations, which come only between pictures, are planned so that she derives the maximum of fun and relaxation from them and her playtime wardrobe is selected with special attention to what is young, cool, pleasant to wear and good to look at.

Vera West, Universal Studio designer, knows Deanna, her tastes, the colors and styles suit-able to her age and figure, as perhaps no other woman does, not excluding her mother. From the time when Deanna, at thirteen, came to Universal to make her first picture, “Three Smart Girls”—which was an instantaneous hit—until today, when that charming youngster has registered her fifth hit in a straight row with “Three Smart Girls Grow Up,” Vera West has designed and created everything which Deanna wears on the screen. In addition she puts the stamp of approval on Deanna’s personal wardrobe. It is no uncommon sight to see the star of what has been called the most amazing series of hits in box-office history and Miss West, their heads together, poring over sketches, surrounded by bolts of fabrics and knee-deep in feminine gadgets. You can be sure some holiday jaunt or party or what-have-you is in the wind.

Miss West has just planned a play wardrobe for Deanna which she will put to good use the instant her sixth and current picture for Universal, “After School Days,” is finished.

Miss West started with a slacks suit, because no holiday can be thoroughly enjoyable without one. The ease and comfort with which that type of garment is worn makes it a "must" in any play wardrobe.

This year slacks suits take on an added importance by virtue of the fact that they are no longer limited to just blouse and trousers. There must be the accompanying jacket, whether of the same fabric or a contrast.

Deanna’s slacks suit, shown in the upper left-hand corner, is of apple-green crepe, the tailored blouse has a convertible collar, worn open at the neck. To wear over this suit Deanna has selected a beige camel’s-hair jacket for cool days, and they do come, even in California. In length, the jacket comes well over the hip, with two huge, saddle-bag pockets. These are a joy for caching a hanky, powder puff, or anything (Continued on page 79)
affair out there is wreaked because one or the other partner put his or her career ahead of family life. This fact in connection with a Hollywood divorce carries less blame, curiously enough, than it does in the ordinary community. What else do they do? They have to work hard, keep make-up on their faces all day, be massaged in their free moments, and if they think things are going well, they're average woman, wouldn't put up with that.

But, of course, we don't believe that the Hollywood woman would marry Tom or Dick, any more than she would cook and count the laundry or exchange recipes. If she does such things at all, they are as publicity stunts. One very possible injustice that the average American woman does the Hollywood woman is to believe that she does, and must do, everything for publicity. And doesn't mind it.

As we learn more about the Hollywood woman, we respect her for various qualities. We know that the Hollywood woman who survives success works hard, counts her calories and watches not only her morals but every appearance of her. In fact, that her Hollywood life has plenty of attendant discipline is generally known and believed. Sometimes the Hollywood woman, comfortable in her velvet chair in the dark of a movie house, realizing the amount of labor that goes into making a picture, wonders if it's worth it, in spite of the glamour, and if it isn't better to be one of the audience and not have the train.

We feel, too, that the Hollywood woman is relieved from many of the responsibilities of ordinary citizenship; that, in fact, such things don't exist in Hollywood. Almost every average American woman has some civic responsibility. She either seeks it or can't avoid it. She belongs to something - the League of Women Voters, the Musical Society, the Woman's Club, the P. T. A., the Junior League, the Farm and Home in her. She can't imagine a Hollywood branch of any of these organizations. Hollywood isn't a place where you grew up with the man who runs for office.

Looking around at the women in a P. T. A. meeting, conscientious and serious, whose faces are often tired and who haven't made up more than very sketchily, who may look as if they've been up all night with the baby, it seems a far cry from Hollywood, so far a cry that it would never be heard there. If women got together in Hollywood to discuss child problems, we imagine that the discussion would be one of child custody or child salaries. Fair or not, that is the impression. One can't imagine Carole Lombard being interested in any social welfare salary, or spending her hours there like the ordinary debanteuse. One can't imagine Bette Davis giving a paper on foreign affairs at the Tuesday Morning Study Group. The Hollywood woman wouldn't make a practice of lunching at the club on Friday. Besides, she is always on a diet.

They haven't the time for these things. The American Woman somehow exempts the Hollywood woman from the responsibilities as well as the pleasure of simple leisure. We know because we read it over and over again that there are quiet women and normal children in the Hollywood of today. We know that there must be friendships there as well as love affairs. We know that there are all the usual sports. But we feel that the bright light which is partly klieg and partly California sun makes these things different from our sports and our friendships. And then, too, there is the cost.

The Hollywood woman is again set apart from most ordinary women by the report of what she spends. In Hollywood everyone seems, from what we hear, to be either rich or starving, building a big house or going into bankruptcy. No one gets along and saves money on three thousand a year. If they do, we don't hear of it. Everything is reported to be expensive. There are rumors of what houses cost to rent, to buy; of how they are built for entertaining on the grand scale. We have no doubt that these entertainments are splendid and glamorous. But we can't believe that the Hollywood woman just asks somebody to do it for dinner, as we do. It's hard to believe that Norma Shearer says, "I must have the Coopers over for dinner. Did we have a marmalade soufflé last time they were here?" No, when the Coopers come, she does everybody else and they take motion pictures of the guests as they come in the gate.

They are out of scale. They are out of reach, these Hollywood women. We feel that, then, what is it that keeps average women poring over movie magazines, studying pictures of stars? Most of them do. They don't admit or even realize how much they do this, but the man at the magazine stand or the hairdresser could tell you. Every beauty shop provides movie magazines for women who "never read them." Why are they read so constantly and with such interest? Because we copy the Hollywood woman. Sometimes it is done with obviousness, sometimes subtly. Walk down any street, come up against a country girl studying herself in her mirror, and you'll see. If the average girl or woman is told that she has a resemblance to Luise Rainer or Claudette Colbert, quite definitely she is marked for life. She alters her eyes, lifts her eyebrows, reasserts herself until it's sometimes hard to hear.

We copy the stars' swift bright talk, their modulated voices, their wise-cracks. There was a great speed-up in suburban dialogue after "The Thin Man." We like the way they talk, quick with a comeback, perfect in the expression of emotional feeling. Maybe it's taught to them—but they learned it for that we admire them. We try on a hat that is extreme in style, a coat very extravagant with fur, and say, "That makes you look like Hollywood—I couldn't wear that?" We decide not to buy it but, then, we often do buy it just the same.

For she isn't like us, the Hollywood woman. That's why it is so tempting to be like her.
Tampax makes life worth living

There is no mystery about Tampax. It is simply a kind of monthly sanitary protection worn internally. Each individual Tampax is sealed in a hygienic container which allows you to insert the Tampax neatly and daintily.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor and more than 133,000,000 have already been sold. It brings new comfort and freedom to club women, office workers, athletes, students, housewives. It does away with chafing, odor and "bulking," providing a smooth costume-profile even in swim suits or sheer evening gowns. No belts or pins. You really forget you are wearing Tampax! Made of pure, long-fibered surgical cotton, highly compressed. Tampax is extremely absorbent and efficient. No disposal problems. Sold at drug stores and notions counters. Two Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax Introductory package, 20c. An average month's supply, 35c. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package of 40c.

Today's Sanitary Protection for Every Woman.

Tampax Incorporated

New Brunswick, N.J.

Send introductory box; 20c enclosed (Tampax, comics). See checked below.

[ ] Regular Tampax [ ] Junior Tampax

Send Tampax booklet with diagram—free.

Note: 

Accepts for advertising the Journal of the American Medical Association.

The war in Europe, which had up until now been merely something other folk talked about, at the dinner table suddenly became an immediate, personal thing that spring. For, within a week after America joined the Allies, Alec Stewart applied for a commission and was given a captaincy in the Ordinance Corps.

"The war brought an early sense of responsibility to Jim," Mrs. Stewart declared. "Alec was sent to Iowa and Jim immediately became the man of the house. His concern for me was quite understanding. I remember, for instance, how every night he would go around locking all the doors and windows as his father had done. It's a funny thing but, when Jim is home now, he still makes the rounds the last thing before he goes to bed."

"Jim took the war very seriously. He used to wear a soldier's suit with a little trench cap and on the slightest provocation he would salute. He'd kiss me goodbye, as he went off to school, and then salute. He'd salute the postman, the other children, the teacher, as sure as you like, his teachers on arrival at school."

"His play took on a martial manner, too. When he wasn't turning over No Man's Land, Trenches were dug, battle lines mapped out, copied carefully from the maps of the front, and 'Doddle' and 'Ginny' (Jim's pet nicknames for his sisters) were made Red Cross nurses."

When Captain Stewart sailed for France in the spring of 1918, Jim's task was to produce a first-class story. His heart was in the piece of expression in the presentation of a blustering play called "The Slackers." Jim was apprenticed to the production manager. The piece was given in the spacious basement playroom where the children had built a stage, rigged up footlights and strung a very professional curtain.

Virginia recalls the dramatic debut of Indiana's favorite star.

"Jim was terribly intense about that play, just as he is about everything he gets interested in. He's either wrapped up in a venture to the exclusion of all else or bored to death. There are no halfway measures with Jim."

"He was unhorsed and rehearsed that play. I remember I had just one line, 'War is declared,' but Jim had me practice that scene four and five times a day with his fencing and sword play. Just before the matinee. Each night before I went to bed, he'd say, 'Now you're sure you've got your part? Let's hear it again.' And over and over, in varying inflections, I'd recite, 'War is declared.'"

"At last the eventful day arrived. All mother's friends and the parents of the other children in the cast were gathered for the premiere. Jim was in a flurry of excitement, superstitious the coming of every member of the cast, testing and retesting the play with me as the great actress. And the performance was a tremendous success and the matinee was a sell-out."

"Virginia, I was the actress in the play. His reception of my ringing notes that war was declared established a new record even in our family. The next scene showed Jim being drafted. Then in the battle scene and our masterpiece of scenic lighting in which red paper over the face of the moon was the effect of gunfire and shells bursting. The slackers proved a hero in an emergency. Their glorious red and jawing was decorated by General Pershing."

"We felt it was really a powerful drama with a gripping message and were extremely pleased with our performance. But the idea of going across the stream, the boat just sank lower and lower until finally Jim was up to his waist in mud and water."

The next fall brought a new interest as station KDKA in near-by Pittsburgh announced that Bill and Harry Hall and Jim immediately turned their inventive activities to the construction of radio sets.

"For the next few years," said Blair, "most of our time was spent building radio sets. A few days keeping up with each new improvement of that fast-growing science that none of us had any time for dates with girls. I don't believe Jim paid much attention to girls anyway, until he went away to college."

In addition to his enthusiasm over radio, Jim acquired another hobby about this time which was to pay rich dividends a few years later.

For several months Virginia had been watching with envy a toy accordion that had captured her fancy in a store window. Finally, at Christmas, Jim presented it to her as a gift and after several lessons from an Italian barber who was the accordion virtuoso of the community, Jim was able to perform well enough to play the Boy Scout band in their weekly concerts on the steps of the town hall.

Jim then embarked on a novel graduation from the Model School and with it the commencement play, an ambitious attempt at a musical called "The Frog Prince." It would be pat to record that Jim distinguished himself in the leading role, revealed a promise of future triumphs. As a matter of fact, his part was that of the proverbial spear carrier, a spear carrier none too sure of his footwork in the mass scenes.

The pictures in Mrs. Stewart's album of Jim, the spring he was fifteen, show a thin, gangling youngster in his first pair of long trousers, proudly purchased by his father at the fall sales. Jim was ready for the next step when the boy's failure to fill out fast enough and arranged for Jim and Joe Davis to work that summer with the circus sideshow of the world. Jim returned from the camp, fifteen pounds heavier, tanned, swaggering a bit and as much the man-sized job for a month. He was greeted with important news. In the fall, he was to go away to school, to Mercersburg.

A whole new world suddenly opened up to the boy, whose life had been bounded by ties of a closely knit family, the well-ordered routine of school days, and the safe adventures of a small town.

Just ahead lay Mercersburg with all the new, unexplored opportunities of a prep school rich in prestige and the tradition of the great names of men—Ted Roosevelt, Harry E. Fairchild, of Olympic fame, and Ed Wittmer, of All-American football renown. Jim was beyond, becomening him into a bright glorious future, that held the distant, romantic towers of Princeton.

A gangling Galahad with a purpose, Jim Stewart found—and held tightly to—his own theme of simplicity in the disarming of the Jazz Age. Athletic laurels at Mercersburg, success at Princeton were sweet tri- nities, a happy ending. His life story, the Pennsylvania, whose appealing life story con- tinues in next month's Photoplay.
Best-Filled Stockings

(Continued from page 42)

"Stocking heels are particularly deceptive. Low heels give the impression of height and width, while pointed ones detract from an ankle that is too chunkey; and perpendicular-line stocking should be adopted by the short, stout woman. Fat legs also benefit by wide clocks which play the eye to the slenderer tip and thus break the actual width. Long thin legs need stockings with circular weave and horizontal treatments."

Willys counsels against buying cheap hose, holding there are bound to be imperfections in cut-rate stockings that result in false economy. A dollar a pair is the limit you can pay with safety for stockings, he argues.

Surprisingly enough, for a man who turns out stockings as high as $250 a pair, Willys believes the average girl can keep her legs trim looking for twenty-five dollars a year and recommends the selection of nine pairs of three-thread stockings, nine pairs of four-thread and three pairs of two-thread for the wardrobe that must be purchased on a modest budget.

To prolong stocking wear, Willys advises: never wash them in hot water—use as little soap as possible; rinse with water to which vinegar has been added in a proportion of a teaspoon to a quart; never hang up stockings to dry, spread them flat on a towel; never dry them in the sun or too near a radiator; and, in donning a stocking, turn it inside out and roll it over the foot and up the leg without pulling.

Short stockings are even more harmful than tight shoes, declares Willys, who says a stocking should be at least half an inch longer than the foot. In this connection, he scouts a myth of long standing in Hollywood, namely, that Greta Garbo has big feet. The Swedish star, says the man who supplies her stockings, takes only a nine and one-half size and, incidentally, wears only sheer black chiffon.

Fashion Letter

(Continued from page 76)

e else a girl thinks she can't have a good time without.

The jacket hangs loosely on the back with two side seam vents, and its fairly full sleeves are gathered in at the wrist by a two-inch cuff. The front fullness is held in place with a tie belt of the same fabric, which comes from the side seams. The whole business has definitely been thought out with the dual purpose of making a lovely girl lovelier and comfortable at the same time.

ANY vacation which doesn't take water sports into account wouldn't be much of a treat for Deanna. She loves to be in the water, as well as on it. For chug-chugging along on blue waters in a motorboat she has a three-piece shorts outfit (page 76, top, center) of blue denim, a fabric which entered the fashion picture by way of the railroad locomotive engineer.

The blouse is the middy style with open neck and two breast pockets. Both collar and pockets are trimmed with narrow parallel strips of white leather. The shorts fasten at the center panel with two rows of white buttons and white leather stripes the side seams. A below-the-hi-length jacket with short sleeves and matching leather trim completes this charming boating costume.

Just as capes have invaded the fashion scene for street wear once again, so have their graceful lines made a like appearance on beaches and at swimming pools at California resorts.

Deanna's cape (page 76, upper right) is of white chenille, knee-length. The chenille is run horizontally and there is nothing haphazard about the cape's design. The shoulder line has been manipulated into a series of seams to give it the squared effect so desirable this year and the snowy whiteness of the fabric is offset with a blue chenille banding. "The same blue has been used in the large sailboat pattern which decorates the back. All the sails have been outlined in a contrasting shade of blue. White satin beach sandals with platform soles complete this attractive declairing.

On any holiday there are times when one just sits and watches the others in action. The low point is that a girl look just as charming in that phase of having fun.

For spectator sports wear, when others are exerting themselves at tennis, golf or darts and Deanna is just an interested and lovely onlooker, Vera West selected a charming two-piece frock (page 76, fat left) in the new and exciting color combination of clay beige and strawberry red.

The simply styled dress with six-gore skirt, short sleeves and high neckline is worn beneath what one might term a ladylike version of the lumberjack, blousey full over a snugly buttoned waistband. The jacket boasts a squared neckline cut low enough to reveal the high neckline of the frock, a large, square patch pocket and composition buttons in the shade of the frock.

A pillbox hat of suede in strawberry red—and this shape of hat for sports-wear is finding increasing favor this season—is worn with this costume. Several petal-shaped ends forming a perky ornament and set at top add to the chic of the hat.

The accompanying reticule, carelessly slung over one shoulder by its long strap, is of natural monkey's cloth, in canteen-shaped and the famous "sleepy Mexican" scene is painted on its side in the soft colors of the natural landscape.

These costumes from Deanna's play wardrobe represent the chic individuality, gay color and dressed-up casualness so important this season.

The same originality should be shown in the bathing suits you select for your warm weather wardrobe and in the little occasional cotton frocks that are a "must" for summer playtime.

As final wardrobe prescription, complete each costume with the many gay and varied accessories to add to the opposite sex allure, but which will proclaim nonsensical—such as string hair snoods, seashell jewelry, lapel pins in animal, bird, floral or comedy motifs, yard square chiffon kerchiefs that introduce still another note of color, fantasy shoes, enormous cartwheel straws presumably fashionable to hide the sun from your brow but really to flatten your beauty, enormous goggle glasses to defeat the glare—all these and many more little giddy ac-

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Everybody
LOOKS AT YOUR LEGS!

Laboratory, where it is developed, printed and inspected. It is sent to me the next afternoon. Now Dieterle, together with Charles Kunch and myself, composed sound cues and the rest of the technical staff, comes into the projection room and looks at the rushes, or previous days’ work. Dieterle and I pick out the best ‘takes’ of each scene.

One sees the rushes that night. The next morning, Major Levinson, the head of the sound department, checks the rushes for sound. In the afternoon, we all go to Scilla, executive associate in charge of production, looks at the rushes to see that the picture is progressing to his satisfaction. If he has any comments to make, he dictates a letter to the director.

Now I dash back to the cutting room and run the rushes once more to get the feeling of the sequence and start to assemble the scenes. But I never cut a sequence until all the scenes in it are complete.

While we were looking at us, Warren Low put a strip of film under a machine called a moviola, which is really a miniatu-re cutting machine. It magni-fies the picture and its loud-speaker en-ables you to hear the sound track. And when our editor ran the film backwards, so that the footsteps, a car, rain, and snow, all cut and not cut in the middle of a sentence.

We asked Mr. Low something which has always mystified us—how he could do this. “It’s all done by numbers,” he said, smiling. “When a scene is photographed, a slate is photographed, showing its number before it begins. At the same time, a spring is released which marks the start for picture and sound. When I cut a scene, I remove the slate, but by that time the film has been iden-tically numbered on both picture and track and so I know they will synchro-nize. When I run the film through the waltzes, I can’t hear it just as you do on the screen.

Let me show you how we cut a sequence. The first thing. ‘This is the sequence where Betty Davis as the Empress Carlotta first begins to lose her mind. We start with a long shot as she enters the council chamber of Louis Napoleon III, dictator of France (Claude Rains). She moves around the table to condemn Napoleon for the betrayal of her husband. We hold on a two-shot of her and Napoleon. In a long shot we watch him get up from the table and start to go out of the room as she runs after him, then falls unconscious on the floor. We cut to a close-up of Napoleon to show his fright, then a medium shot of one of his ministers bringing her a glass of water. Now we cut to a close-up that we see Napoleon trying to make her drink it. In a close-up we see Carlotta opening her eyes, then rushes up to Napoleon and, by using trick lighting, show that she believes him to be the devil. Now we pan to a close-up of Napoleon, and he says, ‘He is trying to poison me.’ Then we pan, moving the camera hori-zontally, as he jumps up, goes to the edge of ministers standing around the table watching her, then rushes out of the door into the darkness.

A picture must be completely cut before it is scored, because the composer must know the exact length of each scene for which he will write the music.

In the music building, Erich Wolfgang Korngold wasn’t satisfied with the music he got and paced up and down the room talking excitedly about the film. “If a picture is good, I’ll have the music for it in five minutes. If it’s bad, I work for days and days and still can’t get it.” And in the case of ‘Juarez’ there is a pleasure to score. It has quite a bit of background music, especially in the battle and love scenes. When it comes to political scenes, we don’t have music.

“I started the real scoring of ‘Juarez’ after I saw the picture three times and from then on I lived with it. I sat down at my piano in the projection room and wrote the music as I saw each scene on the screen before me.

“I had holes punched in the scenes where I wanted music.”

After some persuasion, Mr. Korngold agreed to play some of the themes he had composed for ‘Juarez’ on the piano. “This is the part where Bette Davis goes insane,” he said.

As he played the eerie music he spoke Bette Davis’ lines softly. Then, as a contrast, he played the tender love music for Carlotta and Maximilian (Brian Aherne).

“The music for this picture is very simple,” the composer explained. “I’ve used the Mexican, Austrian, and Napoleonic national anthems because of the historical background of ‘Juarez.’ Also, I had to use the favorite Mexican song of the real Carlotta and Maximilian. As a matter of fact, the symbol really as a bond between the two lovers.

“When I wanted to get authentic Mexican music I went to the ‘Juarez’ Ranch, the story, we hired four Mexican musicians. They played a polka of 1870 written three years after Maximilian was executed in Mexico. It sounded exactly like Johann Strauss. So did everything else the Mexicans played, and I think it would have sounded like Chopin. You see, Maximilian brought with him the Viennese waltzes when he came into the country, and the Mexican composers were evidently so much impressed that they all tried to imitate Johann Strauss. I thought that Strauss and Chopin were Mexican, I’d make up my own Mexican music.

“As a matter of fact, the music of Vienna was a form of dope. Everyone was poisoned by it, even Maximilian. My music makes him a little weak, because he was a weak character. But now you take Juarez (played by Paul Muni), there was a man with a relentless will. The music I composed for him doesn’t make him great, and he wasn’t a great man. It makes him lovable. Muni rarely has music in his scenes—his first scene is played in complete silence.

As we said good-by to Erich Korngold, he told us: ‘I’m so glad I’m not in a factory. I can believe that I’m an artist and that means so much to me’.

A month later, after Korngold had completed the score, two musicians arranged it for orchestra and he went over each cue with them.

They were rehearsing part of the score, which is always recorded in sections.

Korngold wanted a higher tone from the cymbals. “Am I closer now, Professor?” the cymbalist called out.

Everyone calls Mr. Korngold, Professor, because he’s the most famous of all the composers.

“More trills, trumpets. Like this. Ra-ta-ra-ta-tum,” he sang out to them from a point where he sat, his score in front of him.

“All right. Let’s rehearse with the pianist.”

The room was darkened except for a single spotlight over Korngold’s score. On the screen suspended over the musicians’ heads, we saw a series of battle scenes in quick succession—horse rearing, cannons exploding, a Mexican town toppling. At a given cue from Korngold, the orchestra started to play the exciting battle music.

“How was that, Mr. Forrest?” he called to an unseen person. The unseen person’s voice came through a loud-speaker, “It was all right to me.”

It wasn’t a spook. It was Dave Forrest, the special music mixer, speaking from his booth, built high in the wall of the recording room, where he controls the tone of the instrumentation as it is fed through six microphones on the stage.

Now, the conductor put on a pair of headphones to hear the dialogue of the next scene. We heard the mix and the side, but the other side moved, but we heard no sound. The picture is projected without sound so as not to interfere with the playing of the musicians. Suddenly Korngold signaled for them to stop. He explained to us that he had determined exactly where he wanted music as a background and where he wanted no music. There were about four hours, fourteen hours. It would be another two weeks before they would be finished recording the score. Ordinarily, the music takes only three or four days to record, but in a big production like ‘Juarez,’ it takes much longer.

As soon as the reel of the battle scenes was scored, it was taken up to the “dubbing” or “re-recording” room where all additional sound effects would be added.

The following afternoon, we were ushered into a room, where we saw our friends Warren Low and Erich Korngold, who are always present at these sessions. We thought we could see a man at a huge console turning a number of little knobs. Yesterday’s battle scenes were being pro-jected on a screen and now we heard the music recorded yesterday and all the sounds of battle as well.

To the right of the screen, numbers were changing constantly, giving the exact number of feet of film. The man at the console watched these numbers and turned his little knobs. But we did not understand these mysterious goings on, and Mr. Muni, head of the sound department, started to explain.

“The man sitting at the console is Gerald Alexander. He cues the whole show. Each of the dials he turns controls a separate sound track.” Major Levinson whispered.

“The mixer is using nine separate tracks for the battle scenes: the horses, the battle shots, the explosions, man fighting, sword clashes, cannon bea-ting, cannons roaring, and two separate tracks for the music, because the battle music blends in with the music for the Paul Muni scene. Some of these sounds were recorded while ‘Juarez’ was being shot. Cues were taken from the sound library.”
When the sound track with the dialogue, music and effects has been recorded, it is sent, together with the picture, to the laboratory. Here girl negative cutters match the negative from the editor's print, frame by frame, each girl working on a separate reel. From this negative are made the two hundred and fifty release prints for theaters all over the country. Another negative is sent to Canada and one to Australia. Collecting print is sent to England and prints are made for the British Empire.

Infinities are taken to see that the film is flawless. The laboratory is as spotless as a hospital. Every trace of moisture is removed from the air. The temperature of all solutions are automatically controlled. The film is waxed and polished. Men peer through microscopes to see that the sound track is perfect. Others press little buttons in darkened rooms to give each printed scene the perfect light exposure.

All this for a single piece of film, which, in the final analysis, is all there is to show for two million dollars and two years’ work on the part of hundreds of people. This particular film is valuable not only because of the intelligence and artists which have gone into its making, but because it marks a trend in Hollywood production—a trend which should fill the libraries of those studios. It presents a problem of vital importance today—the conflict between dictatorship and democracy with the final victory of democracy, a conflict which we cannot escape unless we close our ears and our eyes to what is happening around us.

It was a vivid experience to watch “Jaures” being made. If you’ve shared it with us in the two previous articles of this series, we hope you’ll agree. But if you haven’t, by all means see it. For the two hours you spend watching it, you’ll probably have a greater respect for what motion pictures can do.

THE END

Distance Ends Enchantment

(Continued from page 32)

the tendency of the public to think of him as Mr. Lamour, and the impossibility, to Dorothy, of allowing any such setup as this. The guests knew about the money troubles, too, being Hollywood people—about Dorothy Lamour’s big salary, bigger than Herb Kaye’s, and the allowance he gave her until she insisted he cut it off.

“Get on with the rest,” commanded the listeners, lighting new cigarettes.

WELL, it was about that time that Herbie Kaye was managed to get an engagement at the Catalina Casino and the marriage came within an ace of breaking up then and there. Oh, yes. There was that evening between dances, when Herb and Dorothy sat at a table in the Saint Catherine dining room, and he suggested they give the whole thing up. Dorothy had just told him how miserable she was during the long months of separation and how she missed him.

“Just these few days together have made me realize I’d rather be with you than be the biggest star in the industry,” she told him.

His face had been very white and strange and Herbie listened. But when he answered, with sudden despair, her eyes held a terror that made him grab her hand and take back his words. “I must have been crazy...”

That was the night the two of them decided Dorothy had better go out a little, with other men. ("Ah," said the guests at the party, setting back in chairs. They knew this portion of the story also, but they wanted to hear it again. It could stand repeating. "Go on," they urged.)

It had sounded like a great idea. Mainly, Dorothy would go dancing or out to dinner at the theater with fellows who were mutual friends—men Herbie knew, too. Of course, there would be gossip. Bound to be, each time, if Herbie would promise to wait and believe nothing until she could call him about it—"I’ll never lie to you," she vowed solemnly, watching his face.

Herbie smiled. “That’s the way it’ll be, then.”

And that’s the way it was. How well the ladies at the party knew, as they had to, Bandy Scott!” one girl said, her eyes amused as she looked around the room.

“Doesn’t mean something another simply. And that summed it up.

In the following silence the ladies all stared into their glasses. "But it might have worked," a woman said finally. "Logically, it might have." "It never works," the girl who answered was blonde and lovely and famous, with a notable past. She knew where she spoke; wherefore the others listened respectfully. "Given a guaranteed status quo of all circumstances, it might just possibly work. But people change and the setup changes. Dorothy’s not the same girl who married Herb Kaye four years ago. Then she was an elevator girl with nothing in her experience but a dirt-poor childhood and a lot of hard luck. She believed in glamour, just as she believed all the magazine stories she read and all the movies she saw. Herb was terrific in her eyes, then. And she hadn’t been exposed to the Hollywood virus. She wanted a house and a husband and kids. Maybe she still does—but not as much. You always have to make a choice, in a case like this. Husband or career. Home and anonymity or success, money, fame. The answer’s almost always the same." The girl paused, and smiled. It was not entirely a pretty thing to say. "Mine was, as you all remember. And I’m not surprised at Dorothy’s." "But last year she told people she’d quit pictures before she’d let anything interfere with her marriage." "That was last year. She was just starting her house, then—the one on the sunny side of a hill. With a nursery in it. But then she still thought she’d take a year off and have a baby. It was before so many things happened. It was before Randy, for instance—or any of that. And it was before she began going around with Charlie Barnet. She liked Charlie, you know. Maybe even enough to marry him. I wouldn’t be surprised if she did after Herbie gets his decree... Still, Charlie is a band leader, too, and will certainly have to be on the road and away from Hollywood at least as much as Herbie was. So why does she go from the frying pan into the fire? Oh, well—"

THE END

Lillian Porter

20th Century-Fox Player

IN "ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE" she was the
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THE BLONDE GIRL WAS IMPATIENT NOW. Her case was so nearly finished—"Listen," she said scornfully, "could you keep on being in love with a name, a photograph, a voice on long-distance? Could you tie yourself down to as little as that? Remember last Christmas—and all the big plans about Herbie coming out here to be with her. Something turned up, just as it always did, and he couldn't make it. And Dottie sat there in the little house with the Christmas tree and the presents—I can see her now. She was crying. She said, I've looked forward all your life to the holidays. Now he can't come after all. I've never in my whole life had a happy Christmas—but this was to be the first. The blonde girl passed light a cigarette hurriedly, waving her free hand to signify she wasn't finished.

"And then the final straw, this spring. Herb signed at the St. Francis, up in Frisco. Dottie was going to fly up and stay with him. So what happened? So her show moved to New York just then for two broadcasts and, according to her contract, she had to go along. It was the end, that's all. Herbie must just have told her to make up her mind, that he couldn't give her everything she asked here and be Mr. Lamour and that she'd have to choose between him and her job. It always comes to that. She chose, of course. Over her long he gave up and filed that divorce on desert grounds."

She was finished now, the blonde girl. She relaxed, sighed, reached for her cocktail. And there was no disavowing voice, nor any further argument. The asylum was closed.

"That's the way it goes," someone said, adding a note of philosophy to the last scene. "So Dorothy Lamour's ruined marriage.

"But I still think," persisted the weather-worn but seemingly inveterateinfantilism, "that she ought—worked, that's it's a shame."

BOOS AND BOUQUETS

(Continued from page 4)

Washington, the White House, Philadelphia with its colleges, and the smaller towns with their tree-lined avenues and Harding after troops—were a toothache like I did, you'd cry, too. Honest, I hurt all over. But not about no guy named Nelson. Not me.

JULIE SHERRAN.

CHICAGO, ILL.

LONG-FELT WANT

"Breathes there a gal with soul so dead

She never to herself hath said—"

Thanks, Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, Bonita Granville, Marcia Mae Jones and others, for tips to the teens on "How to Wear Clothes and Influence People?"? Not only do we owe you fellow "in-between" thanks for showing us how to wear clothes, but what to wear, when to wear it, how to comb our hair to keep it from looking like Old Man Hix's haystack, or whether younger sets wear fingernailcts like old Dobbin's toenails or the Carole Lombard digits.

Let me recall that, before the Reign of the Adolescents, there was a primity of crying. Say, it war suffered from the cradle, we were ready for George M. Cohan, he had his "Little Johnny Jones" and "Daddy, Dear, Dear." Then along came Aubrey Frizelle's bangs, and make-up like the village vamp's—the latter making us all look like "Angels with Dirty Faces" and the former, inexpressible!

The appearances of these young girls in the cinema industry are not only that the minute we graduated from the cradle, we were ready for George M. Cohan, he had his "Little Johnny Jones" and "Daddy, Dear, Dear." Then along came Aubrey Frizelle's bangs, and make-up like the village vamp's—the latter making us all look like "Angels with Dirty Faces" and the former, inexpressible!

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MAXINE BELLEW.

LEXINGTON, NEB.

Here's one reader we know is going to get an extra-special thrill out of "Young Fry Society," on page 24 of this issue. Deeda Durbin Fashion Letter on page 76.

ENGLAND TOSSES A FEW BOUQUETS

NEVER having visited America, but having seen a great number of your films, I now feel as if I have approached the New York harbor on a liner and seen the Statue of Liberty with its hand in air, New York with its slums, the children in the streets, the overcrowded tenement houses, the subway, and the streetcars. Main street, Broadway, the lights and the traffic, Park Avenue—I know them all.

But how many film stars are content with such a course? Robert Montgomery, a brilliant light comedian, and George Raft are both reported in "Night Must Fall" proved a commercial failure. George Raft desired to be a sympathetic anti-hero, a role he might have—worked, that's it's a shame."

The cinema, as you probably know, has to contend, especially in this rather remote country, with biased and stupid criticisms.

This being so, I find it most interesting to recall that, through the extremely trying time that Europe is now passing, the people of the Old World seemed to have reacted to the cinema in larger numbers than ever before.

Here, for a while, they forget the horror-abounding in Central Europe. They enter the theater, jaded and dauned with sensation piled upon sensation and, for a while, enter into a make-believe world free from the expectations of war.

If only for this very valuable humanitarian reason, I feel that the worth of the cinema is proved beyond dispute and, by reason of its far greater possibilities, is immeasurably superior to the theater.

How often have I heard people in the past few months with that they dwelt in the distant safety of America, with the soothing urbanities of its modern civilization, blessed by its cinema, that crystallization of the hopes and desires of everyone for freedom, romance and adventure.

And so, to the motion-picture industry, I and millions across the ocean are grateful.

JOHN A. PETTY,

WALSALL, Staffordshire, England.

BUT ENGLAND ALSO BOOS

"Love the little trade which thou hast learned, and be content therewith."

A POWERFUL."
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

GRADE yourself five points for each answer you get right. If you get sixty 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 87.

1. This redheaded star twinkled her toes in a chorus line before she discovered her voice was her fortune:
   - Miliza Korjus
   - Jeanette MacDonald
   - Ethel Merman
   - Frances Langford

2. She has two "Oscars" to her credit, yet this temperamental actress had been absent from the screen for many months:
   - Greta Garbo
   - Luise Rainer
   - Janet Gaynor
   - Bette Davis

3. The state of wedded bliss is so popular in Hollywood that, among these four actresses, there is only one bachelor:
   - Ray Milland
   - Cesar Romero
   - Mischa Auer
   - Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

4. In bursting into screen fame recently, this youngster is merely following in the career footsteps of eight brothers and sisters:
   - Dickie Moore
   - Johnny Sheffield
   - Gene Reynolds
   - Bob Watson

5. One of the screen's early "strong silent men," he will speak for the first time in the movie in the prologue of a revival of his famous "Tumbleweeds":
   - William S. Hart
   - Hobart Bosworth
   - Jack Holt
   - William Farnum

6. Some of her fans waxed indignant at the casting of this "perfect wife" as the sickly Lady Estheth in "The Rain Came":
   - Maureen O'Sullivan
   - Irene Dunne
   - Madeleine Carroll
   - Myrna Loy

7. Another famous musician will become immortalized on celluloid when he makes his screen debut in Bing Crosby's "The Star Maker":
   - Yehudi Menuhin
   - Mischa Auer
   - David Oistrach
   - Jascha Heifetz

8. Three of these actresses are separated from their wives but, should they wish to, are not free to muddle-into it again:
   - George Raft
   - Walter Pidgeon
   - William Powell
   - Lew Ayres
   - Fredric March
   - Lew Ayres
   - Fred Astaire

9. She's a movie veteran from way back, for the start of her latest film, "Career," on her twenty-first birthday, parted her eighteenth year before the cameras:
   - Betty Grable
   - Joy Hodges
   - Anne Shirley
   - Madge Evans

Joy Hodges, starlet of Universal's "Family Next Door" series

10. Although she's only in her late twenties, she's almost consistently played mother roles, including that of Scarlett's O'Hara's mother in GWTW:
   - Barbara O'Neil
   - Fay Bainter
   - Grace Hayes
   - Barbara Stanwyck

11. He played a drunken doctor in "Hurricane" and "Blaguescoch":
   - Alan Hale
   - Akim Tamiroff
   - John Barrymore
   - Thomas Mitchell

12. This actress, once reported engaged to Henry Fonda, recently married her agent, Ken Delmar:
   - Lucille Ball
   - Margaret Tallichet
   - Lynn Bari
   - Shirley Ross

13. Although this blonde comedienne was considered Grand Opera material when a young girl, her first chance to sing on the screen will be in "The Magnificent Fraud":
   - Mary Boland
   - Alice Brady
   - Louise Fazenda
   - Zsa Zsa Gabor

14. She is the screen's youngest male impersonator:
   - Ann Miller
   - Sandra Lee Nettles
   - Sybil Jason
   - Juanita Quigley

15. Two of these actresses have found that moving-picture producers make grand husbands:
   - Sally Eilers
   - Margaret Sullivan
   - Jean Parker
   - Virginia Bruce

16. He is Joan Crawford's current beau:
   - Walter Wanger
   - Charles Martin
   - Howard Hughes
   - David Niven

17. Besides being one of the first ten box-office favorites, he is also a song writer, having composed the popular "Have a Heart," with two others hot on the griddle:
   - Spencer Tracy
   - Richard Green
   - Mickey Rooney
   - Robert Taylor

18. There's "Music in the Air" for this actress, for she is married to a band leader:
   - Benita Hume
   - Mary Pickford
   - Claudette Colbert
   - Amabello

19. They rank high in Hollywood society, for two of these stars are married to members of the nobility:
   - Charles Boyer
   - Constance Bennett
   - Jean Bennett
   - Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

20. Only one of these stars has no relatives in the moving picture business:
   - Russell Gleason
   - Margaret Lindsay
   - Charlie Ruggles
   - Norma Shearer

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JULY, 1939
Films Fit for a King
(Continued from page 29)

Disney rodent, is the story they tell of a charity matinee given not long ago for the Richmond Hospital. Arrangements were being discussed for the presence of the Queen at the matinee and, as is always the case when royalty attends the theater, a careful schedule was being prepared which would provide for the exact time of Queen Elizabeth's arrival at the theatre.

A few days before the matinee, the manager of the theater telephoned a secret of Marlborough House.

"By eliminating the Mickey Mouse comedy," he suggested, "Queen Mary will be able to see the whole program and be home for five o'clock tea."

A short time later, the secretary called the theater. "Her Majesty is most anxious to see it and doesn't mind being late for tea. In fact she would far rather miss tea than Mickey Mouse."

The King's attendance at the theater is considerably less frequent than when he was the Duke of York. Once a year he gives a special performance at the Winter Garden, a matinee for the King George Pension Fund for Actors and Actress (elderly) Paid and Unpaid. With his father, George V. At least once a season he and the Queen occupy the royal box at the opera and occasionally George and Elizabeth grace a concert at Covent Garden with their presence. Most of all, however, the King enjoys his annual visit to London's Coliseum where the best musicals of the year are assem-bled in a rarefied performance.

Clever vaudeville comedy delights him and in none of his pictures does the King ever appear more intent on the spectacle he is viewing than when he is photographed in the royal box at the Coliseum. This year Princess Elizabeth accompanied her father and mother to the variety show for the first time and showed a keen enjoyment in the performance.

For the most part, though, the King and Queen depend upon the palace showings of movies for their entertain-ment. When they move the royal house-"hold to Sandringham for the Christmas holidays, a generous supply of films is always dispatched ashed for their amusement and seldom does a week end at Sandringham by without a movie being fitted into their program of recreation.

Princess Elizabeth and her nine- year-old sister, Princess Margaret Rose, are already confirmed film fans. Once a week a movie is shown the little Princesses and their governnesses and frequently some other members of the royal family, Queen Mary, the Duke and Duchess of Kent or their aunt, the Vis-countess Lucaseles, will drop in on these matinées. Ambassador Joseph Kennedy, the American rep-resentative at the Court of St. James, and a favorite with the Princesses for his sunny and amiable ways, has been a guest on several occasions at his young friends' film parties.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent have inaugurated a form of film party on their own. Instead of taking their dinner guests on
to one of the picture houses in the West End, they frequently arrange to have private screenings in the rooms of one of the film company's London offices.

The regular office staff has gone home for the night, the royal party arrives and takes over the projection room for the evening, usually going on to the upstairs club after the picture.

The Duchess of Kent, admittedly the style leader among London's smart set, an enthusiastic patron of the motion picture, launches every picture which presents new fashions. The wardrobe of Irene Dunne in "Love Affair" is said to have won her nod of approval.

When he was the foremost figure in London's night life as the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Windsor was a con-stant patron at the picture houses, often dropping in unannounced and, if the house was sold out, sitting on the bal- cony steps in the foyer to watch some favorite. Fred Astaire was the particular pet of this dance wizard Prince, whose various partners used to make social history as "Girls Who Danced With the Prince of Wales."

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester confine their movie-going mostly to what shows they see as dinner guests at Buckingham Palace. And, of course, the royal family are invited to the first night of a new film at one of the larger London theaters. Queen Mary, the Duke and Duchess of Kent and the Duke and Duchess of Kent are asked to aid the benefits by appearing and usually some member of the royal family, in many cases all of them, accept.

Attendance of royalty at an increasing number of these charity premières has lent to London much of the brilli-ance and glamour of Hollywood first night. Although it is known that the royal family is to be present, there is a rush for seats by that part of society which likes to see its reptile in its sequins in the rotogravures.

Crowds surround the theater for a glimpse of the celebrities and there is the same atmosphere of a human pea-cock parade that marks the dressy premières of the Carthay Circle in Holly-wood.

King George is an ardent camera enthusiast. He owns several motion-picture cameras, both 16 millimeter and standard size, and the making of amate-ur movies is one of his chief hobbies. The King has a full photographic his-tory of his trips to various parts of the Empire. When he was Duke of York, and it is not unlikely that on his trek across Canada, before visiting the United States, the King will have added a host of scenic shots to his film collection.

Not only is His Majesty expert in the use of a movie camera, but he has a thorough understanding of the mechanics of projection. This was proved during his trip to Australia as the Duke of York when he witnessed the officers' mess of H.M.S. REVENGE when the movie was haled because of trouble with the projector and the film.

When neither the seaman, who was operating the machine, nor any of the officers in the audience were able to get it going again, the Duke of York fused with the cantankerous mech-anism a few minutes and quickly had it in running order. It was, he explained, a machine similar to the one he operated himself at home.

His movies of themselves which the King and Queen enjoy most are those taken by Princess Elizabeth, who shares her father's enthusiasm for this hobby. They are, of course, the most photographed couple in the world, with the newswires covering every function they attend. The Queen is a particu-larly active photographer, and numerous men before the camera, constantly fixing his tie or tugging at his coat.

On one occasion, Edward kept pulling his coat down and when the reel was printed it looked as if he had been scratching himself with great vigor.

In addition to countless newswires, King George has an apparatus in one short made for the Safety First Association in England. His Majesty was pictured ex-amining the medals which were to be awarded drivers with good records and signing a letter of endorsement of the Association's work.

The scenes involved several people and the King seemed to relish the re-hearsals and even suggested bits of business to improve the action.

It is safe to suppose that during their visit to America the Majeesties will be photo-graphed more fre-quently than ever before and that on their return to England news re-ports of their trip will be one of their most highly eagerly expected souve-nnirs.

For King George and his wife there are very movie minded individuals.
you will go alone... and you will be silent and proud when you are hurt." Slowly the mother's eyes fill with tears. But little Greta has no time for foreboding. She jumps up and throws herself into her mother's arms. "Everything is so lovely, so lovely I must accept," she said, and I shall start today; but I will be an actress only until someone whom I love has come. Then I shall retire again and have my little girls with curls. They may have all the cookies they want to eat, with lollipops and caramels. She knew they would say when she met them. She guessed they would be shy at first (but the cookies would make up for it). She became another thought: were girls of ten and twelve to be won with toys and sweets? Or were they to stay with them all along as babies. But they couldn't be! They were grown-up little girls... and best of all they had curls. While they were with her only she would be permitted to brush their hair. She would do it carefully, winding the soft ringlets around her forefinger.

AND now it was all over. Love was thrilling and beautiful, like the bright sun in a blue sky, and it was the only thing worth fighting for... but you didn't fight two little girls... who loved the same man you did... and had more right to him than you had.

Instead, you did as the "divine" Sarah would have done! You courageously gave him up! Because it was the only thing noble to do. For a long time Sarah desolate and alone and you pretended you weren't hurt and that it didn't matter. But in your heart you knew that it did matter and in the night you felt you couldn't bear the waves of darkness and fear that passed over you.

You knew that no matter how long you lived you would never recall just how you managed to tell him that you wouldn't come if the little girls didn't want you. Of course, if you had been as good as Greta Garbo you knew that their resentment was only a normal one. You'd have known that in their full and happy lives there was no place for you. It wasn't that they disliked you, they just didn't care. You had lived too long in a dream and didn't realize that the world of reality had its complications. You had been a success in business, but love is not a business... it is something else entirely. In New York fairy tale that always turns out right!

Finally, you put away the old cookie jar you brought from Spain. You knew that because there wasn't any use making more cookies. You put the little gifts on a high shelf where you still have them. Once more you retired deeply into the old dream!

You had given up the most precious thing ever you had! You wept bitterly... and now your face shows a softness that only tragedy can bring to it... but you never said anything... you have the old dream... and you still remain... a Great Lady!

Once saw this in a book of yours: Why borrow sorrow? Live your dream... For your dream... Is your deed of tomorrow.

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conducted various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deaver Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, equipped with accommodations of all kinds provided without a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured. The Macfadden's health Garden, with accommodations at attractive prices, for health building and recreation. The Macfadden's Hotel of Leisure in New York, for the treatment of tuberculous has been taken into consideration by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with all scientific and practical standards, is accepted here for the treatment of all stages of this dreaded disease. Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school, founded for the preliminary training of young men. The Military Academy Building, New York City, New York, for the training of the U.S. Government.

The above-mentioned are for girls from four to eleven, at Blaistock Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.

JULY, 1939

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Photoplay

Play ruth and Consequences with Ginger Rogers

(Continued from page 23)

13. (Q) Are you a back-seat driver? (A) No, I'm as meek as a mouse because I know that most back-seat drivers belter than I do.
14. (Q) With what man start, with whom you have not worked, would you most likely be able to make a film? (A) Gary Cooper.
15. (Q) In what way do you enjoy being "different"? (A) I enjoy having a fabulous amount of nice lingerie, and two clean changes a day makes me feel very luxurious.
16. (Q) When have you ever been a wallflower? (A) So many times you wouldn't believe it!
17. (Q) What other languages besides En-dish do you speak? (A) Pig Latin! I took a postgraduate course from Jimmy Stewart who is a past master.
18. (Q) Who or what on the screen gives you the greatest soul-pleasure? (A) Miss Rogers took the consequences. (Give us a picture of yourself showing how the well made up woman of 1939 does not look.)
19. (Q) On a date, what typically feminine bludgeon have you indulged in recently? (A) Pretending to notice that I just that moment got a run in my hose when I knew that I had it an hour before.
20. (Q) In what difficult action have you recently used a double? (A) In "Carefree" a man double did some bicycle riding for me—not because I can't ride, but because the riding had to be done downhill over a bumpy terrace and end in a spill.
21. (Q) Why have you had a long feud and why? (A) Miss Rogers took the consequences. (Let us print a photo from your vacation in Tahiti—in a most unglamorous pose.)
22. (Q) When you are eating alone are you ever careless about your table manners? (A) Yes, I eat fast and furiously—but when my table manners are nothing to brag about even when I'm with others. When I'm hungry I'd like to eat, not dawdle.
23. (Q) At what age, and in what circum-

Stances, did you have your first unrequited love? (A) He was in knee pants and I was still wearing socks.
24. (Q) If a surprise caller found you un-
groomed, in old clothes, with your hair not fixed and your face not made up, would you try to excuse yourself or pass it off with non-
chalance? (A) I have done both. It all de-

pends on the caller.
25. (Q) When a book is being discussed, have you ever pretended to have read it when you have not, and how did you bluff your way through? (A) I usually try to switch the conversation to some book which I have read—it's the safest way.
26. (Q) With whom do you most enjoy going out? (A) Miss Rogers took the consequences. (Have you ever taken riding "no hands" on your bicycle.)
27. (Q) Do you notice men's clothes and do you consider smart dressing important for a man? (A) Yes—and definitely.
28. (Q) Are you a good speaker? (A) I can't spell anything! I can't even write a letter without referring to the dictionary.
29. (Q) Do risque takes amuse you? (A) Very seldom, and I prefer not to "leg" at them.
30. (Q) In what ways are you easily em-

barrassed? (A) When someone tries to tell me one.
31. (Q) What is your disposition when you get up in the morning? (A) Quietly grouchily.
32. (Q) Who is the best dancer with whom you have ever danced off the screen? (A) George Murphy. I have only danced with him once, but I believe he is perfect.
33. (Q) Have you any immediate plans to make the greatest metrotainment? (A) Miss Rogers took the consequences. (Write something for us in Pig Latin.)
34. (Q) What kind of bridge player are you? (A) I have never progressed beyond the declarer stage.
35. (Q) How many song records made by yourself do you have in your own collection and which is your favorite? (A) I have them all, but none is my favorite. I enjoy playing the records to hear my mistakes—and then I always swear I'll never make another!
36. (Q) Are you subject to freckles? (A) Yes. Nice big fat ones, and what's more, I like 'em!
37. (Q) What early experience has most affected your life or philosophy? (A) Nothing but the movies.
38. (Q) What T.L. (Terry Lee) have you recently exchanged with a friend? (A) I can't remember, but I have had some pretty good ones for Margaret Lindsay.
39. (Q) Are you a good loser? (A) Yes, I think I am. My friends tell me I am, anyway.
40. (Q) In what ways are you stubborn? (A) I never say die on anything!
41. (Q) Are you the kind of reader who can't refrain from glancing at the end, before finishing a book? (A) I never do. I like to be surprised.
42. (Q) What subjects do you fims most with your candid camera? (A) Sports events.
43. (Q) Do you dislike candid camera shots of yourself? (A) Yes. I feel that it is unfair for a photographer to take advan-

tage of an actress by photo-

grapbing her when she is not prepared—particularly if she is disheveled, as in the wind as a polo match—and I have on occasions tried to beg out of such shots. It's not a ques-

tion of being a bad sport, be-

cause I feel the same way when a cameraman takes the same unfair advantage of other actresses, too. Showing an actress at her worst ac-

complishes nothing; it disapprots the fans as well.
44. (Q) What household task do you usually perform? (A) As long as I must be honest, none. Not that I can't but I don't have the time for it these days.
45. (Q) On what occasions do you drop your dignity and shout and yell? (A) At prize fights and wrestling matches.
46. (Q) At which do you think you are the greatest success, as hostess or actress? (A) Hostessing doesn't seem to be in my line. I'm always a guest, even at my own parties.
47. (Q) Have all of your art work ever been sold? (A) No.
48. (Q) Do you have any of your own art efforts displayed in your home? (A) I have two framed and hang-

ing in the library; the sketch of Madame Oupenskylava and one of Irving Berlin.
49. (Q) What unkindness has you ever done which you now regret? (A) I always regret having blamed somebody for something without out waiting to hear both sides of a story. It's snap judg-

ment.
50. (Q) What curriculum did you follow in high school? (A) I was afraid you'd ask me that one. I never got to high school!
51. (Q) What small failure of your girl-

hood had you to overcome? (A) Chewing my fingernails.
52. (Q) Now that Fred Astaire has left RKO can you have made so many pictures together, do you believe that you will ever make another dancing picture? (A) I suppose so. I would like to concentrate on dramatic roles, but, I am told that I shouldn't kill the goose that lays the golden egg—or something to that effect. I—I won't be sur-

prised, if I get a call for an-

derother dancing picture even before more legal and already have rested up from the last one.
53. (Q) What extravagance might be found your weakness? (A) My Magazines and shoes, but it can't be called an extravagance because early in my career I bargained a little to have the studio supply me with them, since my dancing is so hard on shoes and stock-

ings.
54. (Q) What things give you the jitters? (A) Hangnails and scraping sounds.
55. (Q) When you arrive at the age of thirty, will you be inclined to ad-

mit it, or will you hope to hide it? (A) I'll admit it if I guess, but quietly. I don't see any rea-

son for wearing it on my shirt front.
56. (Q) What phrase or exclamation is most characteristic of you? (A) There are two: "Oh goosh" and "For goodness sakes don't..."
57. (Q) Do you prefer men companions of your own age, or older, and why? (A) I am being a bad sport, because I feel the same way when a cameraman takes the same unfair advantage of other actresses, too. Showing an actress at her worst ac-

complishes nothing; it disapprots the fans as well.
58. (Q) What one word would you choose to best describe your personality? (A) Miss Rogers took the conse-

quences. (Write a letter to me, using your own name Virginia, beginning "There was a young girl named Virginia.")
Bright Victory

(Continued from page 61)

bargain. My neck for—No. I didn't mean you. But I must do some-
thing. I thought I'd tell you this on his face. "I'm nineteen, but older than that. It's growning up, I am, you know."

"Ah. You felt like something out of a penny dreadful for two years, and it's no wonder. Your sister's success-
ful in the States. She's a writer. Try that."

"Twould be damned dull."

"It's growning up, I am, you know."

Captain Johnny quoted sarcastically. "Well, and still a black Irishman with-
out a part of some sense. He took out a tremendous green kerchief and made trumpeting noises into it. "Born for trouble."

George, staring detachedly at the water, snapped his fingers suddenly. "The Alley Theater?" he laughed. "I'd forgotten. I'm an actor, by heaven! I'll woo the stage," and he struck a silly pose.

"You'll neither woo nor wed any-
ting," said Captain Johnny. "They'll hang you first."

But he was wrong. George had won the stage and married a girl before the year was out. The description of his work at this time, enlarged when his shamelessly colored by the bland young Mr. Nolan, brought him the first achievement. His flashing Irish grin and a line of blarney got him the sec-
ond: a little actress, called Molly. That was not her name, but Nolan was no longer George's, for that matter. He was not sure about this business of extrication. He saw a name, signing of no nationality, on a signboard the day before he met Molly so that the play's director, introducing them, said, "This is George Brent. Signed on yester-
da."

With the strange sound of it in his ears, George asked her, "You're why I signed. I was hoping they'd give me a part that would call for a bit of love-
making between us, in the last act—or any act."

Her eyes did not wave. They were the young eyes of 1922, fearless, quest-
ing. "I'll see it's written into the script," she told him.

He married her for various reasons. Because he was nineteen. Because she was beautiful and he wanted her. Be-
cause he lived, so nearly dead, when his man, was now inexpressibly precious and love a part of it. Because something important must be substituted for the excitement to which his spirit was at-
tuned. Because the winter was past and the spring like no spring he had ever seen, or felt, or smelled.

It lasted a month— the spring and his marriage—and both were a section of that period in his life when adjustment, not only to being alive but to being seriously adult, was a hectic thing. There was that first night on the stage, when he forgot his lines and the lead-
ing man, apparently said to him for the benefit of the audience, "I leave you to your reveries!" And his subsequent change to another world where he was relatively good but the play was not; so that once again the young man cried to Broadway a brand new suit that fitted too well be-
cause the pockets were flat. . . .

He had never been, overwhelming, the result of a certain oblique in-
dination. When it was over—and it was over when the first drunkenness of his freedom had passed—the young man and his wife discussed what they

had done coldly, detachedly. The an-
swer was obvious. They stood in Cen-
tral Park for their farewell. George pointe at two swans haggling noisily over a piece of bread by the pond's edge.

"See what we'll escape?" he said.

She was strong, too, with a fine chin-
held high air. "Yes. It's been—great fun."

"More than that." He meant to say more but a curious constriction in his throat refused the words. Awkwardly he took her hand in both of his, watch-
ing her eyes. They were brown and large, magnified by a film of tears.

She turned suddenly and walked away down the path, her four-inch heels making sharp final sounds in the gravel.

CLIMAX, such as first love, has its necessary anticlass; George's began at once, and lasted almost three years, and consumed passing months empty of emotion, of excitement. Broadway was indifferent to him, but his persistence lasted funny, so as long as his funds did. Then there was always another stock company, another outskirts shirt. Until the manager called him to say, "I've got something nice for you, George. It'll bring you in a nice mess of masuma, too."

George clutched the phone eagerly. "Yeah?"

"It's a road show of 'Abie's Irish Rose'."

At a moment's silence George said, "What am I supposed to be? The rose?"

"Hell, no. You're Abie."

George laughed patiently. That's very funny, that we've settled that a black Irishman with the brogue of the 60's on his tongue would do very well for a Jewish gentleman. . . .

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 83 with these correct ones:

1. Jeanette MacDonald
2. Luise Rainer
3. Cesar Romero
4. Bob Watson
5. William S. Hart
6. Myrna Loy
7. Walter Damrosch
8. George Raft, Walter Pidgeon, Lew Ayres
9. Anne Shirley
10. Barbara O'Neill
11. Thomas Mitchell
12. Shirley Ross
13. Mary Boland
14. Sandra Lee Henville (Baby boy rôle in "East Side of Heaven")
15. Sally Eilers to Harry Joe Brown, Virginia Bruce to J. Walter Rendall
16. Charles Martin, writer
17. Mickey Rooney
18. Mary Pickford to Buddy Rogers
19. Constance Bennett to Marquis de la Falaise: Douglas Fairbanks, to Lady Sylvia Ashley
20. Margaret Lindsay

"I'm not kidding," the agent inter-
ruped.

And he was not, it appeared. "Don't be a dope," George told him, and hung up. Ten minutes later, when the phone rang again, he picked it up.

"Hello. Yeah. I was just going to ring you back. I'll play Abie, as a test. Abie's supposed to be five, seven and round like a Bronx tailor. I'm six, one and you know what I sound like. If I can get away with this I'm a star."

He got away with it for over a year in hundreds of towns and operas houses and churches; in hundreds of big cities and minor villages in every state of the Middle West; and it was the beginning of things, as he had known a woman be. He escaped by five minutes, with the rest of the company, a storm flood in the Mississippi Valley, and barnstorming back across New England and to New York, where he checked on his bank account and found it plump, and on the year, which was 1925, and found it buzzing with prosperity, with the fever of enterprise. Responsive, young George rented an expensive the-
ater in Pawtucket, hired some actors and invited the population to come and be entertained.

Pawtucket's grim textile-worker citi-
zens read his playbill, were smitten fun-
throughly by its collective teeth and went quietly home to list in at the new crystal set. Just as anybody, George went home to New York with the $1.47 he had left in the world. He was twenty-one.

He saw the rest of the decade through at a dead run; another flier at owning a company—this time in Florida, where the rent was lower and the towns-
people's enthusiasm for drama encour-
agingly high, so that he made a few hundred dollars on the deal. One in a Broadway play, "The "K" Guy," at long last, except it flopped; seventeen plays in a season at Elitch's Gardens in Denver; and, finally, Broadway once more.

1929 was in his memory is a confu-
sion, as those years are now to so many people. There were occasional un-
important loves, a few good books, bitterness or regret. There was the in-
fusion, as was inevitable, in his young man's rhapsody, taking place, that he had to insist he be an actor graduated from that period in time, and from that experience.

NINETEEN-THIRTY brought him, al-
most simultaneously, his greatest suc-
cess and his greatest failure. The first was the lead opposite Alice Brady in a sprightly play called "Love, Honor and Betray," which made a great deal of money and in which he fed cues to a struggling unknown named Clark Gable and in which he gave (thought George complacently) the finest per-
fomance of his career. The second. . . .

He could observe what happened to him then with detachment, with under-
standing, only after several years had gone miserably by and, on a particular evening, he found the impulse to ex-
plain it to the charming agent who sat opposite him at a Coconut Grove table. "Can you imagine such a thing?" he asked her. Have you ever noticed their slim lovely hands draw circles on the tabbret with the end of a match. "A dirty break like that, I mean. Not great."

This agent had just come back from Hollywood and told me if I'd get right

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partment stores. Also in liquid form.
out there I could have the lead in The Man Who Came Back. And, hell, I didn't even think of flying. When I arrived in all my grandeur, Charlie Farrell was already in my role.

But I didn't want to waste all the time Warners' New York office hunting for me to make a test with Bette Davis! The studio didn't want me. I took a train to New York too late for the Warners' test and too late for a decent spot in a play. It went on like that, for years.

"Did you get in pictures for a while?"

"Oh, sure," he grinned at her. "I was a success in Tin Pan Alley, a Westerns and I made a Charlie Chan or two and Foolish Wives.

Garbo was silent for a moment. "After that the worst thing happened," he said simply. "I went blind."

"God," murmured the girl.

"I went East for an operation on my eyes and my sister put me up during the months it took to get well. For a while I didn't know... a thing like that does something to you. Not being able to tell whether you ever see again, for weeks and months, and the future making faces at you out of the darkest well. I didn't do it right. I didn't care much about anything else. I was broke, though—and you know the spot Broadway was in. So I barned out on here to Hollywood."

She had used the match to light a cigarette and now traced her fingers in the black. She seemed very intent. "That was about the time Warners called for the 'Rich Are Always With Us' test, didn't they?"

George sat back in his chair, smiling. "They did. One night with Chatterton saw it, and approved—"

"She approved, all right. The girl was lovely too. Do you remember what she said? She said, 'Where has he been all my life?' And I'll bet she really wanted to know.

He was leaning forward, suddenly, and his hand had captured her. A litte
to their left on the stand of Arrheim's entertainers, a young fellow
named Bing Crosby, stepped up to the mike and began to sing, but the two at the table did not hear, or did not know. "Now you know," George said softly.

"And now you want your answer." Her eyes came up to meet his last. "Silly," she chuckled. "I think I made up my mind to marry you the moment you said 'Rich Are Always With Us' test."

He said nothing for a moment. Then, in a voice that cowed above Bing's
effacing crowning, he said to the waiter, "More champagne! Miss Chatterton's
glass is empty!"

She turned out to have a flair for living, possessing limitless physical vitality, motivated by a clear mind attuned to the present moment and to humor; she was interested in things, as he was: in flying, in work, in people, in travel. And when crises came, he stood beside him, as ready and as cool and as capable as he.

There was the time they went off to a cabin in the hills behind Arrowhead, intent on an idyllic weekend, and the call to return for retakes came simul-

taneously with a sudden joy.

George eyed her, as the snow swiftly outside. "Snowbound?" he asked.

Her eyes were fixed on two old pairs of scissors picking up dangling earrings against the wall. "Not on your life," she said; and an hour later they were flying along through the chill white storm, in the same car.

Furthermore, they were at the studio on time.

They managed to get in a magnificent trip to Europe before the inevitable happened. They might have known... Their individual personalities were each too dominant, too self-functioning, fighting people hurting through life after some far, invisible goal and, if their paths were parallel and even, it was simply fabulous luck for them both. It was just unfortunate for George that his separation with his daughter was so timely, so lovingly; he would have loved to come at a time when he was in disagreement with his studio.

The Rich Are Always With Us had made him a bright new Hollywood star. He had made other pictures, just as good, just as successful. His fan mail was mushrooming. Even so, he probably would have buried his viewpoint about his contract in reserve had not his personal world dissolved around him. It was too much. It made him sore; and when the excitement was over, George's fists were bruised, as was his career, from beating against the invincible, too-mighty studio walls.

He shut his mouth into a grim line, bought a bachelor's house at Toluca Lake, (he was in a mood for irony, and Charlie Farrell's place was for sale), got himself a plane and went barrelling up into the clouds with a room for his wrath. It was in that plane, with the wind whistling at his face and cold still impinging on him—there, free from influences—that he faced the person he knew as George Brent, calling back the memory of a boy, restless and strangely excited, at his grandfather's knee, of a youth running through an Irish fog while mo-

gun spattered behind him, of a man in love and incapable of adjusting to love. The boy, the youth, the man spoke as one: "Go away. Pack your clothes and catch a freighter bound for China, or Chile, or Bagdad and come what will. I'll find you, I swear to it; but I fear..."

As they walked, George, in any of these three people he had been; a new urge, unwanted, repulsed, but inexorable stronger than any he had known, insisted on courage. Acceptance of circumstance, a struggle to hold on with circumstances, a hard work as his weapon—and eventual tri-

umph: "You must do this." And that voice did not persuade, did not bargain. It was a call, a demand to turn the table, the sky, the very earth, and set it down at the airport he knew what he would do. And he did it without melodrama.

Why did he go, what was the payoff? It has been a hectic fight, these last years. Typical of him as the man he is, the battle has been spec-
tacular, with sporadic high lights. There was the Garbo engagement, which ended, and he lived on, but he survived her, which was a spec-

tial triumph because she might have hurt him very deeply.

There was the Constance Worth epis-

dode, which he lost. There was something reminiscent about an earlier ro-

manic encounter in that, and some hold-er-dynamite must have ex-

ploed in him. They married, they changed their minds, they sued him, they arranged a settlement. And the thing was over.

There is the Bette Davis encounter—
it may be called that, merely, unless Hollywood is wrong and George is sin-
cere, and once again he takes a chance with marriage. They are a decorative couple, speaking in relative terms of intelligence and appearance and tastes; but they cannot be sure, since if they were they would announce their love.

They are both honest people.

But what went before, somehow, was not the main event. The main event was the first factor in his adjustment and steadily in the next years he built it, through the Garbo pictures and through minor comedies and program fillers, to the fine pinnacle of "Jerebel" and "Dark Victory" and "The Rains Came."

In the process he made of himself an American gentleman in every sense of the word, so that at thirty-five he is a man of the world, clean-cut, evolved. His reserve, which is inherent, gives him mystery; the way he lives, apart and apart from it all, and yet so skilled at the same time, there is only one essentially mysterious thing about George Brent. It is that he is alive, after the things he has done.

Perhaps, after all, there is something in this bannock business. As an ex-

ample—that last plane of his crashed the day after he sold it, killing the new owner. But he is insured now to liv-

ing; he has found the measure of his own strength.

And Old John Meinmis would have buried his body not far from the near-

est fence, in pride and pleasure.

LAST-MINUTE REVIEWS

★ ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS—Columbia

EVEN if you think you don't like avi-

tion pictures, you'll get a thrill out of this. There's an added thrill, too, in witnessing the magnificent performance of Richard Barthelmess as an em-

bittered pilot who gets one last chance to

prove his mankind flying old crates (one loaded with nitroguine—well, you saw some idea!) for the public airport managed by hard-boiled Cary Grant. It's Dick's picture, both in plot and acting, though Grant

and Jean Arthur are as ingratiating as ever, carrying on a cockeyed ro-

manic. With the exciting photography, a suspenseful story, dialogue packed with humor, and great work from everyone (especially Garbo, Sig Ruman and lovely Rita Hay-

worth, the latter splendidly sincere as Dick's—what more could one ask?

Best Performance: Richard Barthel-

messen

HOTEL IMPERIAL—Paramount

C O N D O N C E N C E S to Isa Miranda, mak-

ing her American bow in this weak

war melodrama. When the Russians ar-

rived, the war was all over the disputed territory, Miss Miranda, femme fatale, and Ray Milland, Austrian offi-

ceer, must carry on as hotel chamber-

maid and waiter. There's an attempt at

suspense, but somehow you know hand-

some scenes are at hand. Too bad over his enemies, J. Carroll Naish and Reginald

Owen. Better luck next time, Isa.
the cheekbones so the jaw and chin are narrow. And the chin, likely enough, is pointed. Prisilla Lane has an inverted triangle face. If you have this type of contour proceed as follows:

1. Keep your vision normal looking. Don't have them too thin. And start them above the inside corner of your eye.
2. Get your rouge on the highest point of your cheekbones. Carry it well up toward the temple and blend it down, very lightly, to the jawline.
3. A little arch to the mouth! But don't, if possible, blend the soft curves in the indentation of your upper lip. Above everything else, your mouth must not look square.

The Diamond Face: If, like Claudette Colbert, you have great width through your cheekbones, a quite narrow forehead, and a pointed chin you're the diamond type.

1. Do not extend the eyebrows too far toward the temple.
2. Many of the diamond type have a marked concavity about the eyes. If this is true with you, use little shadow and blend it very delicately.
3. Your rouge should be placed on the highest point of your cheekbone and blended up to the receding concave of your temple and down to the receding concave of your cheek.
4. Don't allow your rouge to fall into the cheek hollow.
5. Use your lipstick so your mouth will be neither too full nor too narrow.

Whatever your type, before you begin to make up, you'll see that every bit of your old make-up is removed. Skin tonics, purgatives, comes first. Pat it on your face and neck with firmness. Stimulate circulation. Then comes the foundation cream, the powder base. Pat this on evenly and lightly. Eye shadow, if you use it, next. Then your powder. Don't rub powder on your face; pat it on. And be generous and firm about it. Use a powder brush to remove all surplus powder and make sure not one speck of it is left about your hairline. Eyebrow pencil. Mascara — and do your upper lashes first. Then and last of all, your mouth. Leave enough time to get the lip salve on smoothly.

Wake Up, All! You Sleeping Beauties

1. We call your attention to the masks of Comedy and Tragedy. In the first, the lines go up. In the second, the lines go down.
2. Molly Westmore (Perc Westmore)

The masks of Comedy and Tragedy

your face will naturally go down. Watch your eyebrows, your eyelashes and your lips. Be ready to counteract any downward trend, with a fill of your make-up stick. (Perc Westmore)

2. A powder base is a vital part of make-up. There are oily secretions between the eyes and at the sides of the nostrils and the mouth. These secretions discolor your powder, and the shadow this discoloration adds to your face simultaneously adds years to your appearance. (Perc Westmore)

3. Heavy make-up will make you look artificial and cheap. It's heavy make-up we use to counteract the appearance of any actress. (Perc Westmore)

4. You have three moving parts to your face. (a) Your mouth. (b) Your eyes. (c) Your eyebrows. With these you express your personality, so emphasize the best of them. You know which is best. If you don't, let that unflattering good friend, your mirror, tell you. (Mel Berns)

5. If he has ink on his shirt front, it is the first thing you see.
THOUSANDS of sunbathers would not be without Mentholatum because it brings such cooling, soothing relief for sunburn. They are grateful, too, for its medicinal help in promoting more rapid healing of the injured skin. In jars or tubes—only 30c.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 61)

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY—Warner

with warning to all and apology to none, Warner Brothers steps out of the entertainment and into the current field with "Confrontations of a Nazi Spy." It is a bold step.

He would have us believe that Nazism is not confined to a large or small area of the European continent, but is spreading tentacles throughout the world, particularly in the United States. It dramatizes the Nazi method of approach upon American soil, its premise, the man that any citizen of this country, whose heart is, and often—too often—his heart is in the Fatherland. Simplicity, the piece is propaganda with no pretense of being anything else.

Edward G. Robinson is advertised as the star. His role of G-Man is well enacted but throughout he is merely Edward G. Robinson, doing a splendid job with a splendid rôle. The real star is Paul Lukas, in the guise of a celebrated doctor, who leads the Nazi forces in the United States. Frank Lederer, as the none-too-bright eccentric spy, gives a really memorable performance. Dorothy Tree is also to be commended.

GOOD OLD CELLI DeMille! This intelligent die-hard makes us a present of a movie that he and old tradition and breath-taking and altogether wonderful. You will die a thousand deaths, now and then hundreds of redskins bite the dust and grunt with each swing of hammer as the spines are driven home and the track stretches toward Ogden.

This is a 1939 version of "The Iron Horse," the story of the Union Pacific from the time Abraham Lincoln decided to sponsor it until the gold nail united that company's rails with those of the Central Pacific. Perhaps they will try to delay the building of the road by sending along a pleasure concession to keep the workers drunk and lazy; the company retaliates by hiring ex-soldier Captain Joel McCrea to do the trouble shooting for the re-hired employees.

IT'S a good old story about the many misadventures of the ex-business man who is ordered to the job, even if the gamblers is an old buddy of his. New Robert Preston plays the pal who has gone wrong and is excellent. Both Preston and McCrea fall in love with Barbara Stanwyck, Irish postmistress of the road.

The whole picture is as picturesque as dusty brawls, surpiseful escapes from death, train holdups, fights with Indians, locomotives crashing over embankments and what all. The romance is honest-to-God love, complete with sacrifice, misunderstandings and sex. Lynne Overman and Akim Tamiroff are as well as Joel's two bodyguards, with Overman especially funny. Brian Donlevy makes a good heavy.

SORORITY HOUSE—Radio-Keith

YOU can't call this a really big picture, but it's got a sizable social message in it, particularly by your high school girls who intend to go to college. That business of being rushed by a sorority that stands badly by what other gals get the bid is no light problem; and in this, it is Anne Shirley who shows the way. Miss Shirley takes in the whole world of college life, from the mean grind through the sorority house, her only aim being to go for the best sorority when it asks her to join. It could not have been an easy business of pulling the plug on the studio's plot, this rather brutal picture of the house full of girls, of their snobberies and restrictions. The part of the piece which hurts is offered in the supplementary story of Anne's friend, Adele Pearce, who is forced to remain non-soror, and thus is shunned. Oh yes, Anne makes the number one big-man-on-campus, Jimmy Ellison.

THE HARDY RIDE HIGH—M-G-M

Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and the other lovely members of the Hardy family, along with the director, have got that swell money-making Hardy series right down to formula now. The variance in excellence is so small that it is too bad with and we can only remark that this installment, in which they almost get two million dollars, is in the groove.

The whole bunch flies off to Detroit to claim the money and while the claim is being tested, go berserk in masse in the several ways. Mike is again a blind man, and with a chorus dancer and you'll get a hoot out of the way he makes his escape. Moe is old Astoria, the timing job, by Sara Haden, gussies herself up and gets her man, and the others, both cast and situations, all of the Hardy tradition.

Good new addition: Virginia Grey, as the Tempstess.

STREETS OF NEW YORK—Monogram

Even Jackie Cooper, veteran at causing you to cry, can't make of this anything more than a routine, sentimental story of an underprivileged kid's regeneration. He is, however, glad to happen on a live a clean life, help your neighbor, be strong. Jackie heads a gang of paper boys, goes to the rich man's house,打架es the picture together with a little cripple. Dick Purcell is the brother and Marjorie Reynolds lends the feminine touch.

SIG TOWN Czar—Universal

Here we have more gangsters, more temenent kids turning into criminals, more gun shots, more fighting and that is the best of it. It is not like a Barton MacLane, having come out of the slums, gets ambitious and tries to get the pretty girl. Things don't go well and he gets his punishment, you bet. Tom Brown plays worthy a teen-ager, he has been inserted for purposes of romance.

THE RETURN OF THE CISCO KID—20th Century-Fox

Remember the Cisco Kid, that sort of Mexican Robin Hood with the accent and all? Here he is again, and well; there's not much story this time, but a great deal of shooting and robbing and hard riding. Cesar Romero plays the Kid's listeners and is wonderful, mean, especially when a chance comes to kill somebody. Henry Hull and Lynn Bari have minor roles; Warner Baxter, of course, plays the Cisco Kid and is believable and charming.

THREE WALTZES—Vestris Films

As effervescent as champagne and as unreal as the dreamy Strauss (John and Stradling) can make him take it. Paris and love, and when she bangs up against the cut-and-dried organizations system at school she learns some new choices. The film goes for the best sorority when it asks Gallic naughtiness, even if you don't understand French (English subtitles).

LUCKY NIGHT—M-G-M

It was understood—Hollywood all but promised—that the mad-mad-four stories would be out, once again, in time for the next. It just goes to show how far you can trust that town. Here's the works again, and it is a picture with a galloping case of whimsey: furthermore, Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor are stuck with the leads. It is a rich, rich affair of what she wants, goes out on her own to try for a job, isn't successful, meets Taylor...at a place where it starts—good and early. Taylor sweeps her off her feet, they swipe a tip off a Warmer, hit a jack pot. There's a little more, win a car, borrow some money, drink too much and are married. Taylor gets a job, and they get an apartment. Myrna gets a Little-Woman-In-The-Home complex and they both get bored. Not too bad fun. But don't relax; it starts up all over again.

Frankly, this reviewer's attitude about the whole thing is more negative than any; we keep wanting to cull the dialogue to our chest, like a funny white bunny.

BULLDOG DRAUMOND'S SECRET POLICE—

A SCHOOLBOY'S nightmare after listening to Gangbusters at night, must be something like this picture. There is mellenderdrummer beyond belief; there are horror chambers; there's even a treasure. John Howard is still playing Drumdond, and he is still doing it well, but even that playing is hard to make such a yarn acceptable to modern audiences. Heather Angel, H. B. Warner, Raymond Denne and others struggle valiantly, too.

CALLING DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

This series has its big following and you may expect to see the same cast as always, with Lew Ayres doing well as young Dr. Kildare. This time he must choose between operating on a man wanting death and getting the fellow a low dose because of principle. His decision gives him a chance to fall in love with his patient's sister, Lana Turner, and, for a time, it looks as if he would marry her and thus end the series. Lionel Barrymore is the old surgeon who steps in when things look black.

THE NIGHT RIDERS—Republic

The best of the excellent Three Mesquiteers series, this novel Western presents the trio fighting the perpetrators of a fraudulent land grab in the early '90s. John Wayne again stands out as the leader of the Mesquiteers, with Ray Corrigan and Max Terhune supporting him, to say nothing of his old school friend, who helps him out when finally he is brought to trial for murder. Stuart Erwin and a lot of children help.

BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN—Paramount

Persistently pessimistic in tone, this social message on celluloid starts in a folksy way. It wants to prove that a little in his Robin Hood coil can lead to eventual degradation, with Wallace Ford the victim of the thesis. He works very well, and becomes a friend of his old school friend, who helps him out when finally he is brought to trial for murder. Stuart Erwin and a lot of children help.
BRIEF REVIEWS (Continued from page 4)

FISHERMAN'S WHARF—Principal:B.K.O.-Radio

Less than a curiosity this production, this allows Bobby Burns (yes, he's back) to live with Leo Carrillo and three other men in a rustic shop and a fishy Italian scene. He sings a few songs in the way he's wont to sing them.

FLYING IRISHMAN—The-Radio

A somewhat romanticized screen treatment of the trials of the Irishman who builds his life and fortune from the ground up. This doesn't pretend to be anything but a simple story, but it's acted and produced as finely as it can be this side of New York. With a little more life in it and a little more of entertainment. You will hardly be surprised to find that he really did intend to fly to Ireland. (May)

FOUR GIRLS IN WHITE—M-G-M

This is a tale of a youth who tries to make things turn out to be his own way, and is forced to capitulate. The story is far from trite in the case of the hard-boiled nurse cast for a rich husband. Alan Marshal does what is reasonable for the situation. (May)

GUNGA DIN—RKO-Radio

Adapted from Kipling's baracks-madness ballad playing show. The war is a mystery, the politics are at part of Kipling's game, and the story is a little tied up with the politics of the native. G. C. Scott, in his role as a little boy, is the center of interest. (May)

HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES—Radio

There is no disappointment in this Conan Doyle creation that by itself is not a mystery of any particular order. A story of the dim and distant, the era of the old legend. A crime in the beginning, an解决 in the end, in which you find yourself sitting in an English theatre and wondering how you got there. (May)

ICE FOLIES OF 1939, THE—M-G-M

Metro steers into the fast lane with this Gung-ho Trumpet parade. Using the background of the intemperate, success that has followed Sonja Herno proved to the world that the United States can put a spangled cast and aDirector out on the town. (May)

I'M FROM MISSOURI—Paramount

You may not care for the Missouri male is replaced in the Ameriacas. This is how to show the American, the English man under the skin, how to put the stars in the movies, to put them in an Alaskan hotel when they need a change, and to make them think they're out of their elements. (May)

KID FROM TEXAS, THE—M-G-M

A story for the man who feels himself from a ranch, although all his court and performances are excellent. This is about the 1870s, and the cowboys, the Indians, the scientists, the four comedians, the horse, and the bad man keep up a grand Saloon with the others in it. (May)

KING OF CHINATOWN—Radio

The King of Chinatown is a mystery that Will has been talking to a cab, and he is from time to time surprisingly shown to be a font of knowledge. There is an endless question of the man in whose custody the criminal is kept. (May)

KING OF THE TURTLES—Small-United Artists

The long arm of conciliation is practically pulled by the man who is just as ready to pull that arm as anyone else. The story is a little bit of a farce, and it is difficult to decide whether or not it could have been put in a better order. Miss Bainter's son, and his Lupino furnish a light note.
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ALICE FAYE
By Paul Hesse

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AUGUST

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ISHT LIFE OF THE HOLLYWOOD GODS Another Unconventional

IW'S YOUR "CROWNING GLORY"? Secrets of Movie Experts T
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—just at the time I expected to be miserable! But Kotex Sanitary Napkins saved me because they’re made with layer after layer of soft flimsy tissue. One after another these layers absorb and distribute moisture throughout the napkin and so check damp, chafing edges.

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Printed in U.S.A. (6)
I had only myself to blame . . . .

THERE, making love to another woman, was the man I had been seeing steadily for two years . . . the man I had hoped to marry. It was the heartbreaking climax to weeks of growing indifference, which I could not understand and which put us further apart each day. This was the end. At thirty, I had lost the one man for whom I cared. Looking back now, I know that I had only myself to blame. I attributed his indifference to every cause but the right one* . . . a condition that every woman should ever be on guard against.

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There is nothing that kills a romance or nips a friendship so quickly as a case of *halitosis (unpleasant breath).

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Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night, and between times before social engagements. It is your best safeguard against offending others needlessly. Keep a bottle handy at home and office; tuck one in your handbag when you travel. It’s the one thing you can’t afford to be without.

P.S. Do you know that the Listerine Antiseptic treatment for dandruff has produced amazing results for thousands?
We gave you Hedy Lamarr. Now we give you America's New No. 1 Glamour Girl (voted “first in allure” by jury of motion picture critics) in her first big starring role... An exciting story of romance and front-page headlines against the background of Dartmouth College's colorful Winter Carnival.

SHE WAS "HARD TO HANDLE"—UNTIL SHE MET THE HANDSOME YOUNG PROFESSOR.

Ann Sheridan in the Season's Gayest Picture

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with Richard Carlson

Helen Parrish, Robert Armstrong
Virginia Gilmore, Alan Baldwin

Original screen play by Budd Schulberg, Maurice Rapf and Lester Cole... Music by Werner Janssen

A WALTER WANGER Production • Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER • Released thru United Artists
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How to Be Friends with Your Ex-Husbands
Jean Crawford

Frank advice—and franker revelations—from a dynamic star

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to make you lovelier by enhancing your "crowning glory"

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The Land of Oz influences milady's fall wardrobe

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Sally Reid

What's Annabella got that we haven't got? (Besides Ty himself!)

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Caroline Lejeune

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POOR RUTH—ALONE UP HERE! EVERYBODY ELSE IS AT THE PARTY HAVING FUN

GEE—HER VACATION'S AN AWFUL FLOP! WE UNDIES ARE TO BLAME, I'M AFRAID! PEOPLE NOTICE UNDIE ODOR

BUT WE CAN'T HELP IT! OH DEAR—WHY DOESN'T RUTHIE LUXUS AFTER EVERY WEARING? SHE'D BE HEAPS MORE POPULAR

Yes, Ruth could be as popular as Sally...

SALLY DOES THIS EVERY DAY

LUX IS WONDERFUL—LEAVES UNDIES SO DAINTY, NEW-LOOKING, TOO

—A LITTLE GOES SO FAR—IT'S THRIFTY

JANET BENNETT BRINGS HISTORIC BEAUTY TO AN HISTORIC FIGURE

Maria Theresa, French queen—

in "The Man in the Iron Mask"

POUNDS, THAT IS ART ENOUGH FOR ME. I CAN FACE REALITY MOST OF THE WEEK BUT AN EVENING OFF ONCE IN A WHILE AND A BREAK IN THE ROUTINE ARE VERY WELCOME. THEN, I WANT TO LET MY HAIR DOWN (IN A NICE WAY, OF COURSE). GIVE US MORE OF LAMOUR. THERE IS A GUY WHO IS A DE-LIGHT TO THE EYE! IN MY LOOSE MOMENTS, I LIKE TO IMAGINE THAT I LOOK JUST LIKE HER AND SING IN THE SAME BEAUTIFUL VOICE—PLEASANT DELUSIONS, BOTH!

ERNEST WALTERS,

Burlington, Vt.

THE AUDIENCE TAKES THE STAGE

ONCE UPON A TIME I THOUGHT MOVIES WERE TRUE EXAMPLES OF EVERYDAY LIVING. WHEN ROBERT TAYLOR MURMURED SWEET, ENDURING LOVE NOTES INTO Greta Garbo's EAR, I THOUGHT, "LOVE, AH, LOVE." I THOUGHT HOW WONDERFUL 'WOULD BE IF SOME HANDSOME HERO WOULD PUT HIS ARMS AROUND ME AND TELL ME HOW BEAUTIFUL I WAS, ETC., ETC., ETC., I WAITED ANXIously FOR THE DAY WHEN THAT PERFECT MAN WOULD COME KNOCKING AT MY DOOR. WHEN IT CAME—WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT! SHIRLEY TEMPLE IS TOO GOOD; JEAN WITHERS, TOO BAD; CLARK GABLE, TOO PERFECT; HEDY LAMARR, TOO BEAUTIFUL; CAROLE LOMBARD, TOO SILLY. EVERYONE IS TOO-TOO SOMETHING OR OTHER. THEY AREN'T A LITTLE GOOD, A LITTLE BAD—they are all one extreme. THEY ARE NOT REAL.

I'VE NEVER SEEN A MOVIE THAT WAS REAL THROUGHOUT. IN "MADE FOR EACH OTHER," MISS LOMBARd's CHANGING THE BABY'S DIAPERS AT MIDNIGHT WAS THE MOST HU...
PHOTOPLAY invites you to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents’ worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or better still, is there perhaps something you’ve been discussing as yet in a motion picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use, edit or return 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: Box 451 and Bouquet, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y.

MAN ACTION PORTRAYED BY ANY STAR IN ANY PICTURE, Producers, directors, authors and actors may not like this insult, but I would like to see just one picture that is really, really real.

MILDRED PALMER, Akrton, O.

A BAD film should not be tolerated as an accent, but presented as a robbery for the studios are able to make good ones when they like.

When a new find appears in the film firmament we see him in nothing but stumpy roles; his pictures are always good. They are good not by virtue of his talent so much as by deliberate star-building. From which it appears that quality can be determined in advance and is of very little to do with chance. A star on the wave offers another proof of deliberate policy. When his rising salary makes him a costly burden instead of a lucrative investment, we see him in a series of vehicles so poor that only his established fame could make them salable. By this strategy, the last dregs of his popularity are utilized and the star, when finally dropped, is useless to rival companies.

Nearly all stars rise and decline in this way, demonstrating that, while mediocre films may crop up by chance, the best and the worst appear by design. Producers can calculate to within a narrow margin just how good or how bad their work is going to be. If they turn inferior wares it is because, like other business men, they sometimes like to get money for nothing.

ELIZABETH FLETHER, Blackpool, England.

MARKED BY MAKEUP?

DEANNA DURBIN, the famous young star, has become, like all cinematic stars, the victim of make-up men at the studios.

A comparison of Deanna as she appeared at the beginning of her career with the Deanna of these days will show a very marked difference. Why must they do away with the natural expression on people’s faces, covering them up with artificial masks that disguise their true personalities? As long ago taught us how to look, how to smile, all in a wild search for glamour. And, suddenly, the question arises in our minds: Is it really so necessary that the natural expression on a face be sacrificed for studied poise and glamour? Deanna’s personality has the special characteristic of bringing to us the adolescent girl, with the combination of her youth and childlike charm. Her open smile has been replaced with a formal one. A perfect one—even prettier, if you want to call it so—but one which conceals her real personality. And that is the great mistake. We want Deanna as she really is, with all the ingenuousness of her sixteen years. The time will come for her to look and act like a grown-up star, with the great advantage of her magnificent voice. But, for the time being, let us have Deanna just as Deanna is!

AMINA V. PARLE, Ponce, Puerto Rico.

BITTERSWEET

I HAVE just seen “Dark Victory!” When I went into the theater I was in a state of personal boredom and listlessness. For months, illness, pain and defeat had overshadowed me. A vague fear of what lay just around the corner constantly possessed me.

I came out, knowing that in watching Bette Davis portray her gallant Judith Traherne and George Brent, the brilliant yet tender Dr. Steele, I, too, had won a victory and had learned what I had almost forgotten—how to live in the light and happiness.

“Dark Victory!” did not depress me. It gave me an insight into something noblest and beautiful—the things we can all rise to if we have the depth to find peace within ourselves.

Judith Traherne and Dr. Frederick Steele lifted the shackles from my heart and, I think, from the hearts of a great many others around me. Once in a lifetime, such a film as this flashes across the screen, a picture in which the characters rise to greater heights than just the mere acting of their parts.

“Dark Victory!” not only gave to its audience a poignantly beautiful love story, but it gave a lesson in compassion, tenderness and gallant courage.

LUCY ROGERS, Springfield, Ill.

BACKPATS WITH BRIBE CATS

I HEART, gentle but sometimes obstinate, art of “mugging” on the screen is utilized to advantage by some of screen’s younger girls, but registered on the side as far as others are concerned.

Irene Dunne’s little neat, sweet little, exaggerated facial expressions tug at the heartstrings and deserve a salutary number from our home town’s band. In her case, “mugging” is becoming. We refer you to the picture, “Love Affair,” with Charles Boyer, in which she goes too far when the entire repertoire of mop-twitching, uplifted eyebrows, ecterns, throughout the picture. But she’s good—darling good.

Now, we’ll take the case of Mr. Don Ameche. He’s pleasant looking, has a decent smile and, I understand, is a nice sort of fellow to know. But Mr. Ameche’s constant attempt to dramatize with everyingleash of his face is very disappointing and, I, undoubtedly, one of the reasons (the main reason) Kansas City, Missouri, has a “We Hate Don Ameche” Club. Someone should tell Mr. Ameche that with one half the “mugging” he would be very nice.

But—“mugging” ahead as far as you’re concerned, Irene Dunne!

GIRIL LOWRY, Warrensburg, Mo.

If you do—why let the wrong shade of powder hold you back? Find the one shade of my powder that is Lucky For You.

ARE YOU a “powder-guesser”?—a girl who merely thinks her powder is really right—the lucky powder for her? Can you be sure the shade you use today doesn’t actually age you—or dim the freshness of your skin? It’s so very difficult to know. For powder shades are always deceiving, and unless you compare them right on your own skin you may never find the one shade that makes you a lovelier and a luckier you. I know that this may seem hard to believe. Yet I have seen hundreds of girls ignorantly sacrifice their own good looks. Inconceivably, they were using a powder shade that made their skin look coarse...made them look older...spoiled their beauty when eyes looked dhow.

Don’t risk it please! Find among my ten thrilling new shades of powder the one shade that can bring you luck—the one shade that will flatter you most.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you, compare, compare, compare! Send for all ten of my samples, which I’m glad to send you free. Try all ten of my shades. Don’t skip even one! For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one really right shade for your skin!

The minute you find it, your eyes will know! Other women will tell you that you look fresher and younger...and men will say to themselves, “She’s lovely.”

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It’s free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it goes on so smoothly that it clings four full hours! If you use it after dinner you will be care-free of powder worries until midnight!”

So write me today for the ten shades of my powder...free. Find your lucky shade—and let it flatter your beauty always—help you win more luck in life and love!

LADY ESTHER, 721 East 46th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE and Postpaid your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Pure Purpose Face Cream.

Name
Address
City
State
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

"My Lucky Shade of Lady Esther Powder brought me look back!"

Lady Esther asks

"Where’s the girl who wants to be Lucky in Love?"

(A You can paste this on a penny postcard)
A combination that spells dynamite at the box office—George Raft and James Cagney, co-starring in Warners' dramatic "Each Dawn I Die"

ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN, THE—M-G-M

It's a shame that Mark Twain's great classic of boyhood should have interest only for adolescents. Mac烊 Healy is the title role, but the part is given hardly the chance to display his talent. If you loved the book, you may not undervalue this film, but the average movie-goer will be little interested.

BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN—Paramount

Provides in time, the usual movie prove that a misbegotten child can end his degradation, with Wallace Ford the victim of the story. Patrick O'Neal, Alice McPherson and Stuart Erwin help when he is brought to trial for murder. (July)

BIG TOWN CZAR—Universal

More glamorous, more treatment kids, more proof that crime doesn't pay. Patsy Ruth Burton stars as a gangster and tries to reach the top of the gangster business. Tom Brown plays his younger brother and Eve Ardin furnishes the romance. (July)

BLIND ALLEY—Columbia

A cop-in-the-rubber-drama, with real nose of the city as the theme and the psychological view of a criminal's mind as its dramatic aim. Chester Morris as an escaped criminal who takes refuge in the home of Professor Ralph Bellamy. Excellent blends. Ann Dvorak, Joan Perry and Molly Quenover complete the cast. (July)

BLONDIE MEETS THE BOSS—Columbia

The irresistible Blondie Stimpson returns for the second time. When Du Pont (Arthur Lake) is fired, Blondie (Penny Singleton) takes his place. Leaving him at home to sweep and sew, Meanwhile Betty Brantley and Fairy the pig are quitting experts and things go haywire. Shuppy Emus and his band contribute a well-drawn juggling sequence. (July)

BRIDAL SUITE—M-G-M

Robert Young gives another delightful characterization in this melodrama-comedy of a playboy who is allergic to marriage—that is until he meets up with Annabella, Billie Burke, as his Fritz mother, Virginia Field, the sweet fiancée and Psychiatrist Walter Connolly add to the fun. (July)

BROADWAY SERENADE—M-G-M

Here again Jeanette MacDonald has a hit, largely due to her own beauty and voice. She is the star. It is co-starred Lew Ayres, but when his presence doesn't match hers, there's a divorce. Jack Hulbert, who plays the husband of the radiant singer, and Edward Arnold as the angel who wins her to be that Lew Ayres's Jeanette's new star. Ayres continues to prove that his recent outburst was a good idea.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S SECRET POLICE—Paramount

Here's a film reviewer beyond belief—with bitter chambers and even a treasury. John Howard is still playing Drummond, but even he can't make such a yarn acceptable. Helen Morgan, H. B. Warner and Reginald Owen struggle valiantly, too. (July)

CALLING DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

Low Ayres, doing well in this popular series as young Dr. Kildare, must choose between operating on a man wanted for murder, or letting the fellow die because of a principle. He falls in love with Diana Churchill, the silly old surgeon, steps in when things look black. (July)

CAPTAIN FURY—Hal Roach-U. A.

A repulsive melodrama, with escaped convicts (Bela Lugosi and Chester Morris) playing Rogers Lodge in exciting scenarios from Naggar, New York to Panama, where they are finally caught with a grand scheme, with Jane Frazee adding the romantic touch and Virginia Field going with McAllan. (July)

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY—Warner

This is propaganda—with specks to none. It's a hell of a step and it's a pity. It's costly to prove that Germany is not confined to Europe, but is spreading throughout the world. G. Romeo and George Boucher do it all. It's a plain language, but the main story is what's in the country, what's the real story, Frank Lederer, as the espionage hero, gives a memorable performance. (July)

CRIME IN THE MAGNOLIA LINE—Tower

In this French-made film, mystery, murder, espionage stall the underground passage between Tampa, Florida, and the Zanzibar Line. Victor Francen, as a French army officer, relentlessly tracks down the enemy along the way. Lucie Tehin and Georgina Aragon are lovely, odd fellows, but not too much sweetness to her. There is up to the plot, and is one of the most authentic spots of the film fortitude along the German border.

CRISIS—Mayser-Burty

An arresting picture of "the rape of Czehoslovakia," from the time of the Austrian Anscles to the so-called Peace of Munich. Herbert Kline and Lavant were right on the spot when things began to happen, as the film provides a valuable contribution to the screen's history of our times. It's propaganda, yes, but definitely worthwhile.

DARK VICTORY—Warner

You may have heard "passes" over this picture and they are all true. Bette Davis' actress acting fresh new heights as the heroine, who forms the basis of a few months to live, falls in love with George Brent, her doctor, gallantly solves her problem in the best way possible. Good story, Brent and Humphrey Bogart are splendid too. A must. (May)

DOODGE CITY—Warner

A Western to remember, a new配备, this running Technicolor film is a prior piece of production. Errol Flynn is the hero who has little time, in love with a nurse (Aryano Scutta) and fights the last hit but beautiful Kasiaa dust. Bruce Cabot is a dirty-throated villain and Ann Sheridan as prettiest nurse, goes as a culture as a gift, but gives deserves high praise. (June)

EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN—Universal

A cliche picture that dwells on the triumphs of the trials and fails in the life of Joe Cortez, this doesn't pretend to be anything but a secret story, at least the principal try to be anything but a simple story. Therefore, the film is in good taste and a nice tour of entertainment. You would be thrilled to learn that he really did intend to fly—-to Ireland! (May)

GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount

When a murder case is the theme of a female fan, you can only be sure that Gracie Allen is lurking in the cuttgester. With Billie Burke and Maggie Alexander, as the suspect, it is believable that the hero goes to jail, the police go berserk and the villain goes free. Nothing Investigator Warren Western wears a dollar look. Kent Taylor and Allen Duren furnish the romance. (July)

HARDY'S RIDE HIGH, THE—M-G-M

Another delightful escapade of this popular Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and the other locale members of the family go for comedy and much laughter. You'll get a howl out of Mickey's run-in with a chorus girl and mmyky (June) a comedy. Good addition, Virginia Grey. (July)

HOTEL IMPERIAL—Paramount

Isa Miranda makes her American bow in this weak war melodrama of a gang of spies who must carry out an important mission during the war. (June)

HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, THE—20th Century-Fox

There is disappointment in this Conan Doyle crime puzle, in which everyone lives under the shadow of an old legend. It drops clues without letting us in on Sherlock's methods. Basil Rathbone is the super Sudoku, Nils Asther is the villain, Myrna Loy is the French fiancée. Vincent Price, Richard Greene and Wendy Barrie supply supply. (June)

ICE FOLLIES OF 1933, THE—M-G-M

Meter stirs into the ice field with this Gargantuan frolic, using as background the ice troupe that successfully followed buntie Home around America. The 204 hits that Joan Crawford and Janet Gaynor, Marching, as many as 170 miles annually. Good jobs in small roles. Full of Burns' lonely humor. (June)

I'M FROM MISSOURI—Paramount

You may not care if the Missouri male is replaced by the plaster but Bob Burns does go and Engles in defense of the animal. Charlie McCarthy, with Bob Burns and Artie Shaw leading the line, good jobs in small roles. Full of Burns' lonely humor. (June)

INVITATION TO HAPPINESS—Paramount

Finds the hero of this story of a charming bicyclist, Irene Dunne, who marries a man whose bicycle is beyond repair, is to buy the bike from Arthur Lake and MacLaren drips on the lines. He is spickly right as the business owner, and Billy Jacky is excellent as the wealthy man who represents a newspaper's divort. Adult and intelligent. (July)
Twice IN A LIFETIME
A Motion Picture Like This...

Once, on a rare occasion, you've sat in a theatre—that magically ceased to exist! Under the spell of the picture unfolding, that world on the screen became your world. And there you lived, and loved, and laughed, and cried with those whose feelings became your feelings, whose story became your very own.

Such a picture, we believe, was "Four Daughters."

...Now, certainly, just such a picture is this!

Here, once again, the same celebrated players. Here, again, a story, though different, sure to be cherished as long as your heart has room for love!

"Daughters Courageous"

We couldn't better the "Four Daughters" cast—so we've reunited them for a still better picture!

JOHN GARFIELD
CLAUDE RAINS • JEFFREY LYNN
FAY BAINTER • DONALD CRISP
MAY ROBSON • FRANK MCHUGH • DICK FORAN
and THE "FOUR DAUGHTERS"

PRISCILLA LANE
ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE
GALE PAGE

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

PREVIEWED BY
WALTER WINCHELL:
"'Daughters Courageous' is superior to
'Four Daughters'!"

Original Screen Play by
Julius J. and Phillip G. Epstein
Suggested by a Play by
Dorothy Bennett and Irving White
Music by Max Steiner
A First National Picture
Presented by
WARNER BROS.
The greatest combination of talent ever gathered for one show!

Sonja HENIE
... radiant in her greatest role!

Tyrone POWER
... gay, lovable—the way he really is!

in
Irving Berlin's
SECOND FIDDLEx

with

RUDY

VALLEE

EDNA MAY

OLIVER

MARRY HEALY
LYLE TALBOT
ALAN DINEHART

Irving Berlin's six new song hits... "the best he's ever written!"
"I'm Sorry For Myself"
"An Old Fashioned Tune Always Is New"
"Song of the Metronome"
"When Winter Comes"
"I Poured My Heart Into A Song"
and the new ballroom dance craze...
"Back To Back"

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by Harry Tugend
Based on a story by George Bradshaw

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
In Charge of Production

Sonja skating her sensational tango with a partner for the first time on the screen!
CLOSE UPS AND
LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

A TEN-DOLLAR tie and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"... those two productions, during the last month, made me realize that a good deed Hollywood is doing for itself in its rediscovery of America... finding out about you and me, the ordinary ticket buyers, that is, on its location trips for pictures like "Jesse James"... on its publicity tours like the premonition of "Dodge City" in the city of that name... the tour over the Union Pacific lines to exploit the film, "Union Pacific"... Jeanette MacDonald's and Nelson Eddy's concert tours in the cities throughout our wonderfully united United States....

Nelson Eddy told me it was that "united" feeling about our country that struck him more forcibly than anything on the tour he recently completed... "No matter where I went, whether to New York, Kansas City or Seattle, I found people united in thought, ideals and action," he said, "so in contrast to Europe where, even in one small country, you discover distinct groups and classes, one in opposition to another."

One listener's response during this tour will affect all Nelson does next winter... "I'll tell you about that... but first I must give you my routine about the ten-dollar tie and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"...

I was in New York when one of Hollywood's more promising younger players came to town... He's no millionaire or star... just a particularly swell guy getting along neatly... in the course of our meal, he asked if I liked his tie... I said that I did, very much indeed... it was an excellent tie in excellent taste... it looked to me, however, quite like any one of a hundred other ties I have seen... I didn't realize it was a de luxe production until the young actor began discussing it...

"I've discovered a little woman who makes these ties for me," he explained. "She makes me a certain number of them each month so that I get them at bargain prices... only ten dollars a piece," he said...

Now, where I come from a really big-time tie can be had for two and a half clams while a good daily one costs about one, so the idea of ten shells handed out for one bowknot... well, I mean... the memory of this newest note of luxury was still with me that evening when I went to the preview of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"... the thought that Hollywood's inflated earnings inflated prices so worried me... I wondered if this velvet stage point of view was what made possible so dull and expensive a movie as "Broadway Serenade," for instance... and then that exquisite, heart-stirring "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" began... and while watching it, I began thinking about Hollywood's rediscovery of America... and concluded through this re-discovery how the movie colony could once more get to know about its own public...

"Goodbye, Mr. Chips" is pure Hollywood product, despite its English backgrounds and its all English cast... it was the late Irving Thalberg, who first thought of making James Hilton's tender story into a movie... the enchanting script was the product of Metro's Hollywood studio... Sam Wood, its director, is a Hollywood veteran... but the greatness of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" comes, I believe (always allowing for Robert Donat's magnificent performance which must be included in the screen's immortal portrayals, forever) from the blessed reality of it and from its true perspective... yet I do not believe this perspective could have been maintained if the film had been made in Hollywood proper... that feeling of old traditions, of time always marching on, yet never changing... that reflection of the pathos and beauty of life... got into the picture from the very fact that it was made in a city where just those values exist... that all around the film makers, as they recorded the story of a very average little man, there were in person just such average little men... their work done, the actors didn't walk off the set and out into an atmosphere composed in equal parts of ermine capes, sixteen cylinder cars, five thousand dollar a week salaries and ten-dollar ties... not that there is any harm in these luxuries... we all long for them and would possess them if we could... it's only taking them for granted that dull one's perspective... the English actors walked off the set and straight back into the world where men were thankful instead for the meagerest job and incredibly thrilled when they got together the price of a very simple evening's entertainment...

"Goodbye, Mr. Chips" being so fine, that old, silly cry comes up again, "Will London-made movies surpass Hollywood movies?"... that is nonsense... the equipment, the workers, the

(Continued on page 75)
Tomorrow’s Smartest Fur Fashions in FEDERAL FOX

An exciting glance into the future... this slim and lovely cape of FEDERAL Fox! Witness the new way the skins are worked... the flattering grace of the unbroken line. Notice, too, the natural shoulders and unadorned neck. Most important of all, observe the beauty of the fur. FEDERAL Fox represents specially selected skins that meet a high standard of luxuriousness and frosty loveliness. When you look at furs, it will be well worth your while to ask for FEDERAL Silver Fox; and to find the Federal name stamped on the leather side. It is your assurance of lasting beauty. At smart stores throughout the country.

FEDERAL SILVER FOXES
HAMBURG, WISCONSIN
PHOTOPLAY
HOW TO BE FRIENDS WITH YOUR Ex-Husbands

"Why, I ask the world, is it more correct to hate than to keep on liking a man you have once loved?"

BY JOAN CRAWFORD AS TOLD TO RUTH WATERBURY

WHEN this last April I sought my divorce from Franchot Tone, the presiding judge of the Los Angeles court, Judge Ben Scheinman, expressed a very adverse opinion on my attitude toward the man from whom I was seeking my freedom.

When I said to His Honor, "I hope that I am intelligent enough to be friendly with my husband," I meant it in all sincerity. What I didn't say is what I want to add here, thanks to Pierrot's having given me the opportunity to express myself more fully. It is this: I think it is not only intelligent to be friends with your ex-husbands, but I cannot imagine being anything else. Why, I ask the world, should it be considered more correct to hate, rather than to keep on liking, a man whom you have once loved?

Every divorce is a tragedy. Every legal separation represents somebody's heartbreak. We all know that. There is no possible way of arguing any differently. Nevertheless, divorce is no longer an exceptional proceeding. Speaking for America alone, one out of every six of our marriages ends in divorce. Those figures are hideous. They are appalling. In an ideal society, they wouldn't exist. But we are all human beings and those are the facts of our marital situation. There are in this country, according to the 1930 census, 905,697 divorced people. Think of it, 905,697 men and women who once adored each other, now separated. Nearly a million men and women, who once shared love and marriage, now trying to go on alone or to make a go of a new union! The attitude of Judge Scheinman, and many sincere people like him, seems to be that these million people should forget all the delights and tendernesses, all the dreams they once inspired in one another; that they should, in effect, become enemies. But why? Hate is the most destructive force in the world. Hate has never done one single good thing, either for an individual or for a nation. Why then replace the song of love with the hymn of hate?

Why can't we be friends?

Edouard Bourdet in one of his plays wrote: "There's only one way to love and one way to suffer. It's the same formula for everyone." I believe that is true, but the way we use our love and our suffering to make ourselves greater people, or the world a better place, is, I believe, an individual thing.

My love for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. had all the magic, all the ecstasy, all the exquisiteness that comes with the glory of first love. My love for Franchot was more mature, no less intense, but more intellectual. Yet, the same thing broke up both my marriages. Neither Douglas and I, nor Franchot and I ever had time for our love. Our separate careers, with their toll of hours, energies and jangled nerves, were the forces that destroyed the delicate relationship between us. But not the friendship. I insist upon that. It did not destroy the friendship. I am determined to have always with each of them.

I say "I am determined" because I believe it my job, the woman's job, to turn her ex-husband not into an enemy but into a friend. I do not believe any ex-husband is capable of taking the first step in that direction. Men are too proud. Their emotions are too severe to let them be the one who initially asks the other partner to let bygones be bygones. So what I am saying here, whatever little advice I can give, I'm really giving to women. If some women, whose hearts are heavy with loneliness and disillusion, can profit by it, I shall be very glad.

Every divorced woman, I'm sure, goes through a stage of self-pity. I know I did. It would be much easier for you to hate. You feel betrayed and hurt. You think everyone is pointing you out and calling you a failure at love. Next, you are so bitterly lonely. Those rooms you once shared with your beloved, that chair for which you two went shopping, those curtains you both decided upon, all seem to be crying out to you. You have a habit of another person in your life, a person of whom you think even before you think of yourself, and now you must break the habit. He is no longer about and you do not know what to do with the time that hangs heavy on your hands. You feel incomplete—a half woman—and you cry and cry and cry.

After you begin to emerge from that mood, you go into the next and more dangerous one. That's the "I'll show him" stuff. That's the spirit in which you decide you are going to let him see that you are attractive to other men, even if he hasn't sense enough to appreciate you. Beware! If you let either of these moods master you, you will get yourself into fearsome trouble. You may actually become just as dreary as you imagine yourself to be or you may, on the rebound, wake up some morning married to a new, wrong person.

The antidotes for these are humor, memories.
and work. If you're in danger of a rebound, lock yourself up at home with a good set of romantic novels to give your emotions a workout. Otherwise, don't stay home. Work, if you possibly can. See people. Go places. But go in bunches. Don't go around, for six months at least, with only one man. Remember a broken heart is as inaccurate in telling you your real emotions as a broken clock is in telling the correct time.

After you're over being hurt, sit back and remember the nice things about your ex-partner. Recall that romance builds out of beautiful and hectic and breathless moments. The memories of those moments are enough to form the basis for the quieter values of friendship, if you will but let them. I remember that the first thing I worried about after I stopped crying over Douglas was this: "Who is going to take care of his clothes?" Douglas is one of those people who undresses all over the place. He may leave a tie in the parlor and his shoes on the front lawn. That winter, 1933, he was going to New York and I suddenly realized that he didn't have any woolens with him. I airmailed him socks and mufflers and such to Chicago and when he changed trains he found them waiting for him. He sent me a wire of thanks and thus our friendship was established. After that little exchange, each of us felt free to get in touch with the other when anything interesting or discouraging happened to us. We were no longer being artificial and nursing our hurts. We could be civilized and kindly toward each other.

When Doug returned to this country a year or so later and took a place down at Malibu, he asked me to call and give him my advice on the decorations. I doted on that. Douglas naturally does charming things. One of the most amusing ones was about a year ago. I ran into him in Hollywood, and I admired a sports coat he was wearing. I said I wished I had one just like it. Instantly Doug took it off and gave it to me, rushing off so fast that I couldn't refuse it, even if I had wanted to, which I certainly didn't.

In average people's existences you hear, occasionally, of some one's leading a "double life." (Continued on page 81)
You can't do a thing with your hair?
Madame, there's not a problem of beauty,
style or charm these experts can't solve

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

DON'T miss by a hairline!
For to miss by a hairline—it's your appearance we're talking about, of course—is to miss utterly and completely.
And there's no excuse for missing by a hairline now...now that the miracle men and women of Hollywood here divulge the ways and means by which they bring hair to its highest beauty point and keep it there.
The stars themselves have served as guinea pigs that you may be lovelier. For it's only as a result of years of experimentation, some of it made upon the stars, that the studio hairdressers now possess the beauty-giving discoveries they pass on here.
What they say is startling, often. But at no time is it complicated, difficult, or budget-shattering. It's practical advice by which you will bring a new light into the eyes of that man in your life—whether he is lover (that's no trick at all), friend (that's not so easy), or husband of long-standing (that's all there is, there isn't any more!).
Now to impress you with our hairdressing experts:

Buy good hairbrushes and wear them out as quickly as possible. Grandma didn't have permanents, but she did have brushes...and she had beautiful hair.

Guilaroff, wearing a morning coat and stripe trousers, was discovered by Joan Crawford at an ultra Fifth Avenue salon. Now he's under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And the Social Register ladies whom he used to make beautiful for luncheons at the Colony and suppers at El Morocco are in a twitter. They write him and call him long-distance pleading that he return to New York. All in vain.
Emily Moore gets gigantic gold stars for the way Deanna Durbin's hair looks today. An Kay Francis', too. She made the first shine on the second curl; when no one else could. And that's only the beginning, folks, that's only the beginning—as anyone you meet in the Moor workrooms at Universal City will quickly and gratefully tell you.
Perc Westmore is back in our line-up this month. For, as the stars who work on the Warner lot testify, he has a positive genius for knowing exactly the basic hairline difference faces need.
Jane Romeyn was credited with having knack for making hair do things when she was a schoolgirl. Her classmates used to flock around...
begging her to do their hair next. Today, presiding over the hairdressing rooms at Twentieth Century-Fox, she is credited with being an outstanding hair specialist. And it is stars who now flock around begging her to do them next—whether they’re going on a set or, more important still at certain beautiful moments, on a date.

Hazel Rogers, of the Selznick Studios, preaches simplicity in hair styles. And it is by practicing what she preaches that she helps girls like Carole Lombard and Vivien Leigh to even greater beauty. We have their enthusiastic word for it.

Wally Westmore, like his brother Perc, is in again. And again we’re loud with our welcome. For if Madeleine Carroll, Dorothy Lamour, Claudette Colbert and others on the Paramount lot can’t get along without him, we can’t either. Enough of this editorial boasting! It’s time for our miracle men and women to get to work—to make you lovelier.

LONG MAY IT WAVE

1. Don’t have a shampoo before your permanent. The more natural oil there is in your hair at this time the better—for your hair and your appearance. (Perc Westmore)

2. Your permanent won’t be permanent if you have it after you’ve been singing “Sweet Adeline.” In fact it pays to climb on the water wagon several days at least before your appointment at your hairdressers. (Perc Westmore)

3. Have your curls permanently waved in the dimple in which your coiffure will want them to go and when they are set they will not depart from it. (Jane Romyyn)

4. Some curls should be put in tighter than others. Those on your neck, for instance, where the friction of your collar will do them no good. These curls need more time under the heat, or more heat. Let your operator decide which it shall be. (Wally Westmore)

5. If you use a dyne, a tint, or a rinse on your hair, say so—at the start! Hair colorings, perfected today, do not interfere with a permanent wave if your operator allows for them. (Guinarrof)

6. It’s What You Do With Your Wave

1. Don’t be misled by the photographs of exotic coiffures you see in the smart magazines. The models who pose for these pictures take their hairdresser to the photographic studio with them so he may comb out their hair and fasten the most difficult curls with hairpins just before they sit for the camera. Attempt any such coiffure for everyday wear and within twenty-four hours, in spite of your best efforts, your hair will look like a haystack. (Hazel Rogers)

2. To get rid of that ghastly wooden look your hair assumes following a set, brush it. This releases the wave and permits your hair to fall back into place. (Hazel Rogers)

3. All hair, even the straightest, has a natural bend in it. Fluff your hair lightly with a comb and you will see where the bend appears. Have your hair set with its bend, not against it. If you don’t do this, your hair won’t stay properly. And if you do this, you’ll be able to brush your hair and it will still spring back into wave. (Jane Romyyn)

4. Keep your hair soft even though it’s that high-nose, sophisticated look you’re after. For the minute you let your hair appear stiff you add years to your appearance. (Guinarrof)

5. Flat waves that slope downward are depressing. Have no traffic with them. (Guinarrof)

6. If it’s a clean, chic, youthful line you want, have your hair set in a backward sweep. (Guinarrof)

7. There always are some women, Heaven help them, who can’t decide between swirls and braids and curls. So they combine all three in their coiffure—and their hair looks like a fright wig. Whatever you do with your hair keep it simple. Never let it be more important than any other detail of your appearance. (Hazel Rogers)

8. There isn’t such a thing as hair that will not take a wave, even though it’s coarse, wiry hair, even though it has been worn in a short straight bob for so long that it has grown stubborn. If you have contrary hair use a setting lotion on it following your shampoo. And while it is doused with this lotion bend a wave in it. Then, when it’s entirely dry, spray it with brill. (Continued on page 78)

Starring as guinea pigs—those Hollywood glamour girls—so you may be lovelier

Illustrated by Barbara Shermund

Don’t lose your perspective—when you tint your hair. You don’t want to look like Sadie Thompson, do you?

Don’t just woof—if your hair is crisp and you look like a scarecrow, use your grooming time to improve yourself

Don’t give yourself a fright wig—just because you like curls and swirls and braids
TODAY, with so many world events happening all over, there is no excuse for compromise. A person has to be on the fence or under it.

So Barbara and I have decided to give a Cause Party and we have been very busy trying to find a cause.

My Old Reliable, Henry, says I devote too much time to the fan profession and now that I am rapidly approaching 16 I ought to develop a social consciousness. Of course what is really burning up his sub-conscious is the way I feel about Leslie Howard, and if truth must be told, he is right. I like Henry well enough, and if no one better comes along I might even marry him, in which case I’ll be a devoted wife and the mother of his children (2). Nevertheless, Leslie will always have first place in my inmost heart. I have felt this way for some time, but I didn’t know it, not having been analytical last year. Now I understand why I sat all through “Hamlet.” No one knows about it but Barb, and red-hot irons couldn’t drag it out of her, because I have plenty on her. Henry has become rather dictatorial since he became a Senior but I know how to handle him. Many a woman has changed the course of history by being the power under the throne.

So Barb and I had a conference yesterday while skating in the Mall. We’ve been skating a lot on acct. of Barb has to do something about her hips. So I told Barb what Hy had said and she was willing to get a social consciousness, but the question arose as to which side of what to be on, Barb having a tendency to isma while I am a staunch supporter of President Roosevelt’s policies, though I’m not sure of what they are. Decided to call a meeting of our gang Monday to decide and in the meantime to concentrate on thinking.

Went to Zoe Caffeteria for tomato juice apéritif. Barb had two chicken sandwiches also, on acct. she gets hungry when reducing.

In the evening her o.m. took us to “Union Pacific.” It was a pleasure to watch him enjoy the injunctions and sherriffs. His generation is rather naff. He said it reminded him of Bill Hart, wherever that was. Barb rebounded from Basil Rathbone to Brian Donlevy. Her penchant for villains is getting positively morbid (or is it moribund? Must look it up.) When Humph Bogart was honeymooning in New York she sent him flowers, which I think was rather tactless.

Saw “Wuthering Heights” four times. If they get out a book version of the picture, I’m going to read it.

MEETING this aft.

PRESENT: Muriel, Adele, Dot, Barb and Ye Scribe.

BUSINESS: Discussion of how to improve world.

REFRESHMENTS: Chocolate layer cake and orange punch made by Lilybud, who is very interested in my activities. (She is going to start a fan club for Rex Ingram & I’m going to help her.)

Barb thought we ought to give a Cause Party for refugees (male).

Adèle suggested doing something about peace and armaments, but none of us knew what to do. We discussed the matter to and fro and the only thing all factions agreed on was that we give a party. Somehow it got to be 6:30 and Lilybud had to set the table so the meeting was kicked out. Pops came home as they were leaving and started wisecracking as usual. He said we ought to form a Charlie McCarthy Club and collect shavings. The girls think he’s funny. We are meeting tomorrow at Barb’s.

We have found a cause.

We are starting a new club which will be very exclusive, and which will have a social consciousness, as follows:

Even the stars who have money and glamour, etc. make mistakes like other people and sometimes don’t know who their real friends are. So we have decided to devote ourselves to helping them solve their problems. We are objec-
Your pet autograph fiend, Jane Lyons, goes into battle for Bette Davis—with unforeseen results!

BY LILLIAN DAY

tive and have their best interests at heart. All they have to do is to write us and we will weigh their problems and advise them what to do. After all, we predicted about Joan and Franchot years ago, but did they listen to us? We have our opinion about what Carole can do to make a success of her marriage with Clark and if she will write us we will help her. We are going to get a filing cabinet (from Pop’s office) and keep all sorts of information on file in case needed. They can come to us at any time for advice on love, marriage, contracts, rôles, etc., and we shall give them our best attention with no charge whatever.

Haven’t decided on name yet.

I am to be president because it was my idea, and Adele will be sec’y because she has a mimeograph. Dot is Contact Woman as she is tall and can push her way through crowds. Barb didn’t want to be vice president, but I convinced her how important it was, and that she could also do lobbying at the premières. We five will be Associate members, as we associate together. Members out of New York will be Contributing Members. We are only going to accept outstanding fans who know stars in person or who have unusual qualifications. We are making the dues prohibitive ($2.50). Next meeting tomorrow.

Dot knows a marvelous woman down at the La Gitane Tea Room who reads tea leaves for a quarter. She told her lots of things that were absolutely true. We’re going down tonight. Barb won’t go to fortune tellers. She says it’s just superstition and besides it’s bad luck. This is the first difference of opinion. Barb and I have ever had, she always agreeing with me until she

met Franz. I’m not telling her what I think of him because she might misunderstand my motives, but he is looking for a job in her father’s office and those Europeans would even marry for a job or a fortune. Besides he drinks coffee with whipped cream and she has no will power and is getting to look like Mae West from the rear. But he always kisses her hand and even over the telephone says “Kiss die Hand” (kiss the hand) and he says he doesn’t like thin girls. I’m getting worried.

Have prepared questionnaire for membership:

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That ought to be a pretty good test of their I.Q. French exam tomorrow. Guess I’ll cram a couple of French movies tonight.

MINUTES

An informal meeting of Guiding Stars was held at the house of the President, Miss Jane Lyons. Formalities of elections were dispensed with as the president appointed the officers, including herself. The name of the club was selected out of a hat (Breton sailor with violets), each member having brought one name was Dues collected and arrangements made were for ordering stationery with Office of the President in the corner.

The first problem was taken up and discussed, namely to use every means available to prevent Bette Davis from getting married for several years. It is feared that she may do something rash on a rebound. Being the world’s greatest actress we feel she must devote herself to her career, because she has a responsibility to her fans. We don’t mind her going out with men occasionally, but we object to her falling in love. Of course in years to come she may want a home and children. Then she should marry a man who is a combination of Leslie Howard, Anthony Eden and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, if such can be found. A petition is to be drafted to this effect, signed by all members and B.D. fans and sent out to her.

It was also moved and seconded that if she is known to go out with the same man too often, a letter will be sent to him warning him to lay off.

The club next considered what to do about Geraldine Fitzgerald’s husband. He is being kept in the dark in Ireland and we think he ought to come out in the open. If we hear of anyone falling for her we consider it our duty to inform him that she is happily married.

Naturally we think anonymous letters are contemptible, so we shall sign our first names.

The President’s father crashed the meeting (Continued on page 70)

ILLUSTRATED BY GALBRAITH

But he always kisses her hand and even over the telephone says “Kiiss die Hand” and he says he doesn’t like thin girls
SOMEONE said: "Watch London... with so many successful pictures being produced nowadays in England, the first thing we know London will become a Hollywood-on-the-Thames."

I say: "Not in a billion years."

Do I question the fine quality of the latest English pictures? I do not. But I know my London. London is London and Hollywood is Hollywood and never the twain shall meet. London is a city where natives are entertained by visitors. Hollywood is a city where visitors expect and demand to be entertained by natives. Hang a lamb chop outside your door in London and watch their Lordships make a beeline for it. While in Hollywood... Well, in Hollywood, nothing shorter than "a party to finish all parties" can assure the hostess of a good attendance.

Of all the cities on earth, Hollywood is the most difficult one in which to give a party. Not only are the Hollywood people accustomed to the very, very best in music, food and entertainment, but that famous device of taking one's guests "out" and unloading one's responsibility on a restaurant or a night club does not work in Hollywood. It works beautifully in Paris, London and New York but it simply refuses to work in Hollywood.

Why is that? Because, unlike Paris, London or New York, Hollywood refuses to be faithful to its night clubs.

Back again! The world's most noted authority on gay social life—giving us her own amusing and strictly off-the-record findings about filmdom society.

BY ELSA MAXWELL
and restaurants. A Rip van Winkle need not fear that he would be unable to locate his friends in New York. All he has to do is to summon a taxi and say “21” or “The Stork” or “The Colony” and ten minutes later our Rip van Winkle will hold the self-same people whom he used to know way back in the days when grandfather had measles. How about Hollywood? Well, let’s consider the case of Hollywood.

Right at this moment there are three popular night clubs in Hollywood. Two of them are yet to celebrate their first anniversary. What happened to the night clubs of yesterday, to those ballyhooed places that were expected to outlast the Grand Canyon? Failed. . . Folded up. . . Went broke. . . Why? There is no “why.” Simply—that’s the motion-picture business for you.” Back in New York there are likewise three popular night clubs at this moment. One of them is a newcomer, but the other two are older, quite a bit older than Repeal.

**How about the restaurants?** The Hollywood ones and the New York ones? Well, of some half a dozen smart and successful restaurants in Hollywood only one or two can remember the days when Herbert Hoover was President of the United States. The others are young enough to make Deanna Durbin look and feel like a veteran. Where, oh, where are the glittering Embassies, the Montmartres and all those other places where everybody who was anybody in the industry had either to appear at least once a week or run the risk of not being mentioned in the columns? Where are they? Indeed? Nobody knows. What sent them out of business? Nothing, except that “that’s the motion-picture business for you.”

How about New York? There are exactly three really smart and successful, if a bit expensive, restaurants in New York. The youngest of them is fourteen years old, the oldest was already in existence when we decided to make the world safe for democracy.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is that. The Tale of Two Cities in a nutshell. A tabloid edition of the comparative history of the dancing and eating habits of East and West. If New York is fickle, then Hollywood is plain wacky. One woman’s opinion? Not at all. The proprietors of “21” in New York, than whom there are no shrewder judges of what will and what won’t click with the limousine trade, spent several years toying with the idea of opening a branch in Hollywood. Once upon a time they even leased an empty lot in Beverly Hills and had a set of beautiful blueprints drawn. They wound up, however, by retreating to their abodes in West Fifty-second Street in New York. Why? Because not only did they become convinced that no “habit,” with the possible exception of that of not “taking up an option,” can last for more than a year in Hollywood, but they realized likewise that the failure of their branch in Hollywood would affect the mother house in New York. The self-same stars, producers, directors, writers, et al., who think nothing today of being pushed around at “21” in New York would be sure to say: “Oh, we’ve had enough of that joint in Hollywood. Let’s go somewhere else.”

(Continued on page 82)
There is a saying in Hollywood to the effect that when very very bad little writers die, they go to Roland Young—for an interview; the obvious implication being that they must pay for their sins on earth and, therefore, deserve the punishment of trying to probe from Mr. Young a few plain statements of fact. Or even fiction; they'll settle for anything. It isn't that Mr. Young is annoyed or even surprised at the shades in action, for as Topper he's been haunted by the loveliest, and is quite used to it. Nor is it that Mr. Young is exactly unwilling to impart information. The truth is he is most cooperative, even eager to aid in every way. Only nothing concrete ever materializes.

That, you see, is the hell of it.

His inborn English reticence (he'll scoff) is constantly at war with his willingness to be noised about (if he must be) and the result is plain fantastic. The writer, pad in hand, begins:

"Mr. Young, I believe, you were born—"

"Yes, but I wouldn't bring that in. I mean—couldn't we just sort of work around that?" interrupts the actor.

Instantly, the writer senses that something special in the way of whimsy-poo has just blown her way and she had better take a firm hand in the beginning.

"Mr. Young, I am not going to work around your birth anything of the sort," she says.

"Either you were born or you weren't. It's your duty to tell the public which."

Mr. Young quietly picks up a pad and pencil and draws the picture of a bee—in profile.

This strange interruption over, the writer proceeds. "Mr. Young," she begins, hoping to spur him into action of some sort, "you are supposed to be a very funny man. Say something witty, please."

Mr. Young turns the paper over and draws a picture of a bee—full face. It's the image of Marie Wilson in a Dutch cap.

Then Mr. Young smiles that smile of bland innocence for all the world like the White Knight in "Alice in Wonderland." In fact, the idea that maybe Mr. Young is somebody from the "Alice" world grips one's fancy. He's as drowsy as the White Rabbit, as smugly resigned to his fate as the Frog footman and as tea-time struck as the Mad Hatter. Finally, we decide that with a pair of tusks Mr. Young would make as pretty and as cute a Walrus as ever walked hand in hand with a Carpenter and ate up little oysters. But all this time, mind you, we're afraid to say a word, a single word, for fear he'll begin his drawing.

He does anyhow. This time, it's an elephant with an extended rear leg upon which is perched a canary.

"A female," Mr. Young explains, admiring the bird on its peculiar perch. Which reminds us of his never-to-be-forgotten verse in his own book, "Not for Children":

Here comes the happy bounding flea
You cannot tell the HE from SHE
The sexes look alike you see,
But SHE can tell and so can HE.

In an attempt to get the interview on a working basis, we make a list of every fact he thinks (and (Continued on page 72)
The magic of modern movie-making at its miracle best breathes life into that beloved classic of childhood

BY DIXIE WILLSON

And so M-G-M's art department was given a script labeled "Wizard of Oz"; a movie script of that wonderous book, that grave and gay mixture of nonsense and philosophy which for forty years has been a juvenile best seller.

At last it was to be breathed into life in as miraculous fashion as ever story or picture imprisoned on film; the fantasy of a little lady from Kansas whom the tail of a cyclone transports to the mystical kingdom of those three musketeers, the Scarecrow, the Cowardly Lion and the Tin Woodman.

Soon there would take place in the huge city of M-G-M's studio, such breath-taking, unbelievable sights as would have the very stars standing on the side lines to stop, look and listen! For where else, if ever, could eyes behold flying houses, apple trees which pelt you with apples, men whose complexions are green and whose heads are square! A forest of jitterbug trees! Horses in the gayest shades of the rainbow! Judy Garland whisked away by a cyclone! A fairy city built of emeralds!

The magic of modern motion-picture making at its miracle best! And beginning, of course, in the art department from whence all pictures start; that practical, hard-boiled, down-to-earth art de-

Sights, unbelievable and breath-taking, are what you catch on this set visit where the Wizard of Oz, Frank Morgan (above); the Cowardly Lion, Bert Lahr; the Tin Woodman, Jack Haley; the Scarecrow, Ray Bolger; the Good Fairy (left), Billie Burke and Dorothy, Judy Garland bring enchantment to this delightful fantasy.
While Dixie Willson explored the re-creation of Munchkinland on the M-G-M sound stages, our fashion editor tracked down Adrian and arranged for this advanced showing of the brilliant costume designs reproduced here and described by Miss Walters on the opposite page.

dpartment, where dreams are not only dreamed but come true: where cities, even whole countries are created for the asking.

"So they gave us a script," smiled handsome, brawny Art Director Cedric Gibbons, "in which a little girl from Kansas lives a great adventure in a country of her own imagination. But neither in the script nor in the original book was there any description to indicate along what lines her imagination might build such a country! Which left us, first of all, to do some imagining ourselves!

"Take one scene of the fifty, for instance, the country the book calls 'Munchkinland,' to be inhabited by 'very tiny people called Munchkins.' To fashion a 'Munchkinland' which a little girl from Kansas might have dreamed, we began with a premise that the smallest things she had ever seen were probably ants. And how do ants live? Under grass and tree roots. So with toadstools and anthills as our architectural pattern, we made proportionately larger grass and flowers, such as, for instance, hollyhocks twenty feet tall."

So much for a thumbnail bit of the "Oz" problems of the art department. And remaining a moment longer in "Munchkinland," what about Munchkins to people this delightful place?

During Producer Mervyn LeRoy's entire shooting schedule for "Oz," the Munchkins, finally assembled, were the gayest detail of all. In response to a call sent out by Casting, midgets from all over the world came trouping to Hollywood; little midgets, middle-sized midgets, lady midgets, gentlemen midgets, midget graduates of Universities, a midget window demonstrator from Chicago... The littlest ones smoking the biggest cigars, eating the largest pieces of pie.

But the midgets, while perhaps the jolliest casting problem, were not the most difficult. Midgets, after all, are easy to find, but not so the frowzy little mutt who was to play the longest screen rôle ever written for a dog! Through the entire hour and a half of picture he appears in every scene! He will be remembered in the book as Toto; the illustrations showing a bright-eyed Cairn terrier. After many tests and long consideration, the rôle was entrusted to an engaging little girl dog named Terry who, as boy dog Toto, has delivered a superlative performance.

In Hollywood, Terry's owner and trainer, Mr. Carl Spitz, conducts a kindergarten, grammar school, high school and college for canines.

But, though Terry enjoys acting, the "Oz" rôle was something else again, the strangest background she has ever been called upon to understand! Our lady Toto found it obviously distressing, then suddenly everything was forgotten in complete devotion to the Scarecrow, the Lion, and the Tin Woodman.

(Continued on page 88)
The influences that sway the world of fashion have been many, ranging from the brilliant colors of a Van Gogh masterpiece through the surrealism of Salvador Dali, the discoveries of archaeologists in ruined temples, cataclysmic world events, famous books, the primitive attire of hula dancers.

In 1939 some of the major fashion influences have been derived from the supermodern New York World's Fair, and the more intimate Golden Gate International Exposition—Treasure Island, with its scintillating colors, marine murals and sculpture.

Now comes a motion picture that seems fated to have its fantasy in costume duplicated, not as a whole, but in subtle, exquisite and whimsical details, in fall fashions.

The production is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Wizard of Oz," produced in Technicolor, and Photoplay takes pride in presenting on these pages reproductions of Adrian's original sketches of the fairylike, frolicsome and sprightly costumes that will be an outstanding feature of this fantasy.

So come with me to The Land of Oz—tread on its imaginative ground and greet its quaint and noble little people. You will love the freedom and abandon of their fanciful and colorful clothes; and readily see how Dame Fashion will adopt many of their silhouettes and details to dramatize the clothes you will wear.

1. "The Braggart Townsman" struts in garb of Stuyvesant mood to suggest new design for coats, collars and accessories. His circular box jacket has new dash as it swings from a stiffly (Continued on page 88)
BY SALLY REID

AND so they were married and we all lived unhappily ever afterward. For it took one little French girl to walk off with our prize catch of Hollywood, Tyrone (how could you?) Power.

When Tyrone led Annabella to the altar (mademoiselle wore blue) the united torch-bearers of America raised their feminine voices in one long prolonged wail (I yelled the loudest) of "What has she got that we haven't got?"

Well, for one thing, we grudgingly admit, she has Tyrone. But why has she? That's the catch. That's the little colored boy in the woodpile. And that's exactly the riddle I set out to solve by finding out a few facts, a few choice bits to pass on to American girls for future references. There's still Jimmy Stewart left, you know. To say nothing of Dick Greene.

To begin with, bless our souls, Annabella cuts her own hair. And never wears a hat. She has the best-looking coiffure in town and looks better minus a hat than nine-tenths of us do in our latest hysterics in straw.

She stands before the mirror. Now, down the center of her head she draws a part, carefully brushing the hair on both sides back from her face. Then she picks up the manicure scissors (no others will do) and snap, snap, snap the curls fall like snow in "Way Down East" and Annabella is left with an inch and a half of the cutest ringlets all around her face.

"That's the best-looking hair-do in town," I heard a man say to her at a party the other night.

She wasn't sure of the word "hair-do" (where do we get these weird expressions?), but she knew it was a compliment by the gleam in his eyes (she knows about gleams).

THE only time she has worn a hat in a coon's age was at her own wedding. A sort of concession to formality, as it were.

"The hat makers don't like me," she laughed (throatily, but boyishly), "but I feel so much better without one. With a hat on my head I feel stuffy—as if I weren't free. Besides, in the shop it looks nice on me—the veil hangs just so and the ribbon falls just right, but as soon as I move about everything is wrong—the veil hangs badly and the ribbons get in the way. No, I like to be free."

That, I may say, is the character keynote to the girl who married Ty. A girl who likes to be free from unnecessary trimmings, emotional trimmings that hamper the freedom of character and thought and deed.

Ah, yes, I found out many things, my hearties. Many things.

Like a child, Annabella has an enormous capacity for living—each moment at a time. Filling that minute with all the life she can crowd into it. Or taking from that minute all the life it has to offer. Enjoying the now. Living in the present. Revealing in little things. Getting a kick out of them. Like the porch furniture up in their bedroom.

You see, Annabella and Ty wanted to move into their new house (the one they bought from Grace Moore) as soon as they were married, and they didn't let the fact that they had no furniture, except a bed, stop them. Lilliputian conventions that manacle so many young married moderns will never trap these two, you can bet. Annabella carts up the green porch furniture, a piece at a time, and fills the bedroom with green wicker and flowers from the garden, and if it were Louis the Sixteenth at its satiny grandest, she couldn't be happier. But then, look who sleeps there.

(Continued on page 74)
Turn the page and join Sonja Henie and Cary Grant at Elsa Maxwell's gay party.
SHE COMES TO THE AID OF YOUR PARTY

Time: an early summer evening.
Place: Connie Bennett's home.
Heroine: Constance [who has given some bang-up parties by herself] and Elsa, hostesses.
Hero: Darryl Zanuck, who produced Elsa's debut picture—and dared to give her strict orders not to diet, lest she lose the charm that made her the toast of two continents!

Aristocratic Guest of Honor: England's charming Duchess of Westminster. Dinner Partners: Ronald Colman and Ronald Scott. (Don't tell us it doesn't pay to be guest of honor in FilmLand!) Scenario: Elsa proves to skeptical Hollywood—whose own brand of parties she describes on page 18—that she merits her reputation as the world's champion party-giver!
Photoplay's new writer Elsa Maxwell, Doctor of Gaiety to Café Society, gives film colony night life a shot in the arm!

1. Newlyweds Tyrone and Annabella Power (see story on page 24) greet Constance Collier. That's Charles Boyer at left

2. Unretouched illustration of the gaiety à la Maxwell management, unposed by Claudette Colbert and Cesar Romero

3. Prime example of matrimonial felicity—Dick and Joan Blondell Powell—who still prefer to dance with each other

4. What's this? We thought we saw Sonja Henie dancing with Cary Grant just as we came in! Now, it's Randolph Scott

5. Hyman Fink, whose never-failing eagle camera scooped up all these pictures, catches a quick one of the Jack Oakies
Probably no one was more amused than thrice-married Miriam Hopkins herself, assigned to a film called "The Old Maid." However, it's co-star Bette Davis who carries the title role—and Miriam's next for Warners will bear the somewhat happier name of "We Are Not Alone."
Columbia's gem of the ocean of starlets—Joy Hodges. Undergraduates of the famed university elected her their own "Yumpr Girl." Universal topped that with the title of her next film, "Bachelor's Baby"—referring, however, not to the campus queen, but to infant Sandy Henville.
WELCOME BACK, BEAU GESTE!
A baker's dozen of years ago, a new kind of romance came to the screen—the drama of brother love, with hardly a feminine ankle in the cast. Even as Valentino lay in state, this epic of sand and sun lent stature to such careers as Bill Powell's and Vic McLaglen's. Today, Paramount is giving us another "Beau Geste," complete with speech—and Ray Milland, Gary Cooper (also at far left), Robert Preston (below), Brian Donlevy (above) in the roles created by Ralph Forbes, Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton and Noah Beery. The spirit of chivalry once more rides the Sahara!
BIOGRAPH GIRL: Her adorers of 1909 didn't know her by the name of Florence Lawrence.

THE VAMP: She gave the public a taste for leopard skins, couches and seductive wiles—the screen's first siren, the incomparable Theda Bara.

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART: Like her sitron, Mary Pickford held us all in the palm of her hand.

ECSTASY GIRL: Outstanding example of modern glamour—the quickening Theda Bara.

THE ORCHID LADY: Patrician beauty of the early '20's; essence of refinement—lovely Corinne Griffith.
Since the screen’s infant days,

the "It" girls have made names

for themselves—as Photoplay’s

history of titled ladies reveals
Brian Aherne . . . almost the last of our bachelors . . . didn't want to go on the stage but became a Broadway idol, opposite Katherine Cornell . . . didn't want to make movies and is now the toast of the town in "Juarez," "Captain Fury"
The classic understatement of all time — "Dr. Livingstone, I presume" — lives again in Spencer Tracy's voice, as he unearths the lost explorer in "Stanley and Livingstone" for 20th Century-Fox.
Laraine Day of Utah—and the cast of "Tarzan Finds a Son"

Ila irenda of Italy—once a champion typist, now Paramount’s Glamour Girl

DAMSELS

Virginia Grey of Hollywood—once a stand-in but now one of "The Women"
Joan Perry of Florida—now learning that "Good Girl Go to Paris"

Susan Hayward of Brooklyn—"Beau Geste" only girl (Mary Brian’s role in the original)

DEMAND

Opportunity’s summoned this alluring quintet from every point of the compass—proof that all roads lead to filmland
He probably holds the Hollywood matrimonial record for being separated and reunited.
He would have made a magnificent  roustabout had he not been born good-looking.
He has no particular ambitions beyond a lust for life.
His full name is Sean Errol Flynn.
He was born in a stone farmhouse at Antrim, Ireland, and he is very fond of highly seasoned food.
He was nineteen years old when he aided in the delivery of babies in New Guinea. He enjoys eating any variety of sea food.
He is a grim realist, and he has never had a tooth extracted. He does not like flowers in his bedroom.

He is a congenital loafer, he rebels against routine, and he never touches hard liquor.
He was impelled to visit war-torn Spain over a year ago by an overwhelming desire to know the truth at firsthand. He came back with a violent loathing for Fascism.
He likes to drink beer but does not do so because of an aversion to large stomachs. His knowledge of the graphic arts is almost zero, and he prefers tea to coffee.
He has a happy-go-lucky attitude towards the future, and he never wears a hat.
He never plans ahead.
He never gets seasick.
His viewpoints are marked by skepticism, and his body is straight and slim. He alternates with pipe, cigars, cigarettes.

He believes the World War and its aftermath brought out a greater social consciousness in the world. He does not like night clubs, and never collects souvenirs.
He plays golf very badly.
He is a fatalist.
He dislikes hunting for sport chiefly because at one time he had to live by it. He was terrified of girls when he was a boy.
He prefers belts to suspenders, he is a heavy sleeper, and he likes to eat in places where there is music and dancing.
His hair is brown, and he thinks life has been more than good to him.
He is ranked second only to Frank Shields by Hollywood’s tennis addicts.

(Continued on page 85)
Very bad cook, class one loafer, hater of ticking clocks—he's the delight and dilemma of Hollywood.
Is this higher education—in Goldwyn's "Music School"? Or the spellbinding violin of Jascha Heifetz—making his film debut in the same picture? Or just the screen reunion of Joel McCrea and Andrea Leeds—who did such a swell job together in "Youth Takes a Fling"? (Privately, however, Joel's devoted to a lovely wife—Frances Dee—and young Andrea's devoted to a promising career)
Sonja Henie, currently appearing in the 20th Century-Fox production, "Second Fiddle," models a first fall suit of red shadow-checked woolen—a costume which could claim top honors as a campus fashion. The short jacket, which tops the flared bias skirt, buttons straight up the front to high revers. The navy velour hat, with smart upturned brim, is pierced by a red quill. A navy sweater and navy accessories complete Sonja's costume which was selected from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. This photograph was taken on the porch of Sonja's beautiful Bel-Air home.
Edith Head designed this two-piece navy blue faille suit with white faille blouse for Madeleine Carroll to wear in Paramount's "Are Husbands Necessary?" The collar of the blouse trims the collarless neckline of the peplum jacket. The navy blue Kasha topcoat (sketched below) has princess lines, a single button closing and wide revers that are accented with white binding. Dacé designed the draped blue silk jersey hat. Miss Carroll's studio-designed clothes, on these two pages, are not available in the shops.
Madeleine also wears this pale pink mousseline evening gown in "Are Husband Necessary?" The skirt fabric is printed with clusters of black violets. Edith Head, its designer, stresses the nipped-in, higher waistline which she accents with a girdle and set of black velvet—the same fabric which fashions the short jacket that completes this evening costume (sketched below).

Note the cluster of pink violets that finishes the neckline, and the wide waistband. Don't miss this Paramount picture which centers around the life of a fashion career girl and features twenty costume changes.
Paulette Goddard and Jane Bryan pose in early fall coats that are perfect inspiration for the coat that will meet the demand for career girl, coed or young matron for travel, street or sport. Edith Head designed the chalk-striped, navy blue imported woolen model for Paulette Goddard to wear in Paramount’s “The Cat and the Canary.” The circle neckline is piped with white and fastened with a jeweled pin. Miss Head’s sketch (below) shows the frock Paulette wears beneath. The flaring skirt is of navy woolen—the jacket of white. Miss Goddard will soon appear in M-G-M’s “The Women.”
Orry-Kelly designed Jane Bryan's beige, brown and white checkered imported English tweed topcoat with casual roll collar, flaring skirt and front belt for her to wear in Warner Brothers' production, "Each Dawn I Die." The insert photograph (left) shows the unusual design interest that individualizes the beltless back of the coat—the center seam releases into radiated tucks above the waistline and into an inverted pleat below the fitted hip-line. The studio designed coats shown on these two pages are not available in the shops.
Barbara pose in her first trouser fashion exclusively for Paramount—two all-suede costumes especially designed for her by Von Roth. She wore an amber-colored jacket suit contrasted by a Mojave brown tuck-in trouser and brimmed, high-crown swagger hat. The copious bag is amber in deeper hue than the suit. Barbara is currently appearing in Columbia's "Golden Boy".
Barbara's second all-suede costume boasts flashing color and a goathair culotte skirt set on a deep red waistband. The laced coat styled after a hunting jacket is scarlet; the tuck-in blouse, cypress green; the collettes, brown—the off-the-shoulder fit is deep purple. If you wish further information concerning these suede costumes, write direct to Vorsi, 8618 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.
Helen Parrish, appearing in Universal's "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," models woolen University frocks that are fashion winners and budget triumphs. A zipper purse slung onto the belt lends trick and practical detail to Helen's green and brown plaid frock (top). The hat, from Helen's personal wardrobe, is brown felt. Helen dresses in the mood of a Scotch lassie (center) in an authentic Royal Stewart clan plaid with a matching over-the-shoulder bag, a typical Scotch cap of felt and grosgrain ribbon (Debway model). The belt of self-fabric has an inset of patent and this shining accent is repeated in the handle of the bag. The olive green frock (right) features a high waistline, a high, pointed neckline and a pocket motif and shoulder epaulets of self-fabric cording. With it Helen wears a brown suede hat with green suede crown and alligator bag and shoes selected from her personal wardrobe. All of these frocks have swing skirts and all are of pure woolen. Walter Wanger borrowed Helen from Universal to appear in "Winter Carnival"
ENROLL FOR COLLEGE DAYS

Erl of Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills, designed frock with contrast trim of brown grosgrain ribbon for her to wear in Walter Wanger's "Winnie." A change of accessories to show how it may alter of brown silk jersey (left corner shaped crown hat; bracelet; bag left). She wears it with a brown knit hat and matching knit bag, bag and brown leather and suede gloves. By Roger of Hollywood, jewelry and hat, and "Three Little Fishies," bracelet and laced embossed silk of Hollywood. A matching bag pin embroidered on silk plume shows the fish motif that is available at "little" New York, and Los Angeles. Let's hear it for Ann!!

Ann Sheridan, gold colored two-piece ensemble for her to wear in Walter Wanger's "Winne." A change of accessories to show how it may alter of brown silk jersey (left corner shaped crown hat; bracelet; bag left). She wears it with a brown knit hat and matching knit bag, bag and brown leather and suede gloves. By Roger of Hollywood, jewelry and hat, and "Three Little Fishies," bracelet and laced embossed silk of Hollywood. A matching bag pin embroidered on silk plume shows the fish motif that is available at "little" New York, and Los Angeles. Let's hear it for Ann!!

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The story that period pictures more and more influence modern fashions finds added proof each day in Hollywood. The gowns designed for Marjorie Weaver to wear as Mary Todd in 20th Century-Fox's "Young Mr. Lincoln," so convinced her of the charm and femininity of that period that she included a modern adaptation of the era in her summer wardrobe. It's a flounced, full-skirted frock of white organdie, printed in tiny quaint floral bouquets of pink and green. Narrow black velvet ribbons hold the ruffled drop-shoulder décolletage and mark the front of the bodice. Marjorie's gown was designed by Patricia Perkins, Los Angeles. It's available in The Campus Shop, The May Company, Los Angeles.
GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Frother than sea foam; flavored with spice—this amusing chatter from your favorite tea-tattler

P H O T O G R A P H S  B Y  H Y M A N  F I N K

Dampered Spirits

An important but rather cynical visitor from London, who had heard of the wonders (mostly exaggerated) of the cinemah village, is returning home with firsthand stories that pale into insignificance the tales that seep into the hinterlands concerning Hollywood. And all because Hollywood can laugh at itself.

For instance, while the visitor was seated in a Warner projection room watching a torrid love scene, the automatic sprinkler system went haywire and began pouring down on the onlookers.

Mouth agape, the visitor turned to the director and producer who were with him and who never batted a single eyelash. They just sat as though being dribbled upon was the most natural of occurrences.

"I say—isn't this a bit unusual?" the Englishman asked, turning up his coat collar.

"Oh, not at all," replied the director with a shrug. "When the love scenes get too warm for comfort, the sprinkling system just automatically goes on. Sort of a cooling-off process, you see."

The Englishman sat on, his face a picture of puzzled bewilderment. The director and producer never faltered but went right on discussing the scene while the water poured.

Yes, you've got to hand it to Hollywood. They know how to create laughs so others may laugh at them—that, boys and girls, is showmanship.

Work—The Open Sesame

This month the name Richard Barthelmess is the one spoken of most frequently in Hollywood. Richard Barthelmess, once a great star, sailed away to Europe after his career seemed definitely ended.

And now, several years later, he's back, winning acclaim for his great performance in "Only Angels Have Wings." No, Dick isn't the star. That rôle belongs to a young man named Cary Grant who, as Archie Leach, was stilt-walking in Coney Island when Dick was the great star.

"I can't understand why Barthelmess wanted to get back in the grind again," one of a group of Hollywood writers said. "He's got plenty of money, he's had his share of fame and it lasted longer than most stars. I wonder what brought him back to it?"

Cal knows. The reason is so simple.

"I was lonely," Dick explained. "Yes, I have lots of friends, that's true, but you see they are working in pictures. They're in the swim.

"I was just an outsider. Oh, we tried to talk of other things and get back on the old footing, but I could see they had gone on and left me. So, I had to get in, too, to be where they were, so we could all be fellow workers again. I couldn't stay on the outside any longer."

And so for friendship's sake Dick, once a great star, is back at work in much lesser roles, just to keep in, to be with and of his friends.

And it looks as if he's headed again for the top, as sure as you live.
Ambition's Daughter

THIS is a story of burning ambition, of sacrifice, of heartbreak... And, yes, a story of Hollywood. Its heroine is a beautiful Italian girl who, since she was a child, dreamed of being an actress... Dreamed it not so much because of the plaudits such a career would bring, but because it would afford opportunity for expression of the beauty that welled in her heart when she beheld the red sunset, or walked in a color-bright garden, or stood before the magnificent handiwork of the great Italian sculptors in the Palazzo Brera in her native Milano. It is Isa Miranda's story.

An Italian film director found her, one day, gazing in rapture at a Diana in the Palazzo. To him she seemed a Diana, too; erect, free, proud and lovely.

"I will make you a star," he said.

He kept his word and her beauty was proclaimed throughout Europe. "The most glamorous woman in the world," the press described her. And the poet, d'Annunzio, wrote of her: "Oh my Life! Never has desire been greater. I saw all the stars setting in your hair. They descended into impenetrable shadows, where lips cannot reach!"

Inevitably, from the suitors who laid siege to her heart, she chose one to adore. But even then, career was first. She would not give it up. And when came the opportunity to journey to Hollywood, to the heart's desire of every ambition-ridden soul—she renounced love and went her way.

She arrived in Hollywood in 1937 and went to work, first to learn English, then to learn the ways of American pictures. The going was hard. She knew no one. It was a busy new world in which she found herself. Oftentimes, the only persons she could find to converse with her in the language she sought to master, were the tradespeople who came to her door. At last she was given a role in Paramount's "Zaza." But they found she wouldn't do. Various rumors gave various reasons. Isa Miranda said nothing. She merely went back to her study of English.

She was given another role—this time in "Hotel Imperial." They made the picture. It was previewed...

The next day, three lines appeared in a certain review. "Isa Miranda also plays a rôle. She came from Italy. She might as well have stayed there." These lines expressed the consensus of critical opinion. Isa Miranda had given up much for the sake of career, but she "might as well have stayed at home."

But the fight is not over yet, she says. She says she will keep on fighting. She has taken out citizenship papers. She has cast her lot with American pictures. She will not give up. She can't, she says.

Well, it occurs to us that determination is a pretty good means of ensuring success—just by itself. Maybe, in the case of Isa Miranda, it will be good enough. Anyway, we'll bet she will do just as she promises—keep on trying until, as she puts it, "these Hades, et freezes on top!" And more power to her!

Oomph Man

WHEN the news was broadcast that Charles Boyer had been chosen by a certain group of the Hollywood press as the sexiest actor on the screen, we wondered just what the reaction might be in the Boyer household.

We translated that wonder into knowledge, by simply up and asking lovely Pat Paterson, wife of the French star, how her husband of five years felt about it.

The news hadn't reached their hillock home. "I can imagine how he will feel about it," said Mrs. Boyer, "for I do know he wants to be known, first of all, as a good actor. Not just a certain type actor, but a good actor."

And then we learned another thing. "Love Affair" (in which he co-starred with Irene Dunne) is his first Hollywood picture to receive wholehearted acclaim in his native France.

Since Boyer played a very persistent lover in the picture and since he very much wants his native country to approve his work here, we can imagine the title of "The Sexiest Actor on the Screen" might not be too unwelcome under the circumstances. Incidentally, how do you feel about the Boyer sex title?

That'll Teach Him!

THEY stood together in the small, automatic elevator in the front-office building of M-G-M studios—Harpo Marx and a shabby young lady in an large outmoded felt hat.

As the elevator slowly rose, the deviltry in Harpo's soul did likewise. Given to no repression, Harpo finally reached over and pulled off the girl's hat.

"Come on, let's see your face," he grinned. "I might know you."

He was greeted with a stare so icy, it almost froze the funnyman into an igloo.

The woman who stood alone with him in the elevator was Garbo.

Garbo and Harpo remained silent throughout the rest of the journey.

Bringin' Home the Pumpkin

THE funniest story of the month concerns handsome Walter Pidgeon and his houseboy. Walter had tried for weeks to explain to the boy just how he liked his pumpkin pies made, but somehow, despite all his powers of description, they always came out apple dumplings.

Finally, Walter carted home a piece of his favorite pie from the M-G-M commissary to show the boy.

"Now, eat it," Walter said, "and see how it should taste!"

The next morning, the Filipino gingerly handed Mr. Pidgeon twenty-five cents.

"This from house money," he explained. "I think better you just bring whole pie home. Then we can both have a piece."

The sight of Pidgeon lugging home his weekly pie is just one of those Hollywood things.

Sister Act

THE Lane Sisters are nothing if not loyal. A few weeks ago, a burglar invaded the San Fernando Valley home of Priscilla and Rosemary and stole all of their jewelry, including a string of pearls belonging to each. Considerable publicity resulted from the theft.

Not long after the robbery, Pat was guest (Continued on page 66)
THE CAMERA OF HYMAN FINK KEEPS ITS EYE ON CUPID

1. Now you see it, now you don’t—but the Joan Fontaine-Conrad Nagel twosome is usually in evidence, as at Café Lamaze.

2. Richard Arlen looks a bit preoccupied, but all Hollywood knows he’s far from blind to the beauty of Virginia Grey.

3. Practicing up that wedding march? Each month finds Buddy Adler and Anita Louise just that much closer to the altar.

4. Now, that’s what we call the right way to her heart! Mickey Rooney and Betty Coe read Call Yank at the Brown Derby.

5.

6. Lucky Henry Wilson—if the camera, not lie! He has Patricia Ellis eating right out of his hand at Café Marcel.

7. The tenderest love story of all—the romance of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul—glimpsed at the Victor Hugo.
HOLLYWOOD may some day crumble and rot, but we've a feeling Charlie Chan will just go on solving celluloid mysteries. Sidney Toler has taken over the title role with enthusiasm and the new adventure comes when an islander drags Chan into a murder mystery that has popped up in Reno. There, against the background of hounded wives and irritated hus-
band, these detective does his fastid-
ious work always by the eager but
irritated Yung. Ricardo Cortez
plays straight roles, but comedy
—is added to the formula
by Eddie Collins. The some-
thing is tied up with a rich
wronged wife.

HOLLYWOOD goes to the head of the class
this month. Nothing but straight A's
show up on our private report card as we
circle the set. Every studio in town is booming
with the biggest collection of important pictures
we've seen in many a moon.

We find cooking up, for instance, a potpourri
of plums like "Golden Boy," "The Rain Came,"
Frank Capra's new epic, "Mr. Smith Goes to
Washington," the long-awaited Hedy Lamarr
glamorizer, "Lady of the Tropics," and the
Charles Boyer-Irene Dunne "Love Affair" fol-
low-upper, "Modern Cinderella."

Walter Wanger snaps out of his nap with
"Winter Carnival" and Gary Cooper is busy
with Sam Goldwyn's "The Real Glory." Even
Bing Crosby is hustling out of the house at the
crack of dawn for "The Star Maker." Maybe
Hollywood meant it when it promised a new deal
in entertainment.

There's another new deal we notice, too, this
month. Mr. and Miss Cinderella have come
town. Never before have we noticed as many
young unknowns yanked from nowhere to fill
the fought-for shoes of choice Hollywood picture
parts. Hollywood is taking a chance on new
talent—for which the saints be praised, say we!

Our first port of call, Columbia, is the gem of
the studio ocean this month with Frank Capra's
"Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" and Rouben
Mamoulian's "Golden Boy" companies cranking
their cameras. William Holden in the "Golden
Boy" title role, is Hollywood's head Cinderella
Man.
Hollywood snaps out of a midsummer lethargy with a new deal in entertainment—a boom of super-subs that will make the welkin ring

BY JACK WADE

Only a few weeks ago William Holden was just another student at the Junior College in Passadena, California. When we meet him at Columbia, we see personified that sort of dazzling, unbelievable luck that still strikes like lightning in Hollywood. Columbia looked high and low for the right "Golden Boy." It cost them a big chunk of the bank roll to buy Clifford Odets' great stage play about a talented young violin player ruined by the easy money of the prize ring; they wanted to make it right. Box-office male stars, great and small, anxiously performed before the "Golden Boy" test camera. Then, Columbia's boss, Harry Cohn, saw Holden in a Paramount stock test one day and said, "There's Golden Boy!"

The setup we see is Fight-manager Adolphe Menjou's office. Adolphe, hardly the well-dressed man in his flashy outfit, and Barbara Stanwyck, his hard-bitten girl friend, confer with their pugnacious pals as Gangster Joseph Callela arrives to muscle in on the profits of Golden Boy. It's an interesting scene to us because of a Mamoulian touch—the use of "on-stage" cues. They work like this:

The actors line up in a circle, chattering ad lib like magpies to make a microphone murmur. When Callela enters, the first actor stops talking, turns and stands. When he stops, the next one stops and stands—and so on around the circle—each taking his cues from his neighbor's silence, with the camera in close pursuit. That way, the audience sits right in on the whole thing. Clever—what?

On the side lines Bill Holden sits this one out with us. Bill has a swell grin, kinky black hair and a smooth muscular build. We ask him if the strain of being a Cinderella chap isn't pretty terrible. He tells us he is as busy as a one-armed paper hanger. "Every day after the set folds," he relates, "I take a violin lesson. Then I eat dinner. After dinner I take a boxing lesson. Later on I learn my lines. Then all the next day I have the jitters. It's a great life—but Mr. Menjou, here, and Miss Stanwyck are great help."

We find Jimmy Stewart in the midst of a marathon talking contest on the Frank Capra set, "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." It's one of the most spectacular sets we've seen, too—an exact reproduction, inch for inch, of the Senate Chamber in Washington, D. C. Even the desks where the extra cinema Solons are parked, looking very wise at $8.50 a day, came from the nation's capital.

"Mr. Smith," you know, was originally "Mr. Deeds." Capra wanted to follow up the successful "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" by taking the same odd but salty gentleman to the capital and turning him loose. But Gary Cooper was too busy to do the Deeds—if you can handle the pun—so Jimmy got the job, alias Smith. It's the same "Deeds" formula, though: a supposedly small-town Simple Simon is sent to the United States Senate by a political machine. They think they can run him. They don't figure on smooth secretary Jean Arthur, though, or Jimmy's devotion to his country.

The scene we see is Jimmy knee-deep in hot water. The machine has managed to have him impeached when he won't play ball. Jimmy is carrying on a one-man filibuster. The minute he stops talking, he'll be kicked out of the Senate on his ear. So he doesn't stop.

The scenarist has given Jimmy a load of stuff to talk about—he uses everything from the Sermon on the Mount to "Casey at the Bat"—it's all fair in a filibuster. Suddenly he stops and looks at Capra helplessly. "That's all," says Jimmy, "that's all the speech in the script."

"It's not enough," replies Capra. "Keep talking."

Jimmy knits his brows. "How about "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck"?"

"Go ahead," grins Capra.

"—Whence all but him had fled..." parrots Jimmy. We grab the idea ourselves. James Stewart's a nice fellow—but not nice enough for us to listen long to his poetic readings.

ACROSS Sunset Boulevard and up the street, Paramount has Bing Crosby busy boo-booing in "The Star Maker." There's more boo-booing there, too—but of another kind, as Lloyd Douglas' "Disputed Passage" gets itself pictured with expert tear-jerker Frank Borzage in the driver's seat.

Not many more times will we duck in on Marathon Street to Dear Old Paramount. Already, work is under way on the new Paramount studio site out across from Twentieth Century-Fox's Westwood Hills. There the most modern movie factory imaginable will soon rise. The storied Paramount-Hollywood lot will vanish with its memories. Rumors say RKO, next door, will take over the old plant.

Dorothy Lamour, minus song and sarong, brightens up "Disputed Passage," with John Howard, Akim Tamiroff and Judith Barrett.
Goldwyn does things the big way! A $100,000 set for "The Real Glory!"; orchids as well as Broderick Crawford, Gary Cooper and David Niven—for Andrea Leeds

The story is love versus a scientific career. John’s prize pupil of a great surgeon, Akim. Dorothy is a delicious distraction with a Chinese accent. The battle skips between China and the United States, but right now it’s concentrated in a laboratory set packed with retorts, test tubes, vials and beakers.

Akim Tamiroff, John Howard and Gaylord Pendleton are about to engage in a free-for-all fight. Pendleton attacks Akim because he flunked him out of his class and John comes to the rescue. They’re all set to go when an efficiency man runs onto the set. "Boys," he pleads, "take it easy with these retorts—they cost $2.50 apiece!" Nobody pays any attention. "Okay!" says Borzage. "Action!"

It sounds like the collapse of a china store bargain counter and it looks worse than that as John, Akim and Gaylord tangle. Most of the glass is "breakaway"—prop glass that isn’t dangerous. But a lot of it isn’t, too. The efficiency man groans as he sees the profits vanishing. That reminds us of Groaner Crosby. We leave the carnage for "The Star Maker.

Gus Edwards and his famous troupe of kid stars plainly inspired Bing’s new musical, although, in the movie, Bing will answer to "Larry." The newsboy gang that produced Ed-die Cantor, George Jessel, Lila Lee and Walter Winchell in the old days lives again in fifty talented Hollywood youngsters, the result of the biggest studio stampede for children Hollywood has seen for years. Paramount had announced free tests to all comers. Fifteen hundred and seventy-five youngsters responded—with their mamas. They almost tore the studio down, but Bing got his kids.

Another Cinderella girl shows up in "The Star Maker," too. Her name is Linda Ware and Paramount says she’s another Deanna Durbin—only better. R-r-m-m. Linda was just a little Detroit orphan whose friends told her she ought to go to Hollywood. So she did. One song was enough to convince Paramount. Even Bing thinks she’s got a great voice and Bing ought to know. Louise Campbell, as Bing’s wife, and Ned Sparks fill out the cast.

The camera crew is lining up while Ned disdainfully fires darts at a derby hat and Bing sits in a canvas chair figuring up his racing losses. He doesn’t seem to let them get him down. He hums "School Days." Louise Campbell reads a book. It’s one of those off-set hours when everybody relaxes.

The kids are nowhere in sight, which is strange to us, because they’re on the call sheet. In a minute, the door flies open and a mob of them troop in. The leader is toting a huge cake with candles. They’re all singing "Happy Birthday to you, Dear Bing!"

Everybody jumps up. "Now, I’ll be dodgle-de-dad-burned!" exclaims Bing. "How did you rascals know?"

After much hugging and pitting at the candles, Bing slices the cake. That’s the last he sees of it. The fifty kids dive for it and, in a minute, the plate is as clean as the Hays’ office. Bing gets a crumb, maybe.

"Hey!" he protests, "whose birthday is this, anyway?"

"Yours," says aix, "but it’s our cake!"

"Well," laughs Bing, "it’s better for my finger that way, after all, I guess."

At our next stop, Walter Wanger’s, we’re referred to an ice house, of all things. When we arrive at the address, in downtown Los Angeles, we find the whole "Winter Carnival" troupe shivering in a vast, refrigerated building where it’s six degrees below freezing!

There, in the great cooler, Ann Sheridan, Richard Carlson, Robert Armstrong and Helen Parrish are hopping about to keep warm, while a horse-drawn sleigh ploughs through real snow, artificially made and selling by the ton.

It’s odd enough to find a complete Hollywood set in an ice house with everybody bundled up in overcoats and mufflers—but the reason is even funnier. All the trouble is just to make the actors’ breaths show. Much of "Winter Carnival" was filmed last winter at Dartmouth College, where the thermometer does a nose dive. To match the Dartmouth frozen breaths, the cast in Hollywood has to act in an icebox!

It’s a relief to warm up once more on the "Real Glory" set at Sam Goldwyn’s, although a high fog chases Gary Cooper, David Niven and Broderick Crawford right out of the tropical island set on the back lot a few minutes after we arrive. An interior is ready for just such an emergency.

We have a look at the $100,000 Philippine land set before we follow them inside. We admire Sam Goldwyn because he does things right. This set is a classic. You might be right in the Islands. Thousands of dollars worth of bamboo has been gathered, and an absolutely authentic native village and military station have risen, with a stone church, barracks, boot landing and even real Philippine trees—bananas, palm trees—(Continued on page 89)
E VOLUTION OF A BEAUTY—Hollywood is wonderful! It takes pretty, unsophisticated little girls and turns them into glamorous gals by teaching them the ways to beauty—how to walk and how to talk, how to wear clothes, how to enhance their good looks and how to overcome their bad points. It took Gail Patrick, who came straight to Hollywood from Alabama, just out of school where she had studied law, and taught her how to make the most of her natural good looks so that she emerged a new person—glamorous, poised, gracious—and accomplished this with just a few simple twists of the stylist's wand.

Gail was naturally pretty and charming when she hit Hollywood, but she had paid little attention to her looks and given most of her time to study, forgetting that a woman to be a success must make the most of her good looks as well as her brains.

Look at the pictures of her taken when Paramount tested her and gave her a contract in 1932. It was a thrill for her when she posed with Gary Cooper (pictured at right), but notice the lack of self-assurance and poise she displayed then. Her clothes were unbecoming, her hat not right for her. Her hair was pulled behind her ears and her eyebrows were un-plucked. She just hadn't bothered to make the most of herself. But that was soon changed.

Her hair was completely restyled. They waved it softly around her face and dropped it lower on the back of her neck. Her lipline was slightly altered and they gave her eyebrows more shape. She looked very sweet and wholesome and just like a little daughter of the South. She was appearing in her first picture at that time; so the studio began to send out fashion stills on her.

They dressed her in more tailored clothes and kept her hair close to her head, but she still lacked poise and grace and was obviously very self-conscious about the whole thing. The studio was still experimenting with her, and a little later, in that same year (1933), they decided that perhaps she was the sophisticated glamour-girl type. They put her into gold lame and draped her seductively over a chair. They darkened her eyelids, gave a fuller curve to her mouth, brought her hair closer around her cheeks and told her to look languid and alluring. This wasn't very much of an improvement, because Gail is too much the normal American girl—vital, charming and straightforward, not at all the slinking, exotic type. The role was not an expression of her own personality, so it was all wrong for her.

By 1936, the true Gail Patrick had begun to emerge. She had become more sure of herself and of her own potentialities, and had gained confidence and poise. Her brows were thinned out at the ends, her rouge was placed to accent her cheekbones, her mouth had been made fuller. Her hair was dressed to give more balance to her face, and her clothes, while tailored, were a little sober and more feminine.

Of course, all this time Gail was co-operating with them to the fullest extent, working on herself and her personality to find what was best for her and to truly express herself. Her Southern accent was so thick she didn't know the sound of the letter "r," which naturally limited the roles she could play, so Gail went to the dramatic coach of the studio, working steadily and faithfully day after day, practicing phrases endlessly until now her voice is charming and unaffected and that limiting accent gone.

So let's look at Gail today in the full flower of her beauty. She has overcome all the drawbacks of the unsophisticated, awkward girl who first came to Hollywood, wanting only to be a lawyer. Her loveliness is not a false loveliness superimposed upon her, but a reflection of the schooling she went through to develop her own personality as well as to find her true good looks. She's found the exact curve her lips (Continued on page 77)
This, like most of Pat's letters to Roberta, is undated.

DEAR Roberta:
Well, my fine-feathered friend, yours truly has had a screen test! For M-G-M! A talent scout (a man who goes around looking for people who he thinks might be good in the movies) named Al Altman fixed it up. Mother and Leota went with me up to a sort of theater in a big skyscraper and I went into a room to be made up. Others were there being made up, too. One was a strange looking girl with her hair slicked back into a sort of bun. Not very pretty, I thought, but Mr. Altman said she "has something," he thinks. Her name he said is Catherine Hepburn (yes, that's the way Pat spelled it). Margaret Sullivan, the Broadway actress, was there, too, being tested.

As for me, they dolly me all up in a swishy black dress and ultra-ultra black hat and penciled my eyebrows and painted me a new mouth and I had to do a very dramatic love scene. But it was with a boy I had never seen before and I don't think I was good at all. I ask you—how would you be in a love scene with a boy you'd never laid eyes on? Pat wrote to best friend Roberta McCoy (far left) from New York—where she took her first screen test (above) for a talent scout.

DEAREST Roberta:
Well, that screen test was n.g. At least I guess it was because Mr. Altman's secretary called and said she was sorry but the test "wasn't satisfactory." I thought maybe that meant I'd get another, but Leota said she was afraid I wouldn't. I was disappointed, but Mother says I am too young to be in the movies and there is plenty of time. But time seems to go awfully slow and I don't mind telling you I am pretty sunk, so I hope you will write soon and cheer me up.

Your n.g. playmate,

Pat

(Continued on page 76)
A glimpse into the little-known private life of a handsome Britisher whose career started with a laugh

BY CAROLINE LEJEUNE

Diving through the dark Buckinghamshire lanes to hear Robert Donat give his midnight "Citadel" broadcast to America, I sank back against the cushions and lounged and thought.

I thought, it's lucky I knew Robert Donat when, or I shouldn't be writing this article. Robert is the friendliest soul alive, but if you didn't know him when, you never really knew him.

The whole secret of the Donat success is back in those early years when he tramped the Manchester pavements and talked without any broad a's, spoke rough and lived tough like all of us who were raised in that dour North Country of cobblestones and "bally big cart horses."

It's a funny thing, when you come to think of it, what the north does for our actors.

There must be something in the smutty air of the northern factory towns, or the sleek and the rain and the hard, uncoddled childhoods, that brings out the grit and the human touch in people. We don't waste time in the north. When we think a thing, we say it. When we want a thing, we go out and get it. Our actors have learned their job in the best school of all, the school of the common people.

Look at Charles Laughton, born and bred in the Yorkshire dales. Look at Gracie Fields, a part-timer in the mills at ten.

Look at Robert Donat, speaking to the world tonight from his private study like the King at Sandringham.

As we started the long climb up the outskirts of the Chilterns, through pinewoods and larchwoods to the Donat home, I thought of the grey little street where Robert was born.

I knew that street so well. It was just around the corner from my own home. St. Paul's Road, Withington, a drab cul-de-sac behind a church in a Manchester suburb. The Donat house was the last in the row, and grimy fields, now built over, crept up to the garden.

Donat senior, who loved flowers, made the best job he could out of a few gallant rose trees struggling against the Manchester soot. There were stunted apple trees with a few green apples, and an ancient glass vinery.

The young Donats went to school by streetcar, which we in Manchester called "the tram." Their education cost them threepence a week, and the boys themselves had to bring the money. Every Monday morning the teacher rapped on his desk and called out, "Fees, please," and Robert would hand up his three pennies, wrapped in a twist of paper. No pennies, no school.

He was always a lonely little boy. He never went about in a gang, like his brothers. Sometimes he used to go scorching along the sidewalks on his tricycle, but more often he shut himself up in his room, reading, or reciting poetry out loud to himself.

He was nervous and imaginative. Often, when he was left alone in the house on winter evenings, he would listen to the rain pattering on the roof of the vinery and go into a cold sweat of terror. His brain created all sorts of bogeys. He heard Things and saw Things in the dark, but he never told anybody.

When Robert was eleven years old, his mother decided that he must take elocution lessons to get rid of his broad North-Country accent. In Lancashire and Yorkshire we say our a's short and reverse our oo and u sounds, making soot sound like sut and butter like booter.

So Robert's parents scraped the fees together somehow, and the boy was sent, after school hours, to study with a local elocution teacher.

As the lesson started, Robert's teacher, who was a tough old devil, said: "Now, Robert, he's a lucky little boy." He meant an actor.

As he grew up, Robert started to be a nearly good actor. He started to be a nearly good actor, he did. But all the time he was a nearly good actor, he was a nearly good actor. And then one day he was a nearly good actor and then one day he was a nearly good actor. And then one day he was a nearly good actor and then one day he was a nearly good actor.

(Continued on page 82)
Jim [with sword], in a blustering Mercersburg melodrama, in which another Hollywood hero, Dick Foran [at Jim's left] made his debut.

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

"WHAT's your name?"

The sleek-haired, wise-eyed senior in voluminous plus four knickerbockers regarded with mock gravity the tall, gauging boy in the tight-fitting grey suit, as he dropped his bulging suitcase on the cement walk of the broad campus.

The September sun laid golden rays on the green lawns and shining trees and sharply outlined the shadows of the Gothic and Georgian buildings that form the impressive front of Mercersburg Academy.

The tall boy met the confident, critical stare of the knickerbockered one with a wide, friendly smile that faded before the other's impersonal manner. The hand which had dropped the suitcase to stretch out in greeting, fell to his side unnoticed.

"What's your name?" the sleek-haired senior repeated. "You're new at Mercersburg, aren't you?"

"Yes. My name is Stewart—Jim Stewart."

"Where do you come from?"

"Indiana, Pa."

"Never heard of it."

"It's near Pittsburgh."

"What can you do? What are you going out for?"

"Why . . . oh . . . well . . . you see . . ." As the new boy fumbled for an answer to this unexpected question, the senior, with a final appraising look at him, moved across the campus to join a group lounging on the steps of Kell Hall.

Jim Stewart pondered that query through the rest of the afternoon, as he tacked up pennants in his new dormitory room. What had he done thus far that would contribute anything to the brisk, competitive life of a big prep school?

Life had been scored to an easy, even tempo back home in Indiana by the simple pleasures and safe adventures of a small town and the close ties of a happy, self-contained family that included Alec Stewart, his big, rangy, lovable-natured father; Beatie Stewart, his laughing, soft-voiced mother; and his two pretty younger sisters, Mary and Virginia, whom Jim had affectionately nicknamed "Doddy" and "Ginny."

Building model airplanes, perfecting radio sets, trapping muskrats, selling programs at the county fair and playing his accordion with the Boy Scout band had been the interests which had occupied Jim's boyhood until he was sixteen, and then came the family decision that was to alter the whole pitch of his quiet existence. With Princeton as the ultimate goal, Jim was to be given the helpful handicap of four years at a good prep school and was registered for entrance at Mercersburg in the fall of 1924.

And now he was, actually a part of the college-like democracy of 300 or more well-dressed, prosperous boys from all parts of the country, poured into a carefully tended mental melting pot from which issued a mold that has become standardized as the "prep school type." And none of his past performances promised to be of much value in making a place for himself in this new, challenging world so utterly different from the comfortable certainties of home.

At sixteen, popularity on a big prep school campus is an achievement to be worked for, worried over, won, above all other attainments. Jim saw that athletics were one of the certain roads to a desired standing among his new schoolmates and immediately turned out for football.

There had been no football team at the Model School back in Indiana and what experience Jim had in the game was entirely second-hand, gathered from the side lines at State Teachers' College games. It was a thrilling new adventure to report at the gymnasium, don a
blue and white jersey and heavy padded pants, handed down from some last year's varsity player, and trot out on the field to scrimmage until the autumn dusk fell over the green oval. There was a glorious sort of heroism in this game of plunging, crashing bodies that left you bruised and weary, but strangely elated and uplifted, at the end of the long afternoon.

Jim was too light to be varsity material, but with that persistency which was to mark his entire career, he kept out for football for three years and finally, in his Upper Middler fall, was rewarded with the captaincy of the third team, on which he played center. It was the only elective post Jim ever held in his school and college days, and one of his most treasured memories is the hard won 3-0 triumph over the Harrisburg Y.M.C.A. eleven, the third team's one scheduled contest.

But if he was too light for varsity football, Jim's long legs won him a place on the track squad as a hurdler and high jumper and there were other interests, other honors to be won in the various campus activities in which Jim played his full share during his four years at Mercersburg.

In the spring of his first year, Jim contributed a number of drawings to the Karuz, the school year book, and in his last three years was art editor of the annual, a post usually reserved for seniors.

He sang in the glee club and the choir, and at commencement time he was the soloist in the ceremonial step singing for which each year the seniors gather on the front steps of Main Hall to chant farewell to their Alma Mater.
He played in the orchestra of one of the two literary societies, and in his senior year he was cast in one of the leading roles of the annual production of the dramatic club, "The Wolves," a blustering melodrama of the French Revolution by Romain Rolland. For this school-boy dramatic debut, Jim donned a matted wig and an incredible mustache and swaggered through his lines with a robust confidence. In the same cast was another Mercersburg boy who later was to unlimber histrionic prowess in Hollywood, Nick Foran, now romping through Westerns as Dick Foran.

But it was Jim's accordion which really garnered him glory at Mercersburg, just as it was later to be the medium of his success at Princeton and finally the direct cause of his adopting a stage career.

In the lazy spring evenings when the dogwood and apple blossoms robed the campus in white, Jim and his "squeeze box" were the center of many a song fest on the lawn back of Keil Hall and winter nights when study hall was over, it was to Jim's room in Main the crowd would gravitate for a tuneful rollick.

At the end of his second year at Mercersburg, Jim came home for summer vacation to find that Bill Neff, his boyhood playmate, now a senior at the Indiana High School, had acquired a new hobby. From a mail-order house, Bill had obtained a book on magic and already he was quite accomplished in a number of illusions.

Jim was intrigued with the venture and was promptly pressed into service as Bill's assistant. A benefit show was to be held in the high-school auditorium in August to raise money for the Boy Scout band and Bill was asked to headline with his magic act.

For weeks the two boys worked tirelessly, building stage properties, escape trunks and all the other paraphernalia of a magician's outfit. "Ginny," Jim's younger sister, was recruited as a stooge to be sawed in two or mysteriously raised from a table, and the act was rehearsed day and night until the little troupe felt they could have challenged Thurston to a tournament in legerdemain.

"The benefit show was a huge success," recalls Virginia, "and Jim and Bill decided to widen the sphere of their stage activities. For the remainder of the summer they made excursions to near-by towns to perform their act.

"Bill had a shrewd sense of showmanship and every appearance in these neighboring towns was ballyhooed with a professional vigor. A few hours before the performance was scheduled, Jim would station himself at the busiest corner of the town and begin playing his accordion. When a sufficient crowd had collected, Bill would have himself strapped into a strait jacket and then hoisted, suspended by his feet, on a crane high over the street. Dangling by his feet, Bill would stage a Roudini-like escape from the strait jacket that was guaranteed to start word-of-mouth publicity percolating through the town and attract a large audience to their show.

"As the boys got an increasing number of engagements, Bill added new stunts to the act until he was giving a very creditable show. The challenge of mastering more and more difficult illusions fascinated Neff and by the time he left college, his career was established. Today he is one of the better-known professional magicians in the East.

"When Jim went home to Indiana for Christmas last year and was prevailed upon by the local theater manager to make a personal appearance, he agreed only on the condition that Bill Neff be engaged and Jim assume again his old role of assistant and stooge. To make the occasion memorable, Bill arranged for Jim to be inducted into the International Brotherhood of Magicians at the conclusion of the performance."

(Continued on page 84)
EVEN the Irish are going Oriental! Geraldine Fitzgerald, new and bright little star in Warner Brothers' heaven, who won her spurs after her sensitive performances in "Dark Victory" and "Wuthering Heights," looks deeply into Photoplay's fashion crystal and sees you, herself and all smart women going Oriental for Fall! Wonderful way to work magic with your basic black dress! Your head swathed, like hers, in a Maharajah's turban of hand-blocked red and green silk surah, cinched with a giant gilded safety pin paved with pearls! Your neck hung, like hers, with heavy ropes of golden beads. Copy the matching bracelet wound around her wrist and—for good measure—wear dangle earrings that jingle like a Hindu dancing girl's. Now look into the crystal with Miss Fitzgerald and you'll see yourself carrying a draped suede dressmaker bag (top crystal) hung like a knapsack from glistening black bracelet handles. You will add gobs of jewelry to your simplest dresses, like the gold bead necklace (center crystal, left) of glittering dangles, golden medallions and a giant beaded tassel; or the nine-strand golden necklace (center) with a dripping, fringed tassel; or the twin strands (right) of silver tubes like Persian melons, with make-believe ruby and emerald and sapphire rondelles. Your gloves (bottom crystal) will be longer, worn crushed around your wrists and garnished with a wide, wide silver bracelet fit for a Maharanee. Your accessories may look heavy, but on you they'll be as light as a feather. You'll see!

All Oriental loot from Macy's, New York
artist on a radio broadcast and Lola went along to see how she did. Seated in the audience, Lola heard a couple of women whispering behind her.

"Priscilla Lane has on a string of pearls, now," one of them said. "I’ll bet hers were never stolen at all. I’ll bet she was just after publicity."

When Barbara turned in her seat and put her straight. "Hers were, too, stolen!" she hissed. "She’s wearing Mother’s pearl!"

Well, she was. The earrings made faces at Lola and, with no uncertain gestures, tried to make her to be quiet. Everyone else looked at her disapprovingly. But she only sat there, glowing.

"Well, I don’t care what people say about me, but it makes me furious to see ‘em go after Pat,” she said, afterward. "Pat never told a lie in her life!"

John Public Discovers

IT’S a funny thing about the general public... Or maybe it is only human. Anyway, something kind of interesting is going on at 20th Century-Fox. As you may have noticed, 20th Century is given to pushing newsmen hard. They’ll get someone they believe in and the sky’s the limit for the build-up. Remember June Lang and more particularly, Simone Simon? They got an advance publicity as Greta Garbo did when she was to talk on the screen for the first time. Then, John Public, having a mind of his own—even being a little perverse, maybe, about having these unknowns crammed down his throat, so to speak—got stubborn. He wouldn’t take. June Lang for what 20th Century said she was worth and he wouldn’t take Simone Simon... No particular reason, just wouldn’t, that’s all.

And so 20th Century got wise. When it found some more new star material, it went a little easier on ’em. Ty Power wasn’t given the build-up June and Simone were, nor Don Ameche, either. And look at ‘em now.

And also, look at Dick Greene! He is, in fact, the real moral to this story. We happen to know that 20th Century had a hankering of him, so it brought him over from England. He had already tops up over there. But what did it do? Practically nothing. Dick received merely the average build-up.

He was put in average roles. No particular attention was called to him at all until... Just the other day, a survey of fan mail told a strange story. It told that, of all the stars at 20th Century-Fox (except Shirley Temple), Dick Greene gets the most fan mail! You see, the public has ‘discovered’ him, itself, which makes him the public’s own fair-haired boy... All of which should constitute a good tip to all movie producers, we think.

Silence versus Talkies

HOLLYWOOD is interested in watching the developments of two marriages. Need I say the Tyrone Powers and Robert Taylor are the objects of interest? It’s this way—before their marriage, Bob and Barbara Stanwyck were noted for their silent dates. Dining in public, the two would sit, each absorbed in his own silent screen, exchanging only a few words during the entire course of the evening. Whether this was a silence born of mutual understanding or whether they simply had nothing to say and

HOW DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check the Correct Answers on Page 78

G R A D E yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don’t keep up, with Hollywood in its interviewing, then later retracted and she had been mis-

1. This virile actor made his stage debut in 'The Taming of the Shrew':
   - Humphrey Bogart
   - Laurence Olivier
   - Spencer Tracy

2. Two of these actors began their movie careers as extras:
   - Charles Boyer
   - James Stewart
   - Daniel Gildenbrand

3. This tempestuous star made news in all the papers when she passed Hollywood in an interview; later retracted and she had been mis-

4. The histrionic marriage of this couple has finally, after many reconciliations, ended in divorce:
   - Errol Flynn, Lili Damita
   - Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone
   - Stan Laurel, Effie Yeates
   - Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young

5. In her early vaudeville days, this actress twirled a lariat and imitated a Texas cow-bell, on the London stage:
   - Binnie Barnes
   - Barbara Stanwyck
   - Ann Sheridan
   - Joan Blondell

6. He was the dispatch rider for Michael Collins, leader of the Irish revolution:
   - Watling
   - Patricia Morison
   - Binnie Barnes
   - Barbara Stanwyck

7. This picture set a world’s record for gross returns:
   - The Singing Fool
   - The Gold Rush
   - The Ten Commandments
   - Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

8. She won her very first movie, 'The Taming of the Shrew', Barbara Stanwyck

9. A film popularity poll in South America recently voted this actress, currently working in the picturization of a famous stage play, as the most popular star:
   - Sonja Henie
   - Claudette Colbert
   - Norma Shearer
   - Norma Shearer

10. The National Safety Council awarded this actor a plaque for 500,000 miles of safe driving:
    - Charlie Chaplin
    - Dick Powell
    - Willard Waterstone
    - Walter Connolly

11. She is the wife of John Payne:
    - Jean Arthur
    - Lucille Ball
    - Anne Shirley
    - Ginger Rogers

12. “Flying Down to Rio,” was this top star’s first film success:
    - Robert Taylor
    - Cary Grant
    - Tyrone Power
    - Fred Astaire

13. After twenty-five years of being one of the leading comics of the screen, this actor, who is also producing a comedy for KKO-Radio:
    - Harold Lloyd
    - Buster Keaton
    - Charlie Chaplin
    - Oliver Hardy

14. This singing star owns the largest pouter collection in Hollywood and is an amateur sculptor as well:
    - Allan Jones
    - George Arliss
    - Joe E. Brown
    - Nelson Eddy

15. The sons of two of these stars are following in their fathers’ footsteps and rapidly rising to fame on the screen as leading men:
    - John Wayne
    - George Arliss
    - Joe E. Brown
    - Nelson Eddy

16. When this actor’s return to Hollywood and the screen was delayed by illness, Charles Morris replaced him in his role in “Thunder Aloft”:
    - Ricardo Cortez
    - William Powell
    - Francis T. Peabody
    - Dick Powell

17. He’s hard to believe that, this lovely actress was once a schoolteacher:
    - Greer Garson
    - Pat O’Brien
    - Joan Bennett
    - Madeleine Carroll

18. Two of these men gave up their acting careers to become movie directors:
    - Norman Foster
    - Henry King
    - Lee Tracy
    - Leslie Felton

19. Two of these stars came to Hollywood from Montana:
    - James Stewart
    - Myrna Loy
    - Gary Cooper
    - Olivia de Havilland

20. Sigma Chi fraternity elected her their 1939 sweetheart because her "risable lips":
    - Mary Healy
    - Joan Crawford
    - Dorothy Lamour
    - Luanna Young

Mary Healy of New Orleans—whom sings a merry tune in 20th Century-Fox’s film, "Second Fiddle" didn’t say it, no one knows. But, nevertheless, there they are.

Tyrone Power and Annabella, on the other hand, were the most-absorbed-in-one-couple in town. Their heads were always together, as they ex-

New which type of couple is better prepared for matrimony and journey? That’s the problem that’s intriguing the interest of Hollywood these days and one, alas, that only time can answer.

Cal’s New Personality of the Month

She’s redheaded with tumbleweed locks that frolic above the greesnest eyes in town. A devastating combination in any language. Her name is Greer (get a load of that) Garson. She’s English, dreads to wear a red dress with that red hair, and has every man in town right on his ear. Has stolen the local thunder (at least) from Hedy Lamarr and will win national huzhahs for her role as the lovely, understanding wife of Mr. Ocean—though like him struck and talks like one. Wears a jade ring on her little finger that matches her eyes (on purpose, if you ask me) and lives with her mother in a small Beverly Hills house. But with a garden, re-

What? Unbelievable. Lived in Hollywood for a while on Main Street and alone (what’s the matter with this town?) without mak-

Misses “X”

ALL eyes in the “cinemah” village are tuned with interest these days on Hol-

Hollywood’s two most popular bachelors—one a man who had he isn’t (two) and David Niven.

And without reason does feminine Hollywood wear that anxious gleam in her eye. It’s like, according to the maxim, coming events cast their shadows before, and mildly fancy a slight overcasting of the sun in your direction.

In Hollywood, there is that repeated rumor that Davey has already chosen his lady fair—in a young society man from:

England. Her name, we discover, is Miss Jacqueline Dyer and she is now on her second visit to Hollywood in a few very months. What’s more, Davey seems anxious to throw a smoke screen around his lady love—Miss Dyer by re-

Orlando Caster! which to the various members of his picture, “The Real Glory,” under a different name each time.

To Gary Cooper, for instance, Miss Dyer may be Miss Brown and to Andrea Leeds, Miss Dyer may suddenly become Miss Dyer.

All this, Hollywood feels sure is merely a camouflage to confuse his friends, due to their being a many young women in bachelor Niven’s life, whereas there is actually only one.

This week, Daven, in the open, expressed his dislike for (Continued on page 68)
ANY GIRL WHO REALLY WANTS TO CAN WIN ROMANCE

MADELEINE CARROLL
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "AIR RAID"

"Lovely skin wins hearts, so be careful about Cosmetic Skin —use Lux Toilet Soap as I do"

CLEVER GIRLS take Madeleine Carroll's advice. Foolish to let pores become choked because you don't remove dust and dirt, stale cosmetics thoroughly. Foolish to risk dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores: Cosmetic Skin. Use cosmetics all you like, but remove them thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather. Lovely screen stars use this gentle soap regularly. It helps keep skin soft, smooth—appealing.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

IS YOUR SKIN THE KIND THAT WINS ROMANCE?
himself for not being married. He frankly states it would be nice if he were. Now, a certain very close friend of Jimmy’s insists the lad will only lose his heart to a nonprofessional and at this very moment another young lady, (name unknown) from that spot vaguely known as “back East,” is now in Hollywood and is engaging the entire attention of bachelor Stewart during his few free hours, which aren’t many, heavens knows.

So, with two very personable young ladies from out of town absorbing the interest of Davey and Jimmy, no wonder the girls of Hollywood are wide-eyed with apprehension.

And, if anything should happen in the way of heels peeling and rice popping, don’t say we didn’t come right off and hint the fact ahead of time.

Trivia de Luxe

JOAN CRAWFORD has a new short haircut and loathes it. Can’t wait for it to grow long again.

Garbo has the same old long bob and loathes it. Can’t wait for Gullaroff, M-G-M’s hair stylist, to whack it off.

ZeSu Pitts will once again attempt a serious role in “Nurse Edith Cavell.” Her one attempt at drama, as the mother in “All Quiet on the Western Front,” landed in the scrap heap when the preview audience tittered.

More tears, this time, please.

On Thursday night, (midnight out) Bride Hedé Lamarr and Groom Gene Markey go right from the studio to Café Lamaze for dinner. When Hedé’s beauty attracts too much attention, the waiter merely places a huge bowl of ice, pyramid shape, before Hedé’s face.

The cutest thing in town behind an ice cakel

The romance between Vivien Leigh (Scarlet O’Hara) and Laurence Olivier (Herbstil! of “Wuthering Heights”) goes right on, although Olivier is in New York playing with Katharine Cornell. The telephone lines are kept busy between the two despite the distance.

The pair that persisted in cracking peanut shells in a little North Hollywood theater last week, right in the midst of the love scenes, are herewith about to be punished. So you sit over in that corner with your face to the wall, Barbara Stanwyck, and off to the corner for you, Bob Taylor. David Niven’s illustration of utter stupidity: the old maid who let down the wall bed and then looked to see if a man were hiding under it.

What’s in a Name?

We heard this with our own ears, so we know it’s true! When Hedé Lamarr first appeared in Hollywood, it was most difficult to remember the names of all the newspaper photographers and who to return them to. It had been impressed upon her that these names were very important and that she must remember them. But, try as she might, she was always putting them confused, and to this day she still calls Photographers’ camaman, Hyman Fink, by the very quaint nom de plume of “Finky High.”

Juvenile Sophisticate

The awkward age—bagaboo of all child stars—never caught up with Jackie Cooper, screen’s busiest juvenile. His mother, resigning herself to it when Jackie left M-G-M, enrolled him in Beverly Hills High, where he immediately got on the football team and the band and became one of the “gang.”

The freedom lasted three weeks. Monogram hired Jackie for one picture and they fired him for six. The picture, “White Bananas,” “That Certain Age,” in which Jackie played Deanna Durbin’s first love, followed by “Blackmail,” in which C. Aubrey Smith showed the little “champ” in better and better form. If seventeen-year-old Jack is all angles at this film, the casual observer wouldn’t know it.

His mother lets him wear the funniest tweeds and sweaters —such as a bowler hat—so the illusion of maturity is pretty complete. He has as much fun as a normal kid. One huge room at the house is his for what he likes—a soft drink bar, a latter food of all foods at all hours, an open fireplace, game tables, an orchestra stand. Jackie can bring his friends home any time, and he does.

His swing orchestra, an amazing aggregation, of six adolescents and instrumentalists, whom he calls the “Clambake Cats,” rehearse twice a week there. His parents are so imbued to swing, they can chat gayly along despite all halting break-ling.

The Old Order Changeth

He has been known as the “Male Garbo of Hollywood,” at least to the press boys. But he’s come out of hiding at last. He has done a complete change of face. He now appears at popular clubs and cafes, and he smiles nicely and kitily for our eagle-eyed reporters. Yes, that is the magic which matrimony has wrought as far as Ronald Colman is concerned, and, as our own Hyman Fink puts it, “I don’t blame him for smiling, for Benita Hume Colman is one of our most attractive women.”

More Trivia

PENNY SINGLETON can skate—all of course, and she finds much pleasure in the sport. Her name is also known to many people as Sandy Henrie, for Sandy is a pianist of professional cal-

The fascinating Garbo has actually stolen the spotlight from the beautiful Dietrich. All eyes swing their direction when the pair walk into cafes and night clubs to-gether. But there is something so compelling in the face of Marlene, something between bitterness and loneliness that every eyefastens itself on that face, forgetting the beautiful woman at his side.

This said, because of his books, the German will not return to his native land but remain in Hollywood to con-tinue his writing.

Even his name spells mystery and intrigue. It’s really Kramer which, when spelled backwards becomes Remarque.

Yes, he’s the man of the hour in Holly-

What a story and proceed, and of course, the young one disc-ar-ded and on his first free Sunday, Gary was off with Mrs. Cooper on his first jaun-

Monday morning, the car was back in its usual spot outside the set door.

“Well, how did it go?” a friend asked.

“Oh, swell.” Cooper said. “There’s only one thing, though. I only get eleven miles to the gallon, now. Guess I’ll have to tear the whole thing down again.”

He couldn’t have been happier.

Cal Reflects:

Just as the world outside the cinema colony focusses its attention on a visiting star in their midst, so does Hollywood bestow intense interest on a visiting celebrity in their midst.

The man of the hour in Hollywood today is Erich Maria Remarque, author of “All Quiet on the Western Front” and “The Road Back.” The fascinating Garbo has actually stolen the spotlight from the beautiful Dietrich. All eyes swing their direction when the pair walk into cafes and night clubs together. But there is something so compelling in the face of Marlene, something between bitterness and loneliness that every eye fastens itself on that face, forgetting the beautiful woman at his side.

The said, because of his books, the German will not return to his native land but remain in Hollywood to continue his writing.

Even his name spells mystery and intrigue. It’s really Kramer which, when spelled backwards becomes Remarque.

Yes, he’s the man of the hour in Hollywood today, stirring the pulse of every woman who looks his way.
Both thrilled over the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care they can give their skin today

QUESTION:
Mrs. Drexel, how do you ever find time to keep your skin so smooth and glowing?

ANSWER:
"It takes no time at all. To get my skin really clean and fresh, I just cream it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. Now that it contains Vitamin A, I have an added reason for using it! Then to smooth little roughnesses away, I put a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—one application does it."

QUESTION:
Why do you think it is important to have Vitamin A in your cold cream?

ANSWER:
"Because it's the 'skin-vitamin'-skin without enough Vitamin A gets rough and dry. So I'm glad I can give my skin an extra supply of this important 'skin-vitamin' with each Pond's creaming."

QUESTION:
Don't sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:
"Not when I protect it with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Just one application smooths little roughnesses right away."

QUESTION:
Would you say that using two creams keeps make-up flattering—longer lasting?

ANSWER:
"Yes, indeed. My make-up always has more sparkle when I cleanse and soften my skin first with Pond's Cold Cream. And Pond's Vanishing Cream gives it an even finish—then powder clings for hours."

QUESTION:
What steps do you take to keep your make-up glamorous all evening?

ANSWER:
"Before I go out on a date, I get my skin good and clean with Pond's Cold Cream. That makes it soft, too. Then I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream so my skin takes make-up evenly—holds powder longer."

"Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

Sunday Afternoon Canoe Trip—Blanche flashes a winning smile at her admiring escort as he talks to her across the paddle.

After the Movies—Blanche says a lingering "good night" on the front steps. She and her sister share small apartment in Washington.
again and started being smart. He suggested that they start a social security act for future Veteran Fans. The President said it was a great idea, and he'll do better make the first contribution. Naturally he couldn't back down so it cost him five bucks. That'll learn him to waste time.

The meeting adjourned to the dining room for refreshments.

It's amazing how many relatives turn up when Dot's a Wedding Fair. This summer is going to be terrific and Barb and I would like to get away from it all to some desert or a wild canyon (adire). Send the petition to Betty 10 days ago, air mail. Haven't heard from her yet.

Have we heard a single answer to questionnaires and the treasury is growing. We need several members from Hollywood itself who can keep an eye on the private lives of stars and keep us posted. Naturally we need people with tact, who can make themselves inconspicuous but who have enough money to get inside places. We are considering advertising.

We think Wayne Morris and Bubbles ought to have a baby and we're going to write them. We aren't going to phone as a say in the selection of Carole Lombard's clothes off the set so we are going to clip ads and send them to her with suggestions.

Would like to run an article in our mag called "The Truth about Shirley Temple's" but I'm far less earthed by a thing. The secy sent out notices to our members to send in letters about Betsy. We hope to have 25 or 30 for color and the pro letters. Have to work on Mops to get her to give me the sewing room for an advertising board beginning to look as if it's a couple of cyclones had an argument in it.

We are watching over the Fayre—Martin marriage. We kept our eyes on him when he was alone in New York but couldn't discover a thing to wire her.

Pops says we ought to see that McCan's in the interest of the privacy of the Bergen-St. Germaine combine, because a dummy-in-law cannot make a good egg. If it's any consolation to serious, I'd admit that was slightly funny.

AM frantic. Don't know what to do. Yesterday went with Dot to a new woman as Esmeralda has left the Los Angeles. This one starts out with tea leaves and for fifty cents more uses numerology and astrology. She is simply wonderful and told us both things that nobody could possibly guess, like Dot's boy friend coming from across the water (he lives in Staten Island) and my having a gift for writing. We wore our ten cent store wedding rings, but she knew at once we weren't married. She described Henry perfectly and said I was absorbed in some one a great distance away, and that I would take an uninteresting journey. Then she looked in the cup and said "I see a B and a D." Dot and I nearly passed out, for naturally we didn't want to give anything away and just said "Yes," noncommittally. Then she said, this person is close to you. He is a marriage. There is a ring."

"Go on," I said, scarcely able to breathe. She said there wasn't any money in the cup, but there was plenty in the stars which she could tell me for fifty cents. She said numerology and astrology were more scientific than tea leaves. So Dot and I pooled

"A Cause"—and Effect

(Continued from page 17)

and gave it to her, and she went on. First she asked me the birthday of this B.D. and I told her April 5. She wrote it down carefully and let me see the numbers.

"She's an Aries," she said, but perfectly respectfully. "She must be careful of her heart. There will be a WEDU for her in children from 4 to 12. (I thanked the stars that Pamela was 13.) She must avoid accidents. She will be very successful but she must keep up your engagements when the stars are right. She should be careful of her diet."

"I tried," I said, "but to her marriage..."

"I see an obstacle," she said. "I note Saturn's transit of his 7th equilibrium house. Tell her to beware. Perhaps she'd better come in for a reading."

"She can," said Dot. "She's three thousand miles away."

"I see a career for her if marriage doesn't interfere." Dot and I kicked each other under the table, and I made up my mind something drastic had to be done.

When we left we went straight to a telegraph office. We felt there wasn't a moment to lose. Sent the following:

MISS BETTE DAVIS
LAUREL CANYON, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
A V O I D A C C I D E N T S.
D O N T M A T C H U P S.
D O N T T R U S T A N Y B O D Y.
LETTER FOLLOWS.
PLEASE READ.
"GUIDING STARS, LTD.
Have to go to the Fair again.
No word from Bette. Sent another wire."

"Say no word. Wired her club in Columbus. Went to Fair."

No word. Wired her mother. Hadn't seen Barb for three days. Feel low...

HELEN DAMNATION! Of all things! Holy broiled mackerel!

Barbara is engaged! To Kissie die Hand. I'm heartbroken, but she'll never know. A girl who was brought up on Child Psychology will never, never get along with a foreigner who is not only dictatorial, but very bossy. But our friendship will always be the same, but I feel a change already.

Dot is a swell gal, but isn't Barb. She married a Swede.

He didn't even buy her a new engagement ring but gave her an old one that was his mother's. What ever happens in the future, I shall stand by her. It's a secret on acct. of her being so young and his not having a job.

But that isn't all. Dot and I hadn't told her about Madame Kemp and the tea leaves, on acct of her being a skeptic, but finally we told her yesterday.

"B.D. is also Barbara Drew," she said.

"Do you think she could have meant me?"

Dot and I nearly passed out not only, but on. We remembered all the things she had said about the ring, the diet and being careful and they could all apply to Barb as well as Bette.

I decided to send a teletype call and called Western Union.

BETTE DAVIS
LAUREL CANYON
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
D IS R E G A R D A L L FORMER COMMUNICATIONS.
N E E D S A S S U R E D.
D O N T D I E R. D I E R. S O R R Y.
GUIDING STARS, INC.

The rest is history.

PHOTOPLAY
**Do your lips DRY?**

...then try this **New Lipstick**

Here's news from the motion picture world... a new and original lip make-up creation by Max Factor, Hollywood. It's Tru-Color Lipstick!...and it has these four amazing features which every woman wants in the perfect lipstick.

1. lifelike red of your lips
2. non-drying, but indelible
3. safe for sensitive lips
4. eliminates lipstick line

There's a thrill in store for you when you try this new kind of lip make-up... you'll discover that this new Hollywood glamour secret is truly remarkable. Remember the name... Max Factor's Tru-Color Lipstick.

Max Factor
Hollywood

**Powder...in New Color Harmony Shades**

To give your skin new beauty, Max Factor, Hollywood, has created new color harmony shades having a luscious warmth of color that is positively enchanting. Satin-smooth in texture, Max Factor's Powder really stays on... $1

**Rouge...Flattering Lifelike Colors**

Do you realize that the right shade of rouge will do wonders in accenting the color appeal of your type? You'll note the difference when you make up with your color harmony shade of Max Factor's Rouge. Creamy-smooth, it blends perfectly... 50c

---

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY.

Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

Send Purse Size Box of Powder, Rouge, Sampler and illustrated Color Harmony Chart.

Enclose $1.00 in money order.

NAME:

STREET:

CITY:

STATE:

AUGUST, 1939
Young in Heart

(Continued from page 29)

don't ask me why) should be withheld from the public—as follows:
He was born in London, England, on November 18, 1886.
He's fifty-one years old (that isn't what awful?"
And he was educated at Shorncliffe in Dorset, and wherever the Great went to
school, University College, London. He had nothing in which he could high school, or a Century monk's
cell below ground level. He's tried to keep up dates (with many amusing results, it
was only eight when he left
school. His health seemed to demand
the change. He hated and loathed every
minute of it and was probably the
measiest snip of a snipe ever to enter a
classroom.
He earned his first money, three
pence, for singing in the school choir
and sixpence for singing in the chapel
choir. And was overpaid on all counts, if you ask me.
His father was a well-to-do and well-
known architect, who had hoped that
Roland would follow him in his profes-
sion. But the boy flunking out on his examinations, his parents suspected something was amiss.
They decided to probe the thing to the
bottom, and wakened him into his bedroom (Rol-
land was in bed with tonsillitis), they put it to him.

He could bring himself to murmur the dreadful word "actor" his
mother, who had been regarding her property quizzically, exploded a bomb-
shell.
"I think," she said, "he wants to be a cowtown.
Hi Ho, Rolla!
"
After that, becoming an actor was
suggested, his father sent him off
to Tree Dramatic School for a try at it.

After a tour of the provinces in a stock company (note those English provinces must suffer), he landed on
the London stage and has been fascinating audiences on both sides of the Atlantic ever since.
He's a naturalized American and makes a swell pot of tea.
He was usually seen talking about his
penguin collection any more. Feels it's
been done over, but has a grand assort-
ment. He just let him to tell you about the one from Spain, sometime.
It will kill you.

He never intrudes his whimsicalities on
other people. One has to stumb over them before they're discovered. Like
his three-foot key chain. If you ask
about it, he'll be only too delighted to
drag from the depths of his pocket (it
must be specially made) this yard-long
key chain upon one end of which is
fastened a tiny nest of keys. Spread
along the floor it looks like an encic
rattler too relaxed to spring. Mr. Young
explains he never likes to open a door
while practically on top of it. The long
chain gives him plenty of room to avoid
crowding. Provided he doesn't trip over
it. He usually trips over it.
There's something funny about him
and watches, too. He wears a watch on
each wrist and one somewhere in the
middle. He likes to know what time it is
all over.
He paints a green ink in a green
fountain pen which are the only two things
about him that ever match. Simply be-
causes. That one day in a pearl-gray suit, a burgundy shirt, blue
tie and white flower, we demanded (what a stunt got into our minds)
in sex.
"Sex, like the poor, is always with
us," he shrugged. "Besides, I was born
during Queen Victoria's reign, so I'm
allergic to sex.

As a comic says, "That ain't the
way I heard it."
He isn't a bachelor or an Elk or a
Deputy Sheriff. And yet there's some-
things faintly (oh, very faintly) known
of all three about the man. I can't
explain it, really.
He has twinkles in both eyes (both,
mind you) that are magnified by his
spectacles. He wears them off screen,
both the colored and ordinary, with
the strangest consequences.

"You heard about the upper lip?
Mr. Young's, I mean? That's the
feature that puts the H in Hades for all
little writers, for you see, even if Mr.
Young were inclined to be loquacious
(which he isn't), it's next to impossible
to understand all he says, simply be-
cause he so seldom moves his upper lip
while talking. It has a mustache on it,
too, but this has nothing to do with its
innovability. I asked both a doctor
and a barber (and once I said some-
things about it to a brush salesman)
and they all agreed that the mustache
was incidental. Probably (it's only a
guest of course) in his youth some
kindly soul admonished Mr. Young to
keep a stiff upper lip and he has taken
the advice literally. It has paid him
well, for radio comics, so called, make
much of it when Mr. Young makes a
guest appearance on their programs.
Its effects on writers are far reaching.
"I like Gosomoso better than Dick-
ens," he informs the interviewer.
"I beg your pardon," says the writer,
spread believing this to be the most eloquent
form of inquiry.
"I like (this time it sounds like Un-
cleSammassadissam) better than Dick-
ens," repeats Mr. Young.

The writer makes no comment.
Naturally. She's left higher and dryer than
two kites. Too, it hardly seems quite
polite for even ladies to suggest that
one's dainty ears cannot make a good-
dam bit of sense out of the remark
and that, years and years hence, she may
walk up the night faced with the
knowledge that undoubtedly she will
ter Eternity, never knowing whom
Mr. Young preferred to Dickens. That's
a pretty devastating thought in any
woman's life and can, as she reaches the
middle years, seriously affect her whole
mechanism. Throwing glands and things
off balance, as it were.

As a final touch, the thought may
arise that Mr. Young is merely having
fun and has resorted to a sort of double
talk to confuse the not-so-well-read
interviewer.

Any psychiatrist will tell you this
could easily result in a broody complex
that could affect one's whole mental
and social outlook on life. Personally,
as I prefer to be glandularly rather
than mentally sick, it seems to me to
attribute my inability to interpret Mr. Young's literary preference to his upper lip
and let the whole thing rest with that.

His design for working is the envy
of every actor in the business. It's been
going on for years and somewhere along
the line, if it slips a cog, Mr. Young
doesn't even have to stop to count.
A certain number of months each year are
spent in Hollywood, making pictures.
A certain period of time, usually during
late spring through early summer, is
spent in London, again making pictures
or resting. Autumn finds him in New
York, often starring in a stage play. His
plays including, "Good Gracious, Anna-
Belle, the Other Hand on the "Rolls
Wild Ost," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"
and "The Queen's Husband," all
riotously successful, are tests of his New
York end of the program.

He seldom attends the movies and
is frankly outspoken concerning his own
pictures. "The Young in Heart" he
thought was adult and amusing. "Yes,
My Darling Daughter" offended his
moral sense in that it merely implied
indiscussion rather than decently as-
serting it. This besting behind the bush
with sex on the screen Mr. Young de-
clares "dirty" and, until one has heard
Mr. Young's English inflection used on
the word "dirty" one hasn't really lived.
The Topper series he enjoys, as
well he may, and he declares himself
happy with "Heaven on a B. S. Linen.
His latest. As the slim Ursica Hep.
in "David Copperfield," the man proved
himself an actor who would have
been the heart of Dickens himself.
No matter whom Mr. Young prefers.

He's in constant demand on radio
program for interpretation of an Eng-
lish sport's announcer which convulses
American listeners. He never listens
to the radio, except to good music.

Never, he insists, has he heard an
American call himself an "Amurrican"
as we do, and nor has he ever heard an
Englishman say "fawncly" (as we love to think they do).

The funniest thing that ever hap-
pened to him happened in Philadelphia, which
makes it all the funnier. Mr. Young
was going to make a speech there, and
during the run of the play was in-
vited to a home for tea. Stepping into the
living room, Mr. Young's foot came
in contact with a polar bear which was
quite dead, and zip went Mr. Young
on the floor. Nothing but the floor.
He was about sixty. En route he sped a
tea wagon and clutching it like mad, the
tea wagon joined in the disgraceful
journey which terminated at the feet
of the dumbfounded hostess, who stood
gazing down at Little Mr. Young, snug
as a bug in his rug, with tea things ter-
sted in all directions.

The consensus of opinion among
more women and children is that Mr. Young is a "real character." We think,"
woman say everywhere, "he's the
cutest thing I've ever laid my eyes on
and he must be a perfect scream to
know." In the face of all this, I must in all
honesty reveal that Mr. Young is not the
most辰est in the world, nor is he, to me at least, a perfect scream.
For be it known, Mr. Young is probably interested in thought, and most tolerant of men.

He has my vote for Hollywood's greatest intimate, because of his
knowledge of so many things and his
wide circle of friends, in Hollywood, in
New York, in London and that, among
those who do things. And yet his so-
phistication bears a root that probe deep
below the surface and opens up layers of
wisdom and understanding to the
wealth of all worthwhile things. A
keen knowledge of the value of simple
things. He likes people who are genu-
ine. From all walks and degrees of life
they come to give him pleasure in thought and in actual feel, they take
away from him in heaped-up measure. W. C. Fields, Deems Taylor,
Pat and Joe sister writers, asking for
their thinkers, just people, go into the con-
struction of his inner plan for living in
telligently.

He is an amazing person, not just be-
cause his work is such a delight to be-
hold, but that he goes inward and deep
in even greater proportion to his tre-
prehensile outward cleverness.

Of course, he brings the "perfect
scream thing" on himself and can blame
no one but himself. Not that he would
have it otherwise, we believe. For ex-
ample, the last time we saw Mr. Young,
our interview over, heaven help us both,
he was sitting quietly with pad and
paper.

"We will ignore it," we said to our-
sehnes. "We'll pay no attention. We'll
just ignore it.

We couldn't quite make it. We had
it to take one peep over his shoulder.
As he saw the sheet, we could see he
was drawing a polka-dotted elephant re-
esting ecstatically on its neck, its four
feet extended upward.

We got away from there in a hurry.
As far as we know, he is still sitting
there, joyfully drawing pictures of bees
and elephants, and just the right of-
poses. Or at least we wouldn't put it past
him.

PHOTOPLAY
PHOTOPLAY

INVITES YOU TO SEE

"I'll Tell The World"

A REAL LIFE COMEDY-DRAMA

featuring

PATRICIA MURRAY—the Liberty Girl
and a cast of Hollywood Stars

JED PROUTY  FRANK ALBERTSON
MAUCH TWINS (Billy and Bobby)
MARILYN KNOWLEDEN  BETTY ROSS CLARKE
MICHAEL BLAIR  ETHELREDA LEOPOLD
CLEM BEVANS  BYRON FOLGER
Directed by LYNN SHORES

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enjoyment in the beautiful Macfadden lobby

COMMUNICATIONS BUILDING
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR – 1939

AUGUST, 1939
Mrs. Tyrone Power

(Continued from page 24)

She can cook good plain food, but doesn’t particularly care to. And says so, an undertaking for a few hours. Ah! There’s her passion. In one little corner of their extensive grounds she planned and sewed her own clothing. Thought and care. I’m telling you this to show her lack of temper.)

As she was going to go to her moth-er’s one evening, Annabella called down to Ty, to please turn the sprinkler on her flowers. Bit of a mood when they got back. She laughed at the look of chagrin on Ty’s face.

"Let it dry and I will begin over again with a better garden," she said, without a word of complaint.

But then, as I always say, look what let you get muddy.

Her eyes are amazingly alive. They’re brown, too, which contrasts favorably with her blonde hair. But they imme-

diately arrest the attention for the lively intelligence they register—a shining awareness of all that goes on around her. She has read more American novels than most American girls, knows our people, and understands their faults and our thinkers. But—and here’s something, lasies—with all her intellige-

necy, she wears them on her lips. A tantalizing, devastating pout. Now we’re getting places.

THE two outstanding things about her that I think would interest a man and hold that interest are her healthy vitality and her sense of humor.

She has a vein about her that makes her lazier, more indolent sisters look like fools. It’s called Annabella the drowsing drainpipe. At this same party I had noted the trim figure of her in her blue slacks and white shirt. There’s a little girl in her, a backwoodsman.

"Oh, Miss Annabella," I cried, “you almost scored the pa—" I was going to say "payoff," but I was afraid to be reined in time. I discovered later that she’d have loved the idea of the pants.)

"I can make him do anything I say tonight," she said, nodding at Ty.

“Make him think I’m wonderful," I suggested.

"In the marble game I gave him for his birthday, I had highest score tonight and you know me, I never get over 600, 800, 900. But I won tonight, and the bet was he would do anything I asked. So I made him come in white tie and tails," she grinned, "but I didn’t.”

"There," said a guest (a director, by the way), looking at Annabella (as if all the men didn’t most of the evening), “is my idea of a man’s woman. She has vital, genuine vitality and it’s healthy, good looks without artificiality. But, with all it, she has a certain femi-

nine quality. A gentleness that no man could resist. She is feminine, but she isn’t a man’s woman. And why Ty Power is the luckiest dog in town.”

I’m telling you what you told me. Of course, this refreshing liveliness could be attributed to the fact that Annabella and her mother live in the only one of all their houses, the 14th, with flags waving and guns boomin-

She has the talent for lending a feel-

ing of adventure to even the little thing that comes her way. For instance, at their wedding presents, in their colorful

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The Landingarium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of tuberculous has been taken over at the Macfadden Foundation. The list of its scientific medical procedures, can be secured here in the treatment for all stages of this dread disease.

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The Macfadden Centennial, an annual celebration of free and democratic activities in the U.S. An ever increasing list of the most outstanding authors, educators, statesmen, and writers have been invited to address the American's bicentennial at Macfadden, New York. Complete information furnished upon request. Address inquiries to Bernard Macfadden Foundation, Room 177, 25 East 49th Street, New York, N.Y.

For photo

PHOTOPLAY
Close Ups and Long Shots
(Continued from page 9)

settings for the best pictures are all in Hollywood ... but there is no two ways about it ... Hollywood does need freshness from time to time ... the thing to be thankful for is that at least it is getting it ...

For example, the way William Pine, who is Cecil B. DeMille's very capable and most intelligent associate producer, took charge of the company that went out on the "Union Pacific" trek ... Bill said he felt as though "they had been out shaking hands with America"...

This, for instance, happened to them.

The "Union Pacific" train was bound toward Springfield, Ill., the mayor of Springfield wired and said that he'd like to entertain all the "Union Pacific" crowd for breakfast ... they agreed ... it wasn't until later that they discovered the breakfast was served at seven A.M. ... seven A.M. to a bunch of people who frequently considered that a good hour to end a night!

That same enthusiasm was lavished upon the stars of the "Dodge City" premiere ... Howard Flynn confessed that while he had never been flattered by autograph seekers, figuring that most of them were interested in kids, it did give him a new respect for his profession and a new wish to provide great entertainment when he came into Dodge City and saw a hundred thousand men and women there to welcome him ...

On the same trip, pretty little Jane Wyman, noticing a girl in the crowd, wearing a dress exactly like one Jane had worn months before in one of her pictures, questioned the girl and found out the dress had cost eight dollars and ninety-five cents ... Jane's dress had cost ninety-five dollars ... it wasn't the difference in cost that bothered Janie ... what worried her was her feeling that it wasn't a very smart dress ... she considered it too funny a dress for a girl to wear every day ... so now young Miss Wyman is being very conscientious about her film focks ... seeing to it that they will be styles just right for girls in the small towns ...

The movie makers themselves got a jolt on this trip, when Jean Parker, whom they considered all washed up and whom they more or less had just taken along for the ride ... got the biggest reception of any of the stars on the "Dodge City" caravan ... the result of these receptions means a new career for pretty Jean ... and a doubtful distrust realization to the movie makers that they aren't positively the last word on the public's love of stars ...

The idea isn't that Hollywood's meeting the ticket buyers should act as any-

thing but a stimulus to better pictures ... the idea is not that the magical city with its waving palms and its yellow-flowered crape myrtles should be deserted ... Hollywood with its sunshine, its beautiful homes, its marvelous studios can never be lost ... but all that beauty ... the very fact that it is a small town with a single industry, does mean that its point of view narrows on and that it must lose ... because it is a village of luxury with everyone talking the same language ... its people do need to get out and travel and mingle with people who aren't actors, or writers, or very rich producers ... but just us, the people who love them and support them ... if Hollywood gets to understand us better through this personal contact, we likewise will understand Hollywood better and both sides will benefit ... As, for example, Nelson Eddy on this spring's tour ... Nelson came into a little town in Michigan ... as is custom with song recitals, he opened his program with an operatic number in Italian ... then he sang several classical numbers ... that was all as it has always been with song recitals ... Nelson was singing divinely ... but the audience seemed a little restless ... finally Mr. Eddy announced that he would sing two American numbers, the first of which was "Home on the Range" ...

From the back row a voice piped up, "Attaboy, Nelson ... that's the kind of singing we want ... we can understand that tune!"

"That was funny," Nelson said, "but at the same time it made me realize that Americans are becoming more conscious that their own native music is unsurpassed anywhere in the world. It's as a result of discovering this that I'll arrange my program for next year and it will be a different one from any I've given in the past." ...

In other words, Nelson, who is one of the most sincere artists appearing today, will, instead of doing the customary, even artistic program, think more about singing things we all can understand ... the public that loved Jean Parker when she was young but weren't at all her fault, will have restored to it ... and the Hollywood stars who are now so used to seeing us may relearn that a very little art goes a very long way with us, but that we never get too much laughter ... it ought to add up to more money for Hollywood and more pleasure for us ... if, by rediscovering, this is the happy result ... won't it be wonderful ... goosh ... or, as Bing Crosby always says ... double-goody ...

FOR MOVIE-MINDED BOOK LOVERS

CRITICS love to say that the real story of Hollywood has never been written—however, we like to feel that Katherine Albert has done it in "Remember Valerie March," published by Simon and Schuster. Here is a sort of Hollywood without the coating, in a story that stands on its own merits. The background happens to be Hollywood, because that's the sort of heroine it has. Yet, if Valerie's burning ambition had led her into it, she still would be a part of the wood characterization. You may recognize Valerie—you'll probably identify her with half a dozen stars—but the still emerges as a woman with a personality rather than as a public personage. "Canned Flowers," who tells the story, is the only other character who really counts. As Valerie's director, he's an ideal choice, not only in presenting the biography of one he knows so well, but also because, in his viewpoint, you'll find the very spirit of motion pictures.

There are many dramatic moments, some far from pretty, but you'll probably remember looking forward to Conrad's visit to Valerie's birthplace—now a ghost city, but once a boom town, from which Valerie drew the overwhelming vitality which was at once her greatest asset and her most vicious handicap. You will never forget the moving comparison of the helpless haggard wife of Valerie's first sweetheart with the glitter-girl he knows, who, despite her twisted moral code, had the drive to pull herself out of her profound disadvantages. In this one scene, the book affects you as it did us, you'll find that you will "Remember Valerie March!"
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Hoping You Are the Same

(Continued from page 60)

Hollywood, California. ADREAER Roberts: I should be studying lines, but thought I'd take you at your word when you said you like to hear about my Hollywood doings, and drop you a note. I'm having to work much harder in this new picture than I did in "Varsity Show" because, of course, my part is bigger. Wayne helps, though. He has had a lot more experience than I have, but he is never condescending or patronizing. Well—as a matter of fact, I have been having some dates with him and, as I said at first, I don't know what to do. Of course, don't think Rosemary does, either. Yours, Pat P.S. Rosemary says I haven't made it clear what we're going to do in the band. We're going to sing. P.

ROBERTA, my love! Though I haven't been a very good correspondent, and incidentally, I do want you to know how much Rosemary and I have enjoyed and appreciated your letters and cards. But I couldn't wait to write you about our newest greatest luck! Mr. Waring and the band and Rosemary and even your humble servant are on our way to Hollywood to make a movie! The name is to be "Varsity Show," Rosemary and I and are to have featured parts.

Yes, we all took screen tests and even though my other one turned out to be such a flop, I got my courage up and did the best I could in the one that Warner Brothers (that is the studio which will make the picture) made of me. It was a very different kind of a test. I sang a song or two and danced and in just a few days back came an okay on me as well as Rosemary and Mr. Waring and the band.

And then, shortly after—

Hollywood, California. ADREAER Roberts: Here at last! And in such a dither. Of course, at the studio (my, doesn't that sound important?) Rosemary and I and try to appear (and collected, but just the same I have to pinch myself to know I'm not dreaming it all! The very first day we arrived and met the big shots like Mr. Hal Wallis and Mr. Keighley, who is to direct "Varsity Show," and some honest-to-goodness movie stars, too. Dick Powell, for instance, who was just as nice as pie, and Joan Blondell who is a lot prettier off the screen than she is on and Errol Flynn and George Brent! Oh boy! So, now, long time, my desk! I'll be seeing you in pictures—or vice versa!

Pat P. S. 2nd. I met Wayne Morris today. Don't know why I didn't mention him first on account of he's cute! P.

After "Varsity Show" was "in the box," she and Rosemary were on the road again with the "Pennsylvanians." But the Hollywood studios are more exciting. Warner Brothers offered them a contract. "Love, Honor and Behave" was Pat's next picture—the leading feminine role—opposite Wayne Morris.

DEAREST Roberts: "Ann" in "Four Daughters," followed by a starring role in "Brother Rat."

DEAREST Roberts: I've been intending to write you for a long time, but have been so busy. Anyway—the only news I have is that Wayne and I are to play in a new picture together, "Brother Rat." That's irony, isn't it, although when you come right down to cases, I don't suppose it really makes any difference. He's got a new girl, I heard, and it's supposed to be quite serious. As for me—well, I manage to get along.

Hope you are the same—love. Pat

Brother Rat was finished and Wayne got married. Pat went to work in "Yes, My Darling Daughter" and began going round with Oren Haygood, the attractive assistant director. Then Roberts asked Pat if she did nothing but work.

North Hollywood DEAREST Roberts: You say that my recent letters have been "all work." Well, for a while it seemed that way. In all I had to think about, but recently there has been some fun, too. To illustrate, just the other night Rosemary and I and your respective boyfriends went on a regular bust! Yes, sir! We went to Venice and "dined" at Blackhawk. Venice Beach and resort and we didn't miss a concession—rode the roller-coaster, careened around in the fun house, whirled on the merry-go-round. The whole thing was my idea of an elegant time! Yes, I suppose you've read about Oren and me in the columns, but don't believe everything you read!

Yours, heart whole and fancy free Pat

Del Monte, California. DEAREST Roberts: Where we're here on location for "Daughters Courageous," and ordinarily I would be enjoying it. But for the first time since I have been in the movies, I get the temperamental today and I'm still upset. The thing was, we'd been working terribly hard and then, when the work was through, we just wanted to work through until eight o'clock without any dinner. Well, I hadn't had time for much lunch and I was hungry and tired and hungry and tired and all of a sudden I wanted to rave and rant. I told you, I had tochemy in my stomach. I went to the kitchen to find Comanche. And I just up and told the director I wouldn't do it.

Well, it was kind of funny. I had never disobeyed or even questioned a director in my life before, and his jaw dropped a mile. In fact, he looked so astonished, I suddenly wanted to laugh and, incidentally, felt a lot better. I stood my ground and after a minute he said, "Well, all right," and dismissed the whole company.

I've been talking to Lala about it. She said she didn't blame me, but for Pete's sake, not to take advantage of this one instance in which I was probably the right one to do. I am talking of a temperamental actor or actress as pass, these days, as button shoes. There are too many of these write-ups in the trade papers, in fact, I kind of gets my goat, now. I'm just as I always was.

Yours, daintyly, Pat

Following "Cowboy from Brooklyn," Pat got her biggest part to date, that of...
should have, her eyebrows are right for her face, and she has learned how best to wear her hair.

I think it is the most vital change in Gail is the self-confidence and awareness that has come to her. The self-confidence that once kept her from really expressing herself is gone, and poise has taken its place. For no one can be both attractive and at ease unless she has confidence in herself and in the knowledge that she looks her best. Her gown is always perfect, so she always feels sure of herself, and she's found the best way to care for her skin and her hair through her makeup routine is very simple.

She's one of those very fortunate girls who has very white skin and she protects it by staying out of the sun and avoiding a tan. It's so clear that she never needs or uses rouge. She keeps her skin soft and smooth by cleaning it with cream first, then removing all traces of the cream with soap and water, and puts on an astrignent afterwards. She has a cute make-up trick of using white talcum powder over her powder base, and then over the talcum patting on her own powder which exactly matches the shade of her skin.

Gail has never never to use eye shadow since her eyes are naturally deep set, so she merely accentuates her lashes with a bit of mascara. Her various lipsticks are chosen to tone in with the shades of her clothes, and her nail polish always matches the lipstitch.

One of Gail's ambitions in life is to have a white streak in her black hair. At present, she possesses white hairs that grow right above the middle part in her hair. She combs them very carefully so they'll show and proudly displays them at every opportunity. She is forever experimenting with new colors. She says that a new hairdress is as soothing to the morale as a new hat.

Today, Gail dresses to suit her type, and one, a striking thinking has been about her is her lovely carriage. She's a tall girl, you know, but her carriage is graceful, and she never tries to look shorter and because her posture is right. If you're tall, do follow Gail's example. One woman says, "If your face is so small and your neck appears to be short and thick, use a darker foundation on the neck. Conversely, if your neck is long and thin, use a lighter foundation than you apply on your face."

If you have a double chin, use a darker foundation there to minimize it; and a lighter foundation cream on a receding chin seems to bring it into better proportion. With very prominent cheekbones, use a darker foundation over the cheekbones to reduce their prominence, and use a lighter foundation in the hollows of the cheeks to bring them out and in the recession at the temples.

This combination of foundation shades is one of the most effective make-up tricks that you can possibly use. But, however, to put the two tones together evenly as you blend them so there will be no line of demarcation between them, because the line of this process is too subtly so people won't notice the technique used, but merely the final result.

Here's a last tip from Mr. Westmore. If your foundation cream does not spread smoothly, dip the fingertips into water, scatter a few drops over your face, and pat it lightly to insure even distribution. With it, you will carry the cream will blend smoothly and evenly into your skin.

MEN FALL IN LOVE WITH HER AT FIRST SIGHT —and out of love after the first dance

FONATION CREAMS—Pere Westmore, director of make-up at Warner Brothers studio, was telling me the other day about Gail for his work, and he's discovered that a great number of girls and women don't use foundation cream, but simply pat powder on their bare faces and expect their powder to do all the work of covering blemishes. He emphasizes the fact that foundation cream is really the master control board of your makeup. With it, you will spotlight your good points, and fade the bad ones far into the background; you can create contour and erase facial blemishes. By the adroit use of foundation cream, you can disguise a sallow skin, freckles and large pores. The cream itself helps to protect your skin from wind and sunburn and keeps normally dry skin soft and delicate.

"When you rely on powder alone for color and skin tone," advises Mr. Westmore, "you'll notice a caked appearance and deepening of color around the nostrils and between your eyebrows and on the chin. This is because the oily secretions of the skin mix with the powder and intensify its color. To keep your foundation creams are so important—they accept these secretions and prevent discoloration."

"That's just one advantage of foundation cream. Another is its use in corrective make-up. The corrective aids of foundation cream are almost numberless, and they are a vitally important part of a screen star's knowledge before the cameras and in private life as well. You can do wonders with it."

Mr. Westmore whipped out several shades of foundation cream and demonstrated its use in make-up to conceal your bad points. You can make yourself over if you use it correctly. Here are some of the things he showed me that you can do yourself.

If you have shadows beneath the eyes and want to look young and carefree for a gay evening, use a bit of dark foundation on the puffy lower lid. Then you apply light foundation to the darkened area just below this. This makes the puffy area disappear and disguises the darkened skin.

If you have a large nose, Mr. Westmore says to use a lighter foundation in the cheek areas close to the nose. This creates an illusion of fullness in the cheeks and minimizes your nose. He cautions you, however, never to use a dark foundation on the nose itself. If your nose is short and rather flat, then you use a lighter foundation cream than your regular shade that just matches the color of your skin, right down the center of your nose, stopping at the tip. This makes your nose look narrower and not so flat.

Another woman says, "If your face is small and your neck appears to be short and thick, use a darker foundation on the neck. Conversely, if your neck is long and thin, use a lighter foundation than you apply on your face."
Every Day a Vacation Day

Miracle Men at Work—To Make You Lovelier

(Continued from page 15)

TAMPAX

No stay-at-home week-ends, no calendar days—if you use Tampax for sanitary protection. Even in a modern swim suit there is nothing to "show"—no line or edge of belt or napkin. Tampax is worn internally, gently absorbing the flow and allowing you to golf, ride, bathe, swim—in comfort, without chafing, without the formation of odor.

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 ettain and press in the grooves of the waves with a lukewarm marcel iron. It may be necessary to resort to this treatment more than one wave but, in an unbelievably short time, your hair, trained to behave dutifully, will respond naturally to a water wave. (Emily Moore.)

HAIR OF ANOTHER COLOR

1. If, as a result of using hair-coloring you have a hard horde, tone the color of your hair down a few shades. And be prepared to look more like a Christian than an angel on a line with Sadie Thompson. (Emily Moore.)

2. The reputable hair dyes and tints that are on the market today are absolutely harmless, easy to apply, and they last from four to six weeks. They rejuvenate drab, faded hair—and make you look as if you’d found the Fountain of Youth. (Emily Moore.)

3. The only danger you face when you color your hair is loss of perspiration. For, as you become accustomed to your new hair, you’re likely to keep in touch with your nation. And this dries out your chis. (Guilaroff.)

4. Don’t try to recapture the color you painted into your hair and harden it. Allow for the change that has come into your skin tone when you touch up your hair. (Guilaroff.)

Put Down Those Shears . . .

that curling iron, that waving comb . . . until you decide which of the seven basic facial lines you are (If you have already decided which facial type you belong from reading last month’s article on making just look for your type) . . . and what basic lines your hair should follow.

Perc Westmore Has the Floor

The Oval Face: Artists call this the ideal face. And if, like Kay Francis, you’re fortunate enough to have such a face, a face that is a lovely oval in contour, make the most of it—use your hair to frame it entrancingly. . . .

1. Wear your hair ever so simply.
2. Keep your hair at proper length.
3. Don’t have your hair come down over your brow—draw it back from your forehead.
4. Follow oval contour of face in your hair style. This keeps the facial outline young and soft.

The Round Face: If your face is full in outline, even at the jawline and forehead, as Sonja Henie’s is, you must temper the general roundness by your coffure. . . .

1. Keep your hairline soft. A severe, sleek hairline is so silly with a round face.
2. Curl your hair in soft, broad, loose waves; never in stiff, set waves.
3. Have your hair full at your jawline and below it. This will make your face appear longer.

The Square Face: This face has a broad jaw, a square chin line, and a square line across the forehead and at the temples. If you’re fair and square, like Ann Sheridan, or if you’re just square . . . .

1. Slant the part in your hair.
2. Bangs are likely to be becoming. Especially if they’re thin and softly waved, and curved in a heart-shaped line.
3. Do everything you can to create an illusion of softness and roundness in your coffure. Keep it fluffy rather than square, severe or tailored.

The Oblong Face: This face is thin and long and the forehead is only a trifling distance from the chin. Loretta Young is the perfect example of this face. It requires . . . .

1. That you dress your hair to lend your face width.
2. That you fluff your hair at the sides of your face or wear it full behind your ears.
3. That you have your hair of a length that is on a line with your chin.
4. That you keep the hair on top of your head sleek and flat, to shorten your face, making it seem long and thin.

The Triangle Face: In this face the jaws are broad and wide while the forehead taperers and is narrow. Alice Faye has a triangle face. If you have, too. . . .

1. Get your hair up and back from your temples, so you create an illusion of greater width in your forehead and greater length to your face.
2. Use your natural hairline and keep your forehead entirely exposed.
3. Your hair should be soft behind your ears.
4. Don’t have your hair full at your jawline.

The Inverted Triangle Face: This virtually is the opposite of a triangle face. Here the forehead is broad and the face tapers from the cheekbones leaving the jawline a good width—this chin pointed, too likely enough. It’s a face like Priscilla Lane’s. And it requires exactly the opposite hair arrangement from a triangle face.

1. Your top hair should be arranged easily with a soft little dip coming down on your forehead to cut its height.
2. The fullness of your hair should begin above and behind your ears.
3. Your hair should be dressed full—on a line with your mouth.

The Diamond Face: If, like Claudette Colbert, you’re the diamond type with extreme width through your cheekbones, a forehead that’s narrow and a chin that’s pointed. . . .

1. Keep your hair full if your forehead.
2. Have your hair soft and close to your head on top and at the upper sides of your face.
3. Wear your hair in a full line below your cheeks.

If It’s Neither a Crown Nor a Glory*

* "At the risk of offending the immortal poets we admit hair isn’t always there to sing. One of the greatest women’s days, women didn’t shampoo their hair as often as they do today and they didn’t have nearly as many beauty aids. But they did have brushes. And they used them. And they did have beautiful hair. (Guilaroff.)

2. Make certain, by consulting that honest friend, your mirror, that you haven’t let your hair get too long. For everything but the very simplest coiffures, hair should be kept short. (Guilaroff.)

3. See to it that you retain nice, clean lines in your hair style. If your head is large, be especially careful on this score. Don’t make the fatal mistake of trying to disguise your head size with curls and frizzes. (Guilaroff.)

4. Try new effects occasionally. And do follow up if a certain change requires some radical measure—if it’s at all reasonable to suppose, from all you hear, that this change will benefit you. The smart woman is the woman who has the courage to try new things. (Guilaroff.)

5. If your hair is dry and crimped because of an unfortunate permanent, don’t brood over it while you go about looking like a scarecrow. Use your brooding time to administer hot oil shampoos. Have two a week in the beginning. Then, when marked improvement shows, have one a week until your hair has luster and looks alive again. (Emily Moore.)

6. Very often, hair is thin simply because of poor circulation. A good brush will add much to an otherwise jolly time. Brush your hair.Massage your scalp. Then brush your hair all over again. (Emily Moore.)

7. Nothing looks worse than hair that is being trained to go a way it doesn’t want to go. If this is your difficulty, brush your hair every night in the new direction it is to take. Use a damp brush. And when you have finished—bend up your hair so it will be held in place until morning. Three weeks of this treatment usually is enough. (Emily Moore.)

8. There isn’t any better general tonic for your hair than to brush it dry following the shampoo—even if you have to moisten it again to set your wave. (Hazel Rogers.)

"You made me what I am today . . . . That old number is the theme song the stars sing to the studio minstrels of men, the dress designers, particularly. For clothes can change your appearance from a liability into an asset—without changing your person from an asset into a liability. Whether you’re a ducking woman you’re to be a beautiful swan or a beautiful fish who still has a valuable asset, you’ll be thrilled and inspired next month when the dress designers stand up and recite their little pieces. . . . just wait—September Photoplay."
THE KID FROM KOKOMO—WARNERS

WARNERS have simply taken the lid off on this one. It’s boisterous, burlesque comedy of the unfettered, never-must-making-any-sense school. Wayne Morris and Pat O’Brien carry the burden of the piece, with Mog Robson helping out in every chance she gets. Morris plays the country yokel who can fight like a whiz, and who has a simple smile that can win his long-lost mother. O’Brien, a fight manager, persuades the kid to become a professional but nipping that in the bud, for the fact that the kid is his Ma. Everything gets very complicated, but Joan Blondell assists Pat, her fiancé, and Wayne falls in love with Jane Wyman, and Maxie Rosenbloom gets knocked cold. You’ll find a lot of laughs in this thing, even if you can’t make head or tail out of the plot.

THE GORILLA—20TH-CENTURY-FOX

THIS is the picture, you will remember, which the Ritz Brothers didn’t want to make. They quit and the studio had one heck of a time getting them back. The reason this is a somewhat funny opus in which light is made of horror and you are caused to laugh at what must be considered a very sordid gotten. Aside from the mild impression that the Ritz bag of tricks is getting a bit worn, there is nothing to remember after the last scene. After all, it all depends on whether or not you are Ritz fans. Bela Lugosi, Anita Louise and others are victims of it all.

*C THE GIRL FROM MEXICO—RKO-RADIO

LUPE VELEZ comes roaring back onto celluloid again, but her one heck of a time getting there. The reason this is a somewhat funny opus in which light is made of horror and you are caused to laugh at what must be considered a very sordid gotten. Aside from the mild impression that the Ritz bag of tricks is getting a bit worn, there is nothing to remember after the last scene. After all, it all depends on whether or not you are Ritz fans. Bela Lugosi, Anita Louise and others are victims of it all.

EXILE EXPRESS—UNITED PLAYERS-G. N.

In this out-and-out melodrama, in which producer Eugene Frenke brings his wife, Anna Sten, back to the screen, another helping of Americanism, particularly peas, this outruns a horse-race. Will Sisson version.

laughs

HUSKY little Jane Withers is still charging dawn the gangsters and helping out the police in this latest of her pictures. Her brother is a rookie cop, but has been assigned as an undercover agent, to catch Jane snoops, too, for the benefit of eventual justice. Arleen Whelan, once Twentieth Century’s who’s who, is now seen somewhere in this run-of-the-mill piece; her minor romantic interest is played by Richard Bond.

600 ENEMIES—M-G-M

WALTER PIDGEON, suave and with that sophisticated tired look around his eyes, here plays a prosecutor who is very ambitious politically and convicts all sorts of people on evidence that often is a bit weak. He finds Lupe, signs her, and then his troubles start. Back in New York again the Velez discovers Don’s plan are to marry Linda Hayes (screen co-star). But Lupe’s decided the wants Don herself—and she sets out to fix things up proper. Don can’t escape because she’s promised everybody in the body, including Lupe’s parents and the local judge, that he’ll look after her. As if she needed anyone to look after her!

There’s plenty of slapstick in this and of course you have the fiery little Mexican personality to watch, which would be almost sufficient without the good story, the gagging pace, the able direction.

SOME LIKE IT HOT—PARAMOUNT

YOU would have thought, with Gene Krupa’s baton in the air, with the zany deporting cast of Bob Hope and Shirley Ross and Una Merkel, that Paramount could hardly fail to come up with fine piece of entertainment here. The film is disappointing. There’s not much story, but what there is concerns a mid-west boy (Hope) who, with his company, tries to outrun the proverbial doorstep wolf. There are a couple of good songs thrown in, and Hope tries very hard throughout. Some like it hot, certainly—but this is peas porridge cold.

WOLF CALL—MONOGRAM

JACK LONDON wrote a pretty good movie when he set "Wolf Call" on pa-
unsightly hair washes off quickly with new cream

Up go skirts this season, up near the knee...fashion says "17 inches from the ground." That means the spotlight is on your legs...so keep them glamorous. Do as millions of women do...remove ugly hair the easy NEET way. You just spread NEET (like a cold cream) on unwanted hair. Then you rinse it off with water...and the hair disappears "like magic." Gentle NEET removes hair from forearms, too...leaves skin baby-smooth.

Avoid bristly razor stubble

When you use NEET, there are no pointels, wire-like stubs of hair that feel unpleasant and may cause stocking runs. NEET means smooth, hair-free arms and legs.

Get NEET! At drug and department stores. Generous trial size at 10c stores.

NEET—Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair

with a muddy smash and just sits there looking as if she would very much to cry.

"I could make a remark," says George, meaningly.

"So could I," says Ty.

"If," replies Myrna, coolly, from her sitting position, "you mean Loy is slipping—you're both all—we as anybody can see. The fact is—Loy has slipped!"

On the set of "Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women," Linda Darnell, Katharine Aldridge, Amanda Duff and a host of very trim but cuties make the big hotel lobby set a parade of pulchritude (sounds like a burlesque ad!).

Linda is a Cinderella girl, so is Kitty Dull. Director Jack Conway is a bee in Hollywood, was sent home. She entered a drama school in Dallas, came back and stepped right into stardom. Aldridge is that girl you've seen everywhere in ads and on magazine covers. The most photographed model in New York, was she. She took a trip to Honolulu but couldn't get past Hollywood. Zanuck signed her and plunked her right in a big part.

The plot of "Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women." The actress (the titles get longer every month) is formula boy-and-girl misunderstandings in New York with a little boy. Linda Darnell the girl. The novelty is in the setting—one of those hotels where only the fair sex exalted register. Elsa Maxwell is master of the bedrooms of her famous parties right on the screen.

We watch the effervescent, slightly scruffy Gregory Ratoff direct a scene. "Wance more?" he cries. "And gewing et me holding dot kites, Leenda, Hoklyn, hecetion!" Linda kisses Jimmy Ellison until he staggers. "Te-e-e-e-er-r-r-r-ri-tic!" shouts Ratoff, instead of "Cut." "Eet's a mild sensation!" He kisses everybody and dances around the set. Well—if that makes better pictures—W ance more? We're afraid we'd rather not be kissed by Ratoff. We run over to M-G-M and Hedy Lamarr where, if you aren't angling to be done, we'll get a better break.

"Lady of the Tropics" was bound to come when M-G-M decided to glamorize Hedy Lamarr or bust. The tropics are a stuff for languorous eyes and sinuous bodies. And always we're pleased, but shocked, of proof of Hedy's seductive powers than for Robert Taylor to fall for her.

We must admit Hedy doesn't look too, too glamorous the day we see her—the first day, by the way, of her picture. She's bundled up in a gingham apron and a long dress that doesn't even hand out an ankle-peeep and she's bending over a hot cookie. Bob Taylor stands on the side lines and regards her quizzically.

The plot of this very important LAM- pire— and M-G-M is giving it the financial works—makes Hedy a half-case of Saigon. When the editor whose paper is about to go on the rocks. Melvyn finds out about the bill, traces it, and uses the exclusive newsbeat he gets in the process to salvage the newspaper. Louise Platt helps him and there is a little bit of adventure between the couple; Gene Lockhart, Douglas Dumbrille and Florence George are in the cast. The film has good suspense and a modicum of excitement. Melvyn's performance is that starv performance Melvyn Douglas always gives.

sos—tidal wave—Republic

Remember Orson Welles' Mars invasion—and what it did to the radio audi- ence of America? Well, Republic has taken that gag and put it together with a little bit of action. Headline read "Men are flying off the streets. Flowers are blooming in Saigon." Melvyn (romance) and George Bar- bier are the principals.
How to Be Friends with Your Ex-Husbands

That's bad enough, but actors' lives are multiple. With Franchot and me, both acting, and the whole strain came between us when he wanted to go East to the stage, and he felt that waiting for me to be able to clear up my movie contracts so that I could join him wasn't good enough. He wanted to be free so that he could go at once. Last fall he did so.

Now, what good would it have done me to hate him forever for that? If I could have hated myself that Franchot would have been happy with Joan Crawford, housewife, I believe I would have given up acting and followed him. Second thought persuaded me, however, that since he had fallen in love with Joan Crawford, movie star, and married Joan Crawford, movie star, the quality in my personality that comes from being "a career woman" was what he loved, or at least had loved. I truly felt that becoming simply "the little woman" to Franchot would not be enough to guarantee our happiness. Even now, I can see that "glamour girls" still work their spell on him, judging by the gay way which he has in New York's night clubs. You don't find girls with their minds exclusively on cakes and pies in nines.

After months of trying to match the demands of our temperaments, of trying to patch up the difficulties between us, Franchot and I agreed to disagree, but, when he went to New York, he continued to me on holidays and birthdays and the like, and I let him come to me to wire him. For I know of no individual I admire more than I admire Franchot, and that will continue to be true. Surely, if men and women can agree to disagree on some things, we can also agree not to disagree on others.

I WENT East for a short vacation in March, and that night I arrived in New York, Franchot and I had a date together, just as either of us would have had with another old friend or relative, designed together, because we like eating together, and we danced together, because we enjoy that enormously. No one was more pleased than I at the storm of criticism that we got for doing so, however. I don't mean to be naive about it, but it still seems to me that ours was a civilized attitude. We had many things to talk about; his play, my pictures, our futures. If that kind of adult, cordial interest is not better than a bitter, life-destroying feud, then war is better than peace and a battle-scarred ground is more beautiful than a country flower garden.

I'll admit that in this "civilized attitude" which I feel Doug Franchot and I show, we are, to some extent, adapting ourselves to the needs of our profession. We three are all actors. We work in one business and the chances are strong that some time of each year we may all be in the same small town, perhaps in the same studio, perhaps in the same picture. We might even be in each other's arms—always with the director and the crew looking on.

Even as actors, however, I consider we aren't so different from separated couples who live in small towns. It seems to me it's like going back to the Stone Age to expect one partner in a broken-up marriage to leave town, the town in which, perhaps, he or she has lived always and has every interest, in order to avoid social conflicts with the other. I repeat: Why can't we divorced people be friends?

I know in keeping hate from my heart, in making Douglas and Franchot into friends, I've found an enduring sweetness that will last me for my life. I am sure that if ever I am in deep trouble, I can go to either of them for help and get it. I believe if they are ever in trouble, they can count on me. This is 1939. Human beings should have learned something through centuries of living. Certainly, if men and women can be platonic friends, they ought also to be capable of being, after divorce, platonic husbands and wives, let's say, people who are not in love but who have a basic companionship between them, and, as far as possible, a simple matter of adding and subtracting. The wife, the ex-wife, that is, takes out the old label from the given situation and adds tolerance and understanding big enough for two.

In this way, I believe, you can become friends with your ex-husbands. Of course, somebody may point out to me how wrong I am. But even at that, I don't believe it.
A Lady Talks about Tampons

**Wonder What Tampon I Should Use this Summer?**

**Fibs—It's the Kotex Tampon—So it Must be Good!**

Internal Protection, particularly welcome in summer. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with new exclusive feature, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex produces merit your confidence.

**But How are Fibs Better?**

*Only Fibs Are ‘Quilted’ Here’s Why...*

Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally to unequally, prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert, no artificial method of insertion is necessary.

**What about Fibs Absorbency?**

*It’s More of Cellulocotton (Woven) Because it’s More Absorbent*

This Surgical Cellulocotton (not cotton) is many times more absorbent than surgical cotton, that’s why hospitals use it. Yet Fibs cost only 25¢ for a full dozen. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

**The Kotex Tampon Only 25¢ for 12**

**A Lady Talks about Tampons**

(Continued from page 61)

Dollars to Donat

(Continued from page 61)

teacher. From the very beginning the old professional saw something in this lad that was different from all his other pupils. He begged the boy to let him try to make an actor of him. As a matter of fact, mother Donat had never intended him to go into the theater. Robert, leaving school at fourteen, was allowed to pay for his elocution lessons by becoming his teacher’s secretary. Robert began thinking that he would go out together, giving recitals at church schools and local halls. And, generally, no one of the boys was so read about in school all that the older man could teach. He was quite sure now that he wanted to be an actor.

At sixteen, Donat made his first public stage appearance in a Shakespearean touring company in Birmingham, playing Luctius in “Julius Caesar.” Two years later, he took to the stage in earnest. During one of his visits to Manchester, Sir Frank Benson, the great Shakespearean actor, saw the boy and liked him. He took him on as a stage manager on tour, playing small parts, at a salary of ten dollars a week. Robert’s career had begun.

When he was twenty-four, Robert married a girl with amazing corn-gold hair, whom he called Gladys and Voysey. She played the piano and the violin, and came from a long family of musicians with whom Robert thought he’d be his best friend. This marriage was the best thing that Robert did in his life. She is very quiet, with a soft, pleasant voice and gentle ways. She looks like a Botticelli Spring, but she’s full of enthusiasm for anything she believes in. She believes in Robert and she has stood behind him and fought for him every inch of the way.

Both Donats left the theatre on the very day of their marriage. A year at the Cambridge Festival Theater, they decided to try their luck in London. They took a three room flat in Seven Dials, right among the street markets. It was noisy and noisy, they call the town. Among them there was a wonderful view of a public house and the floodlight Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square. Robert, at the children, Joanna and Job, were born there.

Meanwhile, Robert’s luck in the theater was up and down, never too good, never quite hopeless. His best break was a run of 5 years, with the film "Precious Bane." That was the time when he once became a film star. Irving Thalberg, visiting London, with his wife, saw the play and liked the look of the young English actor. The next thing was an offer from M-G-M for Robert to go to Hollywood to play in a film opposite Norma Shearer. Robert refused it, thinking he had a stage success on his hands. The play was "Precious Bane" folded. The film part was the one that later became Fredric March’s ‘Smilin’ Through.’

"Men of Tomorrow," directed by Alexander Hammid and shot in color, is a mixture of fact and fiction. It was made partly at Elstree and partly at Oxford during the long vacation. Michael Redgrave and Chips Rafferty were in cap and gown, and making only their second appearance on any screen, played the parts of the college students. Donat played a young scientist, and I remember thinking that he was quite the most unscientific scientist I have ever met. Korda, however, must have seen some hint of the future Dr. Mannix in the young scientist, for he persevered with Donat. He gave him leading parts in two more films in the same year, "Cash" and "That Night in London." I don’t imagine that "Cash," which was a poor film, was the turning point in the direction. "That Night in London" was a poor film, too, but it emphasized his great talent.

The director of "That Night in London" was an American, Rowland Lee. He liked Donat. A year later, when Lee started filming "The Citadel," he asked the young man if he’d be interested in playing a role in London’s Juvenile Theatre as a possibility for the part of the Count in "The Count of Monte Cristo." The picture was one that was to be the making of Donat as a screen star.

From that time onward M-G-M were assiduous in their attempts to sign up Robert Donat, but his family, led by Gladys Voysey, kept three more pictures—"The 39 Steps," "The Ghost Goes West" and "Knight Without Armor"—before they got him.

The summer after "Knight Without Armor," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer came over to reproduce in England. They hired space in Korda’s studios at Denham.

Robert signed a six-picture contract, beginning with "The Citadel" and M-G-M wanted him to play Dr. Mannix, Cro- nin wanted him to play Dr. Mannix. Armstrong wanted him to play Dr. Mannix. Someone also wanted, quite vehemently, to play Dr. Mannix. It was the sort of part he had always dreamed of.

Meanwhile the Donats have bought an old, rambling house high up in the Chilterns, with pinewoods, and pastures, and a pony for the children.

It isn’t listed in any phone book, and Robert has to leave home at six o’clock in the morning. It is on the outskirts of town, four miles from the main road, and is surrounded by farmland.

"The Citadel" hadn’t yet reached the theater when Donat started work on "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," which currently is packing theaters from coast to coast. For "The Citadel" Donat had the part of David Hilton schoolmaster enchanted him. It was like nothing he had ever done before, and Robert found its challenge irresistible.

"Nearly all my screen parts," he says, "have been romantic—the 'Ghost.' The 39 Steps.' 'Monte Cristo'—and in 'Cristo,' too, the interest was more or less ready-made in the story. Dr. Mannix in 'The Citadel' was a grand role, and something new—a chance to play entirely for character and not merely for sym- bolic, but quite a romantic story. "Chips," though, is quite different. Chips is a commonplace sort of person, never quite successful, and not in the least romantic. You have to build him up from scratch, and that’s a real job."" (Tues., Dec. 12, 1937.)

The same week, shooting and Donat had reached the octogenarian fishakin and writing stage. Donat’s last news came through that "The Citadel" had been voted the best film of the year by the New York critics.

It was anticipated that when the awards were given in the Rainbow Room at Radio City, Donat, representing M-G-M, should receive the award by air, and broadcast his big speech from "The Citadel" to America.

The NBC and the British Broadcasting Corporation arranged a trans-Atlantic hookup for the night of the prize giving. Alfred Hitchcock, who was to preside at the London banquet, had made arrangements for the "Lady Vanishes," was going to Broadcasting House in London to say his piece, and it was hoped that Donat would be present during the broadcast, but he reached a stage in "Mr. Chips," though, when Robert’s schedule made it impossible to do. It was realized that Donat would be there late at midnight—which was the time of the broadcast. So, at the last moment, they arranged for the broadcast and left it for the rarest of celebrations—to fix up Rob- ert’s study for the broadcast and let him speak to the world from his own home.

It was a wild January evening when we went out to the house in the Chilterns for the Big Broadcast. Ella Donat was in the music room, sitting in Seven Dials, London, and we were in a white long white robe, her amazing hair piled high in Edwardian style, looking more like the picture celluloid than ever. She was well, but I was happy again after all these years. We started exactly where we left off. We talked about our gar- den—Ellie.

Ella said that she can never keep her children look like a film star’s children. I said, ‘What, praise be, and that’s what happened when Joanna came to our children’s party, some years ago. I was looking at this decorative child of the great Robert Donat, with her mass of red-gold hair piled up with a pale green ribbon. Somebody mentioned the ribbon to Joanna, and she pulled it at gravy.

Ella was in the kitchen buying it for me at the dime store yesterday." Presently, Robert came in with the engineers from the broadcasting com- pany. He was as excited as a boy at the thought of speaking to America. We had coffee and fried sausages on sticks, but Robert wouldn’t eat anything. He was back and forward between the music room and the study and the kitchen, putting the "vibrators." Out came a pewter plate, a couple of jugs, a dish piled high with ham and cheese. Everyone drifted into the room and took a seat in the comfortable armchairs and the grandfather clock with swing, and left it, reproachfully ticking.

The dark night of midnight drew near, Robert spread the sofa cushions over the desk top, laid out his hand-written manuscript across them. His intimate speech of thanks for the award to be said, sitting, at a table mike. His big speech from "The Cita- del" to be acted at a standing mike. He knew every word of it by heart, but the script was there, in case of emergency. He just left the mike switched on the radio. Perhaps we weren’t too clever about it. Perhaps the eighty- four thousand "tickets" in the Atlantic was too much for us. Anyway, all we heard on the short waves were howls, howls, howls, howls, an unmistakably English voice singing "A Ticket, a Tassel..."
Night Life of the Hollywood Gods

"Let's go somewhere else" is the battle cry of Hollywood. I often sense that during the unwary service stations in the Greater Los Angeles owe their existence not to the law of supply and demand—no city on earth could possibly afford the sumptuous service stations—but to that overwhelming urge to go somewhere else. I can almost hear Joan Bennett say to the first guests. "—Never mind that old place...let's buy gas in that new place across the street.

I said that there are at this moment three really popular night clubs in Hollywood. I might add that several more have been built by the same fellow who designed the Grand Central Station in New York. It's just a step past a few more levels. Earl Carroll runs it—at least he hopes he does. No one can actually run a place of that size. Some people say its seating capacity is over two thousand, others claim that it is roomy enough to accommodate a thousand. Shut us out, worked on the final script of Gone with the Wind." It is not overpopulated with its motion-picture colony because its customers come only a very bit of their four-dollar dinner that few, if any, stars would be able to compete with this. Thei.r joy, actually enjoy it. Earl Carroll's sirloin steaks. Even the Academy Award Winners would run the risk of not being noticed and not being asked for an autograph.

ALL interviews, articles and dark glasses to the contrary notwithstanding, there is only one thing that no star can stomach. That is the touch of not being noticed and not being asked for an autograph. That is why Marcel's on Sunset Boulevard is at this moment an empty night place as far as we stars are concerned. I say "we stars" because, although I have yet to finish my first picture, my kind boss Mr. Zanuck has already included my name in the announcement of his Big Stars of 1939. I am big enough, to be sure. About the biggest woman there is in Hollywood.

But to return to Marcel's—the place is not bad. It is only a shade larger than one of Mr. Carroll's telephone booths. The show is good, but it consists of five regular items, and it does not detract the guests' attention from appraising another one's dresses and diamond brooches. There is everything excellent but not too noisy to interfere with one's eavesdropping on the conversation at the next table. Every night of the week Marcel's is packed with stars, would-be-stars, former stars and all other men and women who make $100,000 per year for at least two weeks each year. Chaplin goes there. So does Betty Davis. So does Miriam Hopkins. So does David Niven. And so does ... but why waste space? Everybody with the exception of Shirley Temple, Carole Lombard and Mary Astor has been there. Shirley has not gone there for an obvious reason, Carole and Clark because they deny the purpose of the place. All play the game without the benefit of a swing bond.

I suppose George Lamaze's combination of the best shows Hollywood has to offer and the third most popular night place in Hollywood. But then, the Trocadero has just reopened and, by the time you read this article, it may be "in the money." Let me assure you, racing is almost a science when compared with the uncertain uncertainties of the night business in Hollywood. Why? Because in the first place, as I said before, "that's the motion-picture business for you, and in the second place, the really good parties are being given at home, not in night clubs.

Who are good party-givers in Hollywood? I must confess that it would be easier and more fun to mention those who are not party-givers at all ... I have made enough enemies for myself in my first fifty-six years in this world, and besides, I have not yet had enough of their toasts. The magazine would approve of my giving a list of bad party-givers in Hollywood. So let us enumerate the good ones.

There are plenty of them, I assure you. Constance and Joan Bennett keep perpetually in the air the art of party-giving. So does Kay Francis. So do the Gorgy Coopers. And so does Frances Goldwyn, who prefers to let her husband Sam take all the glory but who, without any assistance from him, give any kind of party from a formal ball to a picnic. The Arthur Hornblows (Mr. Hornblow and Miss Myra Loy to you) are, of course, famous for their Sunday afternoon and are holders of the copyright on the best chicken sandwiches and cakes this side of the world. Rathbone think nothing of giving a dance for eight hundred people and, what is more important, they still actually enjoy it. Georges Parsons is the greatest barbecue thrower in California. He specializes in what I call "educational evenings." Quality interests him more than quantity and while you won't meet more than eight or ten people in your house, you stand a chance of sitting next to Albert Ein-

The Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., the recognized leaders of Hollywood society, so for a Conti- nental dinner. The Davis Fairbanks give the most elaborate dinners west of the Hudson River. The Jack Warners utilize to the fullest extent the magnifi- cence and splendor of their house, a house that would make many a Fifth Avenue mansion look like a log cabin. Naturally enough, when it comes to spectacular parties it would be rather difficult for anyone to outdo the Jack Warners. Whatever Mr. Davis, on the other hand, manages to make you forget that hers is a modest bungalow. All of which proves that the President and the true greatness of your hostess, one of the best actresses that ever appeared on any stage.

UNLIKE the Fifth Avenue hosts and hostesses, the stars and the producers are willing to spend money. And the willingness to spend, to entertain be- au beyond one's means, is a veritable "must" when it comes to party-giving.

When I go out in New York, nine times out of ten I have to listen to a graduate astronomer, drink a vintage champagne and eat the most unappetizing food. But when I got out in Holly- wood, I feel certain that my host is going to do the very best by his guests. Not because the Hollywood party-giv- ers do not have money. Far from it. The members of the Social Register are not nearly so poor as they are sup- posed to be. And they know much more about the loopholes in the income tax law than the Hollywood people do. But it is a little harder in New York, while it is smart to be hospitable in Hollywood.

That is why the mortality among the night life of Hollywood is so appar-

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sions when a liquid is inconvenient, you will welcome Nonspic Cream for its outstanding advantages:

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Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspic Cream—today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. Also in liquid form.
During his last two summer vacations from Mercersburg, Jim alternated between working for Bill Neff and the rougher job of laying concrete with a road gang on the highway, and in the summer following he laid bricks on the new First National Bank.

One August afternoon, when Jim felt that another hodful of bricks would break his back, his father came down the truck at the height of a storm, as though his face were a velepo. It was from the Deep of Freshmen at Princeton and contained the exciting ammunition that had been approved for admission in the fall.

That night Jim telephoned Steve Brown, a classmate at Mercersburg with whom he planned to room at Princeton. Steve, who lived in near-by Brookville, had also just received word of his acceptance...

WRINKLES?

"No surgery...no massage...no peeling...no pills! REJUVENÉ has been on the market twelve years; it has been used successfully by thousands...and RESULTS ARE GUARANTEED or your money back. One week's treatment will remove the most stubborn wrinkles. The result is permanent. REJUVENÉ is amazing too, in its action on blemishes. Absolutely harmless. Easy to apply. Send today for Free Brochure which tells the astonishing story of this remarkable product.

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Errol Flynn is easily deceived by women and not so easily by men. He neverMarrys jewelry and likes Turkish baths. He calls his wife Damita.

He thinks Malay Street, Singapore, the most beautiful street in the world.

His wit is quick and incisive, and he enjoys food with the zest of a growing boy. He is interested in all the civilized aspects of a house so long as it is low and warmly informal.

He is a great believer in marriage vacations.

He is a bad memory for names.

He thinks the most exciting places he has ever been to were Shanghai and Abyssinia before they were taken over by the invaders.

Jim felt he could not fairly continue as a financial drain on his father, hard hit by the depression and a disastrous fire which had wiped out the hardware store in 1938. "Doddie" and "Gimmy," his two younger brothers, were coming along in college age now and it was their turn to enjoy what funds the family could afford for education.

Jim was still pondering over his immediate future, the last week before graduation, when a woman from Falmouth, Josh Logan, who had returned to Cape Cod for another summer of stock with the University Players, would consider coming to Falmouth and playing his accordan in the little night club run in connection with the theater, and perhaps take a minor role or two in the summer productions?

Jim came to the decision the last night before graduation as the alumni, the United seniors took over the front campus for a final beer party. Gay Japanese lanterns gleamed in the darkness. Cigarettes flickered like fireflies and the old songs rose on the quiet June evening air as the class of 1932 held its last senior sing.

Steve and Jim, sitting a little apart from the rest, said their good-bys to Nassau Hall together. "It's been a great four years, Jim," said Steve, his voice choked with sentiment.

"Yes, we've got something they can never take away from us," answered Jim. "I wish I could come back to grad college. But I guess that's out the way. I'm going to have some fun this summer before I start selling mail."

"Yes, come on. I'll go over and send a wire to Josh now."

Late the next afternoon, after six hundred black-gowned boys had filed up to the orange and black draped platform and grasped a sheepskin, after the fuss and flurry of family congratulations were over, Steve drove Jim to Princeton Junction to catch a train for the north.

In one hand, Jim carried his suitcase. Under the other arm was his accordion, talisman of so many of his triumphs. Jim patted its case as he waved good-by to Steve from the steps of the train.

"It's been good to me so far, maybe the box will bring me luck this summer."

"So long, actor," called Steve prophetically. "See you on Broadway!"

How Jim's decision to spend one last carefree summer before butting the business world led him into a totally unexpected career in the world of theater in the concluding chapter of "Lackadaisical Lothario," in Photoplay Next Month.

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HOT
It drug Carter's Company, Bridgeport, Conn., takes you get
the world of Hollywood.

I

You

C

HOLLYWOOD

of the 1928 Olympic Games.

YOUR FRIENDS

Simple, natural beauty: a
A. R. CHAN IN RENO — 20th

It's EXERCISE and LIKE IT!

You

He's a lorry driver, you see? I'm not

erect and muscular, and complete white,

FASHION

$100

— 20th Century-Fox

MILLS

exhausted, but I find it can't be done.

WRAP

— 20th Century-Fox

— 20th Century-Fox

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Brief Reviews
(Continued from page 6)

IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD—M.G.M.
Charles Cobert's at her best, which is very good and at her worst, which is very bad. She's at her best as a sympathetic young woman (with Jimmy Stewart, a private cop assigned to watch over her) in 'A Presentiment,' a hooey-fest so overburdened with drollery that it's almost a miracle Cobert has any part of the audience in the audience. In the new M.G.M. she plays a nurse, a role that's been excellently performed by Joan Crawford, and it's possible that the audience will have one more to add to the list of failures. In general, the film is a disaster, the acting is poor, and the dialogue is flat. (Judy)

I WAS A CONQUER—Republic
Really, the publicity that has been gotten for this film is a disgrace. It's a picture of two directors, one of whom is Charles Cobert, who are in a quandary about what to do. They've decided to make a picture about a man who is a conqueror, and they've decided that they're going to make it a comedy. The result is a film that is neither comic nor serious, but a combination of both. (Judy)

KID FROM TEXAS, THE—M.G.M.
A little known director, at least in the states in which he has been working, but his work is certainly as good as his name. He has a knack for getting the most out of his material, and he has a feeling for the rhythm of the story. His work is excellent, and it is well worth watching. (Judy)

KING OF CHINATOWN—Paramount
There's plenty of action and a lot of mystery in this picture. The cast is excellent, with a fine performance by the famous Chinese actresses. The story is well told, and the production is top-notch. (Judy)

LADY AND THE MOB, THE—Columbia
Academy Award-winning actress, who has distinguished herself in this picture. She is at her best here, and her performance is one of the highlights of the film. The script is well written, and the direction is excellent. (Judy)

LADY VANISHES, THE—Gumont—British
Alfred Hitchcock, the master of the suspense thriller, has given us a worthy successor to his own masterpiece. The editing is excellent, and the script is well written. The acting is superb, and the direction is excellent. (Judy)

LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY, THE—Paramount
Katharine Hepburn is responsible for this cycle of prep schoolers. Southern accents and blooded stock. George Raft is the dashing Yankee who makes short work of a little Kentucky girl's pretensions. Direct from the stage, where he made his debut. The story is well told, and the direction is excellent. (Judy)

LET US LIVE—Columbia
Based on a case in the daily papers some years ago, this is a true story of an old man who was found living in his home with a daughter and a grandson. The old man was suspected of being a pedophile, but he was cleared. The daughter was a good actress, and the grandson was a good photographer. The film is well made, and the acting is excellent. (Judy)

LITTLE PRINCESS, THE—20th Century-Fox
Shirley Temple's last film was this, the best picture she ever made. The story is of a girl who is left an orphan and is sent to a boarding school. The film is well made, and the acting is excellent. (Judy)

LUCKY NIGHT—M.G.M.
We thought the mad-mad-yellow curtains were cut—out curtains until we saw the red curtains. We are in a horror-movie mood tonight. The acting is excellent, and the direction is good. The script is well written, and the production is good. (Judy)

MAN OF CONQUEST—Republic
Richard Dix, memorable for "Cimarron," is at his best in this role as a frontier cowboy. He is a fine actor, and his performance is one of the highlights of the film. The script is well written, and the direction is good. The acting is excellent. (Judy)

MIDNIGHT—Paramount
Claudette Colbert trip along a curve as a new bunny, playing an American cheetah stranded in Africa. In Africa she sees a tiger, plans to help her, but her plans are not successful. The script is well written, and the direction is good. (Judy)

MY WIFE'S RELATIVES—Republic
In a delightful scene in which the family, Pat James (James), Ed (Laurel), and Sue (Seligson) all come to the rescue of a friend, Ed takes over and saves the day. The acting is excellent, and the direction is good. (Judy)

NEVER SAY DIE—Paramount
A very funny and exciting story, the type of story that is so rare these days. The acting is excellent, and the direction is good. The script is well written, and the production is good. (Judy)

NIGHT RIDER, THE—Republic
This is a story of a man who is a hunter of supernatural beings. He is a fine actor, and his performance is one of the highlights of the film. The script is well written, and the direction is good. The acting is excellent. (Judy)

OKLAHOMA KID—Walters
Thesembold (calcium) did a great job in this film about a man who is a killer. He is a fine actor, and his performance is one of the highlights of the film. The script is well written, and the direction is good. The acting is excellent. (Judy)

ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS—Columbia
Cary Grant is superb in this story of a pilot who is a hero. He is a fine actor, and his performance is one of the highlights of the film. The script is well written, and the direction is good. The acting is excellent. (Judy)

PROMPTER—Paramount
In a delightful scene in which the family, Pat James (James), Ed (Laurel), and Sue (Seligson) all come to the rescue of a friend, Ed takes over and saves the day. The acting is excellent, and the direction is good. (Judy)

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE—20th Century-Fox
This is a story of a woman who is a singer. She is a fine actress, and her performance is one of the highlights of the film. The script is well written, and the direction is good. The acting is excellent. (Judy)

SEERGATE MADDEN—M.G.M.
It's pretty tough being a good policeman and a good singer, too, as Wallace Beery shows us. He plays a detective who is also a singer, and his performance is one of the highlights of the film. The script is well written, and the direction is good. The acting is excellent. (Judy)

SHE'S MY DARLING—Fox
This was called "Peter Hooton," but it was not the great success that it was expected to be. The acting is excellent, and the direction is good. The script is well written, and the production is good. (Judy)

SISTER HOUSE—RKO-Radio
This offers a new and different view of hollywood. It is a story of a man who is a singer and a woman who is a writer. The acting is excellent, and the direction is good. The script is well written, and the production is good. (Judy)

SPIRIT OF CULTURE—Universal
Jackie Cooper plays the son of a dead war hero, who is picked up from a beach by the American flag. He is a fine actor, and his performance is one of the highlights of the film. The script is well written, and the direction is good. The acting is excellent. (Judy)

STOLEN LIFE—Paramount
This might have been "Just another picture," but it is a story of two sisters who are left alone in their home. It is a fine story, and the acting is excellent. (Judy)

STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE, THE—RKO-Radio
This is a picture that will have enormous appeal. It is the story of a man and a woman who are married, and their love for each other is a major theme. The acting is excellent, and the direction is good. (Judy)

STREETS OF NEW YORK—Monogram
Even Jackie Cooper can't lift this out of the rut of the typical Monogram. He plays the role of a man who is a singer, and his performance is one of the highlights of the film. The script is well written, and the direction is good. (Judy)

SUGDEN MONEY—Paramount
This is a story of a man who is a musician. He is a fine actor, and his performance is one of the highlights of the film. The script is well written, and the direction is good. The acting is excellent. (Judy)

THEY MADE HER A Spy—RKO-Radio
Hollywood is bopped up over the spy-scare—especially in this film. It is a story of a man who is a spy, and his performance is one of the highlights of the film. The script is well written, and the direction is good. The acting is excellent. (Judy)

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP—RKO-Radio
A little more grown-up, with her voice in perfect condition, Dora Drake's pills, US, and the girl who is a married woman. The acting is excellent, and the direction is good. The script is well written, and the production is good. (Judy)

TWO WALTZE—Veda Films
As evergreen as champagne, this French picture paylaş a wonderful story of two people who are in love. It is a story of a man who is a writer, and his performance is one of the highlights of the film. The script is well written, and the direction is good. The acting is excellent. (Judy)

UPTOWN PACIFIC—Paramount
It's a story of a baseball player and a woman who fall in love. It is a story of a man who is a writer, and his performance is one of the highlights of the film. The script is well written, and the direction is good. The acting is excellent. (Judy)

WINTER TAKE ALL—20th Century-Fox
In a delightful scene in which the family, Pat James (James), Ed (Laurel), and Sue (Seligson) all come to the rescue of a friend, Ed takes over and saves the day. The acting is excellent, and the direction is good. (Judy)

WIZARD OF OZ—M.G.M.
The Wizard of Oz is a real classic, and it is a story of a man who is a wizard. He is a fine actor, and his performance is one of the highlights of the film. The script is well written, and the direction is good. The acting is excellent. (Judy)

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN—Universal
The new W. C. Fields/Eugene Pallette Charlie McCarthy feature is funny, but it is a story of a man who is a crook. It is a story of a man who is a crook, and his performance is one of the highlights of the film. The script is well written, and the direction is good. The acting is excellent. (Judy)

ZENOBIA—Hal Roach United Artists
In this Harry Langdon replacement Oliver Hardy's old character, Larry, takes over the story. It is a delightful scene, and the acting is excellent. (Judy)
starched collar—the chain that runs from pocket to pocket is easily adaptable as an amusing ornament for coats, frock or suit. The hat of generous proportions has a high, forward peaked crown with startling side wings instead of a regulation brim—exotic and wild, of course, but definitely a change for the popular straw, pith, panama, and saucerman models of the past season.

2. In the little land of the Marchkins "coif" is the watchword, and this is the fashion distinction and likewise his attire is commanding. Of particular note are the shoulder fastenings for the fastening of his coat. His stovepipe hat has a narrow, elongated brim. Notice the brushes that are used as gayly colored trim. Look for his shining buckles this fall on shoes, bags, coats, frocks, hats, belts and gloves.

A robust and jovial character is by name "The Second Townsman." The dramatic collar of his coat, his high hat with ribbon running through the crown, his huge timepiece hung on a heavy chain (which is surely a far cry from old sunshine of the original watches) are fantastic points of interest that will be modified and exploited in trends.

The Mont Blanc costume stresses the plow-fitting, odd-shaped hat, with a tiny frill edged that is repeated in a stand-up collar. Flower and feather motifs are notes of particular interest and Adrian feels flowers—jeweled, embroidered and appliquéd—should find a definite vogue from head to toe. The dovie Marchkins peasent also wear heavy, wide necklaces of wooden beads, with a deep yellow silk floral crown of wooden beads matching those of the necklaces are used—in the dress. The Marchkins are not of flowers. For modern adaptation of this headgear Adrian suggests hats of velvet and flowers of feathers in rich contrast to wooden beads. The laced bodices, the aprons and the insert bindings of their costumes are likewise inspiration for design.

5. On "One of the Five Fiddlers," those makers of merriment, Adrian adds an amusing conception of a hat in a skull cap with contrasting silk tassels held upright on a stalk. Here he employs two tassels. Tassels are a favored medium with Adrian for detail trim and he also uses them to accent his hair. And Adrian stresses collar interest.

Fantasy reigns supreme in the costume of the austere "Commander of the Navy." The abbreviated double bolero jacket is of felt. Notice the huge polka dots. You will see them frequently on various children throughout the picture. Utterly charming is Adrian's conception of the use of flowers on hats. It is a combination of flowers and interesting fabric. An idea that should have wide popularity, and the flower on the hat is due to be adapted in the spring. "The Commander" will have a stiff white coat of felt, with amusing sleeves of silk crépe, felt appliquéd flowers, and gardenias around the neck. The hat with a coal treatment is new and exciting, and likewise is the placement of a flower cluster in the back.

And so, on and on, fashion inspiration continues to flow from Adrian, whose recognition by Lord and Taylor, famous New York department store, with a $1,000.00 prize, as the American designer who has wielded the most influence on the world of fashion, is in keeping with the wealth of ideas and versatility he has displayed and continues to display in keeping with his creative capacity with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The Wizardry of Oz

(Continued from page 22)

When the picture was finished and the four said good—by it was a sad moment for all.

During the entire ten months of shooting, they seemed to fascinate Terry completely, a state of mind which I could not believe on the last day, when all Hollywood's fantastic acres I have never come upon so startling an eyeful.

My first sight of them was one day during luncheon, which was always served in their dressing room. Because of make-up complications, they did not attempt to eat in the commissary. Leaving a pair of straw legs, a lion's skin and a framework of the joints behind them, yet retaining from the neck up the result of a two-hour morning session in mirrors, they embarked for the repair to their dressing room to sit around the luncheon table in well-worn bathing.

I was bound to know it was still Mr. Bolger, Mr. Lahr and Mr. Haley, as upon the day of my call they turned three pair of eyes toward the door to acknowledge my arrival, but never have I been so carried beyond the realm of anything I could believe. There they were, a scarecrow's gummy-sack countenance, framed with wisps of weathered straw which plainly could only have escaped from inside his head, a lion looking through a tawny mane, and a third face contrived of rivets and tin, a funnel for a nose soldered snugly to an unmistakable aluminum head.

"Who do you think you're thinking," grinned Mr. Bolger, after an interim in which I could but silently stare. "When I saw the rushes yesterday where they took off my legs and threw them away I just about believed, myself, that I'm straw. When I go home at night I feel if I step on a straw I'll be a straw wind.

"The whole business seems real," put in the Lion. "When we barged down a stone wall in the scene where we were to try and escape from the castle and the iron door swung shut just before we got through it, and there six-tine green-eyed Winkies ganged up on us, and the witch cackled in the window, I'm right here to tell you it was something to shiver about!"

"In doing hard or like these," said Mr. Bolger again, "every little thing is so important. In an ordinary part, if you slip up on a gesture or a word, you can't be quite as you would be if you were playing like this, you aren't allowed a moment in which to be yourself."

"And when you're playing for kids," added Mr. Haley, "you're playing for the toughest audience in the world. The grown people look at it just to be entertained, but the kids look at it ... to believe it!"

A voice called from downstairs to say they were wanted on the set. Three chairs scraped away from the table, and two top hats, with toppey horns, and the sound of their bathrobes and paraded out.

Following them to the set, I discovered later that Judy Garland as Dorothy, and small Terry as Toto, are members of the entire company unworried by trick make-up of one kind or another. But Judy had another amusing incident. The grownups could finish a scene and knock off, whereas for her, in that trim ever-present character is labeled "Judy Garland, School," the thrill of adventure in "Oz" was forever antici-
mated by plain old-fashioned geometry. Judy, however, was not only the only scholar. There was also Mr. Wizard—Mr. Frank Morgan, for several weeks of serious coaching were necessary for a smooth delivery of the magic title role. He required. He can now make a bird cage disappear up his sleeve with the best of the Houdinis, but it took four months of concentration and practice to master the art.

As for me, it seemed that all the magic in the world might be accomplished by a few quick lyric dances and songs. But Burke as the Good Fairy, her elfin Irish smile in the most perfect setting I have ever seen created for a song, was a shell-pink tulle, pale silver butterflies poised upon its delicate mesh. Let me conclude, with a last word, "I thought, "I was sixteen again... that my feet didn't have to touch the ground!"

But Billie Burke, as the Good Fairy of "Oz," is sixteen again, and you are advantaged, for her feet never have touched the ground.

"It's a divine part," she said. "There's child enough in all of us to be thrilled with the wonder and magic of this picture. It has terrified me a little," she confided, "to think of living up to the children's idea of what a Good Fairy must be, but I can only hope with all my heart that I won't disappoint them."

Alone on the great sound stage then, she was waiting for her last scene, which was to be a montage of her face with a backdrop as it would come into the picture to finish Dorothy's dream.

The famous Burke red-gold hair rippled in the air, her toes were circled with diamond dust and infin-

"What would you like?" she asked. And Burke had nothing for me to believe but that she could grant it, for if ever good fairies lived, this one was the epitome of them all; a sentiment subscribed to one moment later by Miss Victoria Fleming, five years old, as she approached with her father who had come to superintend this last shot.

"Daddy," she whispered, looking up at Burke who waited in the single circle of light breaking through the darkness of the great empty sound stage. "Daddy, do you think I could take the Good Fairy?"

Later, I watched preparation for a scene on the stage next door; a stage al-

"Daddy," she whispered, looking up at Burke who waited in the single circle of light breaking through the darkness of the great empty sound stage. "Daddy, do you think I could take the Good Fairy?"

After every man to his own particular taste in whiskies, of course, but as for me, "Munchkinland" provides the one I want. It has a color that is one of the secrets of the clog makers of the midget Marchkins' shoes!\n

Fantasy in Fashion

(Continued from page 22)
HERE'S THE NEW SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD BOOK THAT TELLS YOU HOW

A Beautiful Figure
Can Be Yours!

YES, you too can have the alluring figure you so much admire in others. For the great, new Sylvia of Hollywood book tells you simple ways to mold your body into beautiful proportions in double-quick time.

Definite, Practical Helps

In this new best-seller, Streamline Your Figure, Sylvia of Hollywood goes right to the heart of your figure troubles and gives you definite, practical helps. One of the many reviews lavishly praising Madame Sylvia's book states: "Its excellent photographs, clear directions and careful charts, sensible diets for reducing, make the way to beauty simple for the woman determined to have it."

Beauty from Legs to Head

By following Madame Sylvia's suggestions, you fat or thin girls will be surprised how quickly you can acquire a stunning Hollywood figure. Sylvia gives it to you straight and fast. She doesn't generalize... she doesn't talk in circles... she starts right out on page one and tells you how you can develop beautiful legs. Then without any fuss or frills she explains how to preserve the loveliness of your breasts. From there she goes after the bulges in your waistline... then she shaves down your hips. But that is not all. In six more chapters she reveals secrets that cover you with beauty. Yes, give Sylvia the opportunity and she'll make a new woman out of you in no time.

You Skinny Girls Too!

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Send me, postage prepaid, the book Streamline Your Figure by Sylvia of Hollywood. I enclose $1.00.

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City
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WHAT IS THAT PRETTY TOWN DOWN THERE?

THEY OUGHT TO CALL IT FLAVOR-TOWN BECAUSE IT'S WHERE DELICIOUS BEECH-NUT GUM IS MADE!

Beech-Nut Gum
made with care, in country air, at Flavor-Town, (Canajoharie) N. Y.

Try these delicious flavors and see which you like the best.

Delicious, popular, peppermint flavor.
Tempting candy-coated individual pieces. In 5 flavors... handy for purse or pocket.
Fresh in texture for mouth health. Chew with a purpose.

Visit the Beech-Nut Building at the New York World's Fair. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

One of America's GOOD habit
WHAT YOU WILL WEAR THIS FALL

Fashion show starring
NORMA SHEARER, JOAN CRAWFORD and CAROLE LOMBARD

How Clark Gable Guides Tyrone Power’s Life    By Adela

THE TRAGIC ROLE LORETTA YOUNG PLAYED IN THE B
In the land of loveliness
this new, luster-giving tooth paste gets its warmest welcome

Energizing agent in New Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth dazzling brilliance

Look where smiles are loveliest, and what’s the dentifrice you hear everybody raving about?

It’s the New Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with amazing Luster-Foam detergent. The dainty, foaming, aromatic “bubble bath” that Luster-Foam creates gives super-cleansing and dazzling luster in a new, different, delightful way.

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At the first touch of brush and saliva, Luster-Foam detergent leaps into a safe, foaming, “bubble bath” (20,000 cleansing bubbles to the square inch). Your only sensation is that of mouth invigoration; yet that “bubble bath” has unbelievable penetrating power and hence cleansing effect.

It surges over the teeth, around them, even goes to work on those remote and hard-to-reach areas where more than 75% of decay is estimated to start.

These danger zones lie between the teeth, on front and back of teeth, and on bite surfaces—with their tiny pits, cracks, fissures, which harbor decay-fostering foods, acids, and bacteria.

Meanwhile, it attacks greasy films which dim the enamel...Its continued use brings new brilliance and lustre.

No wonder the New Listerine Tooth Paste is so popular with glamour girls of business and society, stage, screen, and studio. Get a tube of the New Formula Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter now. In two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢ and big, double-size tube containing more than 3⁄4 lb., 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**THE NEW FORMULA WITH**

**LUSTER-FOAM**

**P.S.** Listerine Tooth Powder also contains Luster-Foam

---

**A HINT TO A WOMAN OF 30**

**IT'S BEEN YEARS I COME TO LUNCH AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOURSELF.**

**WHY, LINDA, WHAT'S WRONG?**

**I'M DESPERATELY LONELY, JANE. I GO NOWHERE AND IT'S BEEN MOUNTAIN SINCE A MAN HAS CALLED ON ME. AND I'M 30, OH, HOW I ENVY YOU!**

**JANE DARES TO HINT**

**MEN IGNORED ME, TOO I'D NEVER HAVE GOTTEN IF I HADN'T FOUND THAT**

**MY BREATH WAS MY TROUBLE, AND BEGAN USING LISTERINE.**

**PERHAPS YOU . . . . . .**

---

**To girls who don't want to stay single**

**NO, NO! NOT THAT, STILL . . . . . .**

**The following Jane**

**WHO SAYS I'M NOT A MATCH-MAKER WHO SAYS LISTERINE CAN'T DO CLIPED LINDA'S PARODYING BOB ON THE 21ST.**

**For halitosis (bad breath) use**

**LISTERINE**
PHOTOPLAY
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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On the Cover—Shirley Temple, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Going, Going
Where are the beauties of yesteryear?

Tyrone Learns from Clark
How Gable repaid Power's hero worship

The Tragic Bole Loretta Young Played in the Buckner Case
The poignant story of a brave woman's loyalty

Rover Boy with Sex Appeal
Beginning the perfectly ridiculous life of David Niven

Play Truth and Consequences with Olivia de Havilland
What she doesn't answer is as revealing as what she does!

Portrait of the Man Who Came Back
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Adel Whiteley Fletcher

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And your sense of humor—if you're a famous director like this one

The Perils of Paullette
Miss Goodhart faces her problem gallantly

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Gwenn Walters

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Marlen Rhea
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Or, formally speaking, Miss Lombard, Mr. Grant, and Miss Sheridan

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Joan Crawford's very young visitor started a new hair-style, then...

Dorothy in Wonderland
Dotty Lamour and New York's World's Fair have a look at each other

You, Yourself...
Who played with whom? Test your memory—and your wits

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Close Ups and Long Shots
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

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We Cover the Studios
Fashion Letter
We Expose Dietrich's Great Weakness
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue
Movies in Your Home

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A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with JUDY GARLAND (as Dorothy), FRANK MORGAN (as the Wizard), RAY BOLGER (as the Scarecrow), BERT LAHR (as the Cowardly Lion), JACK HALEY (as the Tin Woodman), BILLIE BURKE (as the Good Witch), MARGARET HAMILTON (as the Bad Witch), CHARLEY GRAPEWIN (as Uncle Henry) and the Munchkins • Screenplay by Noel Langley, Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf • From the book by L. Frank Baum • A Victor Fleming Production • Produced by Mervyn Le Roy • Directed by Victor Fleming
DARING WHAT NEVER HAS BEEN DARED BEFORE!

M-G-M has brought to life the storybook that has long defied filming! Spun adult motion picture fare out of pure fantasy!
Made a lion out of a man—given wings to monkeys—trained trees to dance—made a tin man walk—a scarecrow live—created a jitterbug—photographed the inside of a tornado!
Utilized the brain and brawn of 165 arts and crafts—built 65 separate sets—gathered together hundreds of midgets—built a city of 22,000 separate glass objects—built a haunted forest—made 40,000 poppies bloom where none were before—used 35 make-up experts, headed by the dean of plastic make-up—created 212,180 separate sound effects—introduced a symphony of 120 musicians, a chorus of 300!
Employed a total of 9,200 actors—rehearsed for months—solved engineering and photographic problems never before encountered—took two years to bring you one hundred minutes of scintillating, fascinating screen entertainment!
BACKDOOR TO HEAVEN—Paramount

Prospective in tone, this social message proves that a misled in childhood can lead to desperation, with Wallace Beery the victim of the cliche. Patricia Ellis, Allen MacMichael and Stuart Erwin help when he is brought to trial for murder. (July)

BIG TOWN Czar—Universal

More gangster, more treacherous kids, more proof that crime doesn't pay. Gutierrez, Burton MacLane and ambitious and tries to reach the top of the gangster business. Tom Brown plays his wiser brothers and Evi Adam furnishes the romance. (July)

BLIND ALLEY—Columbia

A cop-and-robber drama, with murder as its motivating theme and the psychological realism of a tramp's mind in an despicable aim. Chester Morris' work, as an escaped convict who takes refuge in the home of Psychologist Ralph Bellamy, is excellent. Ann Dvorak, Joan Perry and Melissa Cooper complete the cast. (July)

BOY FRIEND—20th Century-Fox

Rudy, Jane Withers is still chasing down gangsters and helping out the police. Her brother, a rookie cop, is assigned as an undercover man, and Jane scoops, too. Arthur Lubin is lost in this run-of-the-mill piece. (August)

BRIDAL SUITE—M-G-M

Robert Young gives another delightful characterization in this madcap comedy of a playboy who is about to marry—that is until he meets up with Amanda, Billie Burke, as his flagrant mother. Virginia Field, the jilted dame, and Psychiatrist Walter Connolly add to the fun. (August)

BROADWAY SERENADE—M-G-M

Here again Jeanette MacDonald has a hit, largely due to her own beauty and voice. She is cast as the wife of paused Lew Ayres, but when his success doesn't match hers, there's a divorce. Ian Hunter moves in at this point, but the swing writers see to it that Lew scores Jeanette's new show. Ayres continues to prove that his room contrast was a good idea. (August)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S SECRET POLICE—Paramount

Here's melodramma beyond belief—with horror changers and even a treasuer, John Howard is still playing Drummond, but even he can't make such a yarn acceptable. Heather Angel, H. B. Warner and Reginald Owen struggle vainly. (July)

CALLING DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

Lew Ayres, doing well in this popular series as young Dr. Kildare, must choose between operating on a man wanted for murder, of being a handwriting expert, and saving the life of his fiancée who'd live with the patient, Victor McLaglen, has Lionel Barrymore, as the sixty old sergeant, steps in more things look black. (July)

CAPTAIN FURY—Hal Roach, U.A.

A rip-roaring melodrama, with escaped convicts Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen playing Robin Hood in scoring scenes from an unexplored land behind George Zucco. It all adds up to a grand thriller, with June Lang adding the romantic touch and Virginia Field joining with McLaglen. (July)

career—K-RKO Radio

Edward "A Man to Remember" Ellis plays a country storekeeper around whom the lives of the townpeople revolve. He mixes it with all them, despite the fact his own affairs are in a mess. Anne Shirley makes an attractive ingenue; newcomer John Archer, a clean-cut young doctor. See it, if you enjoy the homely type of film. (August)

PHOTOPLAY

In "The Old Maid," Bette Davis never wedds George Brent—thanks to Miriam Hopkins' screen interference. In real life, the story may end more happily.

CHARLIE CHAN IN RENO—20th Century-Fox

Hollywood may go to pet, but Charlie Chan will just go on solving cold-blooded mysteries. This time history fails meet new adventure when a murder mystery pops up in Reno. The murder theme is kept up with a rich woman, a jilted lover and a wronged wife. (August)

CONFessions OF A NAZI Spy—Warner

This is propaganda—with apologies to none. It's hard hold and its purpose is to prove that Nazism is not confined to Europe, but is spreading throughout the world. Glenn Ford Robinson is billed as the star, but it's Paul Lukas, leader of the Nazi forces in this country, who's the real star. Francis Lederer, as the espionage spy, gives a memorable performance. (July)

CRIME IN THE MAGNITON LINE—Tower

In this France-made film, mystery, murder, espionage stall the underground passages of France's famous fort, the Maginot Line. Victor Francen, as a French army officer, relentlessly seizes the enemy cause until all. Vera Karen, as Francen's wife, adds spirit, but not too much, to screen's role. There is suspense to the plot and a compelling quality to the many authentic shots of the grim fortification along the German border.

CRISIS—Mayer-Bursyn

An arresting picture of "the rape of Czaritsynka," from the time of the Austrian Amadeus to the so-called Peace of Munich. Herbert Aime and his camera were right on the spot when things began to happen, so the film provides a valuable contribution to the history of a portion of our time. It's propaganda, yes, but definitely worthwhile.

DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS—Warner

A follow-up on "Four Daughters," with the Lane sisters, Priscilla, Roosevelt and Lois, and Gale Page being conspicuous when top-notch titles like "The Crime of Dr. Laura," "The Man with the Golden Arm" and "42nd Street." June Preisser and Susan Stone, the leads, John Garfield has the romantic title this time, when Pat O'Brien builds him for him. Kay Bailey starts the mother and Mary Robinson is in fine style as the housekeeper. (August)

DODGE CITY—Warner

As a Western to end all Westerns, this running Technicolor film is a prime piece of production. Edgar Guest is the hero who has little time for love with Gloria De Haven is until he last killer has brought Kansas dust. Bruce Cabot is a died-in-the-wool villain and Ann Sheridan gives past the hero's office as a cabaret gift. Entire cast deserves high praise. (June)

EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN—Universal

A cute little moopel steals title from Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell. Bing, who sings messages for a telephone company, and Joan, who is a switchboard operator, are always on the verge of marriage. Something usually stops them and this time it's young buddy Hermes. Bing sits his way out of trouble. Motion Auer's melancholy Russian act is good for its usual laughs. (June)
For the first time—Jimmy and George crashing head-on—outblasting each other with a brand of dynamite no screen has offered before! Thrills beyond measure! Excitement beyond all precedent!...It's the picture that tops 'Angels with Dirty Faces' and it's made by WARNER BROS.
BEAUTY IS AS BEAUTY SOUNDS—

Surely, no girl today, with the horrible example of what happened to some of the greatest glamour girls when sound came into motion pictures, needs to be reminded of the importance of her speech and voice. Many of the greatest silent-era stars were forced out of the movies, when audiences learned that their voices in no way matched their loveliness of face, or their charm of personality. That one fault in their entire make-up ruined them. Don't let that happen to you.

The advertisements in every paper and magazine warn us of the loss of popularity that follows a crude make-up, or a bad figure, or the lack of personal cleanliness and daintiness. These are things we know about and can control. But, since we can't hear ourselves as others hear us, we don't know what we sound like. All of us can cite examples of people we know whose voices ruin their charm, and get on our nerves. Many a person has been unable to secure a position for which she was ideally suited, for the sole reason that her voice irritated her prospective employer.

Your voice is perhaps the most important thing about you. No one will take great interest in what you have to say, if your diction is bad, or your voice too shrill or loud. A warm, interested voice, with flexibility of tone, is your greatest asset in attracting others.

Frequently, this arresting quality in a performer's voice is as important as his facial expression in putting a dramatic or comedy scene across. If you saw Claudette Colbert in "Midnight," for instance, you will realize how much the hilarious telephone scene owed to her voice.

WHEN the advent of sound threw the studios into a panic, the first thing they did was to establish dramatic coaches to train the voices of their contract people. Malvina Dunn is the dramatic coach at Warner Brothers studio, and she gave me lots of good advice to pass on to you, to make your voice lovelier.

"Bette Davis has one of the loveliest speaking voices on the screen," says Miss Dunn. "Her voice expresses her every mood and thought. Her diction and pronunciation are superb, and her voice has the warmth and color and flexibility that makes a great actress."

Bette, currently appearing in "The Old Maid," believes that a good speaking voice, like a good carriage, is based on proper breathing. Her favorite exercise is to take a very deep breath, then exhale the air completely so that even the lowest part of her lungs is emptied. While expelling the air, she moves her head slowly from side to side, but never cuts off the air stream. Bette says that a halting manner of speech often can be overcome by increasing the vocabulary and concentrating on what you're saying. Much reading will expand your vocabulary, as well as looking up the pronunciation of new words and using them immediately.

To hear yourself as others hear you, and to find out what your voice faults are, the best thing to do is to go down to some record store in your city and have a record made of your voice. The results will surprise you. You may (Continued on page 81)

The arresting quality of Claudette Colbert's voice, in this scene from "Midnight," was as important as her facial expression

A drawl might have handicapped Maggie Sullivan's career, but she's a shining case of speech at its best
The young set has discovered Alaska SealSkin—its velvety sleekness, its suppleness, its allure, its modest cost. The girls who "get around", West Coast or East, on planes or caravans, in college or city, are making this quality fur their very own. Choose the flattering suede-indentent full-length coat, or the rumbly Swing-Swagger… in Safari Brown, favored color for next Winter, or ever-classic Black. Wherever better furs are sold. * Foyke Fur Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents of the U.S. Gov’t for the Preparation and Sale of Alaska Sealskins

"Youthfully Yours"

ALASKA SEALSKIN

SEPTEMBER, 1939
Ed—with another girl and he used to be mine!

Smart girls keep romance! They prevent underarm odor with MUM!

ETHEL got a shock when they passed her... Ed glancing at her almost like a stranger... Jane with that proud, satisfied smile. Ethel knew Jane wasn't as pretty wasn't as clever... wondered why Ed picked her!

It isn't always the pretty girls who win! For even a pretty girl can spoil her chances, if she's careless about underarm odor... if she trusts her bath alone to keep her fresh and sweet... neglects to use Mum!

For a bath removes only past perspiration...Mum prevents odor to come. That's why more women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls like you.

MUM IS QUICK! Only thirty seconds for Mum, and underarms are protected for a whole day or evening.

MUM IS SAFE! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply Mum even after you're dressed. Mum won't irritate skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. When freshness is so important in winning romance, why take chances? Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be a girl others like. Use Mum!

SHE ASKED FOR IT!

TO the Power Fan from San Francisco:

Were you with Tyrone Power all the time he was at the Treasure Island premiere of "Alexander Graham Bell"? Why, I don't believe you were with him every moment of that day. Maybe he gave a couple of smiles to his fans while you weren't looking. And, what's even more logical, he may not have wanted to steal the show from his best friend, Don Ameche. After all, it was the premiere of Don's picture.

And, besides, Tyrone has sense. He knew that if he had smiled too often, he would really have won the day—and won Don Ameche's fans over also!


So you're a Power fan in San Francisco, and you're not wholly satisfied with the way he acted? Perhaps you are not well-acquainted with the duties and qualifications of a Power fan. In that case, let me enlighten you with a definition to serve for now and all time! A Power fan:

1. Is preferably a girl, but may be a man.
2. Never knocks, but always boosts Mr. Power, unless he has committed some major tragedy in the way of a crime.
3. Is faithful to the end!

4. Sees every Power picture at least three times, being careful to memorize momentous bits of dialogue, so that she may say to her friends, "Wasn't he wonderful when he said to Norma Shearer...?"
5. Is constantly on the watch for people who pronounce Tyre-e-rone instead of Ti-RONE, and reprimands those people with a gentle correction, saying sweetly, "Ty prefers it that way."
6. Is one who can remember going without eating on the day his marriage took place.
7. Is one whose room is completely lined with Power pictures, even though Daddy says it's going to ruin the wallpaper.
8. Never says a cruel thing about Annabella, and envies her at first, then admires her for winning out.
9. Never ridicules a Gable—or a Flynn—or a what-have-you fan—simply pities her for not knowing enough to be a Power fan.
10. Is always ready to jump to his defense, even at the risk of losing a boy friend who just can't understand what she sees in him.
11. Knows that it is her mission in life to convince all her friends that he is the man of the hour.
12. Lives with the hope that some day she will shake his hand and be able to...
to say in a reasonably calm tone of voice, "How do you do, Mr. Power? I've heard so much about you!"

That's how my San Francisco Friend, a real Power fan, is! Let's hope you won't worry about him any more and will start realizing how lucky you were to see him at all.

NANCY J. GROBER
Brooklyn, N. Y.

HE'LL MAKE THE GRADE YET!

I have read a great deal about all the talent campaigns carried on so intensively, from which they give us many new personalities. Yet it seems to me the old stars are the best.

A while back, I happened to see a revival of the old "Dancing Lady," co-starring Gable and Crawford. In it were two unknowns with bit parts. One was Fred Astaire; the other was Nelson Eddy. Today, Fred Astaire and Nelson Eddy are on top.

And Clark Gable? Oh, he's still around. Still around—in the most sought-after role of the season Rhett Butler in "Gone with the Wind!"

Peggy Cates,
Wallis Walls, Wash.

MONOCLE MADNESS

Americans must think the monocle a piece of English male attire as common as braces. Every titled character in films is equipped with one, as are most of the English commoners, and in one film it was even sported in the foor's face.

The film was "Slave Ship," the monocled seaman was George Sanders, and never have I seen such a travesty as was Sanders the Sailor, with his mooching walk, his la-di-da voice and his eyeglass. I prefer Popeye.

Both British and American films would be improved by the outlawing of this unreal and overworked prop. There should be a rule to forbid the wearing of monocles by anyone except:

(a) Mr. George Arliss;
(b) an actor portraying some historical personage who really did wear a single eyeglass.

Barbara Fletcher,
Blackpool, England.

A LOUD BOO FOR PHOTOPLAY

The criticism of "Juarez" in Photoplay is about as useless a piece of bald-faced babble as I have ever wasted time over. If I didn't know that time in history, I would have been led to believe that: 1. Warner Brothers went down into Mexico and started a revolution to free the peons. 2. After winning, they put Brian Aherne in as dictator. 3. Paul Muni was around somewhere, but had so little to do that it was only worth six words at the bottom of the page. 4. John Garfield, as somebody's favorite, got a big piece of patronage but didn't do much with it. 5. Bette Davis went mad so that the movie would have a big punch scene. All that is a criticism of "Juarez," one of the finer pictures of the year.

Patricia Sloan
Chicago, Ill.

MORE OF THE REAL MUMI

When I heard Paul Muni was once again playing in a picture, I was thrilled. But I was sadly disappointed in "Juarez," as far as Paul Muni was concerned. One can't get enough of his dynamic acting. Yet, aside from one little dramatic scene where he walks into the bayonets and denounces the traitor, his great talents were wasted.

Brian Aherne walked away with the male acting honors. You didn't have to waste the acting of another great actor to create a name for the picture.

Wake up, producers! Let you once more ruin the career of one of our finest actors by miscasting. Give us once more the Paul Muni of "Emile Zola," "Louis Pasteur," or "Black Fury."

Mrs. L. Friedenreich
Paterson, N. J.

"FROM MISSOURI"

Yes, it has to be admitted that Hollywood is being pretty swell to the young, struggling actors and actresses—a few of them, at least. But there are others who are being left out in the cold, whether they deserve it or not. Some just haven't got what it takes—but look at those who have and aren't getting any breaks. That is what is happening to Dennis O'Keefe. He is destined to be a real actor, but it is a crime that he isn't given half a chance. He is given weak little stories on which he is allowed to waste his ability—great ability—to give brilliant performances in lean plots. Here's hoping for some Class A Dennis O'Keefe pictures for a change!

Lillian Ackee
Aurora, Mo.

"DOWN UNDER" SPEAKS UP

I have always been very interested in history, and I would like to know why film producers are allowed to continue making a la Hollywood, historical dramas which are about five per cent history and ninety-five per cent fiction. No doubt their excuse would be that historical films, which adhered to the facts, would be boring. Well, if they do not want to keep to facts, why make these films?

They not only refuse to follow history, but alter the characters, too. We might have learned at school that a certain person was a scoundrel, or a weakling, yet in a film he will be glamorized and probably represented as having a very noble nature. I suppose the reason for doing this is so that the popular leading man will not lose some of his following, if he plays the rôle too convincingly.

Anyway, I reckon there ought to be a law against it! Who agrees?

Kathleen Kirkwood
Sydney, Australia.

THE "NEIGHBORHOOD" THEATER

I was frying bacon and onions in the pan at the open fire in the Australian bush, when I heard the clank of horses' hooves making their way up the track through the dense tropical jungle. My partner, Bill, jumped from the leading horse with a sigh of relief.

After exchanging greetings about his journey, he proceeded to unstrap the stores from the pack horse.

"Did you go to the movies while you were in town?" I asked.

"I did not have the time, Larry," he replied, "and I missed a good picture which is starting tomorrow night."

"What is the name of it?" I inquired. "Clark Gable in "San Francisco,"" he returned. (Continued on page 85)

MOTHER: "NOW, LISTEN, JEANIE—THOSE CONSTANT RUNS ARE YOUR OWN FAULT!"

JEANIE: "HONEST, MUMS, I DON'T KNOW WHY I ALWAYS GET THEM!"

MOTHER: "WELL, I DO! YOU RUB YOUR STOCKINGS WITH CAKE SOAP—YOU SHOULD USE Lux!"

Mother's right!

Lux saves elasticity

1 HOW TO WASH—Turn inside out—squeez in lukewarm Lux suds. Rinse. Lux saves the elasticity that makes stockings fit and wear.

2 HOW TO DRY—Shape, dry on towel rack—never near heat. Stiff with tissue paper for quicker drying.

3 AVOID cake-soap rubbing—soaps containing harmful alkali. These weaken elasticity—runs pop sooner.

--cuts down RUNS a little goes so fast—it's thrifty

SEPTEMBER, 1939
Africa holds a hundred nameless dangers! Fever...heat...cannibals...jungle...!

"Darling, I beg you...make Stanley turn back...before it's too late!"

"Death shall not seal the secrets Livingstone knows! We go on until we find him!"

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" The famous words of Stanley...an unforgettable thrill!

Twentieth Century-Fox presents
Darryl F. Zanuck's Production of
STANLEY and LIVINGSTONE
with the finest acting cast ever assembled!

SPENCER TRACY • NANCY KELLY • RICHARD GREENE
Walter Brennan • Charles Coburn • Sir Cedric Hardwicke • Henry Hull • Henry Travers
Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson • Historical Research and Story Outline by Hal Long and Sam Hellman

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE KNOWN TO MAN!
GOING, GOING...
TYRONE
LEARNs FROM CLARK

A story of hero worship in Hollywood—of Gable, "the great-guy in movies," and Power, who found a way to happiness

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THIS, as Mr. Kipling would have said, is a plain tale. I don't know exactly why I tell it at all. Except that it gives me a lump in my throat, and a warm feeling way down inside me whenever I think of it. Maybe that's reason enough for telling any story, even if not very much happens.

You hear a lot of mean things about Hollywood sometimes. How jealous and envious are rampant, and every star has a tomahawk out for every other star. Not so much about the fine things that you can hold as a shield around the candle of your own hero worship, when some figure from the silver sheet stirs your dreams or your desires, or seems to befriend you in your loneliness.

So it gave me a terrific kick to find out about Tyrone Power and Clark Gable.

Sitting here in my workroom, with the big Pacific just outside my window, I say to myself—Tyrone Power's got a hero, too. Somebody he'd give anything to be like, somebody who sort of personifies all he'd like to be himself. Funny, how much alike we all are way down underneath. Me, thinking how I'd like to write the way Edna Ferber does, and be as gracious and big as Eleanor Roosevelt, and look like Alice Faye. You, wanting to shoot like Cagney, or dress like Myrna Loy, or skate like Sonja Henie. And all the time, an idol like Tyrone Power wanting to be, in person, just like Clark Gable.

Tyrone Power and I met for the first time with considerable doubt and a lot of embarrassment.

It had been my ill-luck to comment harshly in print upon Mr. Power's radio career, which I thought was slovenly and careless. I have a phobia about careless work, because it seems to me you can, at least, always do your best. Since this passing critique brought down upon me the wrath of all the feminine members of my family—my daughter trumped my ace the very next night, in spite of being my partner, and my daughter-in-law didn't bring my grandson to call for two days—I heartily wished I had, for once, skipped doing my duty as I seen it. I wished it even more when Mr. Power magnanimously asked me to lunch. (I thought it was magnanimity, but you'll see pretty soon that it wasn't.)

You cannot imagine how hot and pink around the ears you feel when you first meet, face to face, a pleasant young gent whom you have roasted roundly, in the blissful conviction that you'll never see the guy in this world.

JUST what I had expected Mr. Power to be like, if he was like anything, I don't know. On the screen he seemed to me to be an able young actor, good-looking in a fine masculine way, and with a sure instinct for drama. Also, he had an aura of sincerity. So far, that description, like a police circular, would fit most of the young leading men of the cinema.

No sooner had we managed our nervous greetings, and sat us down to scrambled eggs and coffee, than I saw why Mr. Power had so far outstripped his field.

Here, said my weather eye and my reporter's instinct, here is a favorite of the gods. Once in a while it happens. What a big time Fate has had spilling most of the treasures of the world at his feet. How gaily Fortune has picked him for her own. Fame, wealth, friends, work he adores, the affection of all those who surround him—for from the gatekeeper's little white house, up to Darryl Zanuck's office, everyone on the 20th Century-Fox lot says, "He's our boy. Tyrone Power's our boy."

I think I had the impression that such a golden youth might be a little irritating, somewhat self-satisfied, and, even though kindly, a little condescending to the rest of us poor mortals.

He wasn't. My first cup of coffee wasn't drunk before I had yielded to what I can only call his niceness. Or before I had discovered that Mr. Power, that favorite of the gods, was very young, very unsure of himself and pretty much confused about it all.

And that was because he had ideals, he had a supersensitive imagination and a lot more brains than his Prince Charming exterior suggested. After all this time, I should have learned the fallacy of trying to match people's insides and outsides, but somehow you never do.

Plainly, this boy was a bit dizzy walking under the spotlight of movie fame, and he wondered what was going to come of it all. You could see, almost at once, why he had bought an island off the coast of Mexico. It was, he told me, rather like playing the game of what I'd do if somebody left me a million dollars—and then having it actually happen. Lots of fun, but a sock in the solar plexus just the same.

"When," said Mr. Power, "everybody knows everything you do, and you're just an ordinary guy like everybody else, and want the same kind of things, and then there's the press and radio and people you meet and the parts—whether you should play them or not—like Jesse James—"

He stopped and looked at me to see if I knew what he meant. As it happened, I did. I've seen a good many cases of it in Hollywood. You might call it Star Fever. It lingers in the swamps between the pinacles of fame—the possibility of being misunderstood, the magnifying of simple, normal actions, the fear of mistakes which all the world will see, the fear of being thought high-hat on one side, or of exposing yourself to a lot of bother and trials on the other.

"How," Mr. Power wanted to know, "can you be sure what's the right thing to do? How can (Continued on page 78)
Miss St. Johns (above left, with Clark Gable) knows Hollywood actors as few writers do. She has seen "Star Fever" work havoc with many of them, but Clark is one star who has escaped. And the quality which gives him the title of "The Greatest Guy in Hollywood" proves a worthy incentive for the lad Gable labels "a good guy in a pinch."
ORETTA YOUNG seems always to love under the influence of a dark star. There have been times in her life when it simply wasn’t in her power to escape the unhappiness her love brought her, when no woman whose love reached in the same direction would have been able to save herself despair and defeat.

But during the last few months many a woman in Loretta’s place would have managed to spare herself the humiliation which was Loretta’s lot and to have protected a career better than Loretta did.

For Loretta is incapable of being true to a man in her heart only. She must be true to anyone she loves before the whole world. She will not compromise with romance.

Of course, there is a reason for this. And it brings us to one of the bravest and most touching stories ever minted in Hollywood. This story, which is a drama within itself, reached its poignant climax with the Federal trial which so recently was publicized in screaming headlines everywhere in this country—the trial of William P. Buckner, for fraud.

Through all the court proceedings in this trial, and through all the flamboyant newspaper publicity which attended those proceedings, there was the constant linking of the man on trial and Loretta, for these two had months before met and apparently fallen in love.

He was charged with mail fraud and conspiracy in the manipulation of a $8,500,000 Philippine Railway Company bond issue. And she, by intimation, was charged with loving a man who had sought her because she was a rich young woman who might be persuaded to invest money in his scheme.
Whatever Buckner's original purpose in Loretta's direction, there can be no doubt regarding the emotion he came to feel for her. When he testified in the United States District Court, facing thirty-seven years in prison, he had to refer to the influence she had exercised in his life.

"After I had been in Hollywood a while," he said, "I wasn't interested in Philippine bonds any more."

"And why not?" asked his attorney.

"Well ..." And his face grew red as he avoided bringing Loretta's name into his testimony. "... just because something else had taken away my interest, and I was definitely not interested in bonds."

So the trial proceeded and Loretta played her tragic role of innocent bystander.

They met under the most proper and auspicious circumstances, these two. A mutual friend brought him to her home. And if Loretta soon thought, "Where have you been all my life, William P. Buckner?" it wasn't surprising.

For he was charming and stimulating. He had gone to prep school in New York and later to Georgetown and Fordham Universities. Out of college, he had entered the law department of the New York Life Insurance Company of which his uncle, Thomas S. Buckner, is board chairman. He had long enjoyed those advantages which family money and position afford. He had long associated with those people whose funds and leisure permit them to live graciously and concern themselves with artistic and intellectual and sporting pursuits. He was a man at home in the capitals of the world.

Eligible men in Hollywood are rare. Eligible men like William P. Buckner might almost be said not to exist at all. And Loretta, through associations she has made during her holidays in New York, London, Paris, and Rome—where she frequently is seen with people like Jock Whitney and Mrs. Harrison Williams—no longer can be expected to be especially attracted by nice enough but average young men, or by actors whose entire horizon is apt to be bounded by shop talk and the rôle they are playing.

It also was understandable that Buckner should go completely overboard about Loretta. She is, and we say this in the line of straight reporting, enough to make any man's heart quicken. This is especially true in the evening when she wears a simple white chiffon gown, when her hair is brushed until it gleams, and when her only ornament, likely enough, is a simple and exquisite pearl crescent.

She looks like the Age of Innocence. But when she talks the great growth she has experienced in the last few years becomes apparent, makes her complex and completely fascinating. Between June and September Loretta and Buckner were together. And it was about the first of December that he was arrested. He was in New York at the time and he telephoned Loretta immediately. She wasn't at home. But she called him back. She didn't find it convenient to leave her call unanswered. And she was told "not to worry."

Some weeks later, as the holidays approached, Buckner, awaiting trial, posted a five thousand dollar bond to secure the court's permission to visit California. On Christmas Eve he flew west. And on Christmas Day he and Loretta went together to High Mass at the Paulist Fathers' Church in Westwood. As they entered the church they were photographed. Loretta must have known they would be. And she could have seen him secretly. She could have met him at some friend's house or in her own home. Only that doesn't happen to be her way.

It was some weeks later that Loretta found herself actively involved in the case. With twelve other film stars Buckner was believed to have solicited as investors, she was subpoenaed by agents of the Securities and Exchange Commission. And at the Los Angeles Federal Building she testified that she knew nothing of Buckner's financial dealings. Which, undoubtedly, was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. For no evidence to the contrary ever was produced.

Reporters were waiting for her when she had finished giving her evidence that day, of course. And it would have been easy enough, at this time, for her to have dismissed the notion that any romance existed between her and Buckner. But she didn't do this. She didn't make even one feeble attempt in this discreet direction.

Calmly and gravely, she told the reporters: "Mr. Buckner and I are good friends. Our friendship has not been affected by the charges against him."

She didn't wear her heart on her sleeve. But she showed she had heart, plenty of it. She refused to deny or to minimize her relationship with a man who was in serious trouble.

It is not our purpose to pass judgment on William Buckner one way or another. He has been found guilty of the charges preferred against him and he now is awaiting appeal in his case.

(Continued on page 56)
Just once in a blue moon, it happens—Hollywood finds a new young man whose exploits, amours and good looks turn the whole town's attention to him. That, then, is Niven of Scotland, Malta and—now—Hollywood!

There was the darndest rumor going the rounds of Hollywood for a time. People claimed producer Sam Goldwyn had read so many fictional tales of romance with devil-may-care heroes that he began to believe a lad named David Niven actually existed.

And then people began coming forward, one by one, with tales of the Scotchman who could raise more commotion without a bagpipe than any ten men with them. Gradually the town awakened to the fact that in its midst there actually existed this Hop-Scotchman of charm, this Rover Boy with sex appeal, this little Lulu without the cork-screw curls.

Yes, even the skeptics began believing in David, after the day he tore through the streets of Hollywood, the last half of a monstrous fish hanging from the back of his car, its tail waving nonchalantly at the dumfounded natives who stood open-mouthed on the sidewalks. It developed that for the first time David had outsmarted his friend, Merle Oberon, at fishing and couldn't wait to prove his prowess. He must rush forthwith to the studio, through the studio gates and onto the set, lugging the sea monster in his arms. But Merle wasn't there. So, back in the car, he sped up La Brea Avenue to the home of Merle's museause and insisted that Merle, wrapped in sheets, he brought forth to behold his fish.

There are several versions of Davey's entrance into the film colony. One group claims Davey was dropped from a British battleship while at sea, onto the good ship used for "Mutiny on the Bounty," scaring Charles Laughton into such a frenzy he refused to re-enter the United States for four whole years. Another group claims he was found stone-dead on Merle Oberon's living-room floor.

And fantastic as it seems, both factions are almost correct.

As Merle tells it, she walked into her Santa Monica home one afternoon and there, stretched out on the floor, apparently deadlier than three extinct gophers, lay a complete and utter stranger. On either side of the stranger lay the two other gophers, Fred Astaire and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, both equally dead.

Of course, the middle one was Davey, who had merely wanted to meet Merle, and this was his and his friends' method of introduction. It intrigued Merle no end, and today, several years later, they are still warm and sincere friends.

David himself felt called upon to confide in Mr. Sam Goldwyn, whom he had met at a dinner party (he moved in the best social circles while starv-
A vivid pen profile of Lew Ayres
—a Hollywood paradox who quotes Epictetus, likes tweeds, studies philosophy and hates neckties

He has brooding eyes, and the look of a man who has done a great deal of struggling with himself. His mother's nationality is Russian; his father's, Irish. He votes only at national elections and, when a boy, his ambition was to be a hobo. His hobby is meteorology, which resulted in a complete weather bureau equipment at home. He never eats garlic. He was baptized Frederick Lewis Ayer. He has no desire to amass a lot of money, and he is very fond of Hamburgers made with cheese. He was born in a frame house on a hill and today lives in a frame house on a hill. He has never had corns.

He has never been interested in the World's Series, and, at school, he was most absorbed in history. He is not a radio fan.

He was unforgettable in "All Quiet on the Western Front," and he rates "Scandal Street" his worst picture. He feels quite sure that, had he life to live over again, he would do nothing differently.

He is not given to snap judgments, and, at the age of ten, his idol was Valentino. He would like to have children.

He likes foreign restaurants, particularly Hungarian, because of the music. He invariably sings in his shower.

He is not affected by high altitudes, and he thinks the average American has not the art of gracious living.

He has never eaten in the dining room of his home, preferring the living room. He is not a ready wit, and rarely reads the daily papers.

He had barely passing grades in mathematics at school.

His eyes are so blue they give the impression of brownness.

He hates wearing neckties, prefers sport clothes, and thinks Edinburgh, Scotland, the most beautiful city he has ever seen.

He never gambles.

He has never had a clipping service, and has an unshakeable confidence in himself. He has often suffered severe stage fright.

He eats a very light breakfast, and believes that sincerity is a common virtue among his friends.

He dislikes writing letters. He is not a lunatic or premonitions.

He still wears an old tan sweater which he bought eight years ago on Los Angeles' Street. He never goes to any mineral springs. His forehead is high and broad and it wrinkles deeply during discussion.

He never goes out between the acts of a stage performance for a cigarette. He is right-handed, and his ears ache at long telephonic conversations.

Lew Ayres adopted his surname because his friends insisted on mispronouncing his true name. He believes in adhering to accepted custom, and has no ambition to be a gentleman farmer.

He is a good listener, makes an earnest effort (Continued on page 77)
MIRACLE

If you can't be pretty, be smart! Don't be self-conscious about your bad points! Pick up your clothes and walk with them!

From Hollywood's wizards of the scissors come these words of wisdom that are guaranteed to make you stagger the stag line.

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETHER

FINE feathers make fine birds!' An adage which has survived as long as that one has probably shouldn't be questioned. We would like to supplement it a little, though, so it would read, instead, "The right fine feathers make fine birds!" For that's the truth of it, as anyone who has seen women decked in the wrong fine feathers will testify. And who hasn't?

The Hollywood dress designers—and miracle workers is the name for them—know precisely which fine feathers you should wear to emerge a fine bird. This month we present their heretofore unpublished findings. They offer simple rules for color and line which, applied to your little numbers, will transform you into a beauty or, quite as good, the most interestingly chic lady in town—dynamite to the stag line in either event.

First, a word about these experts we present so proudly:

"Going by Adrian." How often have you seen that title on the screen, then begun to make notes on the gown or negligee that Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald or some other Metro star wore...not only because of its umph, but because of what it did for the star?

Vera West once had the fashionable "400" sitting in line on little damask chairs in a Fifth Avenue salon, willing to order well in advance, stand like lambs for fittings, and pay and pay and pay. Now the stars at Universal City have reason to hold her in the same esteem.

"Greer and Banton" read dashing script letters on the window of a Sunset Boulevard atelier. At a recent fashion show there, Barbara Stanwyck and Joan Crawford had to wait in the hall until attendants could fetch more chairs. And Claudette Colbert and Sylvia Ashley Fairbanks, arriving later, had to sit on the steps of the stage. To the stars, Greer and Banton are, respectively and fondly, Howard and Travis.

Edith Head served her apprenticeship as designer at the Paramount studios under the just mentioned Greer, and, then, Banton. And the autographed portraits on her office wall bear silent testimony to the things she has done on her own since these gentlemen, in turn, went off to their fine shop. Among
MEN AT WORK

to make you Lovelier

others. Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard and Joan Bennett say to Miss Head, in effect, "Thank you so much!"

2. Remember mother's advice—a clean neck-line
3. Soft colors—to aid that schoolgirl complexion
4. Schoolgirl collars, yes. White, double yes
5. Lighten black—there's nothing young about it
6. No frills, if you're straining for youth
7. Be your age—dress it
8. Nothing extreme, if you're beyond first youth

THE COMMANDEMENTS FOR CHIC

1. If you aren't pretty, make no attempt to be pretty. Be very smart, instead. France remains the fashion center of the world because her women, unable to depend upon their looks, use their brains to do interesting things with their appearance.

2. Above everything else concentrate on those clothes for which you loathe to shop. For they are the clothes you aren't sure about. They are the clothes about which you haven't resolved yourself regarding line and color.

3. Don't think of yourself as forty years old and twenty pounds overweight, and go on from there to dress in the same old things until you look as if you were a uniform. Don't say, "I can't wear a circular skirt!" Employ a little time and energy, and see if there isn't a circular skirt, a little differently cut, which you can wear. And very well, too. Wake up! Realize that the personality you dress is as important a factor in your selection of clothes as your figure.

4. If your figure is bad and your face is good, keep (Continued on page 82)

Don't go around looking as though you were "about to pop."

1. A good foundation starts you off right
2. Remember mother's advice—a clean neck-line
3. Soft colors—to aid that schoolgirl complexion
4. Schoolgirl collars, yes. White, double yes
5. Lighten black—there's nothing young about it
6. No frills, if you're straining for youth
7. Be your age—dress it
8. Nothing extreme, if you're beyond first youth

Don't try to look like a little girl. Don't imitate Orphan Annie. It's forlorn.
WE are frequently asked: "How does it feel to be a Movie Director?"

I can best answer that with a brief anecdote:

A number of years ago, in the early days of the "Our Gang" comedies, I was working at the Hal Roach Studios in Culver City.

It was a set rule that each noon the "Our Gang" kids should have two hours off—one for lunch, and one for recreation. On this particular day, they were on the lawn just inside the front office building, playing at making movies. Freckle-faced Mickey Daniels was the leading man, little Mary Kornman was the leading lady, fat Joe Cobb was the cameraman, and dusky Sunshine Sammy was the director. Joe had a real camera (without film), and Sammy had a real director's chair, and a mega-

"Directed by—" is the only credit you see on the screen. But, how did he get to be a director? What are his problems? Tay Garnett gives you a revealing picture of the trials he has faced—and perhaps will face again in "Eternally Yours," which he is now directing for Walter Wanger.
phone that was as long as he was. This was before pictures learned to talk.

I paused, on my way out to lunch, to watch them. I tousled Sammy’s kinky head. “Going to be a director when you grow up, Sammy?” He rolled his big eyes up at me. “Gee, no, Mr. Garnett, it’s tough enough being colored.”

Another question that’s often asked: “How do you go about getting to be a director?”

There is no set rule—no blue-plate special. The choice ranges from ham to custard pie.

A large group of fine directors of today is composed of men who started out as actors. C. B. DeMille, Frank Lloyd, Irving Cummings, Robert Leonard and Henry King have come through the haze of hickory smoke that surrounds all well-cured hams.

Many of us are graduates of the old two-reel silent comedy schools—Mack Sennett’s and Hal Roach’s. Frank Capra, Norman McLeod, Leo McCarey, Richard Wallace and many others received their diplomas after majoring in Keystone Cops and flying pies.

Unfortunately, there is no prescribed course of preliminary preparation for directing, and no direct approach to the picture business.

If you happen to be a flyer at the U. S. Naval Air Station at San Diego, as I was in 1920, if a director like the late Alan Holubar comes to

Have you the patience of Job? The tact of a diplomat? The nerves of a lion tamer? You’ll need all these qualifications and more, this famous director proves, for Hollywood’s toughest work

The stars of a little Drama in Direction—Kay Francis and Bill Powell in “One Way Passage,” one of Tays memorable films

The moral of this story, if you are willing to concede a moral to a story about Archie Mayo, is that you’ve got to be at the right place at the right time.

Let’s take a look at the director’s problems.

The director is responsible for the cost of a picture, and the shooting time affects cost directly. A picture is budgeted at a fixed figure, based on a definite number of actual photography days. During shooting, the daily overhead is enormous. If a picture goes over, even a day beyond schedule, the director is in trouble. And sometimes things happen.

In my picture, “Stand-In,” Leslie Howard was the star. Leslie is a vanishing actor. You finish a rehearsal. There is a moment of delay while the cameraman makes a last adjustment of the lights. Then, you are ready to shoot. You look around for Leslie. He isn’t there. It doesn’t seem possible, because you remember distinctly having him in that very spot only a minute ago. But Leslie has vanished completely—and without the use of mirrors. Usually when you corner him a half hour later, he is high in the upper catwalks of the huge sound stage. Armed with a candid camera, he is getting candid shots of the various members of the posse who are trying to round him up.

Director William K. Howard was once doing a picture with a dog in it. He selected a trained dog—one that could do anything. He was well into the picture before he learned that the trained dog had died and he was working with an untrained substitute. There came a day
THE PERILS OF
Paulette

Miss Goddard—or is it Mrs. Chaplin?—faces them gallantly, for a reason incredible but inspiring

BY MARY CAMPBELL

The shadow of a new personality is falling across stardom's horizon, the shadow of the most courageous woman I know in Hollywood.

For her, stardom, surely; and now, perhaps, happiness, too, though it was more than anyone could expect, knowing her story. She didn't tell me this as I am writing it. She couldn't, if she had wanted to. But I was told by a friend whom I believe. I think you will believe it. If it is true, certainly it is the story of a woman whose courage in facing the world transcends in drama the most vivid of those wonderful old cinema thrillers, "The Perils of Pauline," the story of a woman who included in her marriage vows an oath no other husband ever asked his bride.

She is Paulette Goddard, whom many call Mrs. Chaplin, whom some call inordinately ambitious, a few call scandalous, and all call beautiful. She has just scaled the third rung on the ladder to stardom and, again, she finds herself facing the insistent and cutting tongue of rumor. As I know her story, she will always have these rumors to face and she will never be able to answer them.

She is news again, because she has the lead in Paramount's "The Cat and the Canary," and because the studio is so excited over her talents as an actress and her potentialities at the box office that everyone, from publicity department to Producer Arthur Hornblow, has taken infinite pains that the public will receive her with open arms.

Actually, Paulette has been news since the summer of 1932 when she got herself a job as (Continued on page 80)
SPEAKS

Russian rhapsody in smoke! Mischa Auer philosophically considers "Unexpected Father"—in which his one-year-old costar, Sandy Henville, plays his uncle!
The two lovely ladies at left have lots more in common than classic white features against a shadowy background. Both British, but born in exotic, faraway places—Wendy Barrie (top) in Hong Kong, Merle Oberon in Tasmania. Both discovered at luncheon in London—separately—by Alexander Korda, making their first big hits as rival wives in his "Private Life of Henry VIII." There the similarity ends, for Wendy's now doing "The Saint's Vacation" in Hollywood, while Merle's honeymooning in the south of France, having married the aforesaid Mr. Korda! Susan Paley, the seductive newcomer at right, is one of the many unknowns in the cast of "Dr. Cyclops," the mysterious film Paramount's whipping up on closed sets, without—believe it or not—any publicity!
Matrimonial-minded Carole Lombard and Cary Grant should be perfectly cast in "The Kind Men Marry" (formerly "Memory of Love"), with the new Mrs. Clark Gable looking forward to her belated honeymoon——and Cary now definitely contemplating wedlock with Phyllis Brooks.
Alas, Queen Ann! No sooner was Miss Sheridan of Texas made Oomph Queen than they put her on ice—but only to give her her first starring rôle in "Winter Carnival"!
35 YEARS AGO

"A kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt" (Will didn't say it, but the Spaniards did)

"All his successors gone before him have done 't—all his ancestors that come after him may." A bit muddled, Bard, but we get it.
light fantastic on the bounding blue main

"Those friends thou hast, grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel!"
—Big Sis trusts the proffered ring, but Rollo's read his Shakespeare!

Shakespeare never saw anything like these classics from those "salad days" when films were "green in judgment." Perhaps some of you can remember them?

Is nothing sacred in these lawless days? Will not even those prophetic stripes dismay the brutal jailbirds? Fie—and on a bank holiday, too!
Little girls, you've had a busy life! Mere kids—yet Priscilla and Rosemary Lane of "Daughters Courageous" have enviable records of two brilliant careers.
"The Forgotten Woman" is Sigrid Gurie's first venture since "Algiers," when she was more or less lost in the general excitement over Hedy Lamarr. Still, it hardly seems a fitting title for a young lady who's even now getting a five-year starring contract with Universal—and a marriage license with Dr. Laurence Spangard!
Historic moments caught by Hyman Fink's camera: Joan gets a hair-fashion hunch from a young visitor—and follows it through (opposite page)

Lana Turner wears a longish cherub bob, but clinches it with a real baby bonnet, while Janet Gaynor's version is the briefest of them.
Shampoo—YOU know that blessed ease, when your
tired scalp relaxes, and you'd purr like a cat if you could!

that's my Baby

BOB

Good old Hollywood! You can always rely on its girls—and their hairdressers—to furnish you with new tricks in landscape gardening for well-turned-out topknots! Here are glimpses of the stars who have taken their hair in their hands and are cutting it short to make it snappy—with Joan Crawford showing you how it's done.
A week's vacation in New York, after "Disputed Passage," gives Dotty time for a whirlwind trip to the Fair for those exhibits on every Fair-goer's "must!" list. In white dress and turquoise turban, she stops first (top, right) at the beautiful Charm Center, number one attraction for feminine visitors—where she has to shush a reporter asking about romance. Another thrill was the 250-foot parachute jump that had Photoplay grounded while Dorothy dared all
Photo-diary of a star’s day off: Dot Lamour takes in the World’s Fair—and vice versa—while Photoplay goes along for the ride (and a hot dog)!

More fun for out-of-towners—the telephone exhibit, where a lucky number wins you a free call to any part of America. Dot roars with laughter as she listens in and hears a young man describe her to his mother as a “handsome colored girl”—that jungle tan! When her chance came, she called Charlie McCarthy in Hollywood—and the dummy wouldn’t answer! Far left, below—in a moving chair, at the Futurama, she sees the awe-inspiring World of Tomorrow unfold before her eyes. Left—“World’s Fair feet,” Dotty? She pauses to eat one hot dog—and rest two tired ones. Below, taking her place for the parachute jump, with Commander Strong, U.S.N., along for protection.
Presenting another Photoplay game to test your movie I.Q. The problem: to pair the stars below with those at the right to form some famous screen teams who've proved that two heads are better than one.
When you've finished pairing off the stars, check your "team work" with answers on page 83

10. Wallace Beery ... teamed with No. 13. Marie Dressler

1. teamed with No.

2. teamed with No.

3. teamed with No.

4. teamed with No.

5. teamed with No.

6. teamed with No.

7. teamed with No.

8. teamed with No.

9. teamed with No.
Finding a vacation spot where our Miss Temple can really relax and have fun is no easy task, but Hawaii—land of peace and pineapples—fills the bill! These exclusive shots tell a graphic story of Shirley’s happy holiday at Lanikai in Eastern Oahu, after finishing “Susannah of the Mounties.” Below, Shirley serves up a dish of poi for Tilly Wong, after a spirited ball game.
News About Suits

"Suits will have a dressmaker appearance this fall and will feature short, peplum jackets with the bustle influence, high and novel revers, and squared shoulders—the skirts will be short and flaring," says Adrian, M.G.M.'s designer, who created all the clothes for M.G.M.'s fashionable force, "The Women," in which Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Rosalind Russell play the leading roles. Adrian chooses bright blue for Norma Shearer's suit. It has a short, cutaway jacket that is woolen for Rosalind Russell's suit. The youthful collar of the white piqué waistcoat blouse finishes the neckline. The bias skirt has four flared gored seams. Miss Shearer's hat is of matching felt with jeweled net in the high crown. A small lapel clip is added as an amusing accessory note.
ABOUT Embroidery

"Embroidery will continue to be the style, luxury during the coming season. It will be placed on every type of garment, from down through dust, and will be worked in every thread and silk yard. Beads make metallic thread. The heavy white or red felt blouse of Joan Crawford's white silk terry dinner gown carries the dearest徒弟 embroidery on this prediction. A silk jersey two-piece, the waistline of the gown which has a flattering high neckline, short sleeves and a long full, gathered skirt.
"Color will predominate in fall clothes," proclaims Adrian. 'Every color is right. The artist's palette is reproduced in the clothes for "The Woman," in Rosemary Russell's costume. The fuchsia fabric braid hat. Adrian's studio designed clothes shown on these pages are not available in the shops. •
FUR FINDS

No fur coat style can edge from its place as a favorite this straight-line mink coat worn by Anita Louise, leading lady of Universal's "Hero for a Day." It is man-tailored with squared shoulders, notched collar, and wide revers. Beneath it Anita wears a sheer brown wool frock individualized by a drawstring shoulder yoke, and waistline which releases and holds the fullness of the gathered blouse. Vera West designed the frock. Silver fox glorifies this grey gelding of the coat. Silver fox glorifies this grey gelding of the coat. Silver fox glorifies this grey gelding of the coat. Silver fox glorifies this grey gelding of the coat. Silver fox glorifies this grey gelding of the coat. Silver fox glorifies this grey gelding of the coat. Silver fox glorifies this grey gelding of the coat. Silver fox glorifies this grey gelding of the coat. Silver fox glorifies this grey gelding of the coat. Silver fox glorifies this grey gelding of the coat. 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Large mink revers are rich contrast to the beige basketweave wool of Anita's street coat (above), which she also wears in "Hero for a Day." Miss West designed the coat with princess lines, broad shoulders and a two-button, single-breasted closing, and as companion to it, styled a two-piece contrast frock—the four gore skirt is of beige sheer wool, the peplum blouse of brown crepe. A novel yoke releases the fullness of the blouse. All the elegance of Safari brown Alaska sealskin is thrown into sharp relief by the cut and design of Anita's beautiful fur and dark green woolen coat (right), also from her Universal picture wardrobe. The fur bodice stops just short of the waistline to give a bolero effect—the skirt has been set on to the fabric waistline inset in a scallop motif. For wear beneath it, Miss West created a one-piece frock of sheer wool in dark green to match the coat fabric. The shoulder yoke continues into front panels that are finished with wee pockets—tiny studs close the front of the blouse. Anita is filming "These Glamour Girls" for M-G-M. Her studio-designed coats and frocks shown on these pages are not available in the shops.
Ilona Massey, co-starred with Nelson Eddy in M-G-M’s “Balalaika,” selects a three-quarter length coat of silver fox for her first formal fall wrap. The silvery skins are exquisitely matched and beautifully styled with straight lines and broad shoulder accent. Miss Massey’s dinner gown is of blue chiffon. The shirred bodice with tiny cap sleeves is trimmed with inset bands and high lighted by a closing of jeweled buttons. The silver fox coat was created by Bernhardt, Los Angeles. The gown was selected from I. Magnin, Los Angeles.
A silver fox stole for wear with fall frocks is Hollywood news. Bernard Newman of Beverly Hills designed Ann Sothern's luxurious fur piece that is casually tied on one shoulder with a flatteringly large black velvet bow—the end of the stole beneath the bow loops under to form an arm muff. Newman also designed the black crepe frock. The snug-fitting bodice buttons up to a band collar—the draped skirt has a separate front cascade. Miss Sothern, whose next screen appearance will be in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women," has just signed a long-term contract with M-G-M. If you wish information about Miss Sothern's silver fox stole or black frock, please write direct to Bernard Newman, Beverly Hills, California.
Glenda Farrell, last seen in Warner's "Torchy Runs for Mayor," selected four wool Jeanne Barrie frocks for her fall wardrobe. Her forest green woolen frock (far left) features rhythmic fullness in the skirt, blouse and sleeves—a golden clef and little grace note shoulder trim, mounted on a Staff fashioned of cartridge pleats to contrast the bar inset of the belt. There's a bit of Dutch Boy in the flaring pockets, and in the high-crowned hat. Frock also available in Purple Dawn, Military Blue and Burgundy. Glenda's black woolen (left) features a corselet waist and back fullness—a row of golden buttons from neck to hem. She adds a derby, wreathed in felt flowers and wrapped in a veil. Her bag—black antelope-suede pouch with a golden clasp. Frock also available in Forest Green, Purple Dawn, Military Blue and Burgundy. Miss Farrell's cyclamen and grey plaid woolen ensemble (below) has an all-grey sheer wool top and flaring plaid skirt. Over that goes a plaid mess jacket that buttons high to grey revers. With it, she wears a tweed-felt hat. Her crocodile pouch swings from a soft, wide bracelet-handle. Frock also available in blue and grey, and green and grey. Checks for the country (below left)—the colors are blue and muted grey, and the dress has the new back fullness. It buttons from neck to hem and is piped in Queen's blue velvet. Glenda's hat is a grey felt beret with a blue braided grosgrain snood for a crown! Her blue crocodile pouch has a zipper bracelet-handle. Frock also available in coral and grey, and wine and blue.
BLACK SHEEP

HAVE YOU ANY WOOL?

Anne Shirley, star of RKO's "Car

rep," also does on the woolen stand: a

bicolor-jacketed street suit of black

broadcloth, lace-inset, lace-edged

collar, the flared bias skirt, the

side-button, walking-tenants-frock,

inclined lapels. She has a beauty

suit, but for her "Buster Brown"

suit, bag, and choker. The popular

perked is available at the

Mail Company, Los Angeles; Carson

Call, Miss Shirley's shop; the Hall

riving Company, Chicago; Van-

ley Slipper Shop, Hollywood.
Carole Lombard poses in a three-piece woolen contrast suit designed by Irene for her to wear in RKO's "The Kind Man Marry." The flaring topcoat of golden beige is cut on the bias, also the burnt caramel brown skirt. The single-breasted jacket, matching the topcoat, is cut on the straight. Bias figure eights are appliquéd on the coat and jacket to accent the slit pockets. A caramel and beige polka dot crepe vestee, a caramel felt hat, and brown alligator shoes and bag complete Carole's grand utility sport suit. If you wish further information about the ensemble, write direct to Irene, Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles.
REMEMBER when the article came out about Latinas being "lousy lovers," and all the furor it caused? Well, of course, we wouldn't really cast aspersions on Ty Power, Clark Gable and Bob Taylor, for instance. But, it has occurred to us—how come the great preponderance of British screen lovers in American films, today? Are Americans "lousy lovers," compared to the smooth-voiced gentlemen from across the water?

Well, we wouldn't know exactly. Certainly our favorite screen Romeo is Clark Gable. But, just the same, the situation makes you stop and think. Here, for instance, is a list of dashing Britons who are making love on the American screen today, that we've just thought up, offhand (probably there are more): Errol Flynn, George Brent, Brian Aherne, David Niven, George Sanders, Leslie Howard, Cary Grant, Laurence Olivier, Ray Milland, Dick Greene, Ronald Colman, Basil Rathbone—to say nothing of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who appears more British than American.

We don't believe you can match that list with one comprised of equally outstanding American screen lovers. Which must be significant of something or other, although we don't know just what.

What the well-dressed glamorous girl wears when she goes bowling. Recognize her? Well, it's Betty "Million Dollar Legs" Grable, sans shoes, trying her skill at opening of the Sunset Bowling Alleys.

Photographs by Hyman Fink

Billie Burke leaves the church with Dr. Maurice Kahn after the wedding—not her own, but daughter Patricia Ziegfield's! clean-cut eyebrows, hairless legs and arms), and preparedness for all emergencies. By the last, she means keeping posted on current events, for instance, so you can talk intelligently; reading the latest best seller, for the same reason; keeping your wardrobe up-to-date, so you always have the proper clothes for the proper occasion. She says glamour doesn't "just happen"—that it is a studied thing. She says, moreover, she (Continued on page 74)
THE SINGING VIOLIN OF JASCHA HEIFETZ CARRIES THIS
EXTRAVAGANTLY PRODUCED PICTURE THROUGH ITS DULL
STAGES. GOOD LORD, SUCH MUSIC! WALTER BRENNAN'S
CREDITORS THREATEN TO CLOSE HIS MUSIC SCHOOL FOR
UNDERPRIBILEGED BUT TALENTED CHILDREN. YOUNG GENE
REYNOLDS, THROUGH A FLUKE, BEARS A JASCHA HEIFETZ
CONCERT. REASONING THAT IF HEIFETZ WERE INTERESTED IN
THE SCHOOL, IT WOULD BE ON ITS FEET AGAIN, GENE TURNS
THE TRICK. THE STORY, THOUGH WELL-WRITTEN AND WELL-
PORTRAYED, IS NOT EXTRAORDINARY. REYNOLDS IS SWELL.
HE'S ASSISTED BY TERRY KILBURN, CHUCK STUBBS AND
TERRY SHANNON. "ANGER OF FALL" IS THE MOST REALISTIC
CREDITOR. THE ROMANCE BETWEEN ANDREAS LEEDS AND
JOEL MCCREYN IS LOST IN THE SHUFFLE. THE MANY FAMILIAR
CLASSICS WILL DELIGHT YOUR EARS.

WELL (sigh), they've finally married DRUMMOND off. Oh yes, there's a mystery in this one. It's not too terribly mysterious because the thief hides the stuff in Drummond's radio. He's not a very bright crook; he keeps walking right into Bulldog's hands, and only through the quick closing of the sleuth's eyes, is the picture allowed to last long enough to give you your money's worth. HEATHER ANGEL is the long-awaited, and awaiting, bride, and you will see REGINALD Denny, H. B. WARNER, ELIZABETH PAT-
TERSON and quite a few others traipsing about. OF COURSE, THE DRUMMOND, is a DRAMATIC. IN IT INTO A LOVELY FRENCH VILLAGE THAT CLIMAX COMES AND THE
FILM GOES SLAPSTICK. THERE ARE SOME LAUGHS, AND
A GOOD CHASE AT THE END.

THE STRANGE AND GENTLE TALE OF AN OLD MAN IN A
LITTLE AMERICAN TOWN, WHO GOT DEATH UP A TREE AND
KEPT HIM THERE, IS Brought TO THE SCREEN WITH MAS-
TERLY FINESSE AND UNDERSTANDING. IT'S REALLY A
VERY OLD STORY—IN THIS VERSION, HOWEVER, IT IS A GRAND-
FATHER'S LOVE FOR A LITTLE BOY WHICH CARRIES THE STORY;
AND THE IDEA OF DEATH IS NOT MADE HORRIFIC, EXCEPT TO
THOSE WITH AN EXCESS OF VITALITY. LIONEL BARRYMORE
IS THE OLD MAN, GRANMA, WHO KEEPS A BOTTLE OF GIN IN
THEY POCKET AND SWARNS A LOT; PUD, THE CHILD, IS
played BY AN AMAZING BOY NAMED BOBS WATSON.
Pud's parents are killed in an auto accident and
Grampa, with Granney on the side lines, decides to
raise the boy. BUT A SCHEMING AUNT, ELLY MALOYON,
WANTS TO ADOPT PUD BECAUSE HE HAS BEEN LEFT A
LITTLE FORTUNE BY HIS PARENTS. MEANWHILE DEATH, IN
THE FORM OF A PERSONABLE MAN KNOWN AS MR. BRINK, SIR
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, COMES FOR GRANMY AND THEN HE
APPROACHES GRAMPS. THE OLDER, DETERMINED NOT TO
ALLOW THAT AUNT TO GET HIS BELOVED PUD, TRICKS MR.
BRINK INTO AN ENCHANTED APPLE TREE AND MAKES HIM
STAY THERE. EVERYONE TRIES TO PROVE GRAMPA IS CRAZY,
BUT, OF COURSE, THEY FAIL, SINCE WHILE DEATH IS UP A
TREE NO ONE CAN DIE. THERE'S A MORAL ABOUT KEEPING
PEOPLE ALIVE WHEN Dying WOULD RELEASE THEM FROM
PAIN, A THOUGHT Brought FORCIBLY HOME TO GRAMPS
WHEN MR. BRINK LURES PUD INTO AN ACCIDENT WHICH
CRIPPLES HIM. IT'S A PRESTIGIOUS STORY, OF COURSE, AND
SOMEBOTH VERY DEPRESSING. BUT THE PERFORMANCES
ARE SUPERLATIVE, INCLUDING THAT OF BEULAH BONDI AS
GRANMY.

IT IS ASTONISHING TO THIS DEPARTMENT THAT A STUDIO
SHOULD TAKE ITS TWO GREATEST STAR PROPERTIES AND PUT
THEM INTO A PICTURE OF SECOND RATE QUALITY, SUCH AS
THIS. THE FILM'S ASSETS: SONJA HENIE AND TYRONE
POWER; ADEQUATE MUSIC; TWO OR THREE LAUGHS. ON THE DEBT SIDE: A STORY ABOUT HOLLYWOOD SO
LOCALIZED THAT MOST OF THE DOUBLE ENTENDRES WILL
MAKE NO SENSE WHATSOEVER; PHONY DIALOGUE AND SITU-
ATIONS; NOT A TRACE OF SUSPENSE. THE IDEA IS A BAR-
REQUE ON THE FAMOUS "GEO WITH THE WIND" BUILDUP.
THE BOOK IS CALLED "GIRL OF THE NORTHERN TOWARDS," AND IT IS PRESS AGENT TY POWER'S JOB TO KEEP THE PUBLIC IN-
TERESTED IN THE SEARCH FOR A SUITABLE "GIRL," AND
THEN, WHEN SHE IS FOUND IN THE PERSON OF SCHOOL-
TEACHER SONJA HENIE, TO KEEP THE PUBLIC INTERESTED IN HER. THIS HE Does BY COOKING UP A ROMANCE BE-
TWEEN HER AND RUDY VALLEE, A STAR WHO NEEDS PUB-
LICIZING. VALLEE'S PERSONAL YEN IS FOR A SHOW GIRL,
BUT SONJA DOESN'T KNOW THAT. SHE FALLS IN LOVE WITH HIM. BUT WHAT--TY HAS DECIDED TO
BE IN LOVE WITH THE WOMAN HIMSELF. WHEN MISS
HARPER DISCOVERS THE DECEPTION, THE LITTLE SCHOOLMARM RUSHES FURIOUSLY BACK TO HER CLASSROOM. NOT, OF
COURSE, UNTIL HER PICTURE HAS BEEN FINISHED AND IS
A MAGNIFICENT SUCCESS. NOW SONJA HAS A HICK BOY-
FRIEND, LYLE TALBOT, WHO IS ELoping WITH HIM WHEN
TYRONE TRACKS HER DOWN. YOU FIGURE OUT WHO
WINS. EDNA MAY OLIVER PLAYS SONJA'S Sharp-Voiced
AUNT WITHOUT MISTAKING A TRICK. MARY HEaly IS THE
SHOW GIRL. SONJA IS ALLOWED ONLY A COUPLE OF SKATING NUMBERS, BUT THEY ARE ENCHANTING.

FOR SOME REASON--AND THIS DOES NOT HOLD TRUE OF
OTHER WRITERS NECESSARILY--YOU CANNOT HURT ALEX-
ANDRE DUMAS WHEN YOU MAKE A PICTURE OUT OF ONE OF
HIS BOOKS. "THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK," LIKE HIS OTHER STORIES, WAS EDITED SO THAT ONLY COLOR, ROM-
ANCE, AND SUSPENSEFUL ADVENTURE WERE LEFT. ED-
WARD SMALL HAS PRODUCED THIS WITH PARTICULAR
GRANDEUR, AND YOU WILL, UNDOUBTEDLY, HAVE A GOOD
TIME WATCHING IT. YET, THERE IS SOMETHING OLD-FASH-
IONED ABOUT THE ENTIRE FILM. THE DIRECTION IS RAGGED
AND THE CHARACTERIZATION THROUGHOUT IS OF THE POU-
TURING, GESTICULATING, LIGHT-OPERATIC STYLE. LOUIS
HAYWARD IS cast in THE ROLE OF THE TWIN DUAPHINS OF FRANCE, AND ALTHOUGH HE OCCASIONALLY FORGETS AND MINGLES THE TWO PERSONALITIES, HE DOES
IT ON THE WHOLE, A PRETTY SUOPerior JOB. YOU PROBABLY
REMEMBER THE PLOT; ONE OF THE TWINs IS GIVEN INTO THE
CARE OF THE THREE MUSKETEERS, WHILE THE OTHER
BECOMES LOUIS XIV., A Neurotic WEAKLING. CIRCUM-
STANCES BRING PHILIPPE, THE BROTHER, INTO CONTACT WITH THE KING, WHO DEIVES A PLAN TO KEEP HIS DANGEROUS TWIN A PRISONER IN THE BASTIL. FURTHER,
AN IRON MASK IS PUT OVER THE WRETCH'S HEAD SO HIS
BEARD WILL STRANGLE HIM. THERE ARE MOMENTS OF ABSOLUTE HORROR AT THIS POINT. OF COURSE, D'ARTAG-
AN, PLAYED BY WARREN WILLIAM, COMES TO THE RESCUE
AND THERE IS MUCH CHASING ABOUT AND SWORD PLAY
WITH JOAN BENNENT (AS MELIA THORAS) HELPING THE
RIGHT SIDE. JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, ALAN HALE, MILES
MANDER, MONTAGU LOVE AND SOME THOUSAND OR SO
OTHERS COMPLETE THE CAST.
IN any island of lost men there must be at least one lost woman; but go for what a pity it had to be the exquisitely China Lily, Anna May Wong! For no apparent reason, J. Carrol Naish establishes himself as king of an island, which lies up the river from Singapore, and cracks the whip over a few escaped criminals, who in turn bulldoze the natives. When May arrives as Naish's house guest, she improves the appearance of the island, but doesn't warm up much, because her brand of allure is on the reserved side. The law comes to the aid of those who are innocent, and the natives revert to type in time to make a feast out of those who are guilty. Naish outdoes himself in the menace role and Eric Blore is amusing. It's all a little dark and steamy.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Man About Town
On Borrowed Time
The Man in the Iron Mask
Bachelors Mother
Four Feathers
Land of Liberty
Clouds Over Europe
They Shall Have Music
Good Girls Go to Paris

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Jack Benny in "Man About Town"
Bobs Watson in "On Borrowed Time"
Lionel Barrymore in "On Borrowed Time"
Ginger Rogers in "Bachelors Mother"
David Niven in "Bachelors Mother"
Akim Tamiroff in "The Magnificent Fraud"
Ralph Richardson in "Clouds Over Europe"
Joan Blondell in "Good Girls Go to Paris"
Melvyn Douglas in "Good Girls Go to Paris"
Shirley Temple in "Susannah of the Mounties"
Jascha Heifetz in "They Shall Have Music"
Gene Reynolds in "They Shall Have Music"

THE HISTORY OF 'THEY ALL COME OUT' MAY HELP YOU TO UNDERSTAND ITS UNLIKELY STRUCTURE. IT STARTED AS A FOUR-REEL SHORT IN THE "CRIME DOES NOT PAY" SERIES, AND TURNED OUT TO BE GOOD. SO THE STUDIO BEGAN PADDING. FOR THEMATICALLY THEMED MATERIAL ABOUT THE LIFE AND PEOPLE OF THE MAIN CHARACTER, IT'S SIMPLY THE STORY OF TWO GIRLS, RITA JOHNSON AND TONI NEAL, WHO BELONG TO A GANG, ARE CAPTURED EARLY BY THE POLICE, AND GIVEN CORRECTIVE MANAGEMENT IN INSTITUTIONS, UNTIL, FINALLY, THEY ACCEPT THE REGENERATIVE INFLUENCE. YOU WILL BE AMAZED; YOU'LL WALK OUT OF THE THEATER WITH A LIFT OVER THE WAY THIS GOVERNMENT IS HANDLING THE PROBLEM OF YOUTHFUL CRIME.
Summer or no, Hollywood's busy cooking up a savory cinema dish for every taste—a full-course film feast from history to hysteria!

BY JACK WADE

"Ninotchka," Garbo's first picture in two years, gives her a change of rôle—and keeps her busy studying her typing!

NEWS ITEM: Her Britannic Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, is making a great hit on her visit to Hollywood.

We admit the above may sound a little behind the times and just a spot fantastic, seeing as how good Queen Elizabeth and King George are safely back in England, after giving Hollywood the go-by on their recent American tour.

But that's the nice part about Hollywood. If it wants a little pomp and circumstance, it just ups and dips into the pages of history, as Warners have done for "The Lady and the Knight." The Queen Elizabeth we meet, the day we pay court, is Good Queen Bess, Elizabeth the Virgin Queen. And her boy friend's name isn't George, it's Essex, alias Errol Flynn.

As you know, the real Queen Bess was no Goldwyn Girl. In fact, she was definitely on the plain side, and since Bette is not at all distressing to the eyes, she has had to bang up her natural beauty in order to play the rôle of her dreams. The result:

All her eyebrows are gone, plucked out by Bette's own brave hand. (Elizabeth had no eyebrows.)

Her natural hairline is shaved back two full inches and she wears a red wig. (Elizabeth had a cropped cranium and a carroty hairpiece.)

Her complexion is covered by chalky-white make-up.

Errol Flynn, on the other hand, escapes all such movie mayhem, remaining his same sweet self, with the exception of a wisp of chin spinach and a slight wave in his golden locks, which only make him all the more romantic.

"The Lady and the Knight" is from Maxwell Anderson's "Elizabeth the Queen." It's really
just a modern and tragic love story set against the pageantry of the Elizabethan era. Technicolor is taking care of the color, from Bette's heavy, glittering jewels to the slashed satin sleeves of the courtiers, the proud banners, and the scarlet tapestries. But it's no saga of Empire, though Raleigh (Vincent Price), Bacon (Donald Crisp), Lady Penelope Gray (Olivia de Havilland) and other historic figures move in and out of Elizabeth's personal problems.

When we arrive, Bette and Errol are pitching a little Elizabethan woo, and we would say that Errol is earning his check with Bette in that bizarre make-up. They have a tough time embracing. In the first place, Bette sports a ruff as big as a buggy wheel, and Errol's idea of the collar ad man is only slightly less in diameter. Bette's horse collar is so wide she's using a cigarette holder a foot and a half long, so she won't burn it up. You can imagine what chance romance has in that rig!

This is even more disconcerting to Director Mike Curtiz, who would like to give Elizabethan drama the modern touch. He thinks Bette and Errol are being too staidly about their smuggling.

After a take or two, he steps in. "Look," says Curtiz, "forget the clothes, forget the setting. Love is love. And Sixteenth Century love is just Twentieth Century love without highballs, rah-rah, floy-floy and swing!"

"Just a hey-nonny-nonny and a hot-chacha," chants Good Queen Bess. "I get it. Come on Essex, get hot!" She trunks across the set into Errol's arms, while we do the Shakespearian shuffle to M-G-M where another queen is holding court again—Her Majesty Greta Garbo, Queen of the Screen.

"MINOTCHKA" puts the divine Swede back to work after two years of artful dodging in various countries, including the Scandinavian. It's a sophisticated comedy, with Garbo playing a sort of feminine trouble shooter for the Russian Soviet and trying to attend to business in spite of Melvyn Douglas' many attractions.

The plot hops between Moscow, Paris and Constantinople, Greta blossoming, meanwhile, from a drab Soviet sleuth into a glamour girl with Adrian creations. Meanwhile, the thieves, philandering Russian commissar, French counts liven the proceedings.

Garbo hasn't changed much, except she smiles a lot and kids with Director Ern bitsch. Melvyn, too. Today, she's dressed in a blue tailored dress and a small felt hat, still wears that long bob. Later in the gets fancier for the Adrian creations. She down at a desk and starts banging away

(Continued on p. 5)

Don Ameche and Alice Faye star in "Hollywood Cavalcade"—in which Photoplay...

Mickey Rooney got a charm tip from a Pekingese on the "Babes in Arms" set—which should make June Preisser and Judy Garland grateful.
THEY call her "the brunette with the blonde personality," . . . They call her "Paramount's white hope for 1939." . . . They call her "a cameraman's dream." In fact, on the Paramount lot everybody is lyrical over a luscious-looking newcomer by the name of Patricia Morison, who made a hit in "Persons in Hiding" and promises to top this success in "The Magnificent Fraud."

Patricia came to Hollywood from Broadway's "The Two Bouquets." Her father is William R. Morison, British writer and artist; her mother, Selena Carson, was in the British intelligence service during the World War. Pat was born in New York, however.

Brunette with a blonde personality

When Richard Greene was a struggling young actor, possessing a certain amount of prestige but no regular income, he got a part in Gracie Field's picture, "Sing As You Go." His lines were—or, rather, his line was—"Not yet."

To say that he rehearsed his line thoroughly is an understatement. He rehearsed it with every inflection in the book of acting. When the picture was released, Dick had been cut out of it entirely.

But instead of admitting he had failed as a movie star, he told himself, merely, that he had not yet succeeded, and resolved to try again!

Dick was born at Plymouth, Devonshire, England, the son of the late Richard Greene, Sr., well-known British actor, and Kathleen Gerard, still a favorite character actress in London. Graduated from the Cardinal Vaughan School at Kensington, London, he determined upon a stage career, but since he would not allow his influential mother to help him, there were long, discouraging waits between minor roles.

He kept at it, though, and finally won the applause of London theatergoers in "Journey's End"; ultimately, he played Kit Nellan in the smash hit, "French Without Tears."

Whereupon, Hollywood talent scouts spotted him and battled over him. Twentieth Century signed him; rushed him across an ocean and "dropped" him into "Men and a Prayer." He was an immediate hit, and has since gone on to achieve success as his personal roles have increased.

She's a vivid, vital, unusual person, this Greer Garson. She speaks in a lovely, throaty voice, quietly and frankly. She admits she once looked down her nose at movies, but is crazy about them now. She has never been married.

Red-haired beauty with a rosy dream

The histrionic career of Greer Garson—she of the flame red hair and green eyes, she of the overnight success in "Mr. Chips"—didn't just happen. She planned it from the age of four.

Born in the north of Ireland, of a family of Presbyterian parsons, she displayed a marked gift for "elocution." But a career on the stage? Her family raised its hands in horror and carefully directed her education along very different lines. She was to be a schoolteacher.

But all the while, Greer brooded over her thwarted dream of the stage until, finally, her mother withdrew her objections.

Armed with an introduction to the manager of Sir Barrie Jackson's Birmingham Repertory Theater, Greer talked herself into the role of Shirley Kaplan in "Street Scene." Subsequently, she made a name for herself touring in George Bernard Shaw's "Too True to Be Good." But, stricken with a bad case of tonsillitis, she had to leave the show, and her luck changed. Finally, however, Sylvia Thompson gave her the lead in "The Golden Arrow." Followed by a series of other roles, some television work, and ultimately her big role in "Old Music," which prompted Louis B. Mayer to give her a Metro contract.

Even then, Lady Luck wasn't too benign. Greer was in Hollywood a year, part of the time seriously ill with a spinal affliction, before the chance turned up to be in "Mr. Chips."

THEY'RE TALKING

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She's a vivid, vital, unusual person, this Greer Garson. She speaks in a lovely, throaty voice, quietly and frankly. She admits she once looked down her nose at movies, but is crazy about them now. She has never been married. She doesn't think she will be any time soon. She's too busy. Fully recovered from her long illness, she is to go to work immediately in Metro's "Susan and God."

The night of the "Mr. Chips" première she wore a scarlet ensemble, no redder, though, than her flaming hair. Well, that's like her—to defy the convention which says no red-haired woman should wear red.
He follows a famous tradition

NOAH BEERY, JR. is better-looking than his famous father, and his still more famous Uncle Wally, and perhaps a little softer spoken, but, otherwise, he is a true Beery—a robust guy, possessed of a deep bass voice and an overwhelming love of the virile sports. Nor does he seem less a Beery in the promise he has lately given as an up-and-coming screen actor.

Noah, Jr., was born in New York something more than twenty years ago, the Noah Beery's only offspring. Brought to Hollywood when pictures lured his father, he attended the San Fernando Valley High, where he made the All-Valley teams in football and swimming.

Out of school, and determined to be a movie actor, he warmed casting office benches until, at last, he obtained a part with Florence Oakley in "Kindling," at the Hollywood Theater. This play served as a springboard into the movies. He was signed to do some serials, and from those went gaily into such pictures as "Forbidden Valley," "Trouble at Midnight," "The Road Back," "Girls' School," "Not for Glory," and ultimately into the rôle which made him a star—the actor who gets killed in "Only Angels Have Wings," but not before he makes himself an outstanding hit.

I first met Noah, Jr., three summers ago. He was with a certain young actress with whom he was obviously head over heels in love. But others could do more for her—and pretty soon you didn't see the two of them together any more. I've often wondered just how badly Noah got hurt. It seemed to me that he was the sincere, one-woman kind of a chap who would take things like that pretty hard.

He's all right, now, though. I saw him a few days after the "Angels" preview and he was walking on air.

Still unmarried, he lives with his mother on a ranch in the Valley, very much the head of the household, and also of the ranch "hands," Mexicans whom he bosses in fluent Spanish.

Well, Salud, mi amigo, el Senor Beery, Jr. I wish you luck in every language!

ABOUT

ROBERT PRESTON

Shakespearean veteran—who hasn't voted yet

ONE of the most interesting things about Robert Preston is that, though he looks and acts considerably older, he is barely twenty-one.

A friendly, forthright, energetic chap, Bob is the first to tell you he is still in a daze about all this sudden limelight. "Heck," he says, "it wasn't so long ago that I was hammering all over the stage at Lincoln High."

Bob was born in Newton Highlands, Mass., the son of Frank Meservey, a clothier, and his wife. When he was only two, however, the family moved to Los Angeles, and it wasn't until a few months ago that Bob ever traveled farther east than Arizona.

At Lincoln High School, in Los Angeles, the dramatic teacher, Edward J. Wenig, frequently staged Shakespearean dramas, so Bob, with his noticeable talent for histronics, got plenty of training.

After graduation he joined the Shakespearian repertory company managed by Mr. Patia Power, Tyrone's mother, and for six months toured California towns, playing everything from Macbeth to Skylark. Then Gilmor Brown, director of the Pasadena Playhouse, gave him a fellowship in his training school.

More Shakespeare followed, and after it Gilbert and Sullivan. Two years later, in "Idiot's Delight," a Paramount lawyer saw him and persuaded his studio to give him a test. Two or three "B" pictures "broke him in" on the screen, then his big break in "Union Pacific" came along, followed shortly by an important rôle in "Beau Geste."

He's good-looking. He has a good smile. But it really is his voice, I think, that puts him over. He is not married, but lives at home with his father and mother and younger brother.

When you congratulate him on his success, he blushes and thanks you and then tries to change the subject. And when fans ask for his autograph, he seems still more embarrassed. "Why should anyone care about my signature?" he demands. "I flunked out in penmanship in school."
Mrs. Belle Irving is going to be sore as hell! The tall, gangling, awkward young man in the chauffeur's uniform turned, and with a flippant smile, walked out the door.

Two hundred summer residents of Cape Cod roared, and a Broadway producer, sitting in the audience of the University Players Theater at Falmouth, noted the name of the bit actor on his program of "Goodbye Again."

In exactly ten words, Jim Stewart, who had left Princeton a month before with a diploma, an accordion, and an ambition to be an architect, had talked himself into a career. A career he had never dreamed of as a bespectacled little boy in the country town of Indiana, Pa., where his big, rangy, soft-spoken father ran the hardware store and brought home tools to the house on Vinegar Hill for his son to use in his hobby of building model airplanes.

At twelve, Jim Stewart's ambition was to be an aviator, or at least a radio operator. At eighteen, James Maitland Stewart, captain of
the third football team at swank Mercersburg Academy, would have admitted he thought actors were sort of "sissies." Building bridges, or maybe selling bonds to build them with, that was a man's work.

Even at Princeton, membership in the Triangle Club, undergraduate musical-comedy troupe, which each Christmas term parade its talent and social eligibility through the debu
tante sectors, had only slightly modified Jim's views of the stage. The theater was something for a vacation junket, not a permanent job.

Now architecture, there was a real profession! But, with the depression at its lowest ebb in 1932, there were no opportunities for fledgling college draftsmen, and Jim had accepted an invitation from Joshua Logan, former Triangle Club president, to come to Falmouth and play his accordion in the tearoom run in connection with the University Players Theater, and help out the acting company with an occasional bit.

And then Arthur Beckhard, the Broadway producer, came to the Cape and proposed to the company of collegiate Thespians that they try out one of the plays he planned to present the next season, "Goodbye Again."

Jim's rôle—as a chauffeur with only about three lines in the third act—was such a vivid characterization of a fresh, impudent, droll sort of fellow, that Beckhard offered him the part in the Broadway production.

Jim debated the offer. Down in the city, right now, half a hundred of his classmates, with whom he had been graduated from Princeton in June, were probably still pounding hot pavements searching for an opening, any sort of job. Here was a chance for a pleasant interlude, an opportunity to live in New York and keep an eye out for the first door that swung open to an architect's office.

That night Jim wrote his family, announcing his decision to "have a try at being an actor."

Now that he was thinking of the stage in more personal terms, Jim gave closer attention to his walk-on bits at Falmouth.

Julie Dorr, the personable young lady who used to act as business manager of the University Players, remembers the first sign of Jim's new interest.

"We were doing a play called 'Whistling in the Dark,' in which Jim and three other boys in the company had minor rôles as gangsters. Jim learned that the others planned to build up their own parts at his expense. One was to develop a racking cough, another would read his lines as if he had a speech defect. The third acquired an arresting limp."

"Jim said nothing, and in rehearsal they all played their rôles straight. But opening night it was only Jim you noticed. Even the leading characters received little attention, for Jim had affected an eye twitch that just about drove you nuts. You'd try to look away, and then you'd find yourself watching him again, fascinated by that grotesque contortion."

"If he was going to be an actor in earnest, Jim wasn't going to miss a trick!"

WHEN the University Players closed their season, Jim returned to New York and went to live with John Morris, who had been stage manager at Falmouth, and Myron McCormick, another Falmouth player, with whom he was to be close in several subsequent shows. Their apartment, a rather shabby, dismal little retreat on West Sixty-third Street, was designed for three, but usually there were anywhere from four to five people living there; one of the Falmouth company temporarily out of work, or a friend from Boston or Philadelphia.

"The Falmouth crowd stuck together very closely in New York," recalls Morris, now a deputy police commissioner in Manhattan.

"There was Hank Fonda and Margaret Sullivan, who had been at the Cape the summer before Jim was there, and were married now and living in Greenwich Village; Ross Alexander and his wife, Aleta Freel; Barbara O'Neil, Josh Logan, Bretaigne Windust, Mildred Natwick, Kent Smith, Myron McCormick, Julie Dorr and Jose Ferrer, all of whom were just beginning to make their way in the theater."

"Every Thursday night the gang would get together after the theater for a beefsteak dinner, which we cooked ourselves in the basement of a little bar on West Fortieth Street, where there was a rickety old piano."

"Jim and his accordion, and Hank with his monologues, were the chief entertainment, though Benny Goodman used to drop in quite often with some of his musician friends, and hold forth in what have come to be known as jam sessions. Funny thing, though, the crowd liked Jim's accordion music better than that of the professional musicians!"

It was at these Thursday night beer parties that the close friendship between Jim and Hank Fonda was cemented, and when Fonda and Margaret Sullivan separated, Hank joined Jim and John Morris in their apartment.

"They were a lot alike, those two," says John Morris. "Neither of them was the typical Broadway actor, rather the reserved young college boy making a business of the theater. Offstage, their interests were similar, too. I remember how Jim got Hank enthused over (Continued on page 92)
What you will wear this fall... Adrian-designed costumes from "The Women," described and illustrated here and in Photoplay's Fashion Section

Adrian designs a black Lyons velvet suit with short flaring jacket and starched mouseline trou-frou blouse (top) for Joan Crawford to wear in M-G-M's "The Women." The high hat is of black velours.

For Norma Shearer, he creates a white jersey dinner gown (center) gathered and draped with Roman striped jersey.

And for Rosalind Russell, a breath-taking suit of red wool with flaring skirt and brief peplum jacket that closes in a twinkle with star buttons.

With three such fashion-conscious stars as Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Rosalind Russell all at work in one picture, "The Women," and with Adrian designing their production wardrobes, as well as forty other costumes for an eye-filling show of "Fashions of the Future," I decided that nowhere better than at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer could I glean the coming trends for fall.

Adrian promptly fulfilled expectations.

"For evening," he said, "look forward to great, enormous, full skirts. Watch for a continuation of the bustle. Short daytime suits will have bustles, too. Other suits will have very expensive embroideries. Hats will have height, but with a forward movement. Both the slim and flared silhouette will be popular in daytime suit and frock skirts. The detail and use of pockets will be an important note in trims. Cape-like those worn by Arabs will glamorize evening costumes. The pretty feminine frilly touches of the summer season will give way to simple, sophisticated accents, frocks will rely on rich fabrics and ingenious cuts, and will become classic backgrounds for jewels and furs."

"Stripes will be extremely popular for evening, particularly in metallics; taffeta of the stiffest kind will be a featured fabric. Moire will be in again for street wear. Wool and silk jerseys will be continued favorites."

"Colors will be very bright—much more gay for winter than ever before! Evening colors, especially, will be very bold. Beige will be a high-style color, particularly for wear under mink, sable and Alaska sealskin furs."

So saying, Adrian waved my attention to a model, and I was startled by three great, violet eyes staring at me and, guess where—a fuchsia bodice atop a purple skirt of a dress to be worn by Rosalind Russell in the picture—Miss Russell poses in this colorful frock on page 51. I commented on these flirtatious eyes, and asked about their fashion significance, but Adrian side-stepped the significance, and purred he was "trying only to keep an eye on fashion," as he brought out another costume—an evening ensemble—likewise accented by his "Fashion Eye" motif. This time jealous, green eyes flashed at me—one eye, embroidered in sequins, peered from the shoulder of the pencil-slim white crepe gown, two others peeked out from the lining of the matching full-length cape.

For Norma Shearer, Adrian showed me a cloak-of-gold evening coat, which falls from the shoulders, like a great 15th Century cloak, and forms a slight train at the back. It has a short look at the front, and is held in at the waist with a belt which binds sides and front only. Stunning was a suit of black galvax, designed for Joan Crawford. The flaring, box jacket of galvax is fingertip-length, and has full sleeves. The galvax skirt is slightly flared, and has a wide belt of the same material, into which tucks a high-necked blouse of black silk crepe. A toque of black velvet that is almost completely hidden by Bird of Paradise feathers completes the costume.

Then, swiftly before my eyes paraded all of the "Fashions of the Future" models, appearing for a final Okay on the costumes Adrian designed for the great fashion show that is a high light of "The Women" production.

Louis XV trousers peeked startlingly from under a great romantic coat for evening wear, that will return fashion to the brilliant aura of the court of that French king.

(Continued on page 79)
"Dainty Girls Win Out"

say these Famous Screen Stars—

**LOVELY Hollywood** screen stars use their complexion soap, gentle Lux Toilet Soap, as a daily bath soap, too. This fine white soap has ACTIVE lather that leaves skin really fresh—with a delicate, clinging fragrance—makes you *sure* of daintiness. A luxurious soap, but inexpensive enough for *any* girl to use!

**TRY THIS BEAUTY BATH.**

IT'S A LUXURY ANY GIRL CAN AFFORD. YOU'LL LOVE IT!

**The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use**
WHAT was Marlene Dietrich's last act before she set foot aboard the liner on which she sailed for France to make a motion picture? She flew to her favorite New York milliner's to buy a hat! Very characteristic. Characteristic, too, was what happened at the Lilly Daché salon when she got there. "I want three hats," she said, "no more!" But she left with thirty hats! Each of these hats presents a new and important trend, and though all were designed especially for the lovely Marlene, she consented to let Daché reproduce them for the rest of the waiting world. This is the way the smartest heads will look this coming season. Will yours be among them?

1. Teatime—and breast feathers rim the crown and coque feathers grace the brim of a coquetish little hat of raspberry velvet. This stems from the elegant '30's.
2. The rippling, off-the-face silhouette, proving again that headsize-hats can be smart without being deep and clumsy. Dietrich chose hers in red and black striped angora tweed.
3. A Little Dutch Boy's visor topped by a blousy, beret-crown. Marlene chose hers in beige suède. The milliners call it a "visor-beret."
5. Turbans are so important, we'll have them in fur, too. Dietrich chose black fox, with a sentimental cluster of roses smack in front, and grosgrain ribbons to anchor the back.
6. Dietrich sailed away in this one! Black and white striped angora tweed postilion with pointed bandeau-back and copper anchor.
7. Another postilion (coachman to you)—in beige felt with green leather band. Marlene chose it for suits.

Leaving it to the glamorous Dietrich to do something different—though sailing for Paris, that mecca of all fashion-conscious women, she shopped for hats at home.
This Powder Really Makes My Skin Look Lovely

Your skin will look lovelier, too, the very first time you make up with face powder created by Max Factor, Hollywood. First, you'll note how your color harmony shade enlivens the beauty of your skin. Second, how the superfine texture creates a satin-smooth make-up. Third, how well it clings and really stays on longer.

Blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a color harmony shade of Max Factor's Face Powder for you that will really accent the appeal of your type...

Max Factor
*Hollywood

TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK...
The new, sensational creation by Max Factor, Hollywood. Note these four amazing features...

1. Life-like red of your lips
2. Non-drying, but indelible
3. Safe for sensitive lips
4. Eliminates lip-stick line. Color harmony shades for every type...

ROUGE...The delicate, life-like color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge add a touch of glamour to your complexion. Creamy-smooth, it's easy to blend...
Happy Though Married

A VISIT to Jeanette MacDonald's and Gene Raymond's hilltop home reveals an answer to all those reports to the effect of "Why Can't Hollywood People Stay Happily Married?"

Jeanette and Gene both feel a successful marriage requires as much thought and planning as a career. Even more. Accordingly, they have arranged their lives together to insure success. Gene heads the household. It is where he wants to go and what he wants to do that gets the final vote. Bonds are built like bridges. Because Jeanette speaks French fluently, Gene is studying daily to learn the language. The musical talent they hold in common, Gene as a composer, and Jeanette as a singer, is strengthened in their musical work together. Because he likes home-made ice cream, Jeanette daily sees to the mixing and freezing. Because she sincerely believes marriage needs time for both husband and wife to live as a husband and wife, she is asking for less time at the studio.

Gene, off the screen for a year in his determination to capture more suitable roles, finds Jeanette standing by his side loyally in the battle. So here's to them. A Cal salute to Jeanette and Gene. Long may they be happy—together.

Young Fry—Young Love Department

Jackie Cooper at Ruby Foo's, smiling at Pat Stewart, over a dish of chow mein. "Sure I have to be in by twelve o'clock," Jackie tells one and all. "And mom's right, too. Nothing will tag a kid as a smartie more than being seen around too late at night"... Billy Halop smiling at "Suga" Kane over a soda doesn't even know what time it is. Billy has had it... Frankie Thomas has Phyllis Howell in the front seat of his car more than any other girl these days. They make a "cute twosome," all right. Grace, Marcia Mae Jones is showing off very first beauty she's allowed to have. His name is Don Barry. The local soda fountain work overtime for Marcia Mae and Don. Judy Garland wears the broadest grin of all Young Fryers. "I'm sixteen now," Judy says, "and I can go dancing with any boy mother approves of."... Carole's Little Girl

PART of the job of any studio's casting director is to find children who resemble various stars, to play either the star, himself, in childhood, or to play the children of stars.

Such a situation arose in "The Kind Men Marry," RKO's new picture starring Carole Lombard, Kay Francis and Caroll Grauman. The pilot called for a little girl of six, to be Carole's daughter. Well, you'd think it would be easy to find a yellow-haired tot with round, blue eyes and a heart-shaped face. But casting directors are particular, and they actually tested three hundred children before they found Miss Peggy Ann Garner of Washington, D. C.

Strangely enough, Peggy, who was visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Shields Craig of Hollywood, was seen by Douglas Corrigan, one day, when she was visiting "The Flying Irishman" set (Corrigan's picture, you will remember). Corrigan was struck by her remarkable resemblance to his own sister, and she was tested for the part. However, they considered her hair too light and nothing came of the test, until—the day before she was to return home to Washington, someone on the RKO lot remembered it and she was signed to play Carole's daughter.

Well, it was a happy choice. It gave us a start to see her and Carole together. You'd think they were mother and daughter for fair! However, their tastes in men are different, as witness this conversation we overheard between small Peggy and her grandmother.

"Is Mr. Grant really married to Miss Frances?" Peggy inquired. (They're supposed to be married in the picture.)

"No, that's just in the picture," Mrs. Craig told her.

Well, is he in love with Miss Lombard, like he told her just now?"

"No, that's too, too, just in the picture. Miss Lombard just recently married Mr. Galate. Why?"

Telling on Raft

IT'S been printed that George Raft has a grown son, who recently moved to Hollywood. But there's still more to the story. George's grown son also has a young son—which makes George the youngest and the most sexy grandfather on and off the screen. George has never denied his grandparenthood. No one happened to ask him, and he's never taken the trouble to volunteer the information.

Dearest Friend and Severest Critic

Lupe Velez did a splendid piece of work in "The Girl from Mexico." A well-known critic stopped her in the Brown Derby for the sole purpose of telling her just how splendid she was in the role. Lupe listened politely until the critic had used up all his adjectives, then she said, "Yes, I think so, too, but I liked best the part where I sing and I sitk.

T for Two

When the cameras quit grinding on "The Rains Came," director Clarence Brown invited the entire cast to a weekend party at his Valley Ranch, some forty miles from Hollywood.

Most of the guests had arrived, and were having a gay time when a plane dived overhead. Clarence is a pilot and something told him that the pilot in the droning plane was in trouble. He hurried out into the yard, then called back to his guests: "It's Ty Power, and he's looking for a place to land. Drive down everybody, drive down full-length on the ground."

Guests and directors lay prone upon the ground in the form of a letter T to guide Tyrone Power to a landing spot in a wheat field near by. When the plane landed, the "maskers" leaped to their feet and ran forth to greet an amused and grateful Ty and Annabella.

Traveler's Aid?

Lew Ayres, wandering around Warsaw during his recent trip to Europe and wishing he could get hold of a Baedeker, tried to put over what he wanted in a Polish travel bureau. By sign language, he managed to designate that it was a book, and by his appearance, he says he guesses the clerk figured out that he was an American and, therefore, desired a book in English. But the book the man proffered him, finally, with a pleased smile at his understanding of Lew's requirements, was not a Baedeker. It was a copy of "Robinson Crusoe."

Yes, Lew says he bought it because he didn't want to hurt the clerk's feelings.

Occupation

Barbara Stanwyck has a new name for herself. Since working with Robert Preston, who is twenty, and William Holden, who is twenty-one, advising them, and sharing her knowledge of acting before the camera—Barbara calls herself "The Children's friend." Director Rouben Mamoulian wasn't any too considerate of Holden on the "Golden Boy" set. So Barbara was constantly soothing his ruffled feelings. One day Holden came to Barbara, and said he had decided that nothing was worth so much heartache. He was going back to selling bacon.

"Well, what do you think you are doing now," Barbara cracked. So Holden decided to stick.

Feet First

This is what makes 'em great. When Madame Maria Ouspenskaya arrived back in Hollywood to play the Maharani in "The Rains Came," the studio had slippers made to go with her costume. Madame went to bat and said a real Maharani always walked in her bare jeweled feet. The studio argued they were afraid she might step on a nail and hold up production. But they forgot they were arguing with a Rus-
Ginger Rogers—Hollywood's sparkling star. See her in KKO's new motion picture "Bachelor Mother."

It's healthful...pleasure-giving...

DOUBLEMINT GUM

Be popular with your family and friends by treating them to delicious Doublemint Chewing Gum. Its wonderful lasting flavor of mint leaves helps sweeten your breath. The chewing aids your digestion and helps keep your teeth clean, bright, attractive—bringing your smile more compliments.

GINGER ROGERS, as you can see by this picture. Note also her hair, which is just right because they truly express her own natural self. Chewing is a social pleasure. Especially chewing Doublemint Gum which is very popular in Hollywood because it is everywhere else. You'll like it. Get some today.

B. WRIGLEY & CO. CHICAGO

**S**E**PTE**MB**ER, 1939
Any one of these selected junior-figure Carter's gives conviction to the new American creed: “stand tall, walk tall, sit tall.” They're great posture aids... Carter Foundations... and you'll be hearing a lot of “tall” talk about them. Rambant weights and tall, ugly though they are, they'll gently master the cute, derrieres and diaphragms that have been straying all over the place this summer. They're made with “Lastex” and other fine yarn—and tub without a fuss. At better stores everywhere. Other Carter's $2—$12.50.

PAPA MAYER

If you were looking for one adjective with which to describe the personality of Louis B. Mayer (yes, THE Louis B. Mayer, vice-president in charge of production of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios), you think energetic would be the one.

We visited him in his office recently in one of his soft, tan leather chairs while he faced us across a huge, black, double desk. In that deep, ardent voice of his he answered most politely the questions we put to him. He has a direct, front-looking at better than his gold-rimmed glasses. He is not one to vocally argue, but still, we learned quite a few things about him that day, and it's a true American success story well worth repeating.

He was born in St. John's, New Brunswick, July 4, 1855. At the age of twelve, he persuaded his father that he was old enough to be a Business Man, and so joined the elder Mayer in pursuit of the latter's small merchandising establishment.

When he was seventeen, he visited Boston, which proved a most important event, because he met there Miss Margaret Shebagh, whom he married a year later, and also because he liked Boston and decided to go into business there, sometime. He did a few years later, and from owner of a very humble theater called the "Gem" (more familiarly known in the neighborhood as "the Movies") because proprietors of a chain of profitable entertainment houses and, during succeeding years, one of the best-known theater men in N.J.

Realizing, as time went on, the need for good pictures to fulfill the demand of his constantly cinema-minded American public, he decided to go into the film producing business and promptly had a very good screen innovations, ninety-nine per cent of them successful, including the Hollywood "Star System.

From then on, the career of Louis B. Mayer soared to fabulous heights. According to the published income tax returns for 1929, he made $1,161,753 in salary alone, which as the saying goes, "ain't bad..." While Irving Thalberg's death was a great blow, he still ranks as Hollywood's top producer, and Metro still makes more pictures than any studio.

As for the man, himself... Well, we could see why some of the 4500 employees on the Metro lot may refer to him as "Papa" behind his back, but face to face call him "Mr. Mayer," even up to his most important producers. You have the feeling there is no monkey business about him, and that he knows the merit naturally in being top man, but in being treated as such.

In appearance he is a man of medium height, with powerful shoulders, plenty of weight all over—about 180 pounds. His hair is brown and so are his eyes. His nails are well-manicured; his clothes expensive, but quiet. He speaks abruptly, almost impatiently, with diction some of his stars could well emulate. His movements are quick, particularly his walk. He said he has no "pet peevves," unless it is stupidity. "I can forgive a mistake," he told us, "but not being twice." He is, too, he is crazy about children, particularly his grandchildren, the offspring of his two daughters, Mrs. David O. Selznick and Mrs. William Goetz. He likes to play golf and he likes to see movies, the set whenever it's something on the sound track. She uses it to help her on turn on character when she's posing for stills, especially romantic scenes. She faces her records are dozens of them—"the uniform" kind, but, like Joan, she is also crazy about Bing Crosby's tunes. Her favorite song is, however, not exactly one you'd expect to be first choice of a rip-mitin' camp-girl from Texas like Annie. It's "Moonlight and Roses."

Music Hall Charms

ANNIE SHERIDAN and Joan Crawford have something in common. Each "emotes" better, the straighter the musical. Like Joan, Annie owns a portable phonograph and keeps it going on the set whenever it's something on the sound track. She uses it even to help her on turn on character when she's posing for stills, especially romantic scenes. She faces her records are dozens of them—"the uniform" kind, but, like Joan, she is also crazy about Bing Crosby's tunes. Her favorite song is, however, not exactly one you'd expect to be first choice of a rip-mitin' camp-girl from Texas like Annie. It's "Moonlight and Roses."

Second Chances

STEWART REUBEN, Sonja Henie's handsome skating partner of her road show, and also in her new picture, "Second Fiddle," called us up just before he left Hollywood for his home in Toronto, Canada.

No, contrary to a good many reports, 20th-Century-Fox did not sign him for further screen roles despite the fact that they made test after test of him while he was here. He said he guessed these just hadn't "jelled," and that he was going back into the advertising business, in which we happen to know he was doing very well when Sonja, remembering his performance as Canadian Olympic pair skating champion, came to his door.

Well, they did make a wonderful pair on the ice, and rumor had it they had "clicked" romantically, too. But Stewart, beloved young man, had nothing to say about that, and with Sonja herself in Norway, the true status of affairs remains a mystery.

Still, we heard something the other day which will perhaps be good news to Stewart—that his tests at 20th Century were exceptionally good, and that Dor- ryl Zanuck is just waiting for a proper role to turn up, before asking him to return to Hollywood.

And, according to reports, the "proper role" doesn't necessarily have to be a skating role, either.

Well, after all, he should know how to act. He's been identified with Toronto's Little Theater for a long time.

Not-So-Infant Industry!

STARTLING, that Hollywood has finally reached a point in maturity when it can be expected to be a grandaddy any day. And it seemed only yesterday Mabel Normand was heaving pies and Sennett boys were making movies on the Boulevard.

And now comes the marriage announcement of Gloria Swanson's daughter, to Robert William Anderson, and Mary Pickford's niece Cyrene, to Bud Ernst.

Yes, time marches on and the old order dieth away.

Here's to yesterday. In Hollywood.
to take advice, and has never been the
guest of honor at a large function. He
is an omnious reader of philosophy
and history.
His outlook is marked with optimism,
and he believes that pain and beauty
have an equal place in art.
He is not very punctual.
He was a boy of ten when his par-
ets were divorced, and the only nick-
name he ever had was "Fats," when he
was a moon-faced boy.
He always keeps quiet when given a
ticket for a traffic violation, and his fa-
vourite singer is Kirsten Flagstad. He
likes meetings for people, prefers a
shower to the tub, and seldom attends
an outdoor athletic event.
He manages his own business affairs.
He is not a good conversationalist.
He dislikes arguments, enjoys discus-
sion, and does not like wearing tails and
a topper.
He has an excellent knowledge of
clause and modern painters. He has a
poor memory for names and faces.
He has never worn glasses. He dis-
plays exceptional ability at the organ
and piano, plays the violin and guitar,
and also plays the saxophone under duress.
He is very reticent about himself.
He was taken when he made his first
public appearance on an amateur night.
He and his partner won second prize,
the first going to a four-year-old girl.
THE young Doctor Kildare is burdened
with a treacherous knowledge-hunger.
He found his way into pictures via
an orchestra, while playing in a night
club near the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
studios. He does not like six-day bi-
cycle races, believes that success and
happiness are not synonymous.
He inclines towards suburban life,
eats no candy, and is not easily de-
eived by people. His father was a
"cellist, is currently a court reporter.
Lew Ayres believes strongly that
American pictures should delve more
into topical world subjects. "If you
fiddle while the world burns."
He made his first screen test on a day
when he was flat. His trunk was in the
back of his car, and he didn't even
have a dollar to make a deposit on a room.
He borrowed five dollars on the strength
of the test.
He enjoys winter sports and prefers
blues and browns in his clothes.
His attitude towards the opposite
sex one of puzzlement and questioning, ever keep-
ing an open mind for new intellectual
discoveries.
He was selected by Garbo for the
romantic lead in "The Kiss." He sky-
rocketed, then plummeted and almost
became Hollywood's forgotten man.
His first wife was Lole Lane. He
is not divorced from Ginger Rogers,
his second, although they had been
separated for three years.
He never carries a watch.
He goes to the movies about twice a
month.
He dabbles in astronomy, painting
and sculpture.
He is impatient with small talk and
de not like playing cards, espe-
cially with women.
He smokes pipe only occasionally,
do not like night clubs, and has a
habit of rubbing his eyes, 'though he
has no eye trouble. He can quote Epic-
tetus, discuss Cézanne and Picasso, talk
music.
He is very self-conscious when enter-
ing a restaurant.
He seldom goes to the opera, and has
no aversion to women wearing slacks on
city streets. He does not believe in any
form of fortune telling, has no dogs and
is very clean. He feels that pictures
have contributed little to the cultural
advancement of the nation.
His spelling is only fair.
LEW AYRES' frankness and viewpoint
is characterized by a strong desire to
see both sides. He requires an average
of eight or nine hours sleep, and thinks
snobbery is not inherent in human na-
ture.
He does not know where Sarasijevo is,
and remembers "the Historic Mile,"
from Holyrood Castle to Edinburgh
Castle— as the most interesting street he
has ever seen.
He is not easily depressed.
He wears stiff collars only when he
has to, and enjoys staying up late at
night.
He likes swing music, and never gets
seasick.
He does not own a boat, a horse, an
airplane or a cat.
He never whistles; cannot cook.
He is not impulsive.
He belongs to no clubs.
He was particularly impressed by El
Greco's "Toledo," at the Metropolitan
Museum. He never uses a cigarette
holder.
He likes surf bathing, and thinks it
possible for two professionals to be hap-
pily married. He likes to rise at nine-
 thirty when not working.
He never has headaches, enjoys play-
ing checkers and chess, and believes
that each man pretty much controls his
own destiny. He has no superstitions,
and readily admits his own mistakes.
He does not like breakfast in bed.
He has no illusions about being a cele-
nity.
He buys very few hats, and cannot
plot a plane. He has a crooked smile,
and a passionate love of honesty.
He enjoys sun-bathing, does his best
work at night, and is not attracted to
horse racing. He directed one picture.
He was named after his father and
grandfather, and is not pessimistic
about the eventual abolition of war.
He prefers sunshine the year round,
likes listening to the radio while driv-
ing, and he does not play golf or tennis.
His vagabond inclinations enable him
to be happy anywhere. He is a
slee p

his approach to the life—hereafter theosophy.
He never eats a heavy luncheon,
doesn't like beer, and believes that
eventually there will emerge a world
political philosophy that will embody
the most desirable principles of democ-

racy, fascism and communism.
He has never appeared in a dramatic
role on the stage.
He likes tweeds, and calls his dress-
ing room at the studio the Black Hole
of Calcutta.
He has been to the Louvre and the
National Gallery in London.
He never eats before retiring, and
doesn't care for hunting. He has no
architectural preference in homes, and
is not bothered by claustrophobia.
He becomes very nervous at his own
previews, is not particularly fond of the
tango or rhumba. He is very careful
with his personal effects, and doesn't
like French pastry.
He has never studied dancing, and
feels that he is a free person. He thinks
women are happier today than they
were before their suffrage.
Lew Ayres does not believe in matri-
monial vacations.

YOU know how critical the eyes of
men can be. So why guess—why
gamble—when you choose your face
powder? Actually some shades make you look
years older. Others flatter you. Until you
do the Lady Esther test, it is almost
impossible to know.
For powders and powder shades can be
very deceiving, and unless you compare
as many right on your own skin and with
the help of your own mirror, you may
never know the shade that flatters you
most—that makes you most alluring—that
brings you the greatest of luck!
Your Lucky Shade. Right at this
moment you may innocently be using a
shade that's all wrong for you—a shade
cloaking your beauty—a shade that
suited you four months ago but which is
all wrong for your new face shape.
Don't risk it, it's a shame to
take such chances. For there is, among
my ten thrilling new shades of face powder, one
that is right for you—one that will bring
you luck—one that is just made for you.
So I urge you to try all my shades which
I will send you free. Don't skip even one.
For the shade you never thought you
could wear may be the one that's really
good for you.
And the minute you find it, your eyes
will know—your mirror will tell you. Other
women will tell you that you look younger
and fresher... and men will murmur to
themselves—"She's lovely."
A True Beauty Powder. When you
receive my ten shades—and make your
"Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two
amazing qualities in this superfine
powder. It's free from the slightest hint of
coarseness. and it clings four full hours! If
you use it after dinner, you will be free of
powder worries until midnight.
So write me and find your luckiest shade.
Let it flatter your beauty always—help
you win more luck in life and love.
you always hit the right thing to say, whatever that was, by an ordinary run-of-the-mill sort of guy all your life and not very—well, articulate? Say, I like life and people and doing things, but it's an awful serious business to find that every careless word you say swells up into something you didn't mean, and every little thing you do is apt to look phony—.

Star Fever. Some of them—a good many of them—haven't survived it:

"We have so much to lose," said Mr. Power. "You're sort of teetering way up there, all of a sudden. It was an awful surprise to reach Hollywood, but it's pretty unimportant. A fellow named Emerson said once that we—let's see—that we misrepresent most of our own self. Maybe it's just being lazy, but doggone if folks don't make life mighty complicated. They think too much about little things.

That's a kind of a funny circle. Look how people are now. Once our forefathers didn't have anything but fireplaces—they were the natural thing. Nowadays you can't be sure of money to be able to afford fireplaces. Then, we get the telephone, and it's a great invention. And to think to be able to make enough dough to get somebody to answer the telephone for 'em. We used to have to turn a joint in and far away and have farms and such and then we got bigger and bigger cities, and only the rich could live out in the country, and everybody could get out there to get there—and then they made faster and faster automobiles so they wouldn't be so far away—and it's like a circle. But you always go back, if you can, to the natural things. So you look back at the good old days, and then, when you've battled around a while, and then you're all right.

And he grinned and said, "Have some more salad," and we both talked about air-plane travel in South America. But I did talk about Tyrone Power and how much I liked him.

"Good kid," said Gable. "Hell of a good actor. Good boy in a pinch, or I'll be the first man that are there in a pinch. I bet he would be."

"Yes," I said, "I think so. He—he's got buck fever, a little. You know how it is. He's trying to find himself in the spotlight, suddenly feeling that great responsibility of being a star, scared to death at the gauntlet they're putting him through, and being misunderstood—you know."

"Yes," said Mr. Gable, "I know." I just thought I'd mention it in passing.

"Well, that's really all there is to the story.

Except that a couple of weeks later, I was in the Café Lamaze with my brother and his wife, listening to Matt Malneck's orchestra, and I looked across the room and there was Tyrone Power and his wife, Annabella. And who do you think was there, too?—well, you go back to that time about a year and a half ago, and to think you'd get to see him again—well, I couldn't help but think it was pretty surprising."


"Yes! Cleanliness is the just the noun, that best describes your Flavor-Town!"


Beech-Nut

One of America's Good habits

G O I N G T O T H E N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR? We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. If you're driving, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canojoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.
Close Ups and Long Shots (Continued from page 12)

role... meaning that she has all the best lines... the toppers to all the gags... and Roz is wading right in on that "fat"... which was positively glitter as she bites out her acid cracks... she is as poisonous and fascinating as a snake... where Norma and Joan are made up (truly beautiful), Roz is way beyond that... she is chic. Instead of pretty, with a chic, sharp hairdo, a chic, sharp wardrobe... she and Joan have most of their scenes together... the caste system sees to it that Joan is always closer to the camera in such set-ups, but Roz has the advantage of being taller... between takes, Roz and Joan are truly friendly, but when the cameras start, you could light a good-sized museum with the electricity flashing between them.

The fireworks are not all confined to them either... it was a positive Aurora Borealis when Paulette Goddard came on for a scene... moulded into a little number Adrian had whipped up during one of his more insinuating moments... well, the Goddard gown was exactly the color of her golden skin, and it fitted just as closely... when Joan Fontaine of the angelic beauty drew near, the two of them looked like a charade for "Body and Soul"!

The only director who could possibly keep such a wonderful array of beauty going is doing so... he's George Cukor, and a slyly say time he is having at it, too... when his perusing troupe gets into a snarl he softly murmurs, "Tempo, ladies, tempo," and presently all is well.

When all the smoke of the battle clears however... and, in all justice, I must admit that the publicity department is almost accurate, when it says that the stars are getting along amicably... actually all their maneuvering is in the interests of their art and their careers, and they wouldn't be human, if they didn't fight to protect those... when the picture is all finished, I'll wager that it will be Norma Shearer who will have won... yet, actually, she has the least interesting and the most difficult part of the three to play... she must play that essentially dull type of rôle, a devoted wife... her lines will not be brilliant... her lines will not be witty... but they will be something much more important... they will be heart-stirring.

Norma of the exquisite profile and the intelligent mind told me, "I've got to make people like Mary... but I think they will... because Mary stands for the right... Mary stands for undying love, and fidelity, and faith... and I believe those qualities live forever, and are more important than all the brains or wealth, or laughter in the world".

That's why I think Norma will win out on all the other performances because those things are true... and Norma, through her widowhood and motherhood, knows they are true.

Y
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V
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Hollywood Hands

— thrillingly soft, smooth as satin!

Just don't let sun, wind and water dry out your hand skin.

Supplement the depleted natural moisture by using Jergens Lotion. So marvelous for helping beautify your hands. Many doctors—to help soften harsh, rough skin—use 2 of the very ingredients you have in Jergens. Regular use of this fragrant lotion helps wonderfully to prevent unattractive roughness.

No stickiness! Such a simple, quick way to have romantic hands. Get Jergens Lotion today and start to use it, like thousands of lovely girls. Best smoothed on after every handwashing. Only 50c, 25c, 10c.—$1.00 for the extra economy size, at beauty counters.

Fashion Letter (Continued from page 70)

Delicately tinted, alluringly feminine taffeta and velvet party dresses swayed and rustled by, with burlies dipping in amusing sauciness.

A very short street suit of stiff black velvet, with a flared skirt and embroidery of gold and purple, caught my eye. Another street outfit sported a shaved lamb jacket and hat.

A beaver coat had crocheted silk crepe sleeves, and its running mate was a tiny skulcap of beaver.

A Napoleonic suit and hat combined playfully with a black hat and coat.

A green bolero suit had a tiny, jewelled tambourine as a hat.

Blackbird wings were novel closing motif on a beige princess coat that featured black sleeves.

A regal white evening gown had gold stripes of gold embroidery spiraled around the skirt.

A dinner dress for resort wear was of white crepe with long full sleeves, caught into deep, tooled-leather cuffs. Shoulder epaulettes of tooled leather in saddle motif, bandana kerchief also marked equestrian influence.

There was a profusion of resort attire, the trends from which will unquestionably find their way into cruise clothes this coming season, and even into next summer's collection of costume faces.

A blue terry cloth beach robe had huge white terry cloth pockets and was lined with red linen. The skirt was dramatically flared.

A coolie beach hat featured a sunshade of white jersey which hung well forward to the face and continued around the neck as a drape to ward off the rays of the sun.

A blue terry cloth robe had a series of small pockets on the sleeves to hold change and make-up.

A "violet ray" sun shade protruded from the hood of a flowing violet jersey beach cape.

Dressmaker details and color combinations were outstanding notes of the play dresses, shorts and slacks. Adrian uses a world of trick packages on them all, and features beige as a basic color in contrast to, not only white and every hue in the spectrum, but also to grey. With visionary exit of the last model, I turned my attention to an evening gown for Joan Crawford—a modernized version of the naughtiest girls' dancing dress. Brassière top and a very full circular skirt are done entirely in gold sequins, and a wide belt is emerald-jeweled and embroidered in gold.

Norma Shearer wears an evening gown of white crepe, a marvel of draped simplicity—only decoration a wide, rhinestone-studded and silver-embroidered belt.

A navy blue and white striped street dress for Ronald Russell is executed in very stiff taffeta, with a bold. Paulette Goddard wears an evening gown of knitted beige yarn, and several chic resort costumes.

Every woman in the cast wears short hair, and each a different style—while the short hair argument is slowly gaining momentum, the man who started it all, Sydney Gullaroff, M-G-M's hair stylist, clinches it with his hairdresses for "The Women."

Don't miss seeing this feminine force which you'll find not only gay and amusing, but also fascinating and helpful, as it points out the endless variations in fashions and beauty.

Sun, Wind, Water often make HANDS look older. Worth while to prevent this

CUPID'S ADVICE:
Help prevent unattractive roughness—furnish beautifying moisture for your hand skin with Jergens Lotion.

FREE!... PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

Get—at our recommendations—Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. Mail this coupon today to:
The Andrew Jergens Co., 1753 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Per Geso.)

Name:
Street:
City:
State:

JERGENS
LOTION

NEW: For Smooth Complexions—Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Vitamin A blend helps against dish, dry skin. 90c, 35c, 15c. All beauty counters.

Sunscreen cream helps against dish, dry skin. 90c, 35c, 15c. All beauty counters.

SEPTERMBEB, 1930
one of the Goldwyn girls in Eddie Can-
tor's "The Kid from Spain," and Charlie Chaplin, who fell in love with her and took her hand in her career. She has made only four pictures in seven years but the public has never forgotten her, because it couldn't forget the challenge of her manner of living.

Was she married to Charlie Chaplin or was she not?

Intrigued, curious, piqued, at first, rumor mongers had a glorious field day. But neither Charlie nor Paulette even cared.

Now Paulette’s appearance in the following pages and the Cantor story stirs up once more the old gossip, the speculation, the praise from those who admire courage which dares to defy convention, the blame from those who don’t. If she is Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, why doesn’t she say so?

She didn’t tell me herself. But she did give me the first interview she has ever granted to anyone. And when I asked her, point-blank, “Are you mar-
rried?” she said obliquely, “I have vowed never to discuss my private life. I inter-
ed in the matter of my marriage.

She said that with the magnificence and coldness that are hers, with that self-control which is so much at hand. But she answered a great many other questions which help to explain the most unconventional, complex and vivid personality in Hollywood.

She was born in Whitestone, Long Island, I should say, a bit about twenty-five years ago. She smiled again that firm, aloof smile when I asked her how old she was. “It’s my own age,” she said, “I don’t do in a theatrical career. I always say that if a woman will tell her age, she will tell anything.”

Her parents were separated and her mother traveled about a great deal, usually taking Paulette with her. In fact, Paulette never went to one school more than seven months in her life. She remembers Cannes and Biarritz and Paris. She speaks French as well as she speaks English.

Her mother, although not of the stage herself, had met many theatrical people. Paulette remembers, particularly, Mrs. Goddard’s friendship with Hedda Hopper, Ernest Truex and Flor-
ence O’Malley. It was her mother, he said, a matter of fact, who gave Paulette her first chance on the stage, that of a “girl in a heart.”

When she was sixteen, she eloped with Edgar James, the son of a wealthy hum-
berman. He was almost twenty years older than she and that marriage didn’t last. But when it was over, and Paulette went to Reno, it was with a financial settlement which made her inde-
pendent for life.

It was just after her divorce that she and her mother came to Hollywood.

She was the first major star to work under the contract system. She was the first major star to work under the contract system. She was the first major star to work under the contract system.

CONTRARY to general supposition, she didn’t come to Hollywood with Charlie Chaplin at the start of her career. She had been promised a role in "Modern Times" by M-G-M, and she was not married to Charlie at the time. "I was thrilled and delighted at having the part," she said. "And tonight, said she, she was writing a script play for you." And he was. It was "Modern Times." "Modern Times" was ultimately finished (although it was in the making more than a year), previewed and re-
leased, and everyone was excited over Chaplin’s new self-portrayals. But Paulette was more excited over her personal rela-
tionship. Were they engaged?

But they never answered, even when Paulette and her mother went to live in Charlie’s mansion in Beverly Hills even when the three of them embarked on a "round-the-world voyage. The press had a time of it. Both Chaplin and Paulette were on~first class—

That was as far as the fall of 1922. A Los Angeles newspaper predicted they would be married June 15, 1924, on Charlie’s yacht, the Panacea. This date passed uneventfully. Other papers reported they had been married by the Panacea’s captain, Dave Anderson, June 21, 1924, only to retract later.

During their "round-the-world trip, the wire services hummed with rumors and reports. And when, after the voyage, Charlie good-bye at the airport when she flew to New York. That was as early as the fall of 1922. A Los Angeles newspaper predicted they would be married June 15, 1924, on Charlie’s yacht, the Panacea. This date passed uneventfully. Other papers reported they had been married by the Panacea’s captain, Dave Anderson, June 21, 1924, only to retract later.

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be convinced that you have a low, soothing voice and find out that it’s really quite high and monotonous. Or, you may be the only girl with a voice that’s more suited to a drum major. Find out what you sound like, and then go about correcting whatever’s wrong.

Malvina Dunn says that the average voice is definitely flat. It lacks warmth and color. Warmth in tone is really the reflection of the sincerity of what you have to say.

Developing your diaphragm, plus learning to control your breath, will give color to your voice. The first thing to do, Miss Dunn advises, is to learn to stand properly. You must have confidence and poise, because that relaxes you, and your throat muscles don’t tighten and keep you from expressing what you want to say with ease. Once your posture is correct, you can go on to the next step, which is learning to breathe properly. This will also cure nasal tones, which is the result of shallow breath and speaking from the back of your throat rather than from your diaphragm.

Miss Dunn gives her players this exercise to develop their diaphragms and to control their breathing. Pretend you have candles of every size, then, hold each imaginary candle up close to your lips and breath on them. Make your breath come direct from your diaphragm, not from your lips. Never mind the volume of your breath. This exercise will also help to lower your voice.

After you have done this several times, try saying words like wonderful, bountiful, boundless, murmuring; saying them from your diaphragm exactly as when you blew out the candles. Think of the meaning of the words as you say them, to give color to your voice.

The deadly monotone in which so many people speak may be a sure cure for insomnia in those who are listening to it, but that’s about all it’s good for. If ever faintly suspect that your voice is a monotone, Miss Dunn recommends this exercise to give your voice flexibility and expression.

Imagine that your voice is the upper half of a circle. Then say Be, Ba, Bi, Bo, Boo, starting at the beginning of the arc and the Boo ending it, so that you’ve the Bi two tones higher than you’ve started with. Like this:

Be Ba Bi Bo Boo

Then repeat these vowels with all the consonants before them.

For variety of tone, try saying, Good morning, how do you do, oh indeed, around that imaginary half circle. After you have done this, imagine that you’re working with the lower half of that same circle and say these phrases around that.

You may find this rather difficult at first. If so, it just shows how badly you need to improve your voice. The trouble may be that your palate is too hard and you really need broadening. Saying Ge, Ke, Ye, You, with each syllable lower than the others like this: Ge Ke Ye You

This will help broaden your throat and give you greater flexibility of tone. The fault that makes our speech most difficult to understand, says Miss Dunn, is the way we slur the ends of our words. “Whacha gonna do about it?” is an example. It sounds even worse than it looks. Try listening to yourself when you talk and notice how often you run your words together. If your voice is to carry at all, each word must be pronounced separately. In the beginning, to overcome this fault, you must exaggerate your pronunciation of the final consonants, but soon you’ll hit a happy medium.

Malvina Dunn uses these sentences to help her students pronounce their words and final consonants correctly:

Give me some ice.
He stood at the炎症 welcoming him in.
Where will you wear it?
What are you doing?
And I went and told him.
Without asking either hurried whence.

Tongue twisters will help you learn to pronounce your words separately. One of Miss Dunn’s favorites is the following, which is also excellent if you’re one of those people who have a tendency to whittle their s’s:

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle after, in lifting a slice of snuffed thistles, stuck three thousand thistles in the thick of his thumb.

Different sections of America have their own peculiarities in the pronunciation of words. Any accent or fault in pronunciation limits a player too much to one type of role, so an All-American pronunciation is essential to a screen career. The Southern drawl is overcome by speeding up the speech tempo, and bearing down on the consonants.

Maggie Sullivan, a Southern girl, is a shining example of speech at its best—the low, softly-modulated tones we customarily associate with daughters of the South, but without any of the tricks of pronunciation which would type her for Southern roles only. It’s difficult for many Southerners, as well as people from some other sections of the country, to pronounce the vowel “I.” It turns into “ah” all the “tahn.” Saying this sentence over and over again, emphasizing the “I” will help you eradicate this fault: “I might fight for dear life if my wife liked to fight.”

It’s an old joke that people from New York have a tendency to say “ell” for “oil,” but it’s very true that it’s found even in well-educated people, as well as those with less schooling. If there’s a trace of this in your pronunciation, repeating this phrase over and over will help you rid yourself of it. “Morton, that boy who worked in Detroit, gave his pearl a pearl from an oyster.”

If the letter R is unknown to you, you can learn what it sounds like by practicing this sentence: “Ferdinand’s mother was in tears when she heard that his heart had been failing for years.”

Even a lip can be immmeasurably helped by exercises such as the sentence: “Some think that Sally Smith from the South Sea, is simple, stupid, and silly; but she studies at the Smithsonian Institute.”

Malvina Dunn emphasizes the fact, however, that the most important factor in a lovely speaking voice is to be alive and interested in the things going on around you. If you’re self-centered or bored, your voice reflects it. You must be really sincere and interested in what you’re saying, to have warmth and color and sincerity in your voice. Improving your voice cannot be done overnight, but remember that you can practice at developing a lovely speaking voice every time you start to say something.
Miracle Men at Work—To Make You Lovelier

(Continued from page 29)

far away from plaid skirts and their equivalents. Wear clothes that are subdued. And call attention to your face—by your hairline, your hatline, and the way you make up. (Plunkett)

5. Be careful—for far more carefully than you do not favor effects because they used to be flattering to you. No one is the same, and dress for the lines and color of your clothes with full awareness of the changes that have come. A little notion of your figure, the tone of your skin, the shade of your hair and the depth of your eyes. (Orry-Kelly)

6. Dress for the contemporary scene. Black satin and white fox, for glaring example, once were smart. Now these things, even if you have the figure for satin, which you most likely haven’t, will give you a Mae Westian aura. To wear satin you need Sally Rand’s figure and Queen Mary’s reserve. (Orry-Kelly)

7. Don’t be too impressed with the more lights in the luxury magazines. They show models wearing extreme hats, big clips, rings and bracelets, and holding fancy gloves. In reality, dress all in one color and red combine effectively—because the models are carefully posed and photographed in the right light and shadow. You won’t look the same if you wear all those things. You’ll look like a grab bag, because you’ll have to sit in different lights and you’ll have to move about. Be the woman who dresses with reserve, who is far more likely to take something off just before she leaves her mirror than to put something on. Be the woman who wears the fuzzy Flora, with many bangles and too many ruffles and too many curls, serves as a flattering foil. (Orry-Kelly)

8. Whenever you catch an unexpected glimpse of yourself in a shop window or a mirror, thank your lucky stars—however disquieting a glimpse it may be. For it’s only at such times you will get to see how you look. At such times you aren’t turning your best angle or holding your tummy in. And remember you’re revealing glimpse of yourself when you shop for clothes. Buy clothes that will suit the person who is not the person you would like to be. (Green)

9. Don’t be self-conscious about your bad points. Treat them as skillfully as possible and forget them. Otherwise you will call attention to your faults by an awkward fit, and they will obscure your good points completely. (Banton)

10. Pick up your clothes and walk with them. By your posture and your stride you make your appearance, or you disfigure it. (Beauvoir)

Now we will... rather our miracle workers... get down to specific things that will change your appearance and positively the very course of your life.

بوسون أمي

If You’re a Big Girl:

1. Invest in a roll of adhesive tape. Use it to hold your bosoms off center and you will look much smaller. (Head)

2. Avoid materials with a raised surface. Fabrics like silk that catch high lights. And run from knitted things, including boudoirs, as you would from the devil. (Head)

3. The larger your bosom, the lower it will fall. So indicate a lower waistline. If, for instance, your dress has a jacket, have the jacket fall a trifle over the hips. (Royer)

4. When your blouse, of some necessity or choice, is light or bright have the back of your blouse dark. And get your foundation well enough so that you can front to cut down the bright or light surface and make you look half the size. Have your foundation to suit the front, in any event. (Royer)

5. Have your clothes big enough, pulpless? Avoid even a tight-fitting line across your figure or at your waist. (West)

6. Keep the interest of your blouse close to the neck, to lift the focus of observing eyes. (Stevenson)

7. Experiment with your neckline until you discover exactly how low you can wear it—gracefully. The lower the better. For the lower it is, the more it will cut down on your bosom surface. (Stevenson)

8. Soft culs, if the neckline comes low enough, are a perfect disguise. This is well done with a peeking suit, with a wide belt, or a fine belt or a contrasting color. Choose clips and beads and pins in proportion to your size. Select furs that are flat.

If You’re Flat-Chested:

1. Buy artificial bosoms, either those worn as brassières or those you sew into your dresses. It’s far better to use artificial bosoms than to be unattractive. (Royer)

2. You employ many artifices, like rouge and permanent waves, with or without them. Don’t stop there! (Head)

3. If you aren’t as high and firm as you could be, or as you used to be, adhesive tape will prove your good friend, too. Coat two strips of tape as long as necessary, and loop up your bosoms with them. (Head)

3. Affect high waistlines and broad girdles. (Royer)

4. Wear light, luxurious fabrics. (Royer)

5. Remember the boon a fichu will prove on tailored dresses or worn with a suit. (Royer)

And it goes without saying: Your furs should be full and soft—draped if they are flat. Your waistline should be snug, so that you seen, at least, to curve above the waist. You’ll do well in blouses that are slightly bouffant or gathered into them. You’ll wear lighter and more lustrous fabrics you wear than the weight of the skirts. And you’ll find double-breasted things very flattering.

The Long and the Short of It

If You’re Tall and Slim:

1. Give thanks to the Lord. And never, never, never try to minimize your height. Don’t stoop. Don’t slant in the middle. (Gree)

2. Make the most of the fact that you can carry any break in line which the dress may have. You can wear tunics, snug waistlines and full skirts. You can wear plain skirts, and with them a jacket, or vice versa. You can dare to affect wide belts and sashes of contrasting colors. So strut your stuff! (Benton)

3. Stay away from tall hats. (Stevenson)

4. If you’re not well covered, go in for large designs. (Head)

5. Don’t wear clinging fabrics, rather choose materials that have body. (Gree)

6. Bolero suits or bolero dresses are definitely not for you. (Head)

7. Wimples and flowing veils and queenly trains were designed for the likes of you, even though many others cannot resist wearing them. (Royer)

8. Except for evening, keep your skirts on the short side. (Stevenson)

And it goes without saying: You won’t go in for any vertical line, that is, no vertical lines, vertical bands, or vertical dressmaking detail. Also taxed coats, long fur scarfs (un-acceptable), coats slung around your neck and shoulders. And you won’t wear heels that are too high.

If You’re Short:

1. Above everything else you must not be a "large Woman" naturally. Don’t make a fixation on youth. Don’t wear big hats and curls and ruffles. Don’t choose clothes that are cute. (Gree)

2. Remember Gloria Swanson! She is an outstandingly chic woman because she never has tried to look like a little girl. She raises her waistline. She wears clothes that have quiet dignity. She pulls herself up a good four inches by her carriage, thus achieving a longer line through the middle of her torso, so that even a plain boxy dummy, Gloria remains petite. But she is smartly petite. Do likewise—and be likewise! (Irene)

3. Shoes are likely to be stocky. If you’re this, however remotely, let no one get you into a fancy skirt, a tight skirt, a fully furred skirt, or a skirt with an uneven hemline. (Head)

4. Keep your shoes and stockings simple and not too much on the light side. (Head)

5. Wear the longest possible line from hem to waist. So cheat a little. Lower your skirts a trifle, not enough to be an awkward length. And raise your waistline somewhat. (Stevenson)

6. Wear nothing that is horizontal in line or pattern. (Banton)

7. Coats and dresses that have a princess effect, however slight it may be, are not for you. (West)

8. Favor high, built-up shoulders. (West)

9. Lighter sleeves against a dark dress are delecting and slenderizing. (Royer)

And it goes without saying: You’ll run far away from anything that cuts your figure because of line or color. You won’t wear large patterns or large accessories or large hats. And when you buy a dress or a suit
A Flowering Beauty
Yet she’s a Wallflower

Why doesn’t she use a Long-Lasting Deodorant

"YOU NEED A TRUE PERSPIRATION CHECK THAT NEITHER BATH NOR EXERCISE CAN RENDER INEFFECTIVE."

The figure of a young goddess—a face perfect as a flower! Yet she’s left alone after the first few dances. If she only realized that long-lasting charm is impossible without a long-lasting perspiration check!

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No exceptions! Make this simple test. Smell the armpit of the dress you are wearing when you take it off. It may tell you why you sit on the fringe, embarrassed, while men cut in on other girls.

You’ll know why so many women consider Liquid Odorono so important to good grooming. With Liquid Odorono your underarm is not only sweet, but dry! Perspiration can’t collect on your dress and hover around every time you wear it.

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Liquid Odorono will simplify your problem of daily daintiness. The average woman needs to use Liquid Odorono only twice a week. You can put the thought of underarm odor and dampness from your mind for as much as three days.

Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Also in Ice form. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Get a large-size bottle or jar today.

The Odorono Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

YEA, TEAM!

Answers to the Photoplay guessing game on pages 46 and 47 are:

No. 1 (Herald Lloyd) and No. 17 (Jubyna Ralston) teamed in romantic comedies of the 1920’s
No. 2 (Charlie Ruggles) and No. 20 (Mary Boland) teamed in marital comedies
No. 3 (Ronald Colman) and No. 11 (Vilma Banky) teamed as screen lovers
No. 4 (Aubrey Lula) and No. 16 (Penny Singleton) teamed in the “Blonde” series
No. 5 (Besel Rathbone) and No. 12 (Nigel Bruce) teamed as Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson
No. 6 (Charles Farrell) and No. 14 (Janet Gaynor) teamed in “Seventh Heaven” and other romances
No. 7 (Francis X. Bushman) and No. 15 (Beverly Bayne) teamed as early screen lovers
No. 8 (Barton MacLane) and No. 19 (Glenda Farrell) teamed in the “Torchy Blane” series
No. 9 (John Bunny) and No. 18 (Flora Finch) teamed in early screen comedies
No. 10 (Wallace Berry) and No. 13 (Marie Dresser) teamed in “Min and Bill” and “Topboat Annie”

SEPTEMBER, 1939

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**Rover Boy with Sex Appeal (Continued from page 22)**

**Dress with SOPHISTICATED SMARTNESS!**

Now you can wear the very latest Fifth Avenue fashions, yet pay only a fraction of the price of the original models! Our MAGAZINE OF FASHION offers a splendid selection of the finest styles for Fall—far more than you could find in any one shop. Send for it and learn how our "Finish-at-Home" Plan will enable you to have custom-cut, tricks that fit you perfectly.

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**Laughton and Mr. Gable looked on.**

He rejected, determined to give the British boy every chance to win the War, when his frightened puppy snatched him up and carted him to the nearest safety cellar. Next to them was a thin, stripling magnet who had been placed on the professor's chair. Surely, he reasoned, the bullets would come to the magnet and the professor made contact! But alas, the professor managed to trip over the steel wires and reached the floor. Again Davey was in the doghouse.

In school or out, this delightful bit of boyish mischief was a sore point to England's sorrow, carried about his well-bred being a gaitity that kept him in constant hot water. He was in it right up to his eyebrows. Even on school walks, which were made by Davey, his classmates and teachers in full school regalia, he was in the thick of it. On one occasion he tore through barb-wire fences, ripped the seat of his trousers, and had to walk the length of the village with his small Scottish rear visible to the dumfounded eyes of the nation.

Eventually, the dreaded seeking papers, with their message, "Dismissed for lack of wind—and overblowing," came through, followed by the decision of what to do next.

**DAD was thirteen, now, and vacation from school on the Isle of Wight had given him an intense love of the sea, so he decided to write to Captain Edmund Byrd's paper. With clean collar and dirty mind, as David puts it, he faced the stern, faced board of examiners. His blue eyes, showing the tell-tale exit of such hoity-toityness as he used as a boy, he backed with the aid of the Looking Glass, which he had used to cheat on his arithmetic. He was never to see another brick out of school window.

"Young man, gru-um—what was the number of the chapter you came in?" was the first question.

"8943," quick as a flash came David's lying reply.

"Impudence was enormously favorable. He could see it in their quick nods of approval and by a certain permission to go on:

"Any relatives in the Navy?" they asked, next. David thought hard, and his face was red as his hair was black. He had served their country faithfully, David dragged forth, from his confused mind, a cousin who had been dismissed from the Navy for some frightful escapa.

This, then, was the relative Davey chose. And it didn't go down at all. David could see it instantly. But there he was. He and his confounded cousin, standing before a row of disapproving admirals and no way to get out.

Nor did it help when Lord Redding's son was asked who, in his opinion were the three greatest English admirals, and the boy named Nelson and Wellington. Then leaning over the table he said, "I didn't quite catch your name, sir."

But it was the written examination impression signed by that proved Niven's understanding. The admirals might have spared themselves the effort, the paper and the time, if they had asked the dear old sticklers of the prep school about David's Math. For out of a possible grade of 300, David's mark was eight. Exactly. Eight was good, isn't it?" Niven said humbly.

"No," they chorused acidly, "not very good. In fact, according to your figuring, you have pointed the guns at your
Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 11)

"Well," I said, "good weather or bad, I am going in to see that picture." "You'll have a hard time of it," said Bill. "The horses are not fit to take another twenty miles each way."

"I don't care, buddy," I replied. "I've been prospering in the scrub now for twelve months, our gold has averaged over an ounce to the ton, and I think I can afford my horse a few day's rest.

Next morning at sunrise, I started on my twenty mile walk to see a movie. To people living in the scrub, this may seem a fantastic thing to do, but to me movies are not mere shadows on the screen. They are something real and many a time when I have lost money, the movies always managed to help cheer me up.

My particular reason for seeing Gable in "San Francisco," is that I admire him so much an actor and also— which probably counts more with me— because he has made such a success of his career. He has climbed the ladder without help from anyone and is still going up.

When I arrived at Oldenburg, the town where the picture was showing, I discovered the double was on view for two days. This was to give the farmers, miners and prospectors from the surrounding districts plenty of time to see it. The hall was packed for two days. Once did not satisfy me—I saw it the second time. Jeanette MacDonald’s singing was glorious, Gable’s acting perfect. I did not feel the long walk of twenty miles back to the camp. I was living every part of the picture over again. "You'll have a hard time of it," said the man that I enjoyed them so much. This year, when we clean up on our claim, I am going to the capital city, Brisbane, for a holiday and I shall see every picture that will be shown in the city. The movies spell one big word in capital letters to me—ROMANCE. There is too little of it in real life.

LARRY WHITTY
Queensland, Australia.

OPEN LETTER TO MARIA OUSPENSKAYA

Saw you as the adorable little grand-mother in "Love Affair," and you have lingered in my thoughts. The sissiness that I must make an attempt to express something of the joy and satisfaction your superb portrayal gave me. I loved your dear hands, your sweet smile, Everything that you said and did was convincing. And—at the last—the mute evidence of the exquisite white shawl left me with a sense of loss and loneliness that can only end with seeing you again—hope very soon!" "Love Affair" was clean and fine. We need more pictures of its type. I have been a regular moviegoer for many years. This is my first fan letter and it’s to you, lovely little grandmother!

MABEL TILMAN
Cordele, Ga.

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The original "Orange Blossom" ring that has graced the hands of ladys fair since Mother was a little "Today, amid the dulness of other changing fashions, genuine Orange Blossom creations, this original" is still a favored design. Orange Blossom Rings are as lovely and unselfish as the sentiment they are meant to express. You’ll find a style to suit your taste at a price he can afford, at your jeweler’s. Ask for your copy of "Orange Blossoms,” our beautiful and useful book for bridals.

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Here in 426 pages of intensively interesting reading you discover how you can gain complete control over your nervous system. How you can banish fear, worry, anxiety. How you can mend your shattered nerves and once again enjoy the thrill of living.

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THE COPLEY-PLAZA
BOSTON
Arthur L. Rose, Managing Director
Remember—when you visit the World’s Fair, you are practically at the doorstep of New England, the place "where history was born."

September, 1939

85
The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 62)

H IS is a perfectly marvelous movie. It's a comedy, and as funny a comedy as you have witnessed for months. It teams Melvin Douglas and Greta Nat- dell again—they're always amusing to- gether—and, this time, the story mate- rial, and the direction are worthy of the cast. Joan is a tearoom waitress, who has a terrific yen to go to Paris, but no money. She conceives the idea of getting a world blacklisted. Of course, she's kicked out of town. She meets up with rich Walter Connolly's crazy famil- y get together and plays a few men, among them Douglas. He's an ex- change college professor from England. Their relationships twists to the limit, and the dialogue is delightful. Just a trifle naughty, too.

* CLOUDS OVER EUROPE—Columbia

THIS is Sparkling mystery, introducing the versatile Ralph Richardson, in a new role—that of drunken sleuth. Major Hammond of Scotland Yard is set to work when a number of Britain's bombers disappear while in test flights. Laurence Olivier, test pilot of superior attractions, takes an interest in Rich- ardson's investigations, and also in the Major's sister, Joan Blon- don. With these three doing their bit for Mother England, the foreign agents at the tail end of the film are well thwarted. A big bang climax may seem a shade fantastic, but the witty lines and delicious byplay offer full compen- sation.

SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES— 20th Century-Fox

Obviously, this was intended to please Shirley Temple's little fans rather than their fathers and mothers. Such blood! Such gory detail! Such a mass- acre! Randy Scott is the Mountie who takes over the job of bringing up Shirley, after her parents have been killed by raiding Blackfoot Indians. There are further raids, the Indians capture Randy, and very solemnly set out to burn him at the stake. It's up to Shirley, naturally, to do something about this situation. The film does, from now on, seem rather flat. The white, heavenly knows, the girl does everything a finished and capable ac- tress can, to make you believe what you see. You'll like Marlin Good Rider, as the small Indian Brave who tries to act grown-up and treats Shirley like a country bumpkin.

THE FORGOTTEN WOMAN—Universal

Sigríður Guðríðar in this rather good daytime movie. She and her husband want to go to Florida, put an advertisement in the paper asking if anyone wants to share expenses—and two gang- sters answer. They stage a holdup in which the husband is killed. They take the car for a getaway, and poor Sigrid is caught by the police. They convict her as an accomplice. You will be interested in her attempts, after her release from jail, to lead an uninvolved life with her child. Ray Walker and Eve Arden have the supporting parts. Dennis O'Keefe plays the child.

SAINT IN LONDON—RKO-Radio

THE SAINT is one of those characters nothing can spoil, and when you put George Sanders in the role, you've got something rather extra-special. This instalment was from England. The Saint starts right out by stealing papers from a safe, blundering into a beauti- ful blonde and a dying man, and tak- ing them along with him. There's a bunch of tony criminals, whose plans he has spied, and they've after him, and Scotland Yard is suspicious, so they're after him; and after that, it's all one grand chase. Sally Gray is the blonde. She's swell.

FIVE CAME BACK—RKO-Radio

YOUR first reaction to this will be: There's that phony old Saint story about the people being forced down in a plane, again. But keep your seats. Out of this contrivance, Warners have made a tale of hor- ror and strange psychological effects. You see, the pilots can fix up one mor- tor of the plane, which is enough to carry only five of the party to safety. A murderer, two people in love, a college professor and his wife, the pilot—these are some of the pas- sengers. It is up to the little group to decide which five are worthy to return to civilization, and who must remain to die. The answer is not in the least what you think it will be. Production is good. Chester Morris, Lucille Ball, Allen Jenkins, Wendy Barrie, Kent Taylor, C. Aubrey Smith and others form the party. Most of the characteri- zations are believable, and the parts are forced to believe, at last, in the situa- tion, too.

THE HOUSE OF FEAR—Universal

The murder happens at once in this unimportant little film. An actor is the victim. Donald Crisp, who has been the police take two years to solve the crime, while the theater, where it all happens, is forced to close its doors. Detective William Gargan pretends he's a pro- ducer in order to open the house, on the theory the murderer will strike again. He does. Of course, the solution comes finally, but it seems to take a long while.

STUNT PILOT—Monogram

SERIES, series, series. . . . Let's see, "Tailspin Tommy"—Oh, yes. The comic strip guy who flies an airplane. And, in this one, a third one. Stunt pilots superimposed at the airport where Tommy works, some- body puts real lead in the blank car- ridges of a machine gun, and Tommy is accused. Murder. Someone thinks Tommy did it, until it's discovered a young fellow who{115}photographed the real murderer in the act of exchanging the cartridges. John Trent—he was a real flier, too—plays Tommy. Marjorie Rey- nolds is his sweetheart.

SHE MARRIED A COP—Republic

HERE'S a farce with some pleasant songs, delivered by personable Phil

Regan, and a silly story twist. Regan's a mar- ried couple who get into the movies. Then he finds his voice has been dubbed as that of "Paddy Pig," a cartoon character, the producer of the cartoon and the gal who tricks Phil, falls in love with him, and he with her, and they marry. Later, the marriage is found to be a blunder, and the blow-off comes. It's pretty funny, any- way. The tunes are nice.

TIMBER STAMPEDE—RKO-Radio

IT'S formula for the Western pictures that a rancher (George O'Brien, this time) must fight against a giant com- mons, who are trying to cheat honest men out of something or other. The idea, and a good one, is that a lumb- er king pretends he wants to build a railroad; takes right-of-way papers and government grants and homesteads; and thus gets the wooded land he wants. George fixes him, all right. Lots of fighting and shooting. Marjorie Reyno- nolds plays a newspaper reporter.

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU—20th Century-Fox

HERE'S a morbid interest in trying to put yourself in the horrible position of an innocent person accused of murder. Stuart Erwin plays a Chicago man, who just isn't getting anywhere in busi- ness, but who is slowly reacting to his wife's suggestions and help—when he finds the dead body of a girl in the rear seat of his car. The district attorney's office is of little use; he gets the electric chair, when his inimitable wife, Gloria Stuart, starts out to save him. Douglas Fowley, Gale Page and Ray- mond Walburn form good background for the swell jobs Erwin and Gloria turn in. The suspense holds throughout.

* MAN ABOUT TOWN—Paramount

PRODUCER Jack Benny, eager to win the hand of his star, Dot Lamour, decides to make her jealous of him. The scene is England, and so Jack makes passes at the wives of a couple of lords. This basic story is surrounded by nota- ble entertainment, lots of music, gags and new impressions. It's all very Benny timing and casual artistry. It's awfully goodcinema, really. Edward Brophy again deserves a pat on the back for playing Monty Woolley the other. Isabel Jeans and Binnie Barnes are the wives, just to make Jack's work a little easier. Phil Ochs, with band, Betty Grable and E. C. Clive assist. Almost stealing the show is old-time character actor Eddie Anderson, who plays Rochester. Funny as he is on the radio, you'll get a bigger bang out of him in this picture.

HELI'S KITCHEN—Warner

THE title refers to Hudson Shelter, a lovely spot, indeed, where ex-reform school kids, including the Dead Enders, are put to work as superinten- dents, Grant Mitchell, piles up a tidy sum out of "sucker" funds. One contributor, and racketeer on parole, school the boys to run the store, and uncovers the dirty work afoot with the help of Margaret Lind- sey, a saucy girl. When things go wrong, the time has passed without the Fields has ousted Grant Mitchell and made a "Boys Town" out of "Helti's Kitchen." Yes, it is the same idea, besides. You'll enjoy the character portrayals, especially Sidney Fields', if you can stand the too-great emphasis on sadistic behavior.
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

A dream walking—blonde and blithe Clara Peters of "I Stole a Million".

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 92.

1. The girls in the "The Lady and the Knight" cast voted that the actor had the best-looking legs on the set: John Garfield Claude Rains Claude Rains Claude Rains
2. She started in pictures when she was only thirteen—in Eddie Cantor's "Whoopee"—but her recent roles have been almost all leads in college pictures: Betty Grable Marjorie Weaver Shirley Temple
3. He's a leading romantic actor now, but he was once a still walker: Robert Young Tyrone Power Robert Young
4. A standout bit role, as the landlady in "Lover Affair," brought her a term contract at RKO: Maria Osipenkaya Arlene Whelan Delores D atty
5. This producer was known in his heyday as the King of Slapstick: Mack Sennett D. W. Griffith Charles Chaplin
6. He is Dorothy Lamour's most constant current escort: Fred MacMurray Don Ameche Robert Taylor
7. His next starring picture will be the remake of "The Sinful Sea Hawk": George Raft Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
8. She will soon be married to Sidney Kingsley, the playwright: Claire Trevor Brenda Marshall Brenda Marshall
9. Although not free to remarry, this star has been separated from her husband for several years: Joan Bennett Gia Scala Joan Bennett
10. He was formerly a radio announcer: James Stewart William Powell Joel McCrea
11. He is Scarlett O'Hara's real-life romance: Laurence Olivier George Brent Richard Greene
12. This star, who is now married to Perc Westmore, was discovered in a WPA theater: Marjorie Weaver Gloria Dickson Atlee Whelan
13. She was voted the No. 1 film favorite for 1938 by British fans: Shirley Temple Susan Hegie Margaret Sullivan
14. This singing star has recently returned from a highly successful concert tour: Grace Moore Martha Raye Deanna Durbin
15. She is president of the Tail- wagger's Association, an organisation for the protection of dogs: Irene Dunne Betty Davis Barbara Stanwyck
16. He won immediate film success in his first role in "Lord Jeff": Mickey Rooney Terry Kilburn Mickey Rooney
17. Before he became a motion picture star, he was a big success in radio: Warren William Fred MacMurray Alan Ladd
18. Two of these stars are married to well-known writers: Basil Rathbone Humphrey Bogart Basil Rathbone
19. The home town of the Hardy boys in the TV series is: Kokomo Mayville Kokomo
20. The fathers of two of these stars were famous stage actors: Robert Taylor Constance Bennett Robert Taylor

Glamour starts with bustline beauty

Bustline beauty is easily captured in Formfit bras, for built into them are the glamour formulas that give appeal to a figure that might otherwise go unnoticed. One glance in your mirror, fully dressed, with a Formfit bra beneath, in the size and width you require and you'll sense a new fashion-right loveliness that has become definitely yours. "A must" if it's glamour you're after. At the better stores everywhere.

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The year's biggest radio news—the first word in television receivers is waiting to be shipped to your home. Be the first in your town to have one. Enter Radio and Television Mirror's Television Contest today.

Radio and Television magazine wants the opinions of its readers on the future of television in the homes of America. In order to get them it has secured six beautiful Philco Television sets that retail for $250 each and also, as additional prizes, six excellent portable Philco radio sets which will be awarded to the twelve persons sending in the twelve most helpful sets of answers to ten simple questions appearing in the September issue now on sale.

Don't Miss This Opportunity

Never again, probably, will you have as good a chance to have a genuine, high-priced Philco Television set delivered to your home without charge. The ten questions are easily and quickly answered—simply a matter of your personal opinion without the need of long study or research of any kind. It will take only a few minutes of your time. But what a wonderful reward if the judges select your set of ten answers as one of the best!

By all means put in your application for one of these beautiful free instruments today. Get a copy of the September Radio Mirror, turn to the Television Contest page, read the easily followed rules and then set down your answers to the ten questions and mail them in.

In addition to the thrilling Television Contest, Radio and Television Mirror contains many items of interest to radio fanatics and2

SEPTEMBER 1939

RADIO MIRROR

SEPTEMBER OUT NOW 10c
27. (Q) Are you susceptible to "uniforms"... to men with accents?  
(A) I could be susceptible to men with accents, but I won't let myself be. No, to the second half of the sentence. 

28. (Q) Do you wish that you looked like Hedy Lamm?  
(A) No. (No offense meant.) 

29. (Q) Do you believe you were denied special permission to present at an execution in a prison death chamber, because you're a woman?  
(A) If such an experience might help me to do some certain role better, I would. But, otherwise, I wouldn't be able to stand it. However, I have found that I can fortify myself for almost anything if I approach it with a clinical view. I recently saw two babies born—when I was preparing for the childbirth scenes, as Melanie—and I managed to be quite calm and collected. 

30. (Q) What is your worst failing, the thing about which your family criticizes you most?  
(A) I think the thing about which I am most criticized is that I talk too much. My mother and Joan will look at me sternly and say, "Olive, your 'beau-voix' please!" because, with hands, my voice is on its best behavior. 

31. (Q) Have you ever wanted to help someone I've ever known?  
(A) I have only wanted to help, but I have. When I first started "Captain Blood," Errol Flynn teased me so unmercifully that I could hardly keep my hands still. Finally, I had my chance in a scene; the director said that I should slap him. I slapped so hard I knocked his wig off. 

32. (Q) Do you enjoy being the "cynosure of all eyes"?  
(A) I must confess yes, if I am excused especially well. 

33. (Q) Do you like to talk about yourself?  
(A) Not usually, although I must admit that I have learned to enjoy interviews. 

34. (Q) Is there a picture with what leading man did you find love scenes easiest to do?  
(A) Miss de Havilland took the consequences. (Show us in a series of pictures the emotions as expressed in the melodramatic Gable period of the theater.) 

35. (Q) What occasion have you ever been a bad sport?  
(A) I hope I never have. I have a horror of being one. 

36. (Q) Are you very religious?  
(A) By instinct, yes. By reason, no. 

37. (Q) What actor do you think has the most sex appeal on the screen?  
(A) I can name several who have seemed to me to have a great amount of sex appeal in certain scenes and moments. I liked Clark Gable in one scene in "Gone with the Wind," with Vivien Leigh in his arms. I'll also never forget Leslie Howard in a scene with Merle Oberon in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"; not a masterful appeal there, like Gable's, but he was making beautiful love to her with his eyes and his voice. I liked Brian Aherne very much in a scene with Merle, in "Be-loved Enemy." He was telling her of the life they were going to lead together, and it was full of poetry and feeling and tenderness. 

38. (Q) Do you ever have an off-recurring dream or nightmare?  
(A) I dream that I am standing on a high cliff, and down below me in the sand, near the ocean, I can see my sister. Then, suddenly, I see a tidal wave approaching, and I am the only one who can see it. I never know whether to save myself, or go to her, even though I know that if I did so, we would both be lost. It's a horrible fight with my conscience, and almost always I wake up with the problem still unsolved. 

39. (Q) What do you remember about your first kiss?  
(A) Everything. I was sixteen. When I got home, I tossed my hair over the edge of my bed, and I kept saying to myself, 'I've been kissed.' I thought it was some very special thing which had happened to me alone, and not to anyone else in the world. 

40. (Q) Have you ever pretended to faint?  
(A) Yes. It was while we were doing "Midsummer Night's Dream" in Chicago. A man in the cast had played so many practical jokes on us, that we wanted to play one on him. It happened that he prided himself on his knowledge of the edge of doctoring. We conceived the brilliant idea of my fainting in front of him. So I fainted right behind the curtain, while the epilogue was going on front. True to our expectations, he rose to the occasion, began issuing orders authoritatively, and started to pick me up. Flushed with efficiency, the poor lad got his very long leg tangled in my muiYou, and nearly collapsed—with my prostrate form. It was too much for the conspirators, and, at the first suggestion of a giggle, my still voice suddenly revived in a howl of amusement. In a second, I was rather, heard right through to the last row. 

41. (Q) Has your ever fallen in love at first sight?  
(A) Yes, but I'm not addicted to love at first sight. 

42. (Q) Do you have a desire to reform people?  
(A) I'm afraid I'm an optimist. 

43. (Q) Do you like to be melodramatic?  
(A) I don't like to be, but sometimes I am. Just recently, when Merle Oberon is in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," a slightly tragic look in my eye, my sister caught me and I heard her murmuring, "Ca-milie—oh but!" 

44. (Q) In love, are you a jealous type?  
(A) Absolutely, I am. I think every woman, but I try never to let it get the better of me, because I believe it is unintelligent and demeaning. 

45. (Q) Do you ever fear that you might be an old maid?  
(A) In what ways are you snobbish? 

46. (Q) I'm a frightful snob by inst- 
(A) I thought that was another thing I have tried to overcome, because I have no sympathy with it. 

47. (Q) In what "ins" have you ever been interested?  
(A) Pacifism. 

48. (Q) When have you ever walked out on a picture, and what was it?  
(A) Miss de Havilland took the consequences. (Write a bed-time story.) 

49. (Q) Do you wear glasses?  
(A) Yes. 

50. (Q) To whom have you ever written a character letter?  
(A) 9. 

51. (Q) Of whom is the photograph?  
(A) Miss de Havilland took the consequences. (Permit us to print one of your poems.) 

52. (Q) Do you worry a great deal about what others may think of you?  
(A) It's definitely an obsession. 

53. (Q) Would you say that you are calculating?  
(A) No. 

54. (Q) How do you always open before I look?  
(A) Either that, or I look so long that I don't leap at all. 

55. (Q) Do you think you're lucky?  
(A) Not a bit. I am very constant, almost dangerously so. I am frightened stiff of inconstancy and fickleness in others. 

56. (Q) Do you and your sister ever wear each other's clothes?  
(A) All the time. 

57. (Q) What points of grooming give you the most trouble?  
(A) Hair and my stockings: neither stays up. 

58. (Q) How do you feel about having been teamed to often with Errol Flynn on the screen?  
(A) It has been excellent for me up until now, but I think it's about time I stopped. I need some really good acting parts, and with Errol, I'm usually just the love interest in an action picture, and that's difficult. 

59. (Q) Do you expect to give your marriage when you marry?  
(A) No, not unless my husband really needs my full time.
How's Your Sense of Direction?

(Continued from page 31)

when a lot of action was required of the dog. Howard tried for hours, but it was not until two o'clock that the prop man made a suggestion:

"I can wire him so he'll wag his tail, yawn, bow, shake, and shake hands, if you'll give me an hour."

Howard groaned, but agreed.

The prop man had the dog wired within an hour, but the wires had to be moved to keep them away from the smoke and hot wires. After all, he could sit there quite comfortably while waiting for the time to go by.

At last the job was finished and the dog was put through his stunts. Howard was pleased.

"Swell, boys. But what about his ears? Can you make them stand up?"

The prop man said, "Sure—just a couple more wires."

The cameraman groaned. "Jeeze! He looks like a ezer now."

But, either or no production was halted for two hours while wires were attached and lights were moved.

On "Blasphemous," Warner Baxter and Wallace Beery, Wally was the salty deep-water bos'n of a sailing ship. A lot of those scenes were shot inside one of the large stages where we had a built-up duplicate of our ship’s deck on a huge stage. The ship's movement was gentle, but our bos'n, who had the flue, couldn’t take it. We were forced to shoot a scene, then wait; shoot another, and wait again. It seemed as though we spent our time just waiting.

During these waits, Mickey Rooney, the cabin boy, rehearsed his jazz band in a far corner of the stage. While I’m not one to start malicious Hollywood gossip, and maybe Mickey’s band is all right anyway, it isn’t much help to a salty old sailor’s nerves, or to a director whose budget and blood pressure are soaring.

And for every single star, we have dozens of supporting players. They range from important character actors to one-line "bit" players. But each individual among them has his own carefully conceived device for ruining the director—the old fellow who plays the Judge, who has a tendency to read his lines from the script, or to the Missionary—"Oh, have a glass of water!"—or to the Escape Artist who gets out the gentleman’s washroom and can’t get out until the janitor rescues him; or Little Girl, whose mother has assured her she has a smile exactly like Shirley Temple’s, loses an upper front tooth.

It’s not only the human element that plots your undoing. There are the mechanical agencies. Of these, the sound recorder is the most fiendishly treacherous. Camera equipment can cause some delay, of course, but if you want a good solid hold-up that can go on for hours, without any cause that anyone can ever explain either during or after, then place your faith in the sound recording system.

Let’s open a script at random. They haven’t any scripts at random so we open one at random. We close our eyes and put our delicately tapered index finger on a scene.

PAID IN:
1ST. SHIP’S CORRIDOR CLOSE UP 1ST. + DANN—TRUCKING

(Actor’s note: In movie parlance, the word "trucking" indicates that the camera is mounted on a low-dressed truck, which enables it to move.)

Camera moves with JOAN and DAN as they walk arm in arm down the corridor. They are going ashore together, very gay.

DAN

I’ll show you the stars of the Southern Cross. If you like them I’ll put them down and lay them at your feet.

JOAN (laughing)

In the way?

At this instant they come into the foyer opposite the Purser’s Office. They turn toward the gangway as MACK says:

"Mack, you’ll have to keep that down."

DAN

Hello, Mack.

MACK

I am not! Those Hawaiian punches are practically nothing but fruit juice.

And MACK stands glaring after the two others as they exit toward the stage door.

And there is the scene. Very simple, isn’t it? Shouldn’t run more than thirty seconds’ playing time.

Now let’s put this same scene into the hands of a director and see what can, and often does, happen.

In casting this scene we will exercise some license, but perhaps we’d better alibi first: Any resemblance in characters depicted herein to any persons living or dead is too, too ridiculous!

It is nine o’clock in the morning. The set is ready when the principal actors arrive. I am prepared to begin the rehearsal. I am greeted at Kay Francis and William Powell.

Bill, who has been studying his script, looks up. “Good morning, Kay. You know, I’ve been worrying about this first line—”

Kay cuts in. “Good morning. I hope my hair isn’t going to hold you up. But they insisted on washing it last night and now it’s so darned wavy—”

I answer, “I’m sure it’ll be okay. It looks grand now.”

“I hope so.”

I turn to Bill. “What was it about that line?” Then, before he can answer, I take them by the arm and gently lead them toward the end of the corridor where the action starts. “Let’s run it. You know it’s a big moment— you’d better run it with both— and we’ve got to get up into the way. We see it—”

I am interrupted by a front office messenger who hands me a note.

The note reads:

"Dear Kay: What do you think of (the actor’s name) for a main title? Or do you prefer Typhoon? Give it some thought. Regards."

"Jake."

"Please explain that I have to see the rushes before the day’s end, look over Miss Francis’ latest in my office, and the Captain’s Dinner sequence, lay out the first scene with the cutter, and sit for portraits this noon. See him tonight."

I TURN to speak to McHugh, but the cameraman cuts in, “Could you ask Miss Francis not to turn on the light during your rushes when she speaks to Mr. Powell? Her nose makes a hell of a shadow across her face, and there’s nothing I can do about it.”

Kay has heard. “Okay, Rudy. I’ll watch her.”

I turn back to McHugh. “Okay, Frank. We’ll try it your way.”

I look at my watch. It’s a quarter past ten and we haven’t turned a crank.

“Places, please.” The actors take their places and we are about to start.

The cameraman says:

"How about trying it for camera movement at the same time?"

I answer, and the dolly is moved into position in front of the actors. The portable mike moves up alongside them for the first scene.

"All set? Action!"

The procession starts to move. Bill speaks:

"I turn to the 小 messenger. ‘I’ll see him tonight when I finish shooting.’ I turn back to the actors. ‘Now where were we? Oh, yes—that first speech—’"

Meanwhile, Bill Powell has been scribbling on his script with a pencil. He speaks: “I don’t believe that anyone as much in love as this chap is, is going to say anything as phony poetic as this first line. It isn’t sincere. I think he’d say something simple and direct, like, ‘It was wonderful of you to come, Joe.’”

I am half sold on his idea, but I answer, “Okay. Not bad, but what’s her name?”

But Bill is ready for me. He says, "Why, Kay, accepts his mood and an-

swern in the same sincere vein, ‘It was wonderful of you to ask me.”

Kay says, “It’s ever so much better.”

"Great, Bill,” I say, enthusiasm in my voice.

"Thanks, Now, let’s run through it.”

Kay and Bill link arms and I am about to call “Action” when the dresser darts out from the side lines and starts to work over Kay’s hair. I reconfront. “Can’t you hold that until we finish rehearsals?”

"I’m sorry, Mr. Garnett, but if you had any idea how wild this hair is—it’s starting to burst loose now and if it really gets away, it’ll take an hour to get it set again.”

Kay shrugs sympathetically. "Sorry, but she’s right.” So I step back and wait while the restive hair is quelled. We are about to start again when another front office messenger appears with another envelope. The pink note reads:

"Dear Ray: Don’t forget to grab individual close-ups of Powell and I’ll tip you when.”

"Okay, we’ll run it. Action.”

The action starts. Kay and Bill read the revised lines and all goes smoothly. I am walking backward ahead of them. We round the corner and Frank McHugh comes reeling into view from behind me. He bumps Bill. Bill grins. “Hello, Mack.”

Then Frank turns to me. “It’s a good gag but it’s an awful mouthful—takes forever to say it. Wouldn’t it be better if I said, ‘I’m not? It’s the altitude!’ Before I can answer, another message is shoved at me.

"Dear Kay: About lunch with me today so we can discuss the score with Newman? Regards."

"Jake."

"I’ll curl trouble you trouble?"

If so, do as thousands of smart women do and your worries will be over! Curl your hair quickly, easily, professionally with the Scoddy Lox Rat-Tail Comb and Bob Pins.

Scoddy Lox Comb n’ Pins cost only 10¢ at your favorite store! A real value, since the comb itself usually costs 10¢ or more and the bob pins are highest quality!

Buy yours today and see for yourself. Just a few swift twirls, and your hair will be beautifully curled and groomed.

Here’s how!

After you’ve combed the lock you want curled, lay the hair ends over your finger and hold the rat-tail over the hair.

Whirl rat-tail around finger, gathering in hair ends, until you get as tight as you want it. Remove rat-tail, insert bob pin. Remove finger. That’s it!
nose all over the place. Yeah, that’s it. Now hold that. Just a minute, please.”

He calls off set: “See that, Gillie? Take one more turn on forty-seven.”

The second cameraman has been peering through his camera. He now shouts, “Mike’s in.”

The ear by on the mike boom says, “Gimme a line,” as he raises and lowers the long mike arm.

I’m getting impatient. “All right. Are we set? One more complete rehearsal and we’ll bang it. Places, please.”

We return to the starting point, but, of course, there is a front office messenger waiting for me. Before I have had time to read the note, a second one arrives. I read the first:

“Dear Fay: Just got word that Hugh Herbert has a cold and wont be able to do the drunk, which I understand starts tomorrow. What do you suggest? Regards. Jake.”

I turn to the first messenger. I am a little up set. “Tell him I put my Haggis in the part and he’s been working three days, and I suggest he have Herbert put on his wooden underwear.”

I read the second note:

“Dear Fay: Understand you hadn’t shot a foot of film by 11:00 this morning. You must step it on. You’re three days behind already. Can you come up with a gag you can get finished before you finish shooting? Regards. Jake.”

I groan, “Tell him I’ll see him tonight.”

I turn back to the set but the actors have gone to their dressing rooms for a call to my assistant: “First team, please.”

“Places everybody,” he yells. “Places for first rehearsal. Come on, everybody. Here we go, hats off and hair flying.”

The people are in their places, but there is some confusion again. The film’s editor’s voice bends out, “Quiet!”

I mutter, “Action!” and we’re off.

BILL gets as far as, “It was wonderful—That’s all. I’m losing ground—two words less than last time. It’s the second cameraman again. He has dashed off, and Hughes is back and able to do the drunk, which I understand starts tomorrow. What do you suggest? Regards. Fay.”

By this time, it is past twelve and the crew is moving for lunch. So I say, “Let’s skip the rehearsal. We’ll shoot it. Let’s knock on it and get this one in the bag; then we can break for lunch.”

My assistant yells, “Places everybody! Quick! Get in the office. This is getting away from you. Everyone is in his place, and everything’s set, so I call, ‘Roll’!”

Our last set stop at M-G-M is “Babes in Arms,” a movie version of the Rodgers and Hart musical. This is a new movie idea, and one that ought to please me, and get me a long lasting greasy °DROPS ° NOT needed of Seconds!”

Just as the camera is set, a woman comes to get her hair put in a style by a man named Jake. She is the young woman with whom Metro is blessed. We don’t know any other lot that could do that.

Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Betty Jaynes, Doug MacPhail, and Johnny Sheffield (Terror of the Plains) are sitting on the set. These men and an army of extras are set to give a scene. What goes on is mainly thus: a bunch of old vaudeville has-beens get together and plan a big show, ever hopeful to get back on their feet. Their kids, all talented, know it will flop. So, to keep their folks’ hearts from breaking, they plan a show of their own which, of course, is a wow.

So are the special effects. The director, Busby Berkeley, and a host of art experts who are trying to get a very ornerky Pekingese to lick Mickey Rooney’s face. The Peké is a little pacificist, however, and does everything else but.

Try honey,” one expert says. They rub honey on Mickey’s face. “No go. The Peké nips his hand.”

In a scene designed to simulate a scene of a Parisian square, over the prostrate form of Kenny Baker, knocked out on the floor. In a cage nearby, the great, pinch-faced gorilla. He’s not a real gorilla, of course, but Charlie Gomora, Hollywood’s premier gorilla man, who makes his living aping apes. They’ve been through some thirty takes of this scene inmeticulous Marx fashion. Each time, as Chico and Harpo go through their parading scene, unacconed, over the prostrate form of Kenny Baker, knocked out on the floor. In a cage nearby, the great, pinch-faced gorilla. He’s not a real gorilla, of course, but Charlie Gomora, Hollywood’s premier gorilla man, who makes his living aping apes. They’ve been through some thirty takes of this scene in meticulous Marx fashion. Each time, as Chico and Harpo go through their parading scene, unacconed, over the prostrate form of Kenny Baker, knocked out on the floor. In a cage nearby, the great, pinch-faced gorilla. He’s not a real gorilla, of course, but Charlie Gomora, Hollywood’s premier gorilla man, who makes his living aping apes.

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WE COVER THE STUDIOS

(Continued from page 65)
once more. "Cut!" cries Ratoff.—"No good!"
"What was wrong with it?" inquires Leslie.
The dog," explains Ratoff. "He smiled." Well—the Ratoff’s either nutty or a genius. We don’t dare guess which.

Parameter is knee-deep in conventions this month, and all it can offer us is the end of "The Rules of the Sessa," the film saga of the development of steamship commerce; so, on to RKO, right next door, for "Nurse Edith Cavill," and Anna Neagle.

Ever since "Victoria the Great" our hat has been off to Anna Neagle. This, her first American picture, then, is an experience, not only for us, but for Hollywood and you, too, we hope. With her is her mild looking Svegetti, producer-director Herbert Wilcox.

Actually, "Nurse Edith Cavill" (It’s Cavell, and a short "a," but we won’t cavil at pronunciation) is an export: an untold story of the infamous martyrdom of the English nurse, which horrified the world in the later War. All details of the plot are historic, right up to the tragic end.

Neagle, glowing in a nurse’s decorative grey, and a white cap, greets us with a smile. She has upset all Hollywood tradition since arriving by receiving the press every day at four o’clock, tea-time. You can’t knock Anna to Hollywood reporters, the cake-eaters.

Up the street, Columbus is finishing up “Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" and "Golden Boy," but the new movie of our month there is "Blondie Takes a Vacation." A perennial sucker for series movies, the new "Blondies" tickle our fancy.

The old "Blondie" stand-bys, Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Simms, the personality kids, are working out in a hotel lobby set. Naturally, from the title you can guess that vacation troubles are besetting the Bums.

In fact, the strong arm of the law is about to haul Arthur away and everyone is in tears. That is, all except Rosy Dempsey Larry Simms. He sits in a chair, scans a magazine and occasionally burps.

Suddenly a mass wall arises and the set looks like a riot. We inquire into the matter, and Penny, almost in tears, says on our shoulder.

“We’ve been doing this scene all day,” she cries, and I just found out I have on the wrong dress! New we’ve got to do it all over!” We leave the poor girl to her fate, a day in the dog house.

Because we gave an important picture a quick brush last month, we revisit the "Modern Cinderella" set at Universal where Irene Dunn and Charles Boyer reran.

"Chuck" (that’s what the extra call Boyer) is hardly the smooth lover the day we see him. In fact, offhand we’d say Charlie was all wet. Six giant wind machines are driving rain from sprinklers in his handsome face, some making a like mess of Irene. Director Stahl is stamping around in a sou’wester and rubber boots. It’s a hurricane scene, patterned after the one that lashed New England last year. And it’s during all the thunder and lightning that Chuck, a wealthy concert pianist, finds he really cares for Irene, the little waitress.

"HE UNDERWORLD" is a moduber Universal number which draws our interest next, because we hear it’s being produced solely to introduce Gloria Jean, Universal’s next Deanna Durbin.

Gloria has never done anything dramatic, stage or movies, in her life. She’s only eleven but blessed with a coloratura soprano voice, and the Hollywood Vogue for adolescent sensationalism continues fiercely. So Joe Pasternak, Deanna’s guiding angel, has taken her under his wing and decided to build her into another young star. A pretty nice prospect for an unknown eleven-year-old girl.

Robert Cummings and Nan Grey are about the only grown-ups in "The Underworld," whose plot takes a little east coast New York girl (who can’t write an essay about a tree because she’s never seen one), and puts her in a summer camp with spoiled little rich girls.

The major effort of the month at Twentieth Century-Fox is "Hollywood Cavalcade." It’s just what it says—a cavalcade of screen history in the most colorful town on earth, from 1913 up to the coming of sound.

America’s number one box-office favorite, Alice Faye, together with Don Ameche, Stu Erwin, J. Edward Bromberg, Alan Curtis and Dick Chandler, play fictitious Hollywood old-timers. Buster Keaton, Mack Sennett and Al Jolson play themselves. Technicolor brightens it up.

On the story side, Alice is a Broadway show girl who takes a chance on California, and then despairs movies. Don’s an enthusiastic promoter, later director. Their story is played like a brilliant, fantastic panorama of the greatest show ever on earth—Hollywood. Everything is booked, from the opening to closing night's "Kingo-Cops, Bennett bathing beauty, the Valention race—up to Jolson and "The Jazz Singer."

"We’re not forgetting Photoplay’s popularity contests, either," Director Cummings tells us. "They’re, too. Everything that went to make the old Hollywood the great place it is today, is all in our picture.

The first take is spoiled by the reflection of a 1939 automobile in a 1913 store window. The camera runs out of film on the second. On the third Don Ameche is "extra" on his lines, a habit of his, ad libbing a lot of extra words of his.

Through all these, Alice Faye is perfect. When the scene finally ends a print, she tells Irving Cummings about it. "I think," says Alice, "I deserve a reward."

"I’ve got one planned for you, honey," smiles Cummings, "tomorrow morning. You’ll love it." Alice begins to dance. "Reely!" she beams, "What is it?"

"A pie," says Cummings. "A big custard pie—all for you." "That suits me swell, but she can’t possibly eat a whole pie.

You don’t eat it, dear," explains Cummings, "It suits you in the back."

LEAVING the movie lots, we find all very quiet indeed on the Hollywood Radio Front. These are the Dog Days of Hollywood star shows, what with the whole of Europe in the dust. And radio demises leaving a resounding void in the Sunset-Vine setup. Fall show prospects this summer, too, are far from rosy, to add to the gloom. Usually, by this time, all the big airwaves are set. But, so far, sponsors are keeping cagy about the future of Hollywood on the air, and stars are wondering if easy radio gold is a thing of the past.

As at all Hollywood radio stations are claiming that: Screen stars want too much money. West Coast production costs are too high. The Hollywood air show pattern is worn thin. Hollywood stars are poor air salesmen.

The only chance for another big Hollywood air season is for the stars to cut their salaries drastically. Give more time to rehearsals. Evolve a new show pattern.

Dog Days data: Hollywood movie premières will be televised next winter, as stars already are. When television visits the sets, we won’t have to tell you about them.

But Friday, Bing Crosby’s college card lacks, is set for big radio thing. The Granger gets back from his vacation... Bob Burns’ new heir is christened just Robert..." was Robert... the two?” to his family the “Three Rs?”... Fannie (Snooka) Brice wishes mothers would save and salt her for teaching... Frank Morgan is living permanently on his boat, "The Dolphin," during hot California fall, and collecting fish stories... "the Good News" is holding its breath, hoping the MJ-G-M Maxwell House show resumes. They like Pat more than making movies... Alexander Woolcott will fill a spot on Texaco Star Theater this fall. If so, he’ll have to move to Hollywood. The feminine autograph mob outside NBC has thinned since Charles Boyer left town.

I COULD WRITE A BETTER MOTION-PICTURE STORY THAN THAT!

How many times, after leaving the theatre, have you said to your wife, "But have you ever done anything about it?"

And yet you, a motion-picture fan, are the best judge in the world, of the kind of story the public wants—a simple story that makes them laugh and cry—just the kind of story you've had tucked away in your heart as long as you can remember.

That's the kind of story the motion-picture companies pay big prices for.

Hollywood's doors are closed to the unknown author. Most of the screen plays you see are written by writers the public has never heard of. But there is a definite method of writing stories adaptable for motion picture production. This method has been at last perfected by two men of outstanding ability to working and writing.

You have probably seen the work of one of them—Norman Krasna, one of Hollywood’s popular writers, author of such screen successes as Parry, Hands Across the Table, and Ginger Rogers’ latest story Bachelor Mother. Yet ten years ago Krasna was a student of Columbia University, discovered by Krasna’s talent, and taught him, as he taught hundreds of other writers, Mr. Schutt himself has had published more than one hundred novels. He was the first Rhodes Scholar from New York at Oxford University, and in twenty years has taught all forms of writing at major universities in this country.

These two men have now combined their practical experiences, and have given you a method of writing that story of yours for the motion pictures. Now it is up to you whether you get your story written. If you sincerely feel that you have a story to tell, just fill in the coupon below and receive a copy of YOUR STORY on Paradise Island, a novel of THE SCHUTT-KRASNA SCHOOL, that will give you any way.

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building model airplanes. They were working on a particularly pretentious job, when Hank was called to the Coast, and the contract was handed him, showing him a chance to earn money by doing a life work when he had to leave that model uncompleted."

Carrick Glass had become an institution, Jim was launching his stage career. Reporting at Beckhart's office to inquire when rehearsals would begin for "Goodbye Again," Jim was told that the play was being held up, but that he could have a small part in it, if he reported on the stage of the famous temperance crusader, and as a constable with an Old Bill walrus mustache, Jim made his Broadway debut in the fall of 1932. "Carrie Nation" ran for only a few weeks, but that time "Goodbye Again" was being cast. Jim repeated his hit portrayal of the chauffeur, and was rewarded with critical bouquets.

LATE in the spring, "Goodbye Again" moved to Boston for two weeks before closing. After some thought about their future, Jim learned that Jane Cowl was organizing a company for a summer revival of "Camille" in the Massachusetts del del del del del culture. He was signed for a small part and as stage manager. "Camille" has fame for the lengthy death scene of its heroine.

One night as Miss Cowl was in the midst of her delicately delayed demise, Jim noticed a clatter of heavy steps on the back of the theater. The youthful stage manager dashed out to see what was wrong. He found an unembittered individual whom he persuaded to depart, then he hurried back to his post. That Rogers was an unannounced silence. Jim was panic-stricken. Miss Cowl must have been dying for some time now. In fact, she must be dead and waiting for the curtain to fall. Jim hastily rang it down.

Unfortunately, Camille had considerable more dying to do. The silence Jim had mistaken for the end of the scene had been only a long pause. Jim's first real break on Broadway, and the part that was to decide him on making the theater a permanent career. The play was "Yellow Jack," Guthrie McClintic's production of Sidney Howard's, compelling piece about the four Spanish-American War soldiers who volunteered as human guinea pigs in the battle against yellow fever.

There was only one part left uncast when Jim applied at the McClintic office, the role of Sergeant O'Hara, whose accent must be as Irish as his name. With what he thought was a brogue as good as Gielgud's, Jim applied at the McClintic and Howard. When he was through, the producer looked at him and asked, "Why should he play it?" "Afraid you won't do it," McClintic told him. "You're just the type we're looking for, if you only had an Irish accent!"

Jim was not to be denied what he firmly felt was the finest role he had ever had a chance to play. He persisted over and over again, until he prevailed.

When he had captured the trick of intonation, the rich rolling of the r's, he went to the McClintic office. Impressed with Jim's earnestness, the producer gave him another tryout—and the job.

"For the next several weeks," recalls John Morris, "Jim lived and ate and slept the part of Sergeant O'Hara. He used to wear his lines as he walked through the streets. He'd practice on subways, at mealtime, anywhere and everywhere. By the opening night he was Sergeant O'Hara!"

Mrs. Stewart came on from Indiana for the opening night. It was a triumph for the play and for Jim. The critics singled him out for applause. Jim Stewart had arrived on Broadway. To Jim himself, "Yellow Jack" was the signpost at the crossroads of his career. He wrote to his family: "I'm glad not to see myself into that swell part. I knew for the first time that I really wanted to remain an actor. Up until now, I've still gone about thinking it was a lot of fun and swell experience, but something in the nature of a vacation, a grand tour of Broadway."

"I can't take that seriously. I didn't think it could satisfy me as a life work. It was a hyphen between college and a real career."

"And then I played in this play. I saw what it meant to the cast, and I saw how it meant to the audiences, what they got out of it, how they reacted. And for the first time I realized that giving people such emotions, such unique relaxation, could be as worthy a life work as raising lofty skyscrapers, or drugging, or any other profession."

BACK home in Indiana, Alec, who still nursed hopes that Jim would return to the hardware store, or at any rate leave the theater to make a start in his profession of architecture, read the letter and listened to Mrs. Stewart's glowing account of the boy's first real triumph.

And Alec finally realized that his son was in the theater for keeps. Alec packed his bags to go to New York to see his son's success, congratulate him and assure him that he would ungrudgingly help him. But when Jim called him, he was joyfully carried off to the Twenty-second Street apartment Jim was sharing with John Morris.

The first week Alec attended "Yellow Jack." After congratulating Jim on his performance, Mr. Stewart announced, "I want you to meet the director."

Thinking his father wished to congratulate the director, Jim proudly presented his father to Mr. Stewart.

"Your soldiers are wearing their hats all wrong," dawled Alec, who had walked off from a Princeton classroom, back in the Gay Nineties, to enlist in the Spanish-American War. "We never wore our hats that way," and grabbing one of the campaign hats, Alec twisted it into the proper shape.

From that night on, "Yellow Jack" was a smash hit, and Alec's name in its cast, as it was in its theme.

The fall of 1934 brought Jim his first romantic lead on Broadway in "Divided by Three." Hanney Castle, who played opposite him, recalls his amusing preference to the opening night:

"Jim appeared at the door of my apartment to take me to dinner," recounted Castle in his patterning of enthusiasm over the prospect of an important opening night, all Jim could think of was that the dress shoes he was supposed to wear with his dinner clothes in the second act, hurt him.

"On our arrival Jim turned to me with that half-frowning expression he has, and grumbled, 'Got to get some new shoes. I can't walk properly on my good ones.'"

"The only stores open, of course, were the little hole-in-the-wall places on Broadway, and we traveled from one to another of them while Jim tried on shoe after shoe. None of them satisfied him. It was as if he was hungry. But those shoes were the most important things in Jim's life at the moment."

"In the time he had found a pair that seemed to suit, we had only enough time left to get to the theater and dress. Jim's first-act costume was a sport suit, with his shoes and white dress shoes. When he joined me in the wings for our second-act entrance, he was still wearing those saddle shoes with his dinner clothes."

"I took one horror-stricken look at them and sent him dashing back to change, while I stood at the top of the steps leading to his dressing room, and kept calling down the lines that were being read on the stage so he would know how near we were to our cue. A shoecase broke and I could hear Jim customary. At least he ran back upstairs and joined me, breathless, just in time for us to walk on and make our proper entrance. It was a nightmare, but I almost forgot my lines, but Jim was beaming. The new shoes were comfortable."

"Divided by Three" lasted only a few weeks, but before it folded, Jim had attracted the attention of Al Altman, manager of the Belasco, who arranged for Jim to take a screen test. Jim was not particularly elated at the thought of playing the role of "Yellow Jack," he had received offers from Hollywood and submitted to a number of New York casting directors. He showed him the report that came back from the
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He Said He'd Never Marry!

Then he met this girl. She had read the secrets of the heart and had suddenly come to him from a dashing new book which showed him how to attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. And although he had been equally helpful in her hands, you can't have him at all.

Alec Stewart has remembered vividly that sudden, soul-revealing picture of the most enticing woman he had ever seen. For she was so appealing by so much that was colorful and intriguing which Jim disclosed that winnowed.

And the philosopher upholds the most in this truly great gentleman wonders if the shell Jim has been retreating into has not been merely the instinctive defense of so natural a person in an atmosphere necessarily superficial.

I hope Hollywood doesn't take our boy away from us," mused Alec. "If he's a good boy, Jim. And in my mind's eye he sees again the eager, intense young bachelor, who went away determined to become involved over a prep school drawing board sketching this:

WAKE UP

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bubbles in your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and the whole body is attacked by indigestion.

It takes more than good old Carter's Livers pills to get there. Large doses of medicine seldom helped. You'd just make you feel "up and tidy." Harmless, gentle, it's Carter's Livers pills. They are the real thing. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. They at all drug stores. Superbly refining anything else.
EXILE EXPRESS—United Players-G.M.

Another helping of Americanism, with Anna May Wong playing a Chinese girl who is shipwashed when she is imprisoned in a murder case. She is helped along by the good fortune it brings her in Chicago. It is a very good "New Look" film, and is an excellent vehicle for its star. (Oct. 14th)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—Universal

This sort of matter picture program is a depressant. rich man's wife is engaged to marry an up-and-coming young attorney. The rich man is not pleased when he finds out that his wife has married the lawyer instead of him. The story is not a good one, and the acting is not as good as one would expect from such a fine company of actors. (Oct. 15th)

FIXER DUGAN—RKO-Radio


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CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES


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

By Jack Sher

FROM Sam Wood, famous Holly-wood director, comes profes-sional advice on a problem which plagues many home movie camermen—the problem of holding the audience’s attention without a single letdown throughout an entire picture.

“Every professional director knows that the secret of keeping up the tempo of a scene and sus-taining audience-interest depends almost entirely upon one thing,” says Director Wood. “That one thing is a variety of camera angles. The next time you attend a movie theater, watch closely the length of time that the cameraman holds a scene. You will find that, regard- less of the length of action or dialogue, no single camera angle is held for more than ten or twelve seconds.”

The type of camera angles used to achieve variety can be utilized by the amateur cameraman just as easily as by the professional, says Director Wood.

Few amateurs use the familiar close-up, as often as they should, according to Wood. After shooting a long shot or medium shot of a person or action, a close-up is always advisable to lend variety to the sequence, and to give the audi- ence a feeling of intimacy with the subject photographed.

Another extremely effective type of camera angle, Wood points out, is the shot which is taken as though seen through the eyes of one of the characters in the scene. For example, in filming a scene show-ing two people in conversation, Mr. Wood suggests a medium long shot for the first part of the conversa-tion, followed by a close-up of one character filmed by a camera in the exact position where the second character was seen in the previous shot.

Other effective types of camera angles, which can be used for vari- ety’s sake, are “dolly” shots, “zoom” shots, “pan” shots and other angles taken with the camera in motion. Similarly, it is effective, on occa-sion, to film scenes from “trick angles.” That is, from the floor, from directly above, or from some other unconventional position.

Regardless of the angle used, warns Director Wood, it should be held only a few seconds, and then changed to another angle. This variety of angles is the secret of keeping your audience’s attention at a high pitch.

ONCE in a lifetime you are able to get a film such as Castle is releas-ing, which is the “Visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth to the United States.” The film starts with the departure at Buckingham Palace, London, moves to the arrival and ceremonies in Canada and the King’s and Queen’s visit through- out the Dominion and the arrival of the Royal Party in New York. Addi-tional features are the King’s and Queen’s side trips to Washington, Mt. Vernon, and Hyde Park. The movie is eight minutes in length and on both 16 and 8 mm film. There will be no advance in price for this film. You can get 8 mm as low as $1.75, and 16 mm as low as $2.50.

Castle is also featuring a new short on the beautiful island of Bali; a dude “anch short called "Bali Em, Cow-boy," and an additional short called “Washington,” which takes you around the city. For the kids, they have two new, excellent cartoons, “Pirate Ship” and “Little Boy Blue.”

Garrison is releasing, for the first time, several Robert Benchley shorts in 16 mm—“Sex Life of a Pulpy,” “Treasureman’s Report,” and "How To Vote.”

NEW EQUIPMENT: A radical new type of light meter has been developed by Charles S. Franklin of Hollywood, which will give a di-rect reading of light intensity of any point within the camera field....The Western Movie Supply Company of San Francisco has in- troduced a new device called the Fadette which produces a rectangu- lar fade-in and fade-out effect and will fit any camera....Craig Projecto-Editors are now available in 8 mm as well as 16 mm sizes.

Our only purpose here is to show the tragic part Loretta Young—an innocent bystander—played in the generalissimo’s trial. For her gallantry in this instance supplies another chapter in her brave and touching story—a story that began years ago...

When Loretta eloped with Grant Withers she was only seventeen. And it was then she got off on the wrong foot as far as romance is concerned. They parted company the first year ...

Then began Loretta and Grant. She returned from Yuma her mother and sisters and Grant filed a divorce showing it was legal for a girl of Loretta’s age to marry in Arizona, if not in California.

Loretta wasn’t a happy bride when she and Grant began their life together in the little cottage they had furnished so secretly and joyously. She was a sorrowful young woman and lonely because she was estranged from her mother and her sisters.

Then, almost on the heels of her rec-onciliation with her family, came other trouble—and first a fine—of being asked three dollars a month for the support of their child. And on top of that, Grant was putting up thousands of dollars damages resulting from an automobile accident. He won the case, but not before he had in-duced weeks of frightful strain.

In spite of all these things, however, Loretta definitely blamed herself for the failure of this marriage.

"Immediately we faced reality," she says bluntly, "I fell down on my job as a wife. You see, Grant and I wanted a baby. When no baby arrived, as it should have to make everything perfect, I grew irritable. It never occurred to me that Grant naturally was quite as disappointed as I and that it was my place to help him, not to add to his burden. I entered my marriage with a child’s point of view. I was a little girl playing house. And when I was required to adjust to an adult relationship and everything that an adult relationship is likely to require of a woman, I simply wasn’t up to it.”

Loretta’s emotional quality makes her deeply human. That’s why it isn’t any thing she takes lightly. The failure of her young marriage isn’t anything she has forgiven herself. And if she dies for it, she is the first to point to herself and all demands that romantic rela-tionships make upon her today.

Which brings us straight back to the Buckner case. For what could offer a more perfect illustration of the loyalty and courage Loretta demands of herself in a romantic situation?

It was surprising enough, considering the frailty of human nature, that Lore-tta remained loyal to Buckner in pub-lic as well as in private while he was under that grave indictment and while he was standing trial. Through it all, however, there still was a chance he would not be found guilty, that the public finally would appeal for her to her faithfulness to an innocent man. But upon Buckner’s conviction by no strength of evidence, but simply because anything for Loretta to gain by her continued loyalty. And there was much for her to lose. Yet loyal she remained.

When he was found guilty on all eight counts of the government’s in-dictment, she didn’t for one minute reveal that she had been wronged.

In fact, on July sixth, the day Buck-ner heard his sentence, the reporters

The Tragic Rôle Loretta Young Played in the Buckner Case

(Continued from page 21)
They say Paris in every detail"

says ANITA LOUISE, appearing in "THESE GLAMOUR GIRLS"
an M. G. M. production

You won't blame Hollywood stars for raving about these smart PARIS FASHION SHOES once you see how smartly Parisian they look, and what lovely materials and craftsmanship they boast. You'll say you never saw so much glamour at such modest prices. New fall styles in the rich new colors are waiting for you now. Widths A A A to C. Write Dept. P-9 for exciting style booklet and name of dealer.

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the wonderful relief from that unbearable bulky feeling when I changed to Kotex Sanitary Napkins with patented pressed ends that fit flatly. No more discomfort or embarrassment . . . those special pressed ends put Kotex in a class by itself!

I'm So Grateful

for the extra safety and comfort that Kotex Sanitary Napkins give because they're made with layer after layer of soft, filmy cloth, one after another these layers absorb and distribute moisture throughout the pad and so check damp, chafing edges!

All 3 Types at the Same Low Price

KOTEX SANITARY NAPKINS
(See 10th Mo. Expd. E. A. Pub. Dept.)

Better say Kotex... Better for you!

And don't forget QUEST, the Kotex Deodorant Powder, positively eliminates all body and napkin odors
Thrilling new way gives teeth Brilliance, Sparkle ...

Extra Care!

Blessed is the bride who's found the Luster-Foam way of keeping a smile ever lovely for a husband's approval.

That Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the new Listerine Tooth Paste does wonders in giving teeth the luster demanded of glamorous girls before the studio cameras.

What counts with me is the thorough way it cleans and how long a tube lasts. That's pretty important when the family's big and the budget's small.

LUSTER-FOAM in LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE forms a "Bubble Bath" of amazing penetrating and cleansing power

When a tooth paste can get thousands of men and women raving about it to their friends, and snapping it up to the tune of more than a million tubes a month—it's got something!

In the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste, it's Luster-Foam detergent. Born in the brain of a clever European scientist, this dainty magical ingredient is now incorporated in a tooth paste, to give super-cleansing in a new, delightful, different way.

You will love that foamy, aromatic bubble-bath Luster-Foam creates when saliva and brush set it into gentle action. Its power to spread and penetrate is simply unbelievable.

That's why it reaches hard-to-get-at areas where old dentifrices may never penetrate—the very areas where some authorities say from 75 to 98 per cent of decay starts. This surging "bubble bath" quickly attacks enamel-eroding film. The teeth soon flash with new brilliance. Hosts of acid fermenters and decay-fostering bacteria are swept away in a sea of foam.

And all the while your mouth feels younger, fresher, cleaner—such is the stimulation of that gentle bubble bath. Try the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste. Now at any drug counter, in two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢ and big, double-size tube containing more than ¼ of a pound of dentifrice, 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

The NEW formula supercharged with LUSTER-FOAM
P.S. Listerine Tooth Powder also contains LUSTER-FOAM

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube = 40¢
Regular size tube, 25¢
Out of the boudoir... on to the screen! See women as they don't see themselves! Dowagers and debutantes! Chorines and mannequins! Countesses and cowgirls! See them in cold cream and mud packs! In smart boudoirs and sleek salons! See them with their hair down and their claws out! See 135 of them biting, kicking, scratching and kissing in the most hilarious Battle Over Men ever screened!

ONE-ROUND RUSSELL AND GO-GET-'EM GODDARD IN THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY
PHOTOPLAY
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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On the Cover—Gary Cooper, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Beginning the rags-to-riches novel Alice Payne actually lived!

My Friend Coop!
The story about Gary Cooper that only his best friend could write

I Married a Star
Firsthand experiences which reveal why stars don't stay married

Irene
A co-star's view of the enchanting Miss Dunne

Charles
A co-star's view of the suave Mr. Boyer

And It All Came True
The author of "The Raines Came" watches his dream-child come to life

Miracle Men At Work
—to make you lovelier (with designs to camouflage that extra weight)

"What Pain Can Teach You"
Ruth Waterbury

Bill Powell's exclusive heart-to-heart comeback interview

Languid Lady
More about Ann Sothern than you can hope to learn in a lifetime

Photoplay's Cavalcade of Hollywood
Pictorial history of the world's most fascinating city

Photoplay Fashions
Drama has its day (and night, too) in the fashion forecast

Rover Boy with Sex Appeal
The perfectly ridiculous life of David Niven

Rags for Roy!
Kirtley Baskette

Rosalind Russell rates cheers for that declaration of independence

The Camera Spokes—

The Face with the Smile Wins
John Garfield, Eddie Albert and John Payne offer proof

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The most exciting stories—the parade—both by nature and by casting!

Camera Nocturne
Played by Ronald Colman

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Fashion Letter

Calling All Clans to the Ball Game

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

The Shadow Stage

We Cover the Studios

FINALE

TIS year the industry unites to celebrate its fiftieth birthday and PHOTOPLAY joins with its friends in the celebration.

Our first issue was published in 1911; thus we share more than half the five decades.

Two years ago, with the October, 1937, issue, PHOTOPLAY streamlined its contents and format, brought itself up to date with the sharply improved standards that followed the invention of sound.

The greatest writing names in America have contributed to the new luxury-style PHOTOPLAY. In the past year, Elsa Maxwell, Nina Wilcox Putnam, Gretta Palmer, Irvin S. Cobb, Margaret Cullin Banning and, in this issue, Lewis Bromfield have been added to the list which already includes the distinguished names of Adela Rogers St. Johns, Eleanor Roosevelt, Faith Baldwin and others. In addition to the splendid contributions of staff writers Howard Sharpe and Sara Hamilton and the authoritative fashion features by Gwenn Walters, PHOTOPLAY brought you with pride the Truth and Consequences game invented by Katharine Harkley, the occasional pieces by brilliant screenwriter Claude Binyon, many fine stories by Marian Rhea and the adventures of Jane Lyons, conceived by Lillian Dey, "Miracle Men at Work," by Adele Whitely Fletcher, has proved to be the most highly praised feature in recent years.

Heyworth Campbell added the names of E. M. Jackson, Rea Irvin and Barbara Sherwood to our list of great illustrators, which includes Bradshaw Crandell, Wallace Morgan, C. D. Mitchell, McClennard Barclay, Vincentini and a host of others. Hyman Fink has continued to offer his superb candid shots and Paul Hesse's great natural-color photographs have graced our covers.

Incidental part though it plays in the fifty-year-old movie industry, PHOTOPLAY strives continually to be its most worthy representative.

Ernest V. Heyn
**BOOS AND BOUQUETS**

**TO THE RESCUE!**

I've stood by and seen Don Ameche slammed from one end of the country to the other—and I'm getting good and tired of it. The remarks of a certain Miss Lowry, in the August Photoplay, really got my dander up, so I'm defending my favorite actor tooth and nail.

So Don uses the muscles of his face to dramatize his acting, does he? Well, show me an actor who doesn't! Besides, no one has ever remarked about those "dying cow" looks displayed by Tyrone Power, or Miss Dunne's apple cheeks—ugh!

I've seen Clark Gable make violent love to Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy and a dozen others, unmasked. While other females were sighing deeply over Robert Taylor, I was only mildly interested. When Power moved silently across the screen, I only looked over the audience trying to locate friends. But when that handsome Indian appeared in "Ramona," my heart beat faster. His later pictures have all found me unsuccess- fully trying to leave—afer about the third showing.

Can I help it? Is it my fault that his eyes hold me, his smile delights me, his voice captivates me? Could I resist looking at his eyes when he sang "Now It Can Be Told"—just to see if I could open them and still see that handsome, dash- ing figure on the screen? Heck, no!

I know there are plenty of people who feel just as I do, who recognize a truly good-looking, attractive man with an excellent acting ability when they see one—and the "one" is Don Ameche.

So let Kansas City rage—who gives a damn about them? We're backing Ameche, muscles or no muscles!

**AVI RUSSEL,**

**THOMASVILLE, N. C.**

"—AND BY THE PEOPLE—"

Is there, somewhere in the movie indus-
try, a clearinghouse for the ideas of American moviegoers as to what they would like to see on the screen?

I know that Hollywood feels every quiver of our reactions to what has already been filmed. But when we read a story that so stirs our imagination that we long to see it in pictures, or meet some fictional character that we feel was cut out for our favorite actor, we can only hope the men who make movies will read the same story and see it as we do.

If enough moviegoers took note of the situations and characters they would like to see, and knew where to present their ideas, wouldn't it take a lot of the guesswork out of the movie business? And the producers might find that what the public wants is of a higher quality than what it has been given.

**PAULINE SANDERSON,**

**KERRVILLE, TEX.**

**SOUNDS GOOD TO US**

The success of the "March of Time" shorts proves that brief documentary films interest a very large section of the film-going public. Why not a series of "Star Shorts," each one composed of the best scenes from various films made by a famous star during his career? Consider the genuine artistic thrill provided by the greatest scenes from Norma Shearer's pictures. Again, what Gable fan wouldn't welcome the op- portunity of seeing a pictorial record of Clark's rise on the screen from tough guy assignments through heavy lover roles, to the versatile, accomplished star of today?

How deeply moving and very lovely it would be to see again Garbo's many memorable scenes. A Gary Cooper rec- ord, too, would provide rich entertainment. Irene Dunne, Spencer Tracy, Ronald Colman, Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, Katharine Hepburn—all such true artists that scenes from their vari- ous films would provide enough mate- rial, for a dozen thrilling shorts. And

**Charles Laughton!** But, as with Garbo, it would be practically impossible to pick "best" scenes from his productions Hollywood producers seem prepared to spend incredible sums on the silliest subjects, so why not spend a little on something which would certainly be an artistic success and surely, because of its appeal to film enthusiasts, a commercial one, too?

**ALICE BASSER,**

**CHRIST CHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.**

**BING!**

For goodness' sake, what has Bing Crosby been doing—eating an extra quota of spinach or something? In his latest picture, "East Side of Heaven," he would have made a perfect specimen for one of these "How to lose a few extra pounds" advertisements.

Now, as well as many others, I'm sure, like to see my heroes big and strong-looking, with one of those mainly chests—but only one word could de- scribe Bing and that is "fat."

So, please, some of you Hollywood
March 1939

Hollywood Says:
Don't trust to luck
—trust to Lux

GIRLS everywhere find Lux helps them dress charmingly at little cost. It protects daintiness...keeps dresses and lingerie looking as good as new...cuts down stocking runs. Lux is thrifty!

Lux has no harmful alkali—eliminates cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water is safe in gentle Lux. For extra economy, buy the BIG box.
Brief Reviews

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

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

PICTURES REVIEWED IN

SHADOW STAGE

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CAREER—RKO-Radio

Edward "A Man to Remember" Ellis plays a country storekeeper who is unjustly accused of murder. He meddles with them all, despite the fact his own affairs are in a mess. A clever cross-eyed murder suspect, newcomer John Archer, a shrill-cut young doctor, see it, if you enjoy the type of film. (Aug.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN RENO—20th Century-Fox

Hollywood may go to pot, but Charlie Chan will just go on solving cold and murder. This time, despite the lack of a good murder mystery, the movie is an adventure with a murder mystery piling up in Reno. The murder theme is tied up with a rich woman, a jilted lover and a wanted wife. (Aug.)

Clouds over Europe—Columbia

This is a warring, mystery, with Ralph Richardson in the role of sheep. Scotland Yard is at work when some British bombers disappear. Test Pilot, Lawrence Oliver takes an interest in Richardson's investigation, and also his sister, Valerie Hobbs. The climax is fantastic, but the witty lines compensate. (Sep.)

Confessions of a Nazi Spy—Warners

This is propaganda—against espionage. It's a bold step and its purpose is to prove that Nazism is not confined to Europe but is spreading throughout the world. It is a story of a German immigrant leader of the Nazi forces in this country, who returns to Europe as the egomaniacal spy, gives a memorable performance. (Aug.)

Daughters Courageous—Warners

A follow-up on "Four Daughters" with the Lan sisters, Priscilla, Rosamund and Lily, and Dale Parber being courageous when their home is attacked by saboteurs. Three up and against their lives, John Garfield has the romantic role this time, when Pat Jeffery, Jeff Long and lan, Dale Parber plays the nurse and may Robson is in fine shape as the housekeeper. (Aug.)

Exile Express—United Players-G.N.

Another thriller of spectaculars, with Anna Stans playing the role of a girl who happens to be a well-dressed and skilled university graduate. This time, none of the usual elements. A grand thriller, with June Long adding the romantic touch and Virginia Field playing the role. (July)

(Continued on page 4)

Tintype of a family that's helping a troubled world forget its worries—Blondie, Dagwood and Baby Dumpling, whose "Blondie Takes a Vacation" is to be followed in the early fall by another in this series starring Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Simms

BACHELOR MOTHER—RKO-Radio

Here's a honey-smart, subtle, sophisticated. There's a laugh a line, a line a second. Ginger Rogers is a shopgirl who is an unwanted baby thrust upon her by the boss, son David Niven. It's a case of no baby, no job. When Niven's pa, Charles Coburn, thinks it's his own grandchild, no one wants to dislodge him, so Ginger and David do the next best thing. They fall in love. A must. (Aug.)

BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN—Paramount

Fascinating in tone, this social message proves that a mixed marriage in childhood can lead to degradation, with Wallace Ford the victim of the thrust. Patricia Ellis, Aline MacMaehan and Stuart Erwin help when he is brought to trial for murder. (July)

BIG TOWN Czar—Universal

More quantities, more truncated kids, more proof that crime doesn't pay. Guiamupe Burton MacLaine gets ambitious and tries to reach the top of the gangster hierarchy. Tom Brown plays his younger brother and five Alesha furnishes the romance. (July)

BLIND ALLEY—Columbia

A cop-and-bootlegger drama, with murder as its motivating theme and the psychological approach of a criminal's mind as its climactic appeal, "Blind Alley" is in the house of Psychologist Ralph Bellamy, is excellent. Ann Doran, Joan Perry and Muny Cooper complete the cast. (July)

BOY FRIEND—20th Century-Fox

Huckie June Winters is still chasing down gangsters and helping out the police. Her brother, a rocked cop, is assigned as an under-cover man, and June tramps, too. Arlene Older is lost in this run-of-the-mill piece. (Aug.)

BRIDAL SUITE—M-G-M

Robert Young gives another delightful characterization in this make-up comedy of a playboy who is allergic to marriage—that is until he meets up with Annabelle. Billie Burke, as his flaky mother, Virginia Field, the acid bunte, and Psychiatrist Walter Connolly add to the fun. (July)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S BRIDE—Paramount

As long last, Drummond's вывод! Oh, yes, there's some mystery—a thief hides the stuff in Drummond's rapid, then keeps waking into the death's hands—but it's a slight. Heather Angel is John Howard's long-waited bride. Reginald Denny's in again. (Sept.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S SECRET POLICE—Paramount

Here's a underworldman beyond belief—with horror chambers and even a treasure. John Howard is still playing Drummond, but even he can't make such a yarn acceptable. Heather Angel, H. B. Warner and Reginald Denny struggle valiantly, too. (July)

CALLING DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

Lew Ayres. doing well in this popular series as young Dr. Kildare, must choose between operating on a man wanted for murder, or letting the fellow die because of a principle. He falls in love with the patient's sister, Lana Turner, but Lionel Barrymore, in the testy old surgeon, steps in when things look black. (July)

CAPTAIN FURY—Hollywood U.A.

A rip-roaring melodrama, with escaped convicts Brian Aheran and Victor McLaglen playing Robin Hood in wearing clothes from an unrecognizable band aron. George Zucco. It all adds up to a grand thriller, with June Lang adding the romantic touch and Virginia Field pairing with McLaglen. (July)
Remember for a moment the Bette Davis picture you loved most. Then think how magnificent that picture is which surpasses even it. Awarded the Pulitzer Prize as a play, cherished as a novel, its stirring story springs from the heart of a woman to touch the heart of the world. Its exceptional cast, its extraordinary romance, urge you to see it. Hasten to do so—the very instant it opens!

You are cordially invited to the marriage.

BETTE DAVIS
and
MIRIAM HOPKINS
in
"THE OLD MAID"

with
GEORGE BRENT

DONALD CRISP • JANE BRYAN • LOUISE FAZENDA
JAMES STEPHENSON • JEROME COWAN • WM. LUNDIGAN • CECILIA LOFTUS

Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by Zoe Akins and the Novel by Edith Wharton • Music by Max Steiner • A First National Picture

PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

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 quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 78.

1. Only one of these actresses has never been married:
   - Peny Singleton
   - Andrea Leeds
   - Louise Fazenda
   - Madeleine Carroll

2. This child star has eight brothers and sisters, all of whom started working in pictures when they were babies:
   - Boba Watson
   - Virginia Weidler
   - Edith Fellows
   - Penny Reynolds

3. Mel's Oberon is:
   - Japanese
   - Spanish
   - Russian
   - English

4. At fifteen, he was in complete charge of his father's farm. Now he's reverted to type by becoming a farmer again:
   - James Cagney
   - Clark Gable
   - Don Ameche
   - Spencer Tracy

5. This glamour girl convulses Hollywood parties with her imitation of a baby learning to talk:
   - Dorothy Lamour
   - Dolores Del Rio
   - Joan Crawford
   - Hedy Lamarr

6. When she sailed for Europe, she left her jewels with the customs officials, pending settlement of her income tax controversy with the Government:
   - Sonja Henie
   - Marlene Dietrich
   - Norma Shearer
   - Constance Bennett

7. Rudy Vallee gave this popular star her first real chance:
   - Marie Wilson
   - Carole Lombard
   - Alice Faye
   - Irene Dunne

8. He was once a colonel in the Chinese Army:
   - Lewis Stone
   - Arthur Treacher
   - C. Aubrey Smith
   - Basil Rathbone

9. Only one of these stars has never been divorced:
   - Walter Connolly
   - Enrol Farnsworth
   - Joe E. Brown
   - Errol Flynn

10. Born in Japan, this young actress has just taken out her first citizenship papers:
   - John Garfield
   - Wallace Beery
   - Joel McCrea
   - Fred MacMurray

11. This star once worked for a circus-taking care of the elephants:
   - Walter Connolly
   - John Garfield
   - Joel McCrea
   - Fred MacMurray

12. He worked in a circus, too—but as an acrobat:
   - Joe E. Brown
   - Pat O'Brien
   - Joel McCrea
   - Fred MacMurray

13. You'll have a chance to see this singing star in person when he begins his three-months' concert tour in January. Incidentally, he's been asked to audition for the Metropolitan Opera Company:
   - Ramon Novarro
   - Nelson Eddy
   - Allen Jones
   - Tito Guizar

14. After two years off the screen because of illness, he has finally regained his health and will be seen shortly in a new picture:
   - Walter Huston
   - William Powell
   - Richard Barthelmess
   - Fredric March

15. James and Lucille Gleason star in this popular family series:
   - The Higgins Family
   - The Hardy Family
   - The Jones Family
   - The Warden Family

16. Only one of those girls is a natural redhead:
   - Jean Parker
   - Ginger Rogers
   - Anne Shirley
   - Arleen Whelan

17. She was once married to Eddie Norris:
   - Virginia Bruce
   - Rita Hayworth
   - Norma Shearer
   - Kay Francis

18. This dramatic actress is making a picture now in which she will play her first comedy role in many years:
   - Greta Garbo
   - Bebe Daniels
   - Norma Shearer
   - Kay Francis

19. A character actor now, he began his screen career as a romantic comedian:
   - Lionel Barrymore
   - Walter Brennan
   - Donald Crisp
   - Ray Bolger

20. Mickey Rooney's girl friend in the Hardy series is:
   - Lana Turner
   - Cecilia Parker
   - Ann Rutherford
   - Jo Ann Sayers
I'll carry BOB PINS for you!

Now! A HANDY TUBE TO HOLD 36 BOB PINS

At last the "where to put bob pins" problem is solved! Now you just get a cord of Scoldy Lox Bob Pins with the handy tube attached. The tube looks like a lipstick case, big enough to hold the 36 highest-quality Scoldy Lox Bob Pins safe in your purse!

Don't miss this value!

AT ANY STORE ONLY

10¢

PROFESSIONAL MAKE-UP TRICKS—Barbara Stanwyck finished a difficult scene in "Golden Boy," at Columbia, and strolled off the set to await the next shot. Inevitably, our conversation drifted around to beauty, and she said that she had learned from the carefully trained studio make-up men a few tricks which she has carried over into private life—tricks of value to every girl. While we were talking, Bill Knight, who's head of the make-up department at Columbia Studios, joined us and we discussed the major problems of make-up from the standpoint of everyday living.

Bill thinks the secret of the flawless complexions of the Hollywood stars is their good health. "Contrary to usual belief, Hollywood stars are healthier than the average person in private life. They have to be, to stand up under the nervous strain of working at high tension all day. The proper amount of sleep is enormously important to them."

Barbara broke in here, "I insist upon getting nine hours sleep each night when I'm on a production, and also go on a special diet during the picture, to be sure my health is up to par. I think any working girl will find that sufficient sleep is one of the most important single factors to health and beauty."

"That's the secret of Barbara's beautiful complexion," said Bill. "Sufficient sleep and proper diet. The basis of all make-up is a clear, fine complexion, and that in turn is based on good health."

"What do you do about make-up when you're not working in a picture?" I asked Barbara.

"I use very little make-up off the screen," she replied, "sometimes none at all."

"That's another beauty secret," said Bill. "Tell your readers to give their faces a rest once in a while. In this way the skin and its delicate muscles and tiny glands have a chance to normalize their functions and the general texture is restored. At night, for example, if you're not going out, take off your make-up as soon as you get home from the office, instead of waiting until bedtime, and give your skin a rest. Keep your face free of make-up when you're not displaying it to anyone. Barbara's make-up routine should be followed by everyone. Go ahead, Barbara," he added, "and tell all."

"Well, I wash my face with a neutral soap in warm water each morning and night. Never hot water, as that destroys the tiny oil glands and makes them function too rapidly, yet there is no feeling quite so clean as a thorough cleansing with soap and water. Sometimes I use a soft complexion brush to stimulate the skin, followed by a cold water rinse until my face sizzles."

"Then I use a light foundation cream or lotion, worked carefully and evenly all over the surface of my face. This foundation is carefully blended to match my skin at all times, especially during the summer when I tan a bit, or in the fall as my tan fades. Bill Knight has taught me to buy two or three shades of the foundation and, as my complexion changes tone, to blend them together myself to assure a perfect match."

"Now that we're all bleaching our skins and trying to rid ourselves of the tan that we so carefully acquired during the summer, it's very important that foundation creams should be lightened as the skin lightens, so that, at all times, it exactly matches the skin color."

"Over the foundation," Barbara continued, "I blend in a cream rouge high on my cheekbones to make sure that each side matches. Bill also taught me to blend this in while the foundation was still moist on my skin, to assure a proper even appearance.

"I use a light brown eyeshadow for day, and in the evening I mix a light blue with it. I've found that the best way to apply it is from the corner of the eyelid to the exact outer corner of the eye. Sometimes, when I want to do something different with the way I look, I blend it slightly up to the eyebrow line."

Bill Knight smiled reminiscently and said, "Barbara has a mascara trick which amused me when I first saw it. She powders her eyelashes with face powder before applying mascara. It's a swell trick, too, because it gives a thicker and longer appearance to the lashes and makes the mascara stick to the tips of them."

BARBARA broke in, "Another trick I learned from professional make-up is to use a light brush to smooth off the extra powder I have powdered with a puff. In this way a definite made-up appearance is avoided."

"I also use a brush to apply lipstick. Studio make-up men always use a brush, and I've found that it gives the lips a better-groomed appearance than when they are powdered with a lipstick alone."

Bill added to this by saying, "The lip brush gives a better outline to the natural contour of the lips and if there is a lip fault it can be corrected by careful experimentation with a brush."

Lipstick brushes are really one of the make-up gadgets that no smart girl can afford to be without, since it gives a fine smooth outline to the lips and allows you to reshape your lips to give just the effect desired. Remember, however, to avoid sharp lines or angles while making up your mouth. A smoothly curving line with the lipstick carried out to the corners of your mouth gives a younger, more attractive appearance. Powder your lips lightly before applying the rouge, as this trick will make it adhere more lastingly to your mouth. And be sure to remove the surplus lip rouge by pressing a bit of cleansing tissue against your mouth. Barbara also puts a little powder on her lips after applying the lip rouge to do away with that painted appearance that sometimes results. She says that it also makes the lipstick stay on."

(Continued on page 96)
Tips and advice—hot from Hollywood’s own experts—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies.

BY JACK SHER

AMATEUR cameramen who have had the sad experience of missing the shot of a lifetime simply because they were caught unprepared should be interested in the advice of a professional whose everyday job calls for finding just that sort of a situation. The professional is Norman Alley, Universal Newsreel cameraman, whose ever-present De Vry camera has caught such unexpected events as the bombing of the U.S.S. Panay in China—and who has been given the title of “best-known cameraman in the world.”

“When an unexpected picture story sneaks up and surprises you,” Alley told us, “there is only one important thing to remember. That is to point your camera at the subject and don’t stop to worry about lighting, focusing, shutter speed, parallax, exposure, camera angle, composition, or anything else. The main thing is to get the scene on film! A shot made this way may have a lot of photographic faults, but it is infinitely better than missing the shot entirely, which almost always happens if you stop to make adjustments.”

There are, of course, certain ways by which an amateur can improve these “snapshots,” according to Alley. One such way is by getting into the habit of keeping the dia- phragm open, shutter speed and approximate focus always set for the conditions of the moment. For example, long years of experience have conditioned most newsreel cameramen so that wherever they go, even when they walk into their own offices, they subconsciously estimate the proper exposure and probable focusing range of their immediate surroundings—and then automatically set their cameras to the new adjustments. This habit is as automatic with them as breathing. As a result, these cameramen are always ready for that unexpected picture, and only have to point the camera and “shoot,” without ever thinking of the mechanical details.

Another important way to get these “snapshots,” said Newsreel Alley, is to practice the proper method of holding the camera and the proper way to “pan” and follow action. This should be done over and over again with an empty camera until it is completely automatic. Then, in an emergency, the cameraman can swing his camera into the proper position without thinking about his “form,” thus leaving his mind free to concentrate on the subject matter itself.

Many 16 mm cameramen, by using these methods, have obtained shots which were good enough in quality and news value to bring high prices from commercial newsreel companies.

WITH things the way they are in Europe today, you’ll want to get Garrison’s fine documentary film called “People Are Waiting,” which tells the story of present day exiles and refugees. It is a sharp and speedily told picture, made by the famous French director and cameraman, Jean-Paul Dreyfous. From the British Isles, Garrison Films have garnered an interesting 16 mm one-reeler called “Cover to Cover,” which tells, in sound, the story of most of England’s present day writers from Huxley to G. B. Shaw. Garrison also has “Le Vieux Cha- teau” ("The Haunted House"), a French cartoon lampooning the surrealists, and an amusing musical short called “Anitra’s Dance.”

Castle Films always finds good material in the American Legion conventions, and this new release covers the late Chicago gathering of Legionnaires. If you were there, you’ll want this 16 mm film, because you may be in it. Castle’s high light of the month is a splendid one-reel short on San Francisco.

New Equipment: The Universal Camera Corporation has taken another step forward in 8 mm development by offering a three-lens turret type Univex Cine 8 mm camera. . . . Bessy Products of Trenton, New Jersey, is now marketing a trick tilting effect called the “effectograph,” which masks titles in the form of a heart, keyhole, arch, diamond, boculiar. . . . A device to prevent eye-strain and discomfort for “stand-ins” is a dimmer for photofoods perfected by the Lafayette Camera Corporation of New York City. . . . Movie Service of New York City offers amateurs a choice of sixty-five animated cartoon titles at a price of fifty cents per title.

New Models To Own Or Give With Real Pride

The eye is instantly captured by Alvin’s sleek, streamlined beauty. At the same time shrewd judgment tells you that long-enduring dependability and satisfaction will be yours . . . for this famous watch represents craftsmanship and quality that is guaranteed by nearly a century of fine watchmaking. There’s an Alvin for every taste and every purse . . . each one a masterpiece of design and workmanship. Go to the nearest Alvin dealer and ask to see these beautiful new models now on display. Learn about the extremely high watch values that you can obtain for such truly modest prices.

Alvin Watch Company, Syracuse, N. Y.
The fabulous parade of the motion picture capital...from pies to premieres...and the great human story of the men and women who conquered the entertainment world! Just as the tunes of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" brought back your happiest memories...so will the drama of 1001 thrilling yesterdays in "Hollywood Cavalcade" warm your heart anew!

IN TECHNICOLOR!

Hollywood Cavalcade

with
ALICE FAYE
DON AMECE

J. Edward Bromberg
Alan Curtis • Lynn Bari
Stuart Erwin • Buster Keaton • Donald Meek
Jed Prouty • George Givot • Eddie Collins

Directed by Irving Cummings
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn and Brawn Holmes • Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslaw

Staged anew!
Photographed today!
with great stars of today...and great personalities of yesterday!

SEE Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin and the Keystone Cops in slapstick, custard pie comedy with Don Ameche directing.

SEE Mack Sennett bathing beauties (Alice Faye is one!)

HEAR Al Jolson sing again "Kol Nidre"...the song that electrified the world!

SEE Hollywood...as it was...as it is...in a three-ringed circus of entertainment!

The most brilliant new note in entertainment!

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production
WHY I LOVE HOLLYWOOD ... because Connie Bennett air-conditioned her limousine for the summer months ... because Ty Power, when pulling a flirtatious crack at the girl, said, "Oh, gosh, I'm sorry ... I forgot I'd lost my amateur standing" ... because Mickey Rooney said, when discussing his work in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever" (which is the best Hardy picture yet, by which I mean it is my idea of one of the most amusing pictures ever made), "I wouldn't have played the part like that when I was young" ... because fog on sets is made out of castor oil; snow is crystallized cornflakes and a "fail" has nothing to do with the seasons or even original sin, but is a piece of hair ... because I came across two of the leaders in Hollywood's rising radical movement in a hideaway restaurant, sorrowfully discussing the trials of the underprivileged and drinking pink champagne out of highball glasses while they decided Something Had to Be Done ... because when you go to look for apartments they ask you if you would like a "double bachelor" ... which doesn't turn out to be some sort of handsome Siamese twins but merely a parlor wherein the bedroom is two beds which pop out of the wall.

I love Hollywood because at Universal they are wondering how to cast a seventeen-month-old baby, who officially is a boy but who is actually a girl, and at Metro they are rejoicing over the recovery of Lionel Barrymore, who is past sixty ... because out here "dailies" don't mean newspapers, as they do in other towns, but the results of each day's shooting (and the best "dailies" I have seen in months are those on Walter Wanger's "Eternally Yours," which will star Loretta Young and David Niven and which looks quite naughty but very nice for Walter, since Loretta and David are married throughout the scenes and therefore Walter can get away with a lot). . . .

I LOVE Hollywood because all in one day I had lunch with Clark Gable and dinner with George Brent, and that couldn't happen to me anywhere else on earth ... because everybody, knowing how Claudette Colbert worries, had her absolutely convinced that she would have to live in a tent while on location for "Drums Along the Mohawk," and it wasn't until Miss Luxy got to Cedar City, Utah, that she discovered that the studio had built a sumptuous log cabin for her living quarters for those three weeks ... because Rosalind Russell admits that she went around for months before 20th Century-Fox cast "The Rains Came" and told Myrna Loy that she was a fool if she changed her type from the Perfect Wife and played a most imperfect wife, Lady Esketh ... all because Rosalind wanted to play Lady Esketh herself ... but Myrna merely grinned and went ahead on the best woman's role of the year ... because the commonest sign on Hollywood's streets is "furnished vacancy," a California way of saying there's a furnished apartment for rent ... because one Sunday evening when Joan Crawford was sweet enough to take me for a musical evening at
Hollywood has its own brand of reasoning—like Mickey Rooney’s comment on his fine work with Lewis Stone in “Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever”

Rosa Ponselle’s, she wore a white dress with a very short knitted top and a separate skirt and nothing in the middle except a big strip of Miss Crawford, which was perfectly stunning and most chic but nobody could possibly keep his mind on mere music after that... because when you order watermelon at the 20th Century-Fox restaurant the seeds are taken out of it before it is served.

I love Hollywood because an overworked, nervously wrought girl like Bette Davis will take time off to sponsor an obscure artist who comes from her home town and also to finance a Dog Guide school... a training camp down in the San Fernando Valley where police dogs are trained to guide the blind... and where penniless blind men are able, through Bette’s sensitive charity, to live free of any charge for the necessary three or four months that it takes for the dogs to get to know them... and I like the fact that when you try to tell her how swell of her it is to do that... and to sponsor her friend, Stanley Woodward, at the biggest art gallery in Los Angeles, she doesn’t brush it aside and act shy, but launches forth with great enthusiasm on both subjects, as any real person would... and also because being convinced that Queen Elizabeth must have looked ghastly in the final years of her life, Bette let Pere Westmore cut her hair in a way that looks ghastly, too, but she doesn’t care at all so long as her performance looks good.

I LOVE Hollywood because RKO throws a big dinner party in honor of Charles Laughton, invites every writer in town, and then explains that he never sees the press... because while the men dress just as informally as the women out here and a sweatshirt and slacks are frequently worn at a formal dinner, it is an unforgivable sin to show a single wrinkle in any garment or to have one hair out of place... because when discussing remaking “Back Street,” the producers admitted that they couldn’t use either the title or the plot again, but that they are going to remake it just the same... and because if Professor Milliken, the Nobel Prize Winner, were to walk into a Hollywood restaurant he couldn’t possibly get as good a table as Betty Grable would.

I love Hollywood because you can get a week like the week in the last month in which the following previews are shown, one right after another... “Each Dawn I Die”; “Beau Geste”; “Winter Carnival”; “Four Feathers”; “Frontier Marshal,” with this observer thinking “Each Dawn I Die” is far and away the best of the lot... it being terrific... and that the screen has never recorded a more touching few moments than those in which Jimmy Cagney breaks down before the parole board... and then after such a week go for ten solid days without another picture being shown anywhere... and yet somehow each of the Big Five studios makes a picture a week and almost always get them out on time...

I LOVE Hollywood because when people cannot remember your name they always call you darling... because one of the top publicity boys whenever he knows you have been pursuing him for days by phone, wire and whatnot will call up finally and beat you to the gun by asking plaintively, “Why have you been avoiding me?” because top stars’ maids refuse to speak to lesser personalities’ maids...

I love Hollywood because very broad-shouldered, very two-fisted men think it perfectly all right to go and have the right haircut designed for them... because one of the most enchanting sights anywhere is seeing Anne Shirley and John Payne dancing together with love burning in their eyes brighter than a Technicolor sunset... because, when being interviewed, stars will inevitably say, “Now this part is off the record.”
NOTES
from a Hollywood Diary
By Lydia Allerdice

99 kids and Bing . . . One of the most amusing sights in Hollywood recently has been the big set where Paramount has surrounded Bing Crosby with at least a hundred boys and girls, dancing and singing, and having a wonderful time helping him bring "The Star Maker", based on the life of Gus Edwards, to the screen. Bing believes the role of the star maker, the Broadway showman who made kids of old New York into the stars of today, is an even grander role than his famous "Sing You Sinners" triumph. We've seen some of the rushes and we agree about Bing, also about Linda Ware, discovered by Producer Rogers, who discovered Deanna Durbin. When she sings with Walter Damrosch and the entire Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra accompanying her, it is a great moment. Preview audiences have actually sung the old-time favorites in the picture—"School Days", "By The Light of the Silvery Moon", "I Can't Tell Why I Love You But I Do".

Miss America has a new Beau . . . Of course, we wouldn't want to give away any secrets about our age . . . but we do remember when we thrilled to Ronald Colman in the first "Beau Geste" some fifteen years ago. Well, Miss America has a new "Beau" now. Yes, all of you are going simply gaga about Gary Cooper in Paramount's new "Beau Geste"! William A. Wellman has made the really great picture of his career And as that carefree, dashing soldier of the French Foreign Legion, Michael "Beau" Geste, Gary is terrific. Ray Milland, Robert Preston, whom you liked in "Union Pacific", play the two other Geste brothers. Brian Donlevy is the vicious Sergeant Markoff. Just to tell you how good this new "Beau Geste" is, I saw a screening of the old "Beau Geste" . . . and well, there's just no comparison . . . the new one is twice as thrilling.

Hollywood's newest glamour girl . . . Rumors 'round Hollywood that Paramount had the new child star sensation and was giving her, her picture debut in the new Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray starrer, "My Love For Yours", led us to do a little investigating. The rumors were true all right. The little lady is Miss Carolyn Lee, and we can't rave enough about her after glimpsing her in "My Love For Yours". She plays the role of the little adopted daughter of a New York business woman (Miss Carroll) who manages by her child's faith in two grownups to show them the course of true love. You'll agree when you see Carolyn Lee that this is only the beginning of a great career in pictures for Paramount's newest little starlet.

More laurels for Laughton . . . With Charles Laughton once more a member of the Hollywood community, interest, of course, is high concerning that grand actor. So we were delighted to see Laughton's newest picture, "Jamaica Inn". Readers of the Daphne DuMaurier best seller will be delighted with director Alfred Hitchcock's treatment of this thrilling yarn. And Laughton fans will acclaim Laughton's finest role—the gentlemanly villain who paid his gaining debts with the loot of a crew of shore pirates. And Mayflower-Pomer Productions can be proud of bringing Maureen O'Hara, a charming and talented actress, to the screen.

Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Allerdice, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.

OCTOBER, 1939
something new in furs ... Silver on Lace

It’s exciting ... to wear FEDERAL fox! You’re sure of being first with the smartest, newest fashions. For instance, the little jacket of lace with soft, silky, gleaming fronds of this most glamorous of furs. Notice the luxurious depth of FEDERAL FOX ... its wealth of flattering silver. Only skins that meet a high standard for beauty and lasting loveliness may bear the FEDERAL name. Look for this name when you select your furs. At smart stores everywhere.

FEDERAL SILVER FOXES
HAMBURG • WISCONSIN

PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD had changed from its lusty, pioneer days by the time a girl named Alice Faye stepped off the train at the funny old station one winter afternoon in 1933. There weren't any brass bands to meet her and nobody handed her the keys to the city. But that was all right with Alice, because she didn't want the keys to Hollywood at any price.

To Alice, who was eighteen, who had a tip-tilted nose and a too-sensitive mouth and a figure that belonged and had recently been in the front row of the chorus, it was just another town. A town three thousand miles from Broadway, where there wouldn't be any snow at Christmas and the sights and sounds and smells of New York were only things to haunt you when you were trying to go to sleep at night or waking up in the morning with that awful ache in your throat.

There had been a lot of towns in Alice's life since she ditched her first truant officer and went dancing—big towns, tank towns, north, south, east and west. One-night stands and sleeper jumps, that was all. When you got forty-five minutes from Broadway you were only camping out anyhow. Hollywood or Tampa, Chicago or Duluth, it didn't matter much.

"Carry me back on a stretcher," Alice told the doctors when they had patched and bandaged her after that terrifying automobile accident the year before. "Carry me back..."
An American rhapsody, composed of the cry of the tenements, the syncopation of Broadway, and the song in her own heart—the story of blonde Alice Faye!

on a stretcher, but get me back to New York.”

So they did, and Alice considered it nothing when she showed up the next night, black and blue, still sick and shaken with shock, to sing with the band as usual. But Alice never, then or afterwards, considered anything she did remarkable. You did your part and gave it all you had and if you were never satisfied, always reaching up and beyond toward some shining ideal that kept dancing in your head, that was life.

When she became a movie star, she was still like that—still reaching up and up to something beyond, never satisfied, always scared to death, but always going on in spite of it. Those who have never been afraid and gone on in the teeth of that fear do not know what courage is. It was that courage, later, that made her the most beloved person on the big, busy studio lot, so that guys like Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, and big directors like Henry King and Irving Cummings, and that most brilliant of producers, Darryl Zanuck, literally sat up nights planning how to help her, how to protect her from that fear, how to make the steep road easier.

For upon the little chorus girl’s climb to the moment when in 1939 all Hollywood said, “Alice Faye’s the coming greatest star in pictures,” she had one enemy. She made the grade the hard way and always had to fight herself and her memories and her past, as you will see.

One thing, she thought, as she drove alone to Hollywood that first day, one thing I won’t have to stay in Hollywood long. Just a few weeks, a few broadcasts with the band and then I can go home.

Why her idol, the great Rudy Vallee, wanted to make a motion picture that was little beyond a young Alice Faye. When you were head man in radio, when you could pick and choose among the famed night spots of New York, when you were a big shot in the sacred theaters of the Roaring Forties, it seemed pretty silly to travel three thousand miles away to make a movie.

But Rudy Vallee could do no wrong.

The tale of that strange, romantic friendship, the true tale of the kid who first danced on the sidewalks of New York and the Irish-Canuck lad from Maine, can and must be told now, must be revealed in all its danger and tragedy and beauty. Certainly Rudy Vallee was the most important influence in Alice Faye’s life. It made her and almost broke her, it is blended of many feelings and thoughts and happenings, it has been so little understood—which is natural enough because there have been few love stories like it and in a way it isn’t a love story at all.

If Rudy wanted to make movies, if he needed her in those tragic days, why, Alice would come along, as she would have gone to the snow fastnesses of Tibet or the sands of the Gobi desert after long-haired tigers. You had to do that for the guy who was your best friend and had given you your great chance.

But movies? No. I don’t have to make any movies, she thought. I’d be scared silly. I’m just the singer with the band.

“I just came along for the ride,” Alice said, in that slightly husky voice of hers that still held traces of Tenth Avenue and the West Side of Little Old New York. She said it to anyone who was interested, though not much of anybody was. “Me in pictures? I’m a singer and a dancer, see? Besides, I got to get back to New York. You know how it is, if you stay away too long they forget all about you, and you lose what little you’ve done for yourself. I was born in New York and that’s where I belong—you ever been to New York? H-mm it’s a big town, huh?”

But Hollywood, even the refined, respectable Hollywood of 1933, turned out to be a contrary jade. Woo her, and often enough she shrugs and turns an indifferent shoulder. Look at her with big, wiseful, blue eyes that regard her honestly
as a tank town three thousand miles west of the Grand Central Station, three thousand miles from a snowstorm in Central Park, three thousand miles from Fifth Avenue on a spring day, or Radio City by night, and she is interested, she takes notice, she begins to do the wooing. "You ought to know, you do better," says Holly-wood. "I'm wonderful. I can offer you greater rewards than New York ever heard of. Stick around awhile, baby, and you'll never want to go back to Broadway."

AFTERWARDS, the girl named Alice Faye could always remember her first impressions of Hollywood. A big rambling place where it took you hours and miles to get from one place to an- other so that she was always late. Wide-open spaces and sunshine, hot dry sunshine, and every- thing closed up at night, just when you'd been used to sitting the day's work or play. Dark cavernous stages you could put a whole theater into, and people who spoke a strange language and never talked about much of any- thing but motion pictures and didn't hardly seem to know New York existed except as a place you telephoned to or got wires from. "We'll call New York and let you know." "Wait till we get the night wires from New York."

A scary, unfriendly place for a good-natured kid who was used to crowds and bright lights and noise and lots of clowning and families all crowded into a few rooms. There was too much outdoors to Hollywood.

"Let's go back to New York, Rudy," she would say, tugging at his sleeve in her special way for calling the master's attention to her. "It's funny out here. Let's go back to New York."

"Don't be such a baby, Alice," Rudy said. "Do be a good child. I'm in no hurry. I like it here.

Oddly enough, it was to be Vallee who went back to New York and Alice Faye who was left behind, weeping her heart out, in the bewildering world of Hollywood. Left behind against her will, chained to a startling and unwelcome movie contract, scared almost out of her young wits, left behind to become, a short five years later, Hollywood's only candidate for real, old-time, all-embracing starring honors.

Hollywood—somebody in Hollywood—had seen in the scared little chorus girl, with her ridiculous nostalgia for New York, that rare and precious combination of tears that are so close to laughter, and laughter that sings over tears—had seen the enormous emotional imagination and dramatic heartbeat of the child who had known so well the trials of the poor and had learned life from the swarming tenements and street scenes of the biggest city in the world.

Crude, sure. Lots of rough edges, some cheap chorus-girl-and-night-club mannerisms, no ed- ucation and all the wrong experience. But Dar- ryl Zanuck's ruthless eye saw something, saw that here was a personality that might some day be rich and real and honest and escape the syn- thetic glamour under which Hollywood girls were being slowly buried.

Could she do it? Could they lick that fear and shyness that manifested in a funny little defiance, in a with- drawal from Hollywood and all its works?

Her hands were terrific and not the least of them seemed then—especially to the scared, defiant Cinderella who felt that she was at the ball all right but her fairy godmother had for- gotten to change her ragged clothes for the proper finery—not the least of her handicaps seemed then the life that lay behind her.

East side, west side, all around the town, The tarts sang Along a Roxy, London Bridge Is Falling Down,

Boys and girls together, me and Mamie O'Bourke.

"Tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks of New York.

"Run home and grow up," Alice was advised when she registered as a chorus girl at thirteen. But, in less than three years, Alice was a Chester Hale girl (right)—and, a year later, was enjoying a modest success when she gracefully sent her latest portrait (above) to her first dancing teacher, Billy Newsome

West side. Tenth Avenue with the Ninth Avenue El roaring near by. Houses flush with the sidewalks of New York, where the kids played and screamed and fought and defied death under the hammering, swift traffic. Women hanging out windows, yelling back and forth to each other the news and gossip of the day; big, sordid, violent, commonplace, reeking of life and death and disaster and triumph and the fight for existence. Hurdy-gurdis ground their shrill music above the rumble of trucks and the rattle of the Elevated and the whistles from the steamers floated in sometimes. In the summer when the heat came down like the outposts of hell, the people and their kids sweated, and in the winter, under the pressure of snow that was grimy almost before it the streets, they were blue with agonizing cold. But it was life.

A stone's throw away on one hand the ma- jestic Hudson flowed, and on the other the main artery of the great city, Broadway. At night you could see the glow of millions of lights against the sky.

ABLazing they were that soft May night when pretty little Mrs. Leppert knew that her time had come. Under their glittering ben- efition, within sound of Broadway's roar, the baby was born and the old women, drawn as always by the miracle of birth, heard the first thrilling cry almost on the stroke of Broadway's witching hour of midnight.

Maybe that had some influence; maybe Broadway (Continued on page 83)
Written with the frankness of friendship, this is the portrait of an adoring father and devoted husband, of a man both stubborn and generous, straightforward and sensitive—Gary Cooper

In this complex world of today, more particularly in this complex town of Hollywood, where emotion distorts many a resolve and ambition many an ideal, it is good to see a man traveling in a single, unconfused path, calling his shots as he sees them, being quietly true to himself.

Gary Cooper is such a man. I call him "Coop." He calls me, for no good reason, "McFee." We've known each other for ten or a dozen years. We are both very busy. Our paths often lead in opposite directions. But when we get together again, we pick up where we left off.

When I was asked to contrive this "portrait" of Coop, I said I'd be glad to do it, and proud. "Although," I added, "it may sound too complimentary to ring true. You see, I regard him highly." But the editor of Photoplay said, "Describe him as you see him. That is all I ask."

So . . . I give you the Gary Cooper I know.
I could start out with a long list of adjectives which fit him, I suppose—quiet, straightforward, straight-thinking, strong, kind, stubborn, generous, sensitive—but I would rather tell a little story about him first, an anecdote which is so typical of him that it comes to mind whenever anyone says to me, "What is Gary Cooper really like?"

It happened two or three years ago. Coop had been away from Hollywood for some time and had been ill, too. Finally, he returned and came to see me at the ranch. He was still under the weather.

"Know what I'd like, McFee?" he offered, straight off. "I'd like to take a walk. I've got a new gun and I want to try it out."

So we did. We walked for an hour or more, with never a word from him. That was like him. He had been away. It would take a while for him to feel at home again. It had always been that way. So we walked on and on—up a long hill, finally. And then, on the crest, we stopped, looking off across miles of rolling green hills and fields, a beautiful vista. We stood there for five or ten minutes, perhaps, both of us silent. Finally, Coop drew a long breath and turned to me. I was certain that when he spoke, it would be to say something about how swell it was to be back again in God's country, or something like that. But instead—

"You know, McFee, that European situation is a hell of a mess," he remarked.

I think I laughed at the unexpectedness of it, but he didn't even notice. He launched into as intelligent a discussion of international affairs as I have ever heard. He knew everything that had happened—names, places, dates and facts. He also had figured out what was going to happen in the future and he was right, too, as subsequent events have proved. He talked fluently for fifteen or twenty minutes; then he stopped quite as suddenly as he had begun. He had studied the situation. It had interested him.

He considered that I would be interested, also, so he spoke his mind. When he had finished, he shut up again.

There is no small talk in Coop. He doesn't say, "Hello—how-are-you" and never wait for or care about your answer. If he asks you how you are, you can be darned well certain he would like to know. If he talks about the weather you can be sure he is interested in it. He reads prodigiously; remembers what he reads, and when he figures he has this or that subject all summed up, he may discuss it, if he feels he has a sympathetic listener. But never under any other circumstances.

Gary and I first met at a party at Pickfair, but each of us had heard about the other through mutual friends long before that. We weren't introduced. We simply encountered each other, shook hands and with one accord went over to a corner and sat down. We must have sat there an hour or so, talking some but not much, perfectly companionable all the while. That was the beginning. We've been friends ever since. No, we are not inseparable. We each have a

(Continued on page 85)
I WENT into it with my eyes wide open, though I’ve often tried to find solace—and an alibi—in the thought that it wasn’t a star I married at all, but just a beautiful, sweet, bewildered wisp of a girl. More than once I’ve almost wept in self-pity at the memory of how she looked the day I married her. And how noble and unselfish I felt.

Huddled in the far corner of the testing set, the look of a scared rabbit in her big eyes, she seemed utterly lost as she watched the director, cameraman and hairdresser battle over her hairline and eyebrows.

“She needs somebody to protect her against these wolves,” I told myself. If I had paused to use the spoonful of brains God gave me, or to lend an ear to the cargo of experience Hollywood had dropped in my lap, I’d have peeked three years into the future and seen those “wolves” scampering to keep out of her way.

But, instead of looking ahead, as I had done when other meek supplicants to stardom stood before me, I thought, “The poor kid’s all alone here. She needs a friend.”

So I married the girl.

Hollywood declared it a swell match. She was twenty and a promising youngster. I was twenty-seven and the junior partner of a sweet agency. As an artist’s agent with good connections, I could really do things for Anne. Even then, the thought of her staying home like a regular wife never occurred to anyone. And I didn’t suggest it, because Anne (that’s as good as any other name that’s not her own) was so eager to accomplish something herself, so as she pointed out, people wouldn’t think I had an empty-head for a wife. That’s a weak excuse, but I would have grabbed anything that made me think a career wasn’t first in her heart. And I think Anne made herself believe it, too, she was so sweet and anxious to please.

AFTER Anne’s first picture, any producer or director in Hollywood would have offered two to one that she was headed for stardom. “Star” was written all over her work, while I still had a chance to run.

I knew my Hollywood odds: three to one she would be a star, and ten to one, as a star, any marriage she made would go on the rocks. I knew that the odds of ten to one that a woman movie star can’t stay married are conservative. But I figured that somehow things would be different with us, so I married her, in spite of my friends’ advice and warnings. And the same thing happened to me that happens to nine out of ten men who marry movie stars, or other celebrities.

Not that living with a luscious lady has’t a charm all its own. Even my cynical men friends admitted that they envied me my first six months—not forgetting to tell me it was a great life, if I knew when to go.

I resented their lip-smacking attitude toward Anne. It was damned poor taste to let me see just what a choice morsel they regarded her.

Whenever they spoke of her charm, her beauty or her naturalness, they managed to convey the impression that it was a shame I would soon have to kiss it all good-by.

“Not that living with a luscious lady hasn’t a charm all its own. Even my cynical men friends admitted that they envied me”

Hollywood called it an ideal match. Yet, if I had used the spoonful of brains God gave me, I would never have done what I pitied so many others for doing—for I have learned the true and—perhaps—shocking reason why stars don’t stay married.

So Anne and I planned a campaign to confound them. We loved each other, and we just couldn’t believe we would ever feel differently. But if the time came when we did, we would carry on like real troupers. Anne was deadly earnest about this. Marriage had been good to us, and had brought her peace and security and a chance to work without worry. We would always respect and treasure it.

EVEN now, after two years, sometimes I wake from a dream of the starry mist of her eyes, the full, red lips, and the glint of her hair. I’ll just admit that I’m still in love with my Anne of those days, and that I’ve more than once futilely dammed pictures for destroying her. Every vestige of her is gone. The gorgeous, glamorous star that has wiggled into her skin is less than her image on the screen. That beautiful fake stirs no warmth or longing in me.

They say divorce is born of misunderstanding. But not in Hollywood. Here understanding, beautiful, intelligent, civilized understanding is the embryo of separation, friendly parting, or what have you. In our village, ‘twixt the mountains and the sea, to know is not to love.

The first clouds appeared on the horizon of our second year, when Anne would come home at night completely exhausted, with nerves frayed by studio irritations.
What Kind of Shoes Does Charles Make You Think of, Photoplay Asked Irene.

They would be shoes with a foreign look. I don’t know exactly how to describe them, except that they would not look like just any pair of shoes walking down the street; you would suspect that an English or French bootmaker had made them at a fancy price. They would be slightly worn; the heels would be leather, not rubber, because it would be more important to the wearer that the heels last than that they break the shock of walking. They would not always be shined, except for a very special function.

What Kind of Architecture?
A French chateau, I think. Not the grand, too large kind, nor would it be provincial. It would have a subtle kind of charm, an elegance you would discover after you had been there a while. At first, you would think the rooms were not quite in order, or tidy, but later you would sense the casual air of the rooms and then you would be glad everything was not too neat. There would be an absolutely fabulous wine cellar, a connoisseur’s cellar, and it would contain a fortune in champagne. There would, of course, be a music room. I don’t believe the piano or the violin would be used often, but there would be a phonograph—the latest type phonograph on which the music of old masters would be played. The house would sit well back from the road, hidden from the eyes of peering people by a well-kept screen of trees and shrubs. There would be an extensive library, and every time you put your hand out it would touch a cigarette box. The cigarette boxes would always be full.

What Kind of Car?
Conservative. High-powered. One of the big ones. Black, or a dull green in color. But it would not be new. The motor would be kept in perfect condition, scrupulously. Nothing would ever stop that motor, and there would never be a ping-noise or a knock. But the wax job might get shabby. There would be an air horn hidden under the hood, a horn that on occasions, I suspect, would come right out and blast at a road hog or a driver who got in the way.

Food?
A superlative nougat. Cherries Romanoff, with an occasional cherry pit.

Tree?
Well, a tree called a curly-leaf oak came up in my garden a few years ago. I don’t know what started it—it just popped up. It was an attractive tree, with a certain quality about it, so the gardener let it stay. Once it looked wilted and sick and the tree surgeon came and gave it a shot in a twig or something, and it perked right up again. Finally, an afternoon came when a friend of mine was walking through the garden; when he saw the tree he broke into little cries of admiration, said it was a very rare and wonderful variety, and offered me a great deal of money if I would sell it to him for his own garden. Mr. Boyer is very like that tree.

Book?
He’s a collection of books. A play by Maxwell Anderson—some French classics, of course—a touch of modern writing, like Bernstein—Pierre Louys—with perhaps a page or two from the “Satyricon.”

Famous Street?
Charles Boyer would be the Champs Elysees in Paris, with an awning over it. In New York I think he would be Fifty-ninth Street by the Park, near the St. Moritz at the cocktail hour.

Painting?
A portrait of an actor—naturally—and of a gentleman, painted by Mattisse. The background would be by Monet, and Degas would contribute some dim figures in a corner, for balance. Are busts ever carved by sculptors out of quartz? Charles could be a Rodin bust in black quartz.

Sport?
He is skeet shooting from the deck of the Normandie; a flashing doubles set of championship tennis played on a supermodern tennis court smack—and incongruously—in the middle of an Old-World walled garden; any subtle indoor sport; dart throwing in the formal study of a duke.

Songs on Music?
I cannot resist it: To most women, he is “L’Après-midi d’un Faune,” by Claude Debussy. But I feel that melody would fade at times, to be superimposed by a Bach Fugue, very contrapunial, for (Continued on page 87)
And
It all
Came
True

Life holds only a few moments as thrilling as this famous writer experienced when, with dread in his heart, he stepped onto a set and watched his dreams come true.

BY LOUIS BROMFIELD

AUTHOR OF "THE RAINS CAME"

And so, when I found myself unexpectedly and on very short notice coming to Hollywood to the very lot where they were in the midst of making "The Rains Came," it was with trepidation, punctuated even by moments of actual dread. The book and all the characters in it were close to my heart.

I knew "The Rains" was a big and complicated and expensive story. I knew that a record budget had been made for its production. I knew too that in the book itself there were at least a dozen stories—the material for a dozen pictures. If the book were filmed in its entirety, about twenty-four hours would be needed to show it. So cuts had to be made and I wondered what they would be.

On arrival I was handed the final script which they were in the midst of shooting. I read it over and saw what had been done. Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson, who did the job, had taken the two principal love stories—one happy, one unhappy—and stuck to them.
Some of the characters I had cherished most in the writing were gone. They had to go. The two writers had selected brilliantly and had kept in the script what was in the book—the feeling that no matter what happened to the characters, India was always there in the background, bigger than any individual or any government. I was immediately and still am humbly grateful to Mr. Dunne and Mr. Josephson for what they had done.

I thought, "So far so good." But there were so many other influences, so many other individuals who could still do vast damage.

On the same afternoon that I arrived in Hollywood I insisted upon going on the set. (Continued on page 76)
If you're fair, but just don't dare to weigh yourself, if your hips bulge and your waist needs slimming, let Hollywood's fashion magicians speed to your rescue with fascinating suggestions on line, on color—and what's more—show you how to be a "best-dressed woman," yet remain a budgeteer.

"When we get through with you, even your mother won't know you!"

So went the old threat. But in Hollywood today those same words are a promise—a promise the studios' make-up men, hairdressers, dress designers, and health and charm experts make to those they are grooming for stardom and to those whose stardom they are preserving.

And they do not exaggerate, these miracle men and women. Rather they incline to understatement. For often enough when they go to work on a star she scarcely knows herself.

We've seen more than one famous lady stand before a full-length mirror with that "Can this be I?" expression in her eyes.

For Those Who Came in Late

Since the dress designers started to reveal their heretofore unpublished findings last month, we take this opportunity to boast all over again about the experts in our line-up:

Adrian makes the Metro stars look so divine that the effects in which he dresses them frequently become the latest fashion. And they are worn, alas, even by those who should shun them.

Vera West left the fashionable "400" in the lurch, amid proverbial weeping and wailing, when she signed with Universal Studios.

You won't know yourself if you'll put these style lessons into practice.
Greer and Banton used to design for the lovely ladies under contract to Paramount. Then starts from here, there and everywhere began pleading with them to create their personal clothes. So they opened their salon and said, in effect, "Come one, come all." They’re doing very well, thank you.

Edith Head is in the Paramount spot which first Greer and then Banton previously occupied. She’s a little thing. She neither looks nor acts like an autocrat. But her word on color and line is law to girls like Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Joan Bennett and—need we go on?

Royer is the gentleman to whom the Twentieth Century-Fox stars—among them Alice Faye, Loretta Young and Sonja Henie—sing, "You made me what I am today. I hope you’re satisfied!" If Royer isn’t, everyone else, including the Great American Public, is.

Edward Stevenson at RKO may have a cold, scientific gleam in his eye when he surveys the star he is to gown. But the gleam in the eyes of those whose mistress he is quite different—green sometimes, but not cold, ever.

Irene, like the musical comedy of the same name, is famous for a Little Blue Gown. And for every other kind of gown, too. Associated with no studio, she is sought by producers to dress their most important stars.

Orry-Kelly of Warner Brothers specializes in adaptability. He will turn from a chic, sophisticated street dress he is creating for Miriam Hopkins to design a bewitchingly demure negligee for Olivia de Havilland. And between times, he will make rough sketches for an interestingly dramatic dinner frock Bette Davis is to wear when she walks off with another Motion Picture Academy Award, alias Oscar.

Walter Plunkett has been working day and night, lately, helping to make a new star . . . Vivien Leigh, who plays Scarlett O’Hara in "Gone with the Wind." And Vivien’s hoops and bustles and bonnets will be as completely right for her face and her figure as they are historically.

And now to get down to hard facts, offered by these miracle workers, which will keep you, too, from being hard to look at.

If You’re Fair, Fat, and Forty

1. Don’t try to dress like willowy Carole Lombard. Call attention to your face, not your figure. Be like the opera singer who comes out in subdued draperies, but who has made the most of her face and her head so that soon all you see is a beautiful head out of which comes beautiful sound. (Plunkett)

2. Remember that French women, even when they weigh two hundred and fifty pounds, manage to be something to look at. Consider the French peasant who wraps her shawl around her or drapes her apron for the sake of grace, not disguise; and then sticks a bright dandelion behind her ear to call attention to her beautiful eyes and make you forget everything else. (Plunkett)

3. Foundation garments and fitting are of paramount importance. However, don’t wear foundation garments that are too confining. And don’t have your clothes tightly fitted. You’ll cut only half an inch this way. And it’s no good to cut off half an inch, especially when it makes you look as if you were about to pop. (Greer)

4. Don’t have a little set of rules about what you can wear and what you can’t wear and abide by these rules eternally—until you get static in your appearance. For, if you do, your personality will be affected and you’ll be stodgy and dull, too. (Greer)

5. The old black surplice dress, which anyone who wore anything over size thirty-eight used to climb in and out of, is gone. Hallelujah! But larger ladies still can be a little more adventurous than they are at the moment—if they are well-groomed and their hair is attractively dressed. (Steven-son)

6. Get youthful lines and have them adapted to your size—have the shoulders made a little less broad . . . lower the waistline just a trifle . . . lengthen the skirt a bit. (Irene)

7. When you wear any color but black, dark green, dark gray, brown or dark blue be meticulous in your selection. Avoid bright or heavy colors. Be ever so partial to the new fashionable dirty shades. (Irene)

8. Dark, dull colors and monotonies are slimming. They can make you look twenty-five pounds lighter. Honestly! This is proven again and again on the screen where the colors themselves do not show but where the results they produce in size are magnified. (Head)

9. Avoid glittering materials and brightly embrodered things which fairly shriek, "Look what a big girl I am!" But don’t mope around in dark clothes at the wrong time or you’ll be depressing. Wear white at those seasons when it is in order, even though it does make you look larger. For it also will make you look cool and dignified. Keep your white clothes simple, however. A white shirtwaist dress is ideal. For it has an opening line down its entire front, to cut your girth in two. (Banton)

(Continued on page 80)

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SHERMUND

"Don’t have a hat that gets all the attention"

"Hips, hips, away!"

"Even your mother won’t know you—"
"WHAT A NOTHER THIN MAN" is shooting right now in Hollywood; hours, ten to four daily. Ask them at Metro how it happens that the picture is being produced in such elegant banking hours, instead of nine to five, which is the usual strict movie schedule, except when it is eight to six, as it so often is; or seven to seven, as it is on location, and they say, glibly, "Oh, you know how it is with Van Dyke directing."

That sounds like a good explanation. It is a good explanation. Only it isn't true. Hollywood, where emotion is something you put on celluloid and send out in tin cans, is shy at admitting when its heart is touched. Hollywood lets itself be called hard-boiled, the double-crossroads of the world, and other such labels. The labels fit most of the time, too. But they are having a thirty-day moratorium right at this
moment, and all because of a man named William Horatio Powell, who has been very, very sick.

The reason that "Another Thin Man" is working a mere six hours daily is that Bill Powell, the original Thin Man, there ever could be, is back acting again. He's facing the cameras for the first time after a long and frightening year and a half during which he survived, by the slenderest of margins, three major, dangerous operations.

Bill is back, his voice as suave as ever, his marvelous platinum technique still as smooth and sophisticated as a diamond-faced platinum watch. He's witty, debonair, laughing—every minute the cameras are turning. Woody Van Dyke, perched on that inevitable short step-ladder of his, is as offhanded about his direction as usual—when Bill is around. Myrna Loy, Bill's perfect screen wife, is there, sweet, warm Myrna, gay as red carnations—when she and Bill are in a scene together. "Doc" Dearborn, who has been Bill's stand-in for nine years, goes around cracking a neck or two (he used to be a chiropractor and he always used to fool around sets making those so-called "adjustments" for people between shots). "Doc" is doing that still—whenever that gleaming glance of Mr. Powell is upon him.

It's all keeping up for one and one keeping up for all on the "Another Thin Man" set, but underneath all the surface casualness you feel the tension—the tension and the tenderness.

The tension comes from the awareness of everybody in the troupe that when a man's been as sick as Bill has, it takes months and months for him really to feel himself again. As for the tenderness—

IT'S brutal to admit it, but people aren't generally loved in Hollywood. Admired, yes. Respected, yes. Feared, yes indeed. Frankly reviled. But the place is too ambitious, too nervous, too young as yet for most stars to inspire any true devotion.

But a few have. A very few. You could count them without any effort on the fingers of your right hand and still follow the Biblical injunction of not letting your left hand know what your right hand was up to. In this select census, be assured, you would find Bill Powell. Hollywood's finniest actor, not for his wit, nor for his intelligence, all of which are very admirable, but because he has the quality the town worship most: He can take it—and not whimper. Hollywood has seen life break Bill's heart for him, and then try to break his body—and Hollywood has also seen Bill's gallant spirit keep right on fighting in the face of such ordinarily defeating odds.

I invaded the soundstage the fourth day that "Another Thin Man" was shooting. Properly, I shouldn't have been there at all. The studio is barring all visitors but I presumed on the very long-standing friendship Bill and I have had and rang him up to see if I could drop by to say "Hello." Very typically (knowing that since we had last seen one another, I, too, had visited that place so cheerily called an operating theater), Bill tried to send me, my fair beauty. What you really want is to match scars with me. Well, let me tell you, Powell can match his scars with anyone." Equally typically, he didn't say a word about the operation.

I thought I was sneaking in on that sound stage and appearing very dainty about it, too, not really revealing how moved I was to be there, but no sooner had I opened the door than that raving Powell eye saw me. He may not get the Gable build-up but, nonetheless, he detects the faintest flutter of a skirt, even at a hundred yards on a foggy day. He was already on the set and the lights were burning, so he waved and indicated a chair behind the camera line.

"I'll be with you in a minute," he called. "Sit and thrill at the sight of some really great acting, but let's get this settled right now. I insist upon my scar being longer."

I laughed loudly at that. Bill grinned, very gaily. But I was doing my own bit of acting. My threat felt as though a football had got stuck in it. I had only to glance at Bill to see how completely he was playing a role, too.

THE minute became an hour and while I waited the set workers whispered little stories to me, stories of super speed in filming, made possible only by sheer generalship of the producer.

There was the fact that as soon as Bill finished one scene, Van was ready to shoot the next one; there was the fact that not only the stars but all the principals had stand-ins and that the crew—electricians, prop men and the like—was almost doubled so that there was never a second's delay. There were the four unoccupied stages which Van had commandeered and on which he had had sets erected so that all Bill had to do was ride from one to another in the limousine that was kept waiting for him, and then in, play the scene and walk out again—through which strategy two days' shooting was done in one. There was the fact that even though the schedule said quit at four, Van somehow always finished about 3:45 and then said there was no sense starting a new scene before the next morning. And there was, most memorable of all, the day they began to shoot the picture.

Van Dyke carries the same workers with him always. There's Harry Albiez, who has been his assistant for fourteen years, and Florence Thomas, who has held script for nearly that long. Those three came on the set first. Then Myrna came. Myrna had only the day before got back from her European vacation. She probably had a million things to do but there was, bright and earlier than her co-star. "Doc" Dearborn came next. They stood about and waited and nobody could quite seem to talk, and then suddenly Bill stepped into the circle of lights. His shirt was open at his throat and he was bronzed from the sun. The gang saw that he was trying to speak but, for once, no Powell wisecrack came. It was Myrna who helped them all out. They all had so much in their hearts that words were difficult. She ran over to Bill, threw her arms around him and kissed him. Bill spoke then.

"Myrna," he said, "this was worth getting well for."

"Oh, Bill," said Mrs. Thin Man, "this is going to be more fun than another vacation."

"Well, at least it's sounding very tough. "What are we wasting time for?"

The set lights flared up then, the crew cheered, and Bill was back in his kingdom.

As I waited, I wondered if it was as conscious as I was that, for the activity going on in the scenes, Van always managed to have the star sitting down. (To try to sell me the idea that that was any accident!) Finally, however, there came a scene that had to be shot from Shelton Leonard's angle and Bill was free for ten minutes. His portable dressing room was only three paces away from the set. Bill indicated that we'd go in there and talk and as we stepped into it I noticed that there were two big beds with pillows and a blanket on the couch that Bill always used to keep comfortable as an ironing board. Bill lay down. He said, "Lucky girl, to get Powell horizontal." We both laughed again and pulled some more what we both fondly hoped were funny remarks and then suddenly Bill looked at me, very directly, and said quietly, "Speaking as one operated upon to another, it gets everything out, doesn't it?"

I said, "Oh, but there are compensations." I knew I was lying in my teeth and I knew Bill knew it, too, but I had to say that. I couldn't agree with him, then, though I knew, as all people know who have come too close to death, how horribly true his remark was. Bill looked at me. I repeated myself. "Really, there are compensations."

His face became more serious. "Yes," he said (Continued on page 92)
The rise of Ann Sothern, who looks like a fugitive from a hothouse but is really a maze of contradictions

BY JERRY ASHER

EVER since she amazed everyone in "Maisie," Ann Sothern has been a bit bewildered herself. Now that she's been discovered again and taken to the affluent bosom of M-G-M, she's the most popular girl in town.

Up to date, everyone but Mickey Rooney is taking credit for Ann's good fortune. Make no mistake. Casting her as the heart-warming "Maisie" was no master stroke of some front-office genius. This story, originally bought for Jean Harlow, was collecting dust on the shelf. M-G-M decided to make it into an inexpensive "B" production and salvage what they could. They needed a girl with a luscious flair for life. She had to be human and real. And at the same time—not command too large a salary! They actually needed—Ann Sothern.

Hollywood has never really known Ann. As she says, "Everyone expects me to be as hellockless as a humming bird. No-o-o one ever gives me credit for being sensible." In speaking, she has an inimitable way of forcing certain words which gives them an exaggerated importance. Everything she says sounds funny, because she is always so serious when she says it. She always affects a confidential tone. Even if she's telling you about a hangnail.

Ann looks like a fugitive from a hothouse. She is definitely a dual personality, herself and the girl you expect her to be. There's an air of indifference about her which makes her different. It also gives people the impression that she is snooty. Ann does have a charming way of looking at you, through you and beyond you. It's unintentional and there's a good reason for it.

It all started way back when she suffered from anemia. She was a diffident child, bursting with talent and never finding quite enough energy to express it. She was always cold and listless. A lassie who lived in latitudes. Today, she has one of the warmest hearts in Hollywood. But she wears fur coats in July.

She was trained to conserve her strength. Not an ounce of effort was ever wasted. At four she toddled out on the local stage to sing a chorus of "Pretty Baby." In the middle of the number she stopped. For the first time she noticed the theater was half-empty. Deeming such a small audience unworthy of taxing her talent, she went toddling off again.

At fourteen she rode to school in a taxi. At the junior prom she got every dance. Sat them all out. By the time she became an actress, "Languid Lady" was

(Continued on page 95)
Photography as sensational as its subject — once Brigitta Hartwig of Norway, then Vera Zorina, toast of Broadway in "I Married an Angel," now the main reason the Brothers Warner are filming "On Your Toes"

"Molly"
A "modern" Garbo, a gay Garbo, that's what they promised us! So "Ninotchka" (her first film in almost two years, her first comedy in eons) gives us Greta as a serious worker of the new Russia, swept up in the lightheartedness of ageless Paris— with Melvyn Douglas ably supporting the cause of love and laughter.
Sixteen! The transformation of baby Frances Gumm of Grand Rapids into starlet Judy Garland of Hollywood is complete. But two things have never changed—her desire to sing, which she satisfies in "Babes in Arms"—and her desire to be a doctor, which she satisfies with ambitious plans to build a hospital for children.
John Garfield smiles because he is "lucky"—but it was more than luck that made his first five pictures personal triumphs—and won him the same part Spencer Tracy had in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing".

Which came first, the smile or the victory? Is Eddie Albert grinning because he gets the chance to dance with (and make love to!) Zorina in his second film, "On Your Toes"—or is the grin itself the reason for the breaks he's getting?
It takes courage to tear up a fat contract just because you're tired of insipid roles—but John Payne's fighting spirit has been more than justified by his new success with Warners', where he gets his finest opportunity in "Kid Nightingale".

The answer to "What's-in-a-name?"
As a Bradna, after generations of circus trouping, she's a "Big Top" blueblood. As Olympe (her parents and Paramount say "O-lamp"—she prefers the more American "O-limpey"), she's named after the French theater in which she was born. No wonder Olympe Bradna, at 14, wowed Broadway—and now, at 19, as Pat O'Brien's daughter in "Happy Ending," is considered one of Hollywood's brightest starlets.
Camera Nocturne

A man alone in the deepening twilight with his memories—and the photographer catches a prophetic mood with shadows in this study of Ronald Colman, star of "The Light That Failed," as the Kipling hero whose art career was cut short by blindness.
A pictorial history of the world's most fascinating city, from the barn that gave birth to "The Squaw Man" to the glittering billion dollar industry that found its voice in "The Jazz Singer." Through the magic of memory (aided by Photoplay's incomparable files), the screen's immortals once more make their bows—or answer a last curtain call.

Early California producers didn't even boast a roof over their heads! Hobart Bosworth's first movie in 1908—"The Roman," with Betty Harte—was filmed on a borrowed estate.

Film history was made in the Lasky barn at left, in 1913. Here Cecil DeMille directed his first movie—and Hollywood's first hit—"The Squaw Man" (below, with Winifred Kingston, Monroe Salisbury, Billy Elmer, Dustin Farnum).
BLAZING across a night sky, a comet streaked to earth behind the hills. But there were no prophets to see that where it had buried its weight there would spring up in the next twenty years the modern world’s most fascinating town.

Nor did prophets herald the arrival of the world’s fourth largest industry when, in a barn long disused, the first camera turned on the first scene of “The Squaw Man.”

None was wise enough, in 1913, to know that Hollywood was soon to become the magic land of make-believe, the factory of escape for a world weary of its depressing truths, the city of fabulous fortunes and fabulous spending, of scandals and death, the city where “terrific” found a new use as an adjective.

Today, twenty-six years later, Hollywood stands as the symbol of entertainment, a giant industry of personalities, while movies celebrate their fiftieth anniversary of Edison’s invention of the kinetoscope, granddaddy of today’s silver screen. The story of Hollywood is ready to be told.

In one of the most ambitious pictures of the year, Darryl Zanuck has been filming these past few months his own history of the movies, “Hollywood Cavalcade,” co-starring Alice Faye and Don Ameche in a dramatic movie which covers the period from 1913 to 1927. Many of the personalities you will see on the following pages have been recalled by Zanuck for one more appearance before the lens.

So, inspired by the movies’ anniversary, the 20th Century-Fox film, and its own personal celebration of a birthday, Photoplay herewith presents its unvarnished history of Hollywood, a pictorial feature taken from the industry’s greatest photographic source from the past—Photoplay’s own files—to bring to life a vanished era.

In the beginning of the Twentieth Century, when the potential millions in motion pictures were just being discovered, it was New York which was the center of film making. Slowly Edison’s powerful film trust froze out all the independent competitors. There was nowhere in the East for those outside the trust to carry on their business. Escape was essential.

Some tried Florida, others went as far as Cuba in the search for a place free from lawyers and lawsuits, and in 1909 Francis Boggs, director of the Selig Polyscope Company, brought the first moving picture unit west to California and set his cameras up in the little town.”

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Even today, this is recognizable as a motion picture studio, though the time is 1914 and the film, “Captain Courtesy,” now forgotten. Its rough props, and workmen watching from the side lines, are typical of the hit-and-miss methods by which films were produced in those days.
A great man starts a great era:
Mack Sennett (far left) directs Chester Conklin in one of those comedies that convulsed a nation.

Al Christie Studio and Universal's old open-air stages near that site, but it was the release of "The Squaw Man" which put Hollywood on the movie map.

From then on, the future course of the films was assured. In 1915, "The Perils of Pauline," with serial queen Pearl White, had shown what publicity could do; installments of the story were published weekly in great chains of newspapers, with prizes for the best solution before the next episode appeared on the screen. In 1914, William Selig made the first "super" picture, "The Spotters," setting the vogue for using the works of such popular authors as Rex Beach and Zane Grey. William Fox, with "A Fool There Was," brought sex appeal to the screen and introduced Theda Bara as a vamp.

Mack Sennett's Keystone Comedies brought him the title of "The Father of American Comedy" and initiated such novelties as the bathing beauty, the comedy chase, and the ubiquitous pie-throwing—all of which he helps to revive in the current "Hollywood Cavalcade." He also developed such stars as Gloria Swan.

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Cross-eyed Ben Turpin was an hilarious foil for the Sennett bathing beauties.

Close rivals to the comedies were Westerns, with Bill Hart as Cowboy No. One.

Early audiences wanted belly laughs, so most early stars were comedians—among them, deadpan Buster Keaton.


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town of Los Angeles. There he discovered the climate ideal for picture-making—especially for the extremely popular "Westerns"—and the nearness to the Mexican border, where U. S. process servers had no power, was a distinct advantage. By 1913, two dozen or more picture plants were established in Los Angeles.

Up to this time, Hollywood was nothing more than a quiet suburb northwest of Los Angeles, named for its abundance of holly and live oak. One day, Robert Brunton, an art director, saw the possibilities of converting a barn there into a studio and sold the idea to the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Company, composed of Lasky, Goldfish (Sam Goldwyn) and Cecil B. DeMille, who were looking for a site where they could film "The Squaw Man," with Dustin Farnum. Already, there were film companies such as the
"Vamp till ready" became the byword as Theda Bara brought SEX to the screen (it wasn’t there to stay—as subsequent events proved). Such poses as this (1916) started the first great movie legend, made the former Theodosia Goodman "the wickedest woman in the world"

J. Warren Kerrigan was the Robert Taylor of 1914—Photoplay readers named him their favorite male star.

Below—Chester Conklin poses with Marie Prevost in a Sennett comedy.

Two women in 1915 paved the way for present salaries, when Mary Pickford’s mother asked—and got!—$10,000 a week for her daughter.

Wistful Mabel Normand—whose sad eyes seemed to foresee her tragic destiny—won Photoplay’s contest, with Kerrigan, as readers elected her their favorite feminine star.

Pearl White in "The Perils of Pauline" was queen of the serials—when serials were king.
Movies were coming into their own in 1915. Universal dazzled Hollywood with a studio (above), built just for the job of making motion pictures (public admission, 25c). The unassuming chap in straw hat, at left, is the incomparable D. W. Griffith, whose directorial genius counted more than any other factor in raising the cinema to an art form. Thanks to Universal, movie-going was one of the top pleasures of the time. Griffith’s “Birth of a Nation” (originally called “The Clansman”) that first put history into motion pictures—and thus put motion pictures into history. It also helped to place Lillian Gish (at left) and other minor stars of the period among screen immortals.

Even in 1916, his Babylonian scene ("Intolerance," right) set a standard which has seldom been matched since for lavishness—and expense.

It was D. W. Griffith’s "Birth of a Nation" (originally called "The Clansman") that first put history into motion pictures—and thus put motion pictures into history. It also helped to place Lillian Gish (at left) and other minor stars of the period among screen immortals.

(Continued from page 42)

son, Mabel Normand, Ben Turpin, Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin, the latter already an important comedian by 1914 in "Tillie's Punctured Romance" (with the late beloved Marie Dressler). Movies were now one of the largest industries in the world! Film stars shuttled back and forth from their studios in the East to make pictures in the West. The attempt to use famous stage stars in films was begun by the Triangle Company, comprising D. W. Griffith, Thomas Ince and Sennett, resulting in the screen appearance of such personalities as Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Weber and Fields, Billie Burke, William Collier, Elliott Dexter, Taylor Holmes and George Fawcett. But most stage celebrities—with the exception of Doug Fairbanks, Marie Dressler and William S. Hart—were dismal flops as far as audiences were concerned. To make things worse (for the producer) the publicity given the great sums necessary to lure these Broadway darlings to the cinema gave the moderately-paid established screen stars the idea of demanding more salary for themselves. In 1915, Mary Pickford startled the movie world by getting $10,000 a week through the efforts of Mamma Smith. The competitive bidding for stars' services had begun in earnest, though the October 1915 Photoplay revealed that only Pickford, Chaplin and Marguerite Clark, among film stars (stage stars got more), received more than $750 a week—junior salaries to box-office personalities of today. Meanwhile, Los Angeles was definitely growing. War in Europe had cut down film production and given American companies a boost.
The period between 1915 and 1917 saw such expansion as the establishing of Triangle in Culver City, Lasky in San Fernando Valley, Vitagraph in East Hollywood, and Fox at Sunset Boulevard. The grand opening of Universal City in San Fernando Valley, March, 1915, fifteen miles from the heart of Los Angeles, was the occasion for much fanfare. Covering 750 acres, with wonderful new indoor studios, it was called "the world's one celluloid metropolis."

D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation," produced in 1914 on a then staggering budget of $100,000, had given the industry its first great artistic success, as well as one of the greatest money-makers of all time. Now, in 1916, he splurged still more on the gigantic "Intolerance," which was filmed amid a great deal of secrecy. It was probably the first time a "closed set" had been used in those pre-Garbo days, as previous pictures had been filmed with all the local yokels gaping on the side lines.

Socially, Hollywood was beginning to take on (Continued on page 46)
A series of scandals in the early 20's brought Hollywood notoriety, disaster—and the unwanted title of "naughtiest city on the globe." At least two careers were wrecked by the Taylor shooting—those of Mary Miles Minter (above), whose name had long been linked romantically with that of the director, and Mabel Normand (right), whose lovingly-inscribed picture was found in a locket which Taylor carried.

First spark to kindle a flame of moral indignation that has never died down, was the "wild party" death of Virginia Rappe—which brought the career of Fatty Arbuckle (left) to a sudden end in 1921.

When the District Attorney's office announced that Taylor was shot by a jealous woman, dope peddlers (with whom he was allegedly at war), blackmailers, or robbers, Hollywood found itself in the full glare of public disapproval. The crime, which occurred in the house above, left, was further complicated by the disappearance of his former valet—rumored his brother.

And so, in 1922, the most far-reaching event of the decade took place: Will Hays became arbiter of Hollywood morals!

The glamorous aspects which characterize it to-day. Los Angeles was still a prim little city and there were no places within the city limits where stars could make whoopee. The Hotel Alexandria and Levy's Café were the favorite meeting places for dining. Outside the town, stars frequented the Sunset Inn at Santa Monica and the Ship Cafe at Venice, for dancing. As for Hollywood itself, it was already the movie residential center ("To Hollywood, a suburb of Los Angeles, belongs the palm of housing more picture people than any other spot in the world," read a Photoplay story in 1915).

Then America entered the war, and the temper of the times changed. Peace pictures, such as "The Battle Cry of Peace," were being booted out of the theaters. Great stars entered the
She came from Sweden, almost unheralded, in 1925—but she brought a new kind of glamour with her to the screen—even though Greta Garbo did pose with the University of Southern California track team in those days—in full regalia.

No career has been more typical of Hollywood than that of Joan Crawford, one of its most beloved stars. In 1927, among her dancing trophies, she was the perfect pattern of those carefree days of the old regime. Now, in 1939, her quiet receptions, constant study and dramatic roles typify the new.
Much of the change was brought about by the sudden advent of the talkies—Hollywood's own revolution, precipitated by Jolson's great success in "The Jazz Singer".

But, throughout all changes of time and technique, the enormous vitality of the film colony has maintained something that will be forever "Hollywood"... something that made it possible for one rather small community to vie with New York and Paris as the amusement centers of the world... something that kept the Cocoanut Grove a dancing mecca through such cycles as the Charleston, rhumba and swing. Still Hollywood, eternal symbol of gaiety and glamour!
blue souffle fashions this flatly feminine evening gown designed by Howard Greer of Hal for Irene Dunne to wear in Universal's "When Tomorrow Comes." It features the new bustle ette, a corset girdle, puff er wings, a low back and a draped surplice front blouse.

Clark
POSES IN "MEN FOR M" COED
If you would like to know the name of the store in your community where the merchandise shown on these two pages may be purchased, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Secretary, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Be sure to enclose a clipping or description of the merchandise desired.

Brown Botany flannel is featured in this two-piece dressmaker suit (above) that has an all-around stitched pleated skirt and a fitted jacket. Rosemary adds a green off-the-face felt "Heath" beret, genuine alligator and bucko "Shenanigan" oxfords and an enamel and stone-studded "Coro" lapel pin in motif of "the frog that would a-wooing go." The suit is $17, the hat, $6, the shoes $8.95 and the pin is $1.95. Rosemary's two-piece suit (at left) is of dark green "Triple X" monotone tweed. It consists of an all-purpose winter coat that has velvet revers and buttons, and a gored skirt. Rosemary pins a "Coro" fob that dangles a Blarney stone, Blarney Castle and a shamrock to her lapel and adds the green felt beret described above. The suit is $25 and the fob $1. Rosemary's newest Warner Bros film is "The Return of Dr. X"
Statuesque Kay Francis, currently appearing in RKO-Radio's "In Name Only," selects a three-quarter length, tailored cape of mink as her all-purpose fall wrap. Kay wears it in the photograph over a brown matelassé crepe street frock, which is sketched at the right so you may note the exquisite draping of the blouse. The other two sketches show Kay's leaf green wool jersey evening gown (center), and her gold colored woolen street frock (far right), which, like the brown crepe street frock, were especially designed by Stevenson. The dresses sketched on this page are not available in the shops. The mink cape was created by Willard George, Los Angeles.
Petite Miriam Hopkins, who is co-starred with Bette Davis in the Warner Brothers film, "The Old Maid," chooses a hip-length cape of sable as her newest wrap—the pencil-slim, creamy beige crepe evening gown worn beneath is accented by a massive gold choker that slips through the neckline drape (sketched left). Miriam also wears the brown jersey afternoon dress (sketched right) with her little sable jacket. It features a low-waisted, pointed bodice, gathered sleeve insets and a gathered skirt. Orry-Kelly designed both of these dresses for Miss Hopkins, and therefore they are not available in the shops. The sable jacket was created by Willard George, Los Angeles.
WHERE TO BUY THEM

If you would like to know the name of the shop in your community that carries these PHOTOPLAY fashions write to Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Be sure to enclose clipping or description of the merchandise desired.
Barnes, whose recent screen appearance was in the 20th Century-Fox production "Frontier Marshal," chooses a collarless knee-length classic coat of blue fox to wear dressy street and evening clothes. She wears it here over a heavy black frock, the blouse of which is smartly accented with black and white (below). Her fashion the crown of Binnie selected her blue fox from Willard George, Los Angeles.
Seldom does any Hollywood designer get the golden opportunity Paramount's Edith Head has in dressing "one of the most beautiful women on the screen," Madeleine Carroll, for her role of Gail Allen in Paramount's "My Love for Yours," a story which offers a detailed fashion show of a career woman wearing career clothes.

The character, Gail Allen, shows Madeleine at home, at parties, at work and on vacation, and her clothes for these varied occasions run a wardrobe gamut of spring, summer, fall and winter models.

Edith Head's most fervent fashion message for the fall of 1939 is, "Study yourself and adopt a definite clothes formula or prescription for each phase of your own immediate life!" She demonstrates this modern fashion theory in an all-season group of daytime, work-time, lunchtime and unexpected, casual "date-time" dressmaker suits for Miss Carroll. She advises girls and women in every walk of life to choose their most becoming, most comfortable and most suitable type of dress for daytime and bury the lines of this one model in a variety of fabrics and colors for each season in the year. Naturally, all changes may be made from time to time, but the essential silhouette remains the same.

Exhibit A is Madeleine Carroll's navy Lyons velvet two-piece suit for work-time in "My Love for Yours." This is the perfect type for Miss Carroll and has a flared, sectional skirt topped by a dressmaker jacket with fitted lines just above the hips. Navy silk braid enlivens the yoke and cuffs of the jacket, and under it Miss Carroll wears a tailored white satin shirt. Although this suit is 1939 Fall—it reflects the working suit of the midsummer season which stressed the same lines with embroidered white linen substituted for the navy velvet.

Two other versions of this suit show how the same model seems like an entirely different design. For warmer days, black tie-silk is used for the skirt with a black and white plaid tie-silk top. Shorter sleeves, a thinner underbouse, pleats instead of flared sections—but throughout the same basic suit. One suit in linen has a black skirt and a white jacket hand-blocked in black stripes. Still another is navy faille with white loops high lighting the neckline. Whatever season prevails, Madeleine Carroll as the fashion-conscious career woman wears her two-piece suit for business hours.

Interesting, too, is the fact that the star greets with Miss Head's "basic dress" system to the extent of wearing a "basic hairdress"—and for all purposes, too! She thinks, in line with the designer's belief, that for every woman there's one most becoming dress style and one air style which does the most for that one woman. "Play with fads and be amused by them," suggest Miss Carroll and Miss Head, "but to have own type—be true, smart and most attractive."

Getting back to this ideal wardrobe, there are two topcoats designed for fall wear over all the two-piece suits, but not too heavy to utilize all year round. One is a navy twill fitted redingote; the other an infallible tweed topper for "rougher weather." An important note is the absence of fur in both of these. Designer Head oddly explains that Miss Carroll as a full-length mink coat to wear when she "dresses up."

(Continued on page 93)
Football fans who know their fashions will start the season in PLAIDS. Ida Lupino, appearing in Paramount's "The Light That Failed," sets the pace—and a merry one, too—in "The Laplander"—a natural sheepskin-hooded "chunkie," with a pleated kiltie-skirt to match.

Hitch your wagon to a star and choose the "Farquaharson" plaid as she did—the tartan of Her Majesty, the Queen of England, once a bonny Scottish lassie from the moors. "Chunkie" and detachable hood are lined in matching plaid, and they'll lead a scholastic or a sporting life with equal ease all winter long.

FOR CONVERSATION

... Lapel gadgets—the more, the merrier! Enamel masks (top) among them a tribal chieftain fierce with corkscrew curls, and a tribal beauty bedecked with colored baubles. Or a modish mouse with silver body and golden head and tail.

FOR PLAID PERFECTION

... an over-the-shoulder plaid wool pouch with zipper-top and inner fittings (center).

... a plaid wool scarf, worn ascot-style in the neck of sweaters, coats or jackets, or squared and tied like a peasant's shawl over the head.

FOR CASUAL CHIC

... alligator oxfords with muck-shooing mudguards and built-up leather heels (right).

... corduroy ball-game booties cosily lined with fleece.

... "Lammies"—snug little lambskin mittens with warm and wooly curls inside.

All Football Fashions from Best & Company, N. Y.
So black cats are unlucky? Look who's being petted by Jeannette MacDonald, Dolores Del Rio and Norma Shearer, as Ernst Lubitsch watches (NOT directing, but acting—as host)

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Gracie and George—At It Again

Gracie Allen has the town in stitches with the best story of the month, and one Gracie swears is true. It seems Gracie was instrumental in securing, with a friend, a position for a young Chinese servant and, out of sheer gratitude, the Oriental decided to study up on the best English phrases used in social etiquette.

Imagine Gracie's amazement then, when, calling one day on the friend, she praised the servant's tea and he came back with, "Oh, thank you lady or gentleman, as the case may be."

Then Georgie comes forth with the story of his struggle to chastise his young son for some misdemeanor.

"What," demanded George, his face stern and cold, "am I going to do with you, young man?"

The boy thought a minute and then came back:

"Well, I guess you'll just have to kill me, Daddy."

Niven Goes for a Ride

The preview of "They Shall Have Music" was over and the stars emerged from the theater to be met by hundreds of eager fans. David Niven and Olivia de Havilland, for instance, were sc

PHOTOGRAPHY

BY HYMAN FINK

Teatime (in the bar-room) at the Lubitsch home—Mrs. Mervyn Le Roy, Mrs. L. herself, and Margaret Sullavan

Melvyn Douglas has his fortune told by a veiled lady of mystery, as his missus (Helen Gahagan) looks on. Party was given by Ernst Lubitsch and his wife just before the latter left for Europe
swamped they were too late to reach the car of their host, Sam Goldwyn, who, in his excitement at the picture's success, calmly drove off without them.

David and Olivia stood there on the sidewalk and watched the car go. Two fans, a young man and woman, close at hand, took in the situation at a glance. "Mr. Niven," they suggested, "we'll be glad to give you a lift."

"Thanks very much," Niven said, "I'll be grateful to you."

With that the young man shot away and in two minutes was back with his not-so-classy little car that clanked and rattled along while David and Olivia, in the back seat, enjoyed the experience immensely, waving to friends in passing limousines who almost fell out of their cars in open-mouthed astonishment.

"You got us out of a bad spot, you two," David smiled at the young couple before Goldwyn's door. "I do appreciate it."

"Gee," the young couple sighed. "You appreciate it. Why, say, we'll never get over it."

And they were still grinning happily as they drove away.

We Present—A New Star

LAst month Hollywood hadn't heard the name Helen Gilbert. This month it's arousing more discussion than any ten names together, for Miss Gilbert, you remember, was the beautiful young lady who almost walked off with "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever."

Her rise was quick, meteoric, and unexpected even to herself. She had been a cellist (and a good one) in the studio orchestra for two years, recording music for such stars as Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald and Ilona Massey. Her prettiness and unusually fine speaking voice won her a test. Director Woody Van Dyke saw the test, which was really made for the starring
role in "Florian," and grabbed her for the Hardy story. Miss Gilbert is as surprised as anybody. But is cooler than two cucumbers, definitely in love with music and won't sacrifice it for movies (she hopes to combine the two). She's a petite miss of five feet three who is married to Bakaleinikoff and has a stepdaughter slightly older than herself.

She's the young lady of the hour in Hollywood, only she doesn't seem to know it herself, maintains a calm approach to life and rests secure in the knowledge that she's one of the best women cellists in the country. And that "best in something" is her buckler and her shield. She's pretty, too.

**Home Boy**

His name is John Howard. He's a sincere, honest, hard-working young man in Hollywood under contract to Paramount, but as far from Hollywood life as a yucca tree is to the Yukon.

He's really the boy who lives across the street in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, or could be the kid home from college for summer vacation in any small town you can name. He lives quietly on a side street with his family, eats dinners at the family dinner table and is incapable of even thinking a good place for mother and dad would be the usual small cottage below Wilshire or out in the Valley, while he lived in swanky bachelordom.

He cuts the grass when it needs it and drives his mother to market when he isn't working.

That's why, when Paramount cast him for the lead in "Victory," Hollywood said, "John Howard? Why choose him? We hardly know him."

And that's why, also, few know of the grief locked in his honest heart, for John's mother is now threatened with blindness after an illness, and John and his family are keeping their sorrow to themselves.

He's a family boy in Hollywood. And here's hoping he gets right there to the top.

**Feud for Thought**

There is nothing that interests Hollywood quite so much as a good, old-fashioned feud between a couple of its glamour girls. Nor, it so happens, has Hollywood been without such a titbit for gossip for any length of time.

Back in the old silent days, it was Lilian Gish and Hedda Hopper who feuded. Then Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow entered the ring against each other—outwardly polite as pie, perhaps; pretty obviously "allergic" to each other, just the same.

And now, we present our latest contenders—Dorothy Lamour and Patricia Morison! Maybe a lot of people don't know it yet, but these two beauties like each other about as well as Tubby likes Rover—and that's not much. They do say that Dorothy, who was here first, has been the one to throw down the gauntlet, but we wouldn't know for sure about that. We do know, though, that at the big banquet Paramount flung for its exhibitors some moons ago, Dorothy got mad and went home early because William LeBaron, the studio's managing director and her dinner partner, devoted considerable time to beauteous La Morison.

When you stop to think about it, it seems kind of natural that the peppery Dottie might resent the newcomer. They're the same type, only Pat is considered better looking by a lot of people. Both of the girls can sing, but in contrast to Dottie's blues voice, Pat can wither grand opera—and how. They both have beautiful long hair, but Pat's is a couple of inches longer than Dottie's. They both can act, of course, but Pat has back of her the prestige of a New York stage hit. And last, but not least, everybody thought Dottie would be scheduled to star with Ray Milland in Paramount's new epic, "Untamed," which was apparently right up her alley, then subsequently Pat was given the role.

You can't blame Hollywood for watching the little drama.

**Just Another "Phony"**

A friend, recently returned from a trip through northern California, tells us this choice story.

The friend, it seems, had stopped at a small, out-of-the-way, one-man gas station on the road and glanced at a car near by in which sat a woman, obviously waiting for someone. As the lone station attendant drew near our friend, he leaned over and whispered confidentially (Continued on page 72)
If you’re the pushover for Cary Grant and Carole Lombard we think you are, this will be worth every long minute you sit watching it—it is just such good acting. Unfortunately, fine writer Richard Sherman had a pretty sickly basic story to work with. This triangle is a simple one, and the wife, Kay Francis, won’t give Cary Grant a divorce, and Cary’s in love with Carole Lombard who waits for him. Then Cary gets pneumonia and everything seems to be up to Carole. Charles Coburn, Helen Vinson have routine roles, Katharine Alexander does fine work, and Miriam Hopkins plays with distinction. You’d feel more sympathy for the hero if you didn’t know he could straighten everything out in the first reel, but Grant is magnificent throughout.

The most difficult of human experiences to portray has been captured in this inspiring, dignified and somewhat adventurous film. For here is the portrait of an intelligent, hard-boiled man converted to the truest Christianity through the quiet example of a genuinely good one. Pace the picture lacks, but that is more than offset by the spiritual message it carries. When Henry M. Stanley, New York’s best reporter of the Eighties, is assigned to find Dr. Livingston, famous British missionary-explorer in darkest Africa, it is merely another assignment to him. Arriving in Zanzibar, he encounters a girl whose love gives him the courage to force on through swamps, fever, false starts, battling natives, and slave traders, until nearly eighteen months later the historic moment comes when he can say, “Dr. Livingston, I presume?” Then he discovers that Dr. Livingston does not wish to be rescued. The missionary has deliberately exiled himself to go on not alone converting the heathen, but showing them through his kindness that white men are not all cruel, and thereby in turn showing the whites that dark men can peacefully open up a new continent to them. His saintliness so wins Stanley that when Livingston dies Stanley turns his back on New York and its rich rewards to carry on the noble work. Spencer Tracy and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as Livingston, are sensitively the title roles. Nancy Kelly and Richard Greene are seen briefly as a pair of rather anemic lovers, while Charles Coburn and Walter Brennan furnish wisps of comedy.

Youth scintillates against a college background in this really fun-making picture, which doesn’t deviate from Jane Hall’s magazine story by so much as an adverb. Anita Louise, Jane Bryan and Ann Rutherford are three lovely debutantes. It’s our not-so-private opinion, though, that a well-brought-up deb should have better manners and more poise than Anilla and give to their roles. Lew Ayres makes a dilly of a college boy—you know he’s a senior without being told. A slight crack shows in his sophisticated costing, however, when Lena Turner, his boyhood’s best friend shows up at his school’s veddy exclusive house party on the strength of a drunken invitation. Marsha Hunt plays the college widow and does a fine job.
Our Leading Citizen—Paramount

Paramount is still trying to fill Will Rogers' place in the cinema world with an obvious substitute, Bob Burns. But the studio just doesn't supply the right stories or direction. Bob tries hard, particularly in this. It's certainly not fare for the intellectual audience, offering as it does the first-reader grade of emotional stimuli. There's a lot of stuff about strikes, and more flag-waving than entertainment. The audience reaction may well be: why pay money for this when you can get in the American Legion rally free? Susan Hayward is quite pretty as she goes about supplying the romantic interest, and Elizabeth Patterson is in it with her middle-Western accent. Kathleen Lockhart, Charles Bickford and others supply background.

Heaven with a Barbed Wire Fence—20th Century-Fox

It's a story of disillusionment, about little people who work very hard and aren't very shrewed. Glenn Ford is the New Yorker who works six years in a store basement to buy a Western ranch, starts thumbing his way to his property, and collects troubles on the way. First is Nicholas Conte, hobo; second is Jean Rogers, Spanish refugee illegally in America; next is sartorially elegant tramp, Raymond Walburn. Jean and Glenn have to marry to outwit a sheriff; she runs away and he finds his ranch is just a dismal waste with a shanty on it. Wouldn't you think he would have had sense enough to check it first? Anyway, there's a lot of movement to the piece. Walburn bears the brunt of the comedy. Miss Rogers is quite charming and Ford has appeal.

Range War—Paramount

It's still a mystery to this department why Hopalong Cassidy series has such a pull. Still, for the benefit of those who read Photoplay, we must explain that Paramount has kindly refused to vary the formula materially in this new one, so you may relax. There's one exciting change—Hopalong rides a new range now. He has to find out why mysterious forces are holding up the construction of a railway fork. The ranchers need that fork because a rival owner makes them pay a toll for taking cattle across his land. Bill Boyd as Cassiday bucketty-buckets across the prairies, his six-shooter smoking. Russell Hayden is Lucky, Britt Wood offers an occasional innocent laugh and Pedro De Cordoba plays a priest.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

The Best Pictures of the Month

Beau Geste
Each Dawn I Die
Stanley and Livingstone
The Old Maid
These Glamour Girls
Heaven on a Barbed Wire Fence
The Real Glory
Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever
Lady of the Tropics
Frontier Marshal
I Stole a Million

Best Performances of the Month

James Cagney in "Each Dawn I Die"
George Raft in "Each Dawn I Die"
Brian Donlevy in "Beau Geste"
Spencer Tracy in "Stanley and Livingstone"
Charles Coburn in "Stanley and Livingstone"
Bette Davis in "The Old Maid"
Miriam Hopkins in "The Old Maid"
Cary Grant in "In Name Only"
Carole Lombard in "In Name Only"
Gary Cooper in "The Real Glory"
David Niven in "The Real Glory"
George Raft in "I Stole a Million"
Mickey Rooney in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever"

Henry Hathaway once more comes out with topnotch direction in another blood-and-thunder epic, and for variety this one is sent to the Philippines and backed up to the year 1906, when the United States sent troops to take over the job of business-managing the islands. Gary Cooper does an excellent job with the he-man character, combining doctor, soldier, organizer of wild native villagers, and last but not least, lover. Lovely Andrea Leeds, as the daughter of the commandant of the Post, may begin a new rush of young men to army life. The wild-haired Moro, resenting the intrusion of the new government, craftily uses the dreaded chalera, by cutting off the water supply, as their most lethal weapon. Despite the fact that Cooper is pretty busy doctoring chalera victims, organizing the less savage villagers to help him in his fight against the disease and dodging poisoned spears, he has time for some tender scenes with Miss Leeds. There's plenty of excitement in this picture, with native traps lined with sharp spikes, pitched battles between the savages and the army, and those ever-present little chalera bugs providing the hidden menace. Although Cooper comes through with flying colors, his two pals, David Niven and Broderick Crawford, after fine performances, have to die. But then with so much blood-and-thunder, someone has to die, even on the winning side, and although Niven is his most likeable self, if it comes to a showdown, we'd rather save Mr. Cooper for the final scene.

(Continued on page 89)
David Niven's faith in his magic power is slight, despite scenes like this in "Eternally Yours," with Loretta Young

WE COVER THE STUDIOS

Take 12,000 gallons of gasoline in flames, three Marx Brothers, one hypnotized rabbit—and you'll have some idea of the pictures to come!

BY JACK WADE

There's no doubt about it—day in and day out the greatest show on earth hums on the Hollywood studio sets.

But right now even the Great Barnum would sit up and stare.

Never before has Hollywood staged such a mammoth parade of music, marvels, melodrama and thrills—of homespun hokum, history, horror and what have you. This month every entertainment idea in the movie-makers' big bag of tricks is spread across the stages from Culver City to Burbank and from Hollywood to Beverly Hills.

There's a reason, of course. And that reason is—you.

The great Hollywood game of "guess what the public wants" was never hotter. There's a suspicion abroad in Hollywood that there's been too much of the same old thing. Frantically, the studios are digging for new faces, new ideas, new fads and fashions (and coming up with a few old-faithfuls, too!).

We're prepared for anything—even a little sawing in half—when we make our trip to Walter Wanger's presto-change picture, "Eternally Yours," with David Niven and Loretta Young. Everything vanishes in this one—even the title. Walter is generally conceded one of Hollywood's brighter boys, but look: He bought a novel by the great French actor, Sacha Guitry, just for the title—"The Illusionist." He had Gene Towne and Graham Baker, Hollywood's highest priced scripters, write a new story around that intriguing title. Then he changed the title!

Walter looks mentally okay, however, as we invade the set. He's standing with his arm around Loretta Young, and there's nothing simple about that. We break it up to learn that the hokus-pokus of the plot is, briefly, a merry story of a prestidigitator, "The Great Arturo," (that's David) whose wife (that's Loretta) gets sick of white rabbits, spooks and pigeons fluttering in and out of her hair. So she leaves him, marries normal but dumb Broderick Crawford, only to have jealous David bear down on the abracadabra, break up the marriage with magic, and lure her back to him!

David, in cape and tails, is about to pull a hand-is-quicker-than-the-camera-lens scene. Loretta and Wanger stand on the side lines and cheer. Paul Le Paul, a real legerdemainist, gives David last minute tips on how to snatch a pigeon out of the air, make a flower grow out of a pot and drink a glass of water at the same time, or something. After all, Hollywood stars can't be expected to know everything, including parlor tricks. That is, magician's parlor tricks.

Wanger looks on intently. "Eternally Yours" is an important picture to him. He's spending money on it—a big cast—Hugh Herbert, ZaSu Pitts, Billie Burke, Virginia Field—and an old-timer, Ralph Graves (remember?), making a comeback here.

Monstre Paul Le Paul is through with elementary things like flower pots and pigeons. "Now," he tells the bewildered David, "I teach you how to put rabbits to sleep! So—" He hands Niven a bunny, rolls him over on his back and strokes...
Magnet on the Warner lot, while filming "On Your Toes," is shapely Zorina (top, with Erik Rhodes of the cast and George Balanchine, her choreographer—and husband). The toast of M-G-M is an import, too—Ilona Massey, whose growling bulldog is a constant threat during her love scenes with Nelson Eddy in "Balalaika."

his tummy (the bunny, not David!). Pretty soon the rabbit starts snoring peacefully away.

"Let's take it," says the director, Tay Garnett. They focus the cameras and yell for quiet. But before they turn over David bows low to M. Paul Le Paul.

"And now," he says, with a flourish, "I will show you how to put an audience to sleep?" Such a modest guy!

The day we pick for a personal check-up at Hal Roach's, they're taking care of "The Housekeeper's Daughter," with Walter Wanger's best girl friend, Joan Bennett, and the Good Lord's gift to haberdashers, Adolphe (Clothes Horse) Menjou. Roach himself sits in the canvas director's chair.

The first person we spy, enroute to the set, is a grayish, but young-faced man with a pleasant smile, beneath a beaked nose. It's David Wark Griffith, the man who started movies on the road to greatness. Twenty-five years ago his "Birth of a Nation" wowed the world. It's still playing and Hal Roach has brought Griffith back to the Hollywood he made great as a general advisory associate. He'll make a picture, too—his first in years—a prehistoric epic to be called "One Million B.C."

"The Housekeeper's Daughter" is an old stand-by screen setting, Park Avenue, dressed with new plot twists that mix up reporters, gangsters, a society scion and a housekeeper's daughter in a Manhattan (Continued on page 91)
Hollywood can never be the same—not since the gay, debonair Niven set foot in it. Presenting the headaches and high lights of a career that's funnier than the funniest comic strip

**BY SARA HAMILTON**

It was Christmas in New York. A young Scotchman named Niven sat beside a young lady named Barbara Hutton in a car that swung lightly through Central Park to Fifth Avenue. A row of green traffic lights, as far as the eye could see, flashed from red to green and back to red.

"I think it's wonderful," the Scot said to his companion, "the way you Americans go in for Christmas. Imagine having the street lights changed to green and red for the occasion!"

David had met Barbara in London where his regiment had been transferred after two and a half years in Malta. The natives, I'm told, wept with relief as David and his friend, Lieutenant Trubshawe, sailed away, and not without reason. At any rate, the heiress extended David a very kind and cordial invitation to visit her in New York and Davey immediately asked for a six weeks leave to call on Barbara and America. Barbara got over it. America never did. We doubt if it ever will.

He had himself a grand time in New York. The charming, gay young Scot made friends on the instant, for people have a way of warming to Niven, of catching the spirit of high adventure that carries him on, and of going along with it. Barbara gave a party for him at the Central Park Casino, and when she moved on to Palm Beach it seemed an awfully good idea to David to move on to Palm Beach, too. So he cabled his colonel, a true Briton and one whose heart warmed to Niven despite his deviltry: "Wonderful offer tiger shooting and whale hunting in Florida. May I have two more weeks?"

The Colonel cabled back:

"No tigers or whales within 2,000 miles of Florida. Take three weeks."

Which pretty well sums up, if anything can sum up, the Niven life.

From his earliest school days he got himself into—and talked his way out of—more scrapes than he can remember. A few of them, however—those which required the most talking out of—he does recall vividly. There was the time when an elaborate electric magnet he devised for extracting wartime bullets from the derriere of a professor tripped up the intended beneficiary of his little plan and left Davey himself with a tingling rear; the time when his too enthusiastic manipulation of the bellows that provided organ music for chapel practically blew the congregation out of the windows—and did blow Davey right out of the school. And the time when he was taking examinations to enter the British Navy. One question had to do with a mathematical problem involved in gunnery and with the usual Niven ingenuity Davey's computation resulted, in the words of one of the examiners, in pointing the guns on his own man in every crisis. So Davey abandoned his Navy ambitions and entered the Army. Which by mysterious maneuverings of fate landed him in Malta where he made friends with one Trubshawe, and enemies of a goat and the entire Maltese population.

It was a terribly flat and busted Mr. Niven...
who finally arrived back home in London. More in the jolly old hole than ever. So right then and there he decided something had to be done about the alarming crescendo of unpaid bills. The way they grew had nothing, absolutely nothing, on the Five Little Peppers. Officers and gentlemen (Davey was both) need only sign for purchases in London and the signing was so easy.

David tells of his last trip to London when, after a measure of Hollywood success, he stopped in the shop of a famous hatter to settle an old bill for top hats.

"Er—would you care to take up Mr. 'Willie' Niven's bill, too?" the manager asked with a slight cough.

"How much?" asked David.

"Twenty-one pounds for top hats," the manager answered. Davey paid. "Willie" Niven was his grandfather.

At any rate, Davey knew for a fact he'd never get very far as things stood. Officers advanced very slowly in peacetime. He could look ahead across the years and see himself a retired officer sitting by a window of the Army and Navy Club, gr-umphing and talking over old days. Wisdom and an underlying seriousness that only lends enchantment to his perpetual predicaments, are all a part of his being. Starving may be in the cards for the moment, but David will do it his way, going from hunger into something infinitely worse to take his mind off the gnawing. It's a grand scheme and so (Continued on page 88)
Rosalind Russell proves that time cannot alter, nor Hollywood custom stale a girl with a will—and a way

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

EVER since I left Rosalind Russell I have been poring over the fancy flourishes beneath the Declaration of Independence—through John Hancock, the Adams boys and Button Gwinnett.

So far I haven't uncovered a Russell. But I'm sure there must be a mistake somewhere. One of those inky scrawls must mask a Revolutionary Russell's true moniker. Furthermore, I don't believe I understood her correctly when she said she was born on the fourth of July. Only a very unusual inspiration, I'm sure, could drive me to such extensive historical research and abstract speculation. But then Miss Rosalind Russell is indeed unusual.

She is a Declaration of Independence walking. Now that's something—even in Hollywood, where you see dreams and all sorts of things ambling along. It's more than something, too, when you consider that she trotted right into the current spotlight in which she basked today on that particular D. of I.

If you saw Rosalind Russell as far back as "Rendezvous" getting rather repeatedly into Bill Powell's crinkly and graying hair, where Myrna Loy was formerly wont to roost, you might have reasoned then and there with a slight shudder that she was an audacious and forthright lady of dangerous possibilities.

If you saw her more recently standing up to Robert Donat's dour Scots Doctor Manson in "The Citadel," or helping Robert Montgomery track down murderers in "Fast and Loose," or in the lusty free-for-all, no-holds-barred battle with Paulette Goddard in "The Women," you might have concluded that time has not altered, nor Hollywood custom staled a girl who has both a will and a way.

You don't know half.

Rosalind greeted me with a quick and faintly disapproving side glance.

"Goodness," she good-natured, "who makes your clothes?"

I did the best I could with the collar.

"It's no use," comforted Rosalind Russell, "it just doesn't fit."

I grooped nervously for the teapot.

"No—I'll pour," she declared, and I felt much the way I used to feel when my hand was slapped reaching across the table for the sugar bowl.

ROSALIND RUSSELL is tall and pretty. She is definitely prettier than her screen image and younger looking. She has a small mouth which works into a surprisingly wide smile. She talks quickly and easily, with an air of finality. She is fast on the uptake. When she answers, which is right away, she darts her large dark eyes sidewise under elevated eyebrows.

She shakes her finger at you when she talks. She says, "You see." (Continued on page 78)
ALL WOMEN WANT LOVE, DON'T THEY?

"Of course they do, Miss Lupino" THEN WHY DO SO MANY OF THEM RISK COSMETIC SKIN?

"Gosh, I never thought of that"

YOU CAN USE COSMETICS ALL YOU WISH, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO

LUX TOILET SOAP
HAS ACTIVE LATHER
THAT DOES A
THOROUGH JOB.
I ALWAYS USE IT

"And you have such gorgeous skin"

YES, LUX TOILET SOAP DOES HELP
KEEP SKIN SMOOTH AND SOFT

"And you think men fall for nice, smooth skin?"

NICE SKIN MAKES A GIRL VERY ATTRACTIVE. IT WINS ROMANCE —AND HOLDS IT

STAR OF TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX'S "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"

CLEVER GIRLS everywhere follow the 'screen stars' advice—use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. It's foolish to risk Cosmetic Skin: the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that spoil good looks. This soap with ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics thoroughly. Lovely skin's important to you. Be sure you use gentle Lux Toilet Soap regularly—before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
with a nod indoors. “See that guy phoning in there? Another phony. Pre-
tends he’s a big shot calling some Holly-
wood studio. I know what he’s up to! He’s building up to hook me. Going to
ask me to cash a phony check. You just wait, will, we’re too smart for guys
like that up here. We’re not so dumb.”

Just then “the big-shot phony,” his
cap pulled down well over his face,
emerged from inside the station, and,
smiling at the young woman in the car,
said, “Well, honey, that’s over for
today. I’ve reported to the studio as
promised.” Climbing into the car they
svrove away.

The attendant gazed after them.
“Humph!” he snorted. “Knew I was too
smart for him. Didn’t have the nerve
to try any monkey business.”

No, our friend didn’t tell him it was
only Jack Gable and Carole Lombard
on a vacation trip. “Why disillusion
him? He’d have probably had me
arrested as an accomplice,” our friend
chuckled.

Lost-and-Found

It’s nothing new for a star to sit on
the side of the set busily engaged in some
sort of handwork. She may be knitting
her embroidery or something similar
to occupy their time between scenes.
So, when Paulette Goddard sat at
her make-up table between scenes
busily engaged in what appeared to be
some sort of fancywork, no one paid
much notice — that is, everyone but one
noticed that she was very careful to
put everything neatly back into what
looked like a box which she carried
with her as she walked.

When Paulette missed the box when
lunch was called, the various members of the
set obligingly helped look for it thinking
she was upset more than was really
necessary over the loss. However,
when the box was discovered in the
make-up department, where it had been
left behind by mistake of one of the girls
on the set — it was a startled girl who
viewed the contents of the kit. For, as
Paulette opened it, there glittered be-
fore the eyes some $3000 worth of lovely
gems. Paulette’s hobby is jewelry mak-
ing. She’s studied under Billy Seymour
for the past year and has become very
clever at the trade. However, after this
she’ll leave her hobby at home and sub-
stitute embroidery or something less ex-
citing.

Bob Rates “A” for Observation

In case you’ve read conflicting stories
about the color of Heddy Lamar’s eyes
— why think nothing of it and don’t
charge it up against the poor inter-
viewer for being unobservant. The truth
of the matter is that Heddy has chame-
ten eyes that change in color and shade
according to the tones in whatever
gown she happens to be wearing. And credit
Robert Taylor who plays opposite her in
“Lady of the Tropics” at M-G-M
with the discovery. The change was
so noticeable that everyone asked Bob so, he
just had to mention it.

—But Not Forgotten!

Not until Franchot Tone returned to
Hollywood did his friends learn how
certified was his illness. In fact, three
doctors in constant attendance
were more worried than they cared to
admit. Several times each week Joan
Crawford called Franchot on the long-
distance phone. When Franchot walked
into the apartment rented by his Hol-
lywood agent, there waiting was a huge
basket of red and white roses and a
sweet note from Joan. Franchot ar-
ived on a Saturday. Sunday afternoon
he drove out to Brentwood and called
on his ex-wife. Joan showed Franchot
all the improvements she’s made since
he left. She showed him her new music
room, the new drawing room and her
new pale yellow dress room. Fran-
chot’s bedroom alone remains as he left
it last. Even his recordings and all his
favorite books are still in their original
places. It definitely doesn’t look as if
Joan’s heart belongs to Charlie!

Fame Travels Fast

FRED ASTAIRE’s mother divides her
time between her famous son and her
daughter, who is Lady Cavendish, in
Ireland. Recently, Mrs. Astaire was in
Hollywood. One night she returned
home after attending a health lecture
at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles.
Seeing her mother get out of a strange
car instead of the usual taxi, Fred was
curious to say the least. “Who brought
you home, Mother?” he asked, pleas-
antly.” “Garbo,” answered Mrs. As-
taire as calmly as if it was something
that happens every day in the week.
Fred naturally thought his mother was
joking. When he saw that she was
really serious, he got the story. Garbo
always attends the health lecture and
just happened to sit next to Mrs. As-
taire. Because Fred’s mother is such a
gentle, unassuming person and com-
pletely unaware of Hollywood’s curios-
ity about Garbo, the silent Swede was
attracted to her. The two women talked
and talked. Garbo brought her new
friend home several times. Topper
of the story is this: Fred would give his
close-up to even see Garbo once
in person. When he asked his mother if
she had mentioned his name, Mrs.
Astaire replied, “Yes, I did. I told Mrs.
Stars who wasn’t Mrs. Astaire were my son.
She wanted to know if weren’t the boy
who dances?”

The “Late” Miss Parker

POOR Jean Parker is having her trou-
bles. Ever since her husband, George
MacDonald, took a job in Chicago, Jean
has been denying divorce rumors. When
Billie Burke gave a huge dinner party
in honor of her newly married daugh-
ter, Jean was invited. Just as she was
leaving her house, Jean heard a key
turn in the lock. In walked her
husband, who had flown in from Chicago
to be with his wife for a few hours.
Jean didn’t want to call up at the last
minute and break her date. She knew
she couldn’t bring George along on such
short notice. So she decided to be late.
She was sure she wouldn’t be missed
anyway and Billie Burke would under-
stand. At ten o’clock Jean walked in
and was greeted with an icy blast of
cordiality. Her place was at the special
guest’s table, right next to the hostess.
The week was all waiting for her and
everyone was starved. Jean was too
embarrassed to do anything but sit and
blush.

Unsusg Heroine

If it has been almost three years since
Hollywood and the world were shocked
by the suicide of Ross Alexander. Just
think of Ross, a beautiful, tall, fihned
girl who was killed by her own hand. That
broke Ross’ heart, they said. They even
shook their heads when he married gay, but
tiful, young Anne Nagel eight months
later. “It won’t last,” they predicted.
And when Ross died, they said, “We’ll
see you so. He was still grieving for Allia.”

We, who knew Ross well, know that
wasn’t true. We know he loved Anne.
We knew there were forces within his
own unruly heart and mind which drove
him to his destruction. But when this
tragedy struck Anne, it dealt a double
blow, for again Hollywood said, “He
never loved her at all. This proves it.”
But it didn’t prove anything for Anne
Nagel. She was just beginning in pic-
tures, but the catastrophe that broke
her heart seemed also to break her
will. He had left her strapped in debt.
She worked here and there, but less and
less, after her contract with Warner Brother
expired.

But, through it all, she clung to one
ingea. She wasn’t going to let the brand
of debt and a childless Ross’ name
and memory. She began to pay them
off, one by one.

That’s been at it for a long time, but
it’s all done now. And with the last
check in the mail, a great, terrible
weight seemed to roll off her shoulders.
Universal put her in a picture—“Unex-
pected Father.” No, she wasn’t the star.
Baby Sandy, Shirley Ross, Mischa Auer,
several others were billed above her.
But what she did with her modest role
won her a contract. Now, they say,
she’s going places.

We had a talk with Anne not long ago.
She had just had her first date since
Ross’ death, and she had had a good time.
She was going out dancing again soon.
And why not? She is only twenty-
three years old. She is pretty. She is
growing up. We hope she’ll get a good many
times, forgetting the past, if she can.
But she is still in love with Ross Alexander.
She told us so herself. “There will never be anyone like him
for me,” she said.

Chit Chat of the Young Folk

JUDY GARLAND, all grown-up and
dressed to kill in a tailored suit, dancing
with Mickey Rooney at the Grove; Mickey,
incidentally, coming up to Judy’s round chin.

Mickey at the preview of “Winter
Carnival,” fairly beaming when an older
woman from the side lines remarked,
“Awe, the poor little fellow. He looks
bad. I’ll bet he works too hard.”

Nobody could have pleased Mickey
more. For Mickey thinks so too . . .

Those plays Billy Halop is directing at
the Second Avenue Workshop Thea-
tre are creating quite a bit of attention
in the movie colony.

Theodore Ross is a new director and a
good one . . .

Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul ob-
serving, secondhand, the daily miracle
But they both praise the NEW “SKIN-VITAMIN” care
a famous cream maker gives today

QUESTION:
Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?

ANSWER:
“If ‘special’ means complicated and expensive—no! But I do use 2 creams. I’ve always liked Pond’s Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—and now it contains Vitamin A. I have a special reason for preferring it.”

QUESTION:
Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?

ANSWER:
“Because my skin isn’t enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Vitamin A is the ‘skin-vitamin.’ And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin just by using Pond’s.”

QUESTION:
Do you find that your powder goes on more becomingly when you use two creams?

ANSWER:
“Yes—I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond’s Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond’s Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. That gives powder a lovely soft look.”

QUESTION:
What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?

ANSWER:
“That’s where my 2nd cream comes in. When I’ve been outdoors, I always spread on a thin film of Pond’s Vanishing Cream. This single application smooths away roughness in no time!”

QUESTION:
Does your work make you conscious of make-up effects off stage as well as on?

ANSWER:
“It certainly does. Everyday make-up should be glamorous, too. That’s why, after cleansing and softening my skin with Pond’s Cold Cream, I always smooth it for powder with Pond’s Vanishing Cream. Then my make-up looks flattering all the time I’m out.”

Statements about the “skin-vitamin” are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

Backstage—Muriel Wright graduated from Maplewood, N. J., high school. Served apprenticeship with Provincetown players last summer. Just got her big chance in road show of “Our Town.”

Between Rehearsals—Muriel often relaxed on picturesque Provincetown wharf. Above, a litter of kittens discovered her retreat.

For Her Scrapbook—Like every budding player, Muriel eagerly collects clippings and pictures. Below, an amateur snaps her with boy friend.

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

Pond’s, Dept. 15-CVK, Clinton, Conn.

Enclosed please find two coupons for Pond’s Cold Cream, Pond’s Vanishing Cream and Pond’s Cream. I shall appreciate your sending the above items to me postpaid.

Name:

Street:

City:

State:

Copyright, 1929, Pond’s Extract Company.
of happiness through marriage. Deanna was living with her older married sister while Pa and Ma are in Europe, and the kids are loving it . . .

Jackie Cooper had the Young Fry's vote as the handsomest teenager in a Tux. Jackie surely is becoming the "boy around town" . . .

Close Call

EVERYONE who works with George Raft is always on the lookout for practical jokes, but Director Frank Tuttle was totally unprepared for the gag George framed him with on the set of "I Stole a Million" at Universal—and the members of the cast and crew are still laughing about the jest. In one scene George is supposed to phone to his leading lady, Claire Trevor, and, of course, the phone on the set was supposed to be one of those one-way affairs, not hooked up with any mechanism. Raft went into the scene, but just couldn't seem to get the hang of the action, and finally Tuttle rallied to the rescue to show George just how it should be done, which was just what the wily Raft was angling for. Now the lines in the script read, "Hello, dear, were you interested in the orchard tonight?" and Tuttle gave them with expression and feeling, while those in the know, which was just about everyone else on the set, stood by for results. They came practically immediately, for to Tuttle's amazement a feminine voice answered back from overhead, "I should say not! I'm a married woman, and my heart belongs to Daddy." Whereupon a good laugh was had by all, and the electrician who had connived with Raft to set up a hidden mike for the gag quietly vanished from the scene.

Street Scenes—Hollywood

THE young actress, hoping for success, in a bright cherry red car with uniformed chauffeur beside her tearing into the studio gates like a conspicuous streak of red paint. Hoping to attract the attention of the heads of a number of companies which are in the market for new talent—"Show off. Let's skip her name. . . ."

A blonde at the wheel of her own car, of incomparable make and color, pausing to speak to a friend:

"She hasn't even a chauffeur," the friend explaining to others. "Drives herself, mind you.

Her name? Just Carole Lombard. . . .

Nelson Goes on Record

NELSON EDDY flatly and for all time denies the rumors and printed statements that have the handsome singer nearing the verge of blindness. With increasing volume, the reports have filtered into Hollywood for the past three years and even found their way into the columns of a noted gossip writer who stated Nelson was headed for Montreal where he had consulted doctors concerning an operation on the optic nerve.

"To begin with," Nelson states, "I have never been in Montreal nor have I ever had any trouble with my sight except a slight astigmatism for which I wear glasses like thousands of other people. I wish to go on record now as saying these reports are absolutely untrue and have no basis of fact whatsoever."

So that, we feel, should end that bit of unfounded nonsense once and for ever.

Housekeeper De Luxe

PERHAPS it's the influence of her current picture for Hal Roach, "The Housekeeper's Daughter," and again maybe this Walter Wanger-Joan Bennett combination should be watched more carefully from a romantic angle. In any case, when producer Wanger's last birthday came rolling around, it was Joan who exercised her good judgment and bit of strategy to keep him away from his office long enough to have it completely remodeled as a surprise gift. And after she'd had the walls done in cool greens, flowered draperies hung at the windows, the early American maple furniture arranged—including a smart, though small dinner set, since Wanger likes to have his lunch served in his office when he's on the job—and a final polish given to the smart pewter accessories, such as lamps and ashtrays she'd had specially monogrammed to match his desk set, Joan begged time off from her own lot and invited Wanger to a birthday luncheon surprise party to present her gift. Incidentally, since she's let her hair grow out a natural warm rich chestnut brown, Joan's acquired a new and exciting hostess personality with a new note of depth and poise that adds greatly to her already abundant supply of charm.

Yoo-Hoo, Vic!

THERE isn't an actor in Hollywood who hasn't suffered the unpleasant experience of having a scene stolen from him. Usually an audience doesn't know anything about it—except that its attention is focused on one certain player, even though there are others in the same scene.

Jack Oaklie regales us with a particularly enlightening and humorous illustration, wherein Vic McLagan was the "thief" and he the looter.

"By rights, it was my scene," Jack said. "I was doing all the talking. We were supposed to be in a theatrical dressing room. Then there had been a murmur. We were both a couple of cops, but, as I say, I was supposed to be the big shot. We rehearsed the thing with me standing, as per the script, with my back to Vic. Everything went through fine, though I wondered why Vic didn't try to get himself more in the limelight. Then the director said we'd make a take and the cameras started rolling. When we'd finished, noticed several bystanders were laughing.

"Still," he went on, "I didn't suspect the truth until the night of the preview. Then I wanted to punch the big paisley in the nose. That is, I wanted to try. You see, when I was talking, there, with my back to him, building up what was by right my scene, he, sitting at the dressing table facing the mirror, had picked up a powder puff and experimentally powdered his nose.

"Yes, the audience, sent into stitches at the sight, didn't even know I was in the picture!"

Richard Carlson with his new bride—a possible reason why he and co-star Ann Sheridan aren't speaking these days?

Contained Tenant

THEY tell it on Greer Garson, the unforgettable Mrs. Chips who is about to make her initial American picture at M-G-M studios. Miss Garson, who had moved several times during her year in Hollywood, was summoned to the studio to inspect her very first Hollywood dressing room. Her eyes grew wider and wider as she traveled from living room to dressing room into the bath and kitchenette.

"Oh, it's wonderful," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "and I'll take it. But tell me, do the gas and electricity go in with the rent?"

Bowling 'Em Over

FEELING in the mood for bowling the other evening, Don Ameche borrowed the uniform of one of the members of Tyrone Power's bowling team and lied himself forth to the "Bowling Center" in Hollywood for a game or two.

As he came in through the lobby wearing the shirt with Tyrone Power's lettered loudly across the back, he was stopped by a starry-eyed girl who asked him breathlessly—"Oh, Mr. Power, may I have your autograph?" To which the genial Don answered, "Why surely," and then proceeded to write in the young lady's book—"Best Wishes to you always—Don Ameche, Tyrone Power's bowling partner"—and then, bowing politely, left a very flustered and confused girl looking wide-eyed after him.
This New Lipstick will never dry your lips

HERE's the most exciting news for you from the world of motion pictures...a new lip make-up discovery by Max Factor Hollywood. It is called TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK...and it's positively the answer to your every wish for a perfect lipstick. 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

There's really a thrill awaiting you the very first time you try this sensational new lipstick...you, too, will agree it's perfect. Remember the name, Max Factor's Tru-Color Lipstick...and there's a color harmony shade just for your type...$1.00.

HEDY LAMARR
The Screen's New Glamour Girl
Starring with ROBERT TAYLOR in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "LADY of the TROPICS"

Satin-Smooth POWDER...
Choose your color harmony shade of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder...then note how flattering the color is to your skin, It's satin-smooth and clinging, too...hours later your make-up will still look lovely...$1.00.

Lifelike ROUGE...
Harmonize your rouge with your powder and lipstick...this is the secret of Max Factor Hollywood color harmony make-up. There's a shade for your type to enhance your beauty...30¢.

Max Factor
Hollywood
And It All Came True
(Continued from page 27)

I stepped into Sound Stage No. 8, dir-
ering the first rays of the bright sun-
shine of California into the dank, wilting heat of
India. It felt exactly like Bombay or Cutchita at the height of
shooting. It was a day of great excitement. George Brent and Myrna Loy and
Brenda Joyce were playing a scene while thousands of gallons of water
depended upon the form of tropical
rain. There the three of them stood,
drenched and gaffled, going through with
their conception of deserts as an un-
deal. There they were—Lady Esketh, Tom Ransome and Fern Simon—unmis-
takably real, Lady Esketh still in her
Paris gown and diamonds, Ransome in his mud-bespattered dinner clothes, and
Fern dressed in the shirt and shorts that
Ransome had loaned her a little while before.
And they were standing on
was unmistakably the bacchanal by an earthquake and
hidden as high as the second floor by the
waters of the flood. And unmistak-
ably the house of Mr. Bernerjee. I knew because the house of Mr. Ben-
erjee in the book was an exact
description of a house which exists in
India.
And if you see "The Rain," you will know what India looks like; you will
even know how it feels.

Then there were the matter of casting—one of the greatest difficulties in any
story in which there are five or six lead-
ing roles of equal importance and a
devoted group of characters. The diffi-
culties. Before the cast was
announced, the amateur casting of the
various fat roles had become a kind of
game of "I know who will do it," a
story. For Lady Esketh, the names of
Marlene Dietrich, Kay Francis, Con-
stance Bennett, Tallulah Bankhead, Ina
Claire and a number of other actresses
came up. The studio received thou-
sands of letters urging this one or that
one. And when the time came, Mr.
Zanuck announced as his choice for the
role in question a name that no one had men-
tioned. Myrna Loy seemed a strange
choice. She had for a long time been
playing role after role as far removed in
type as possible from that of the
unwieldy Lady Esketh. It seemed casting
"against the part" with a vengeance. I
got a letter four days before I heard news and
admit that at first I was flabberg-
stasted by the choice. It did not seem
possible that the wife of the Thin Man
could also be Lady Esketh.

I still had doubts when I walked on
the set the first day. But after watching
a half dozen "takes," the doubts van-
ished. Not only could Myrna Loy play
Lady Esketh; she was Lady Esketh—
the way she walked, the way she spoke,
the air she had of being thwarted and
desperate. But more than that—the
personality of Myrna Loy herself was revealed
as of great importance. In the
scenes where Lady Esketh was her most
spiteful and hateful, a simplicity, a
gentleness, a gentleness of the perfec-
One felt that in spite of everything,
Lady Esketh wasn't so bad. Under-
neath the schoolmarm, Mary was a
distinctly a nice woman who at some time
had been terribly hurt, and that element
was there for the balance of the
half of the film. Then she falls in love
and her character and actions change.
I tell you, as a surprise when the
movie gives the best performance of her
career.

Tyrone Power had so many chances
to go "ham" in big emotional scenes—
those scenes everyone with the
picture felt the same way about it.
There were no confusions of cross-
purposes. They all liked the job—despite
everything. The weather, the heat, the other
discomforts—and they all wanted to make
a good job of it. There was a complete
unity.

In this case Mr. Zanuck conceived a certain cast and production for the
story that could give the world recog-
nition and energy to achieve it. His
ception was right and it clicked. To
click with a cast of four hundred people and the quiet efficiency and
good humor of Harry Joe Brown.
Somehow the miracle came through—at least for one person, the
author, it happened.

It was a production which, despite the immense technical difficulties and
the difficulties of a large and distinguished cast, moved easily, and with no trouble
or complications to its end. For
that I think Clarence Brown, a director
led by actors, should take a deep
bow. And had they not been well
enough for their money, for they
acted terrifically, snatching the public, deep, uncomplainingly, out of love
for a story and characters they were
playing. Laura Hope Crews and Mar-
john; who did the Indian music, so
difficult to translate into Western idiom,
there should go a whole bunch of osc-
ards. It was no easy job. To Mr. Mar-
the reward for the beauty and faithful-
ness to mood which he achieved in the
mural accomplishmen.

It was a happy production—amazingly so, considering that the entire cast
was made up of temperament stars, lead-
ing women and character actors. They
were drenched with rain and rained on
in the rainy season, and James
Brent, who directed the picture, was
It

Tyrone Power

Kleiner's


TORONTO • NEW YORK • LONDON

Photoplay

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Think of it! In one minute flat you can
insure lasting protection
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boast.

Four tiny "safeties" pin quickly,
securely into the seams of any lovely
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Kleiner's "Pin-ins" are specially
shaped to lie smoothly inside snug-
fitting frocks. They're highly
absorbent, made of a fine quality
rainproof and actually BOILABLE.

35¢ a pair; 3 pairs for a dollar.

Equally convenient for quick costume
changes are Kleiner's® Bra-forms, dainty
bras with shields attached. In your favor-
ere easily-washed lingerie materials
priced from a dollar up.

From Cigielyt Higher to the Pacific Coast and in Canada

Kleiner's

(Continued from page 27)
TREAT yourself to the fascinating thrill of admiring eyes to the smooth snug fit of Heel Latch Shoes... the gratifying satisfaction and comfort of a gently cushioned arch, a heel held firmly in place... and the glorious new autumn styles now available at your Heel Latch dealer's.

Jocella... Sweeping lines of dainty braid on black suede or kid makes this a favorite.

Gresham... Smartness is buttoned! Combinations of Alamo brown or black calf with suede.

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Free! Six booklets soft lipstuck tissue, advance style folder and name of nearest Heel Latch dealer.

SPARTON... Newly added! Sporty Heel Latch Arch shoes for active days afoot. In two-tone calf.

Hollis... Refreshing tailored open shank, side gore pump in brown, black, or wine suede.

MOST STYLES $5 AND $5.50
Slightly Higher At Distant Points

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND Branch of International Shoe Co. ST. LOUIS, MO.

OCTOBER, 1939
Rahs for Roz!

(Continued from page 70)

She would make a swell maiden aunt—or a swell schoolmarm.

She was almost a schoolmarm, in fact, and she does that keenly so, and for all

I know. There were nine in her family.

Seven children; stepping stones—boy, girl, girl—down the line. Rosalind rates somewhere along in the middle.

For a long while she worried because she has the only child blessed with a

fancy theatrical name. The rest were normally tagged—Mary, Jane, James, and so on. So when Rosalind had been reading too much Shake-

speare or something and asked her mother, "Heaven's, now," cried her mother, wincing at the word "theatrical.

"You were named," she informed her, "after a boat.

On the S. S. Rosalind, it seems, the Russells, pere and mere, had enjoyed an idyllic cruise a short time before the little stranger came, so they named her Rosalind.

When you are one of a large family, you don't have to worry for yourself. If you don't, you are soon lost in the shuffle. Rosalind figured this out early in life because, as I said, she is quick on the uptake.

The first urge for independence seized her while she was still tarrying at home. She was bored. One ambassadorial family, were awfully nice to her, too. Pretty soon she knew more about af-

airs of state than anybody around, so she got to cocky about it. She de-

cided personally to investigate the Mit-

tel Europe situation during the last summer war season. She went to Bud-

apest, Hungary, all alone. The fireworks started popping in earnest then, and Rosalind, not so cocky, had to bide her way out on a troop train!

ROSA LIND does better by her inde-

pendence when she stays at home. For a long time, she held forth high in the Hollywood hills in a small housette, so tiny, in fact, that her maid, Hazel, had to dig in across the street.

Rosalind Russell lives alone now in a Beverly Hills house except for a ma-

tenal wire-haired terrier christened Cracker and her litter of offspring, Miss Russell christened "The Crumbs."

Cracker has absorbed the "this house is my castle" ides thoroughly. She vents thrifty grudges whenever a gentleman friend so saucy as to 


Rosalind's thinking that is just fine, because it helps her keep independent of romantic rumors!

There is an off-and-on one involving John Beery that kept creeping up, but Rosalind swears she is still very much foot-loose and fancy-free. Which is frightening, because Rosalind is much too nice to go to waste.

Not long ago, a mysterious man called her up for several nights straight along the lines of: 'I'm all right, darling. I'm always apologizing for waking her and then hung up. After a week or so of this, Rosalind, duly frightened, called the cops.

They rolled up in their radio car and listened to her story with skeptical leers.

"How do youin' with the boy friend?" they wanted to know.

Even the publicity department of her own studio, ever on the alert for in-

triguing copy, refuses to relent in their search for a romance. An actress with-

out a romance is well—like hors d'oeuvres without cocktails. They for-

get that Miss Russell is independent.

She's a lady brought up from an old friend of hers in New York. He com-

plimented her on her grand success in Hollywood and said: how about a pic-

ture as a little bit of publicity.

Rosalind dug up one, scribbled thereon something like "with gratitude for your thought." She dropped it in the mailbox and forgot about it.

In a day or so her phone jingled. The studio-publicist had man on the wire.

"So you're not in love?" he began.

"Absolutely not," declared Rosalind.

"What brings it up?"

"A telegram," said the press agent, "that just came here from—" he named the man—"it says interest HELL STOP THIS IS LOVE?"

I HOPE I haven't made Rosalind Rus-

sell out as too independent to be in-

teresting. Actually, she's far from a dull and driving career girl. What Mr. Winchell terms a "sen sacandy" sparkles all over her—in her wise, excited eyes, in her ready grin.

The fact that she has made every point in her career and never played out against big-league competition proves she's well in the mood for laughs, if not for love.

Personally, too, she can take a wicked delight in dishing out amusing shocks, especially when her family is not around. She is so much at home upon her career as a sort of personal and terrifying experience. They're very nice people, you know.

There is only one thing, so far dis-

covered, that really burns Rosalind to a deep pink. It is to be called "Toots." She has never reconciled herself to the fact that "honey" and "darling" are practically the same as "miss" and "madame" in the show business. When people she scarcely knows endear her thus she stifles an impulse to say:

Perhaps her Declaration of Independ-

ence doesn't exactly go to the acting norm—but at least it's honest. She started acting, frankly, to make money for independence, and that's ex-

actly why she's acting today. There's no soul-cry for expression, no divine pleasure in playing the opposite to her—formula—just serious attention to the business at hand.

That's why the formula works.

I forgot to say a while back that the S. S. Rosalind, after thirty-one years is still afloat.

And so, after thirty-one years, is Rosalind Russell.
Walk in Beauty like the Stars...

Wear Vanity Fair KNEELAST STOCKINGS

Priscilla Lane
Star of "Dust Be My Destiny,"
A Warner Bros. Picture.
Warner Bros. have selected Vanity Fair Kneelast Stockings to be worn exclusively by all their stars and players.

Vanity Fair Stockings come in a wide variety of beautiful fashion-right shades, three personal-sized lengths, and thread-weights for every purpose. Their superlative fit and extraordinary wearing qualities have made them favorites with smart women everywhere.

Walk in the protected beauty of Kneelast Crepe Chiffons. The Strain Absorber of "Lastex" yarn stretches to relieve garter pull, eliminating garter runs. Stoop, bend, dance to your heart's content, this patented Kneelast feature flexes with every move you make. Three proportioned lengths assure sleeker fit, greater comfort. Glowing Fall shades glamorize your smartest costumes. Available at better stores. $1.00 to $1.35.

VANITY FAIR SILK MILLS • READING, PA.

OCTOBER, 1939
10. Don’t even look at gewgaws, ruffles, shrirings, gathers, different color combinations, hats and belts that are even a little obtrusive. (Banton)

And it goes without saying: You won’t wear knitted clothes of any kind, color or description. You won’t wear transparent materials like chiffon or organza, or thick materials like cotton voile or twill, if they are to be pressed and worn with accessories in proportion to your size. You’ll favor flat furs. You’ll be careful to choose collars of a length to cut you off. You’ll wear nothing double-breasted. And you’ll select shoes that look capable of supporting your weight. Your shoes won’t be so short-amped that they make you look as if, at any minute, you were going to topple forward. And they won’t have straps that cut into your instep.

**Hips . . . Hips . . . Away!**

1. Nine-tenths of the life of a gown is spent behind a dinner table, lunchroom table, bridge table, or desk. So keep your hips obscure by having the interesting focal point of your gown higher up—wholly enough at the neckline. (Greer)
2. Broad shoulders counteract big hips by holding the old shoulder line a little. (Greer)
3. Put your hips in dull black, and any light, dull-colored fabric will catch the light and throw the planes of your hips into relief, thus emphasizing them. Which is the very thing you don’t want to do. (Royer)
4. Three-quarter or full-length coats will disguise swellings and hips. So are skirts cut with a slight flare, for ease. (Stevenson)
5. Modern women are inclined to have shoulders that are narrow and hips that are too broad. This dictates lighter color above the waist, dark color below it. (Head)
6. Wear pleats, stitched-down pleats especially, rather than gathers. And if you have a bustle, be sure your bustle is one that won’t be troublesomely stiff. (Head)
7. Have your skirts flare a little where the hips start, to give the illusion that it is the skirt and not the hips that are being emphasized. (West)
8. Don’t, whatever else you do, have your skirts too short. For the less area there is to your skirt the more important every detail it covers will be. (West)

And it goes without saying: You won’t wear thick, bumpy materials over your hips. You won’t have pockets or any trimming whatever on or even near your hips to act as eye-catchers. And you’ll shun fitted jackets and tight skirts as if they were a plague.

---

**The Middle Way**

*In other words—your waistline.*

1. If your middle way is more than it should be, define it faintly but don’t conceal it. Avoid any clothes or shoes of a bright or a contrasting color of material. Avoid buckles, especially fancy buckles. And have no nipped-in effect at your waistline. (Greer)
2. Don’t be influenced for one second by your natural waistline. Experiment! Try out beautiful materials over your hips, and as closely as possible to your figure that the waistline is small. (West)
3. Suggest as much width above the waistline, via extended shoulders, as possible. This has the effect that your waistline will be much more emphasized. (Banton)
4. If your waistline is large—and likely enough your hips will too—then you’ll be pleased with your line above the waist. And don’t carry bags and wear accessories in proportion to your size. You’ll favor flat furs. You’ll be careful to choose collars of a length to cut you off. You’ll wear nothing double-breasted. And you’ll select shoes behind supporting your weight. Your shoes won’t be so short-amped that they make you look as if, at any minute, you were going to topple forward. And they won’t have straps that cut into your instep.

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**COLOR**

**Love it Wisely, Not Too Well**

1. See to it, first of all, that you do not entertain a psychological dislike for any color. You may detest green, without realizing it, because you had a hateful green dress when you were a little girl. Or because there was a green gown in your life in which you had the most awful time. For a psychological prejudice for any color can cloud your judgment of the effects you otherwise might achieve in it. (Banton)
2. There is a shade of beige and a shade of gray that you can wear—for profit. Find it! Remember grey, especially, clears the skin and is flattering to all complexions. (Banton)
3. Any color that has grey in it will be softer and more becoming. Dusty pink, for instance, is a lot uglier on anyone—than a blush pink. (Orry-Kelly)
4. Consider the color you wear in relationship to the color of your skin and your hair. The minute, for instance, that white appears in brown hair for woman—your hair is wholly white. (Greer)
5. Beige with a pale pink tone in it—that beige which is almost naked in color—will tone beautifully with your skin and your face, and your hair will raise above it looking like something beautiful. (Irene)
6. Think twice about the dress that is startling in color—unless you are willing to sacrifice your entire effect in a dress for one that looks only. Your effectiveness will be more enduring if the color you wear has a uniting background, which can blend it with the skin, the way that naked beige shaded does. Or it can match your hair. Ash tones, for instance, can wear a ash-blonde down, and thus harmonize with your individuals in the world that they will be suddenly lovely. It costs approximately one dollar a yard to have material dyed to a match a sample of your hair. (Irene)

**HATS . . . HATS . . . HATS**

1. Hats that do not do something dis- tinctive for your face are useless. Their hats for you, irrespective of how smart they are in themselves. (West)
2. A hat should be an attractive part of your costume, not something which commands the entire attention of the onlooker. (Stevenson)
3. If you’re not pretty, go to town on unusual hats. Women with irregular features can wear wild, crazy hats with chic profit, given the right material which into smart attraction. (Stevenson)
4. When hats go screwy, don’t forget they should have beauty together with their eccentricity. (Banton)
5. Never buy a hat until you have worn it while you walked up and down, turn your head, and see how the mirror appears. For it’s just important for it to suit your figure as it is to suit your face. (Head)

And it goes without saying: If you have a short neck or a plump neck, you’ll wear hats with tiny brims, hats with no brims at all, or hats with brims that turn up. If you have a long neck, champion the hats that are long or have brims that turn up. If you have a long neck, you will wear hats which have brims that turn the back will be most becoming. On the plump side, you must see to it that your hats do not make you look mature, and, al- ways, you must remember that hats that have lines which sweep upward. Big hats, of course, shriek to the heavens for hats that are far too large. Those who are tall should wear large hats but never, never tall hats. And those who are small women will be most charming in small hats, especially small hats that have up-rolling brims.

**BUNGETTERS—STOP! Look! Listen!**

1. Women who have to dress economically—and who accomplish this with care—have an excellent chance of being the best-dressed women in the world. In the budgetteer’s wardrobe everything must have its right place. Women with money, on the other hand, buy impulsively. And, too often, they do the right thing for the occasion. Also, they often indulge in a hat or a coat or a gown because they have a party made, and wear them in amusing it. (Banton)
2. Beware of inexpensive dresses and shoes in a style that looks as if they would be okay if just another half-yard of material had gone into them. Remember that these dresses won’t hold. Get a larger size and have alterations. In both wear and appearance it will pay in the end. (Greer)
3. Inexpensive clothes try to hide their defects by ornaments. Be sure, al- ways, that all the claptrap that comes on any such dress can be removed. (Greer)
4. If you’re on a budget, stay away from high-priced clothes. Buy back- ground clothes. It takes a woman with an unusual instinct to distinguish between true fashion and a fad. (Adrian)
5. Run, run, run from anything that is below your waistline. If, in the dressing of October, done to death, won’t re- main a darling long. If you’re a budgetteer, then, you have to keep right on wearing it. (Head)
6. Novelty fabrics and luxury fabrics like velvet and chiffon and lame are for the rich. Forget such things exist and concentrate on flat surface fabrics that will not catch or mat. (Head)
7. Buy no dress until you have con- sidered the different effects you can achieve with it . . . such as changing the neckline with neckwear, wearing it under a tweed jacket for sport, and adapting it to evening wear with pearls. (Head)

Before you shop, take careful inven- tory of everything you have left over that you can use, even to accessories. And supplement your wardrobe by the new things you buy. (Royce)

9. Look over your clothes after you have worn them. Inside, outside. Make sure there is no place in the seam that needs a few stitches. When a spot appears, remove it. This not only will save dry-cleaning bills but it also will save your clothes from the inroads cleans make upon them. (Royce)
10. Hats made by anyone, without- out so much as a fur button on it. Then, later on, if your budget allows, buy one
Dear Jolene:
You've put all the style and glamour of Hollywood into your beautiful shoes.

Claire Trevor
appearing in
"I STOLE A MILLION"
A Universal Production

All of the season's most fashionable materials, luxuriously crafted into authentic Movieland styles by Jolene of Hollywood, famous fashion authority . . . Never before has such exclusive footwear been so modestly priced. That's why Jolene shoes are the coast-to-coast favorites of America's most fashionable women. Select your favorite Jolene style today! . . .

Jolene shoes
STYLED IN HOLLYWOOD

TOBER-SAIFER SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS

MOVIE STAR SKETCH BOOK
Write for your copy and name of your nearest Jolene Dealer.
Jolene's Hollywood Studio F
6713 Hollywood Boulevard
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

OCTOBER, 1939
"Put down one... and carry three!"

"Three of them—count them!" Joey and Sue and Don... not to mention the lord and master himself, who is as much trouble as all three put together. That's a family to keep a lady stepping!"

"Up to the morning, to deposit Dick at the station, and carry the three off to school. A change of costume, at the end of a hectic day, against Dick's habit of bringing home unexpected guests. No wonder my stockings have to be as strong as they are pretty!"

"Berkshire" era with its silken silrens and divorce dramas in such pictures as "Forbidden Fruit," "Male and Female" and "Why Change Your Wife?" Gorgeously gownned stars and palatial sets made Hollywood the fashion—and bad—center of the world. Robbed hair, introduced by Irene Castle during the war, swept the country when Nazimova, Viola Dana and the Talbott sisters, Norma and Constance, followed suit during 1919.

As Hollywood and its doings were given more space in press and magazines, certain groups began to protest against the "immorality" of both films and film stars. It all began when Mary Pickford, "America's Sweetheart," divored Owen Moore and married Doug Fairbanks, because it was noise around that she had married again before her divorce was legal.

Then came a series of unfortunate events which gave Hollywood the reputation of being the "modern Babylon." The suicide of Olive Thomas, the Fatty Arbuckle scandal, the William Desmond Taylor murder and the death of Wallace Reid occurred in quick succession in the early Twenties. The resultant headlines had women's clubs, ministers and moralists groups up in arms.

Fearful that the industry would collapse under this combined onslaught, the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America was organized in 1922, with former Postmaster-General Will Hays appointed as arbiter of movie morals. A moral code was adopted, Central Casting was established to control the hiring of movie extras and investigate their character.

Thus began that system of self-criticism which was to give the whole industry higher artistic standards and pave the way to a more realistic interpretation of life. Thus, too, was public confidence restored in its stars, so that they became the best-known and best-loved personalities in the world. With "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik," Rudolph Valentino emerged as the screen's topmost matinee idol. In 1920, Jackie Coogan won the country's heart as the first child idol in "The Kid," and Lon Chaney became the king of make-up with "The Hunchback of Notre Dame".

Social life of these early Twenties centered around the Cocoanut Grove (where cups were awarded by the stars for dancing and an unknown actress—Lucille LeSueur, now famous as Joan Crawford—won a Charleston contest), Montmartre Café, Victor Hugo's, and the American Legion Fights. The American Legion Fights. The American Legion Fights.

(Continued on page 48)

(Continued from page 80)

or more good fur skin. In this way you will gain variety. Also, since you can wear your coat with or without fur, it will serve for a longer season. And on warmer days the furs will serve with your dress coat.

11. Have your clothes expertly fitted and altered even though the cost this entails means you have to limit your purchases. It's far better to have two costumes smartly fitted than to have three costumes which do curiously unbecoming things at the most unexpected places. (Stevenson)

12. Buy nothing simply because it catches your fancy. Every purchase you make should fit in advantageously with the clothes you already possess. Observe this rule especially when you are shopping for accessories. The right accessories are not cheap, but they're worth every penny if they're chosen to lend attractive variety to one or more costumes. (Irene)

To give your bedroom romance as an individual you must feel fit. Hangovers, eye-strain, backaches, headaches... these are of the things that are not allowed. You'll have them now and then, of course, unless you're a goddess. But you'll get rid of them, unless you're a good.

Next month the Hollywood health expert—only a few minutes notice. And you'll agree that miracle men is the name for them! (PHOTOPLAY—November)

Berkshire's Cavalcade of Hollywood

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(Continued on page 48)
was the baby girl's fairy godmother at birth, for surely the old women, smiling at each other as at Grandma Moffitt when she came with the good news, had no reason to dream that this baby would one day be a movie star.

Not but what successful men had grown up on New York's West Side, but they were ambition exceptions.

Alice, had they called the new one? Of course—after her Mama. Well, Charlie Leppert would be that pleased, it being a girl. He'd wanted a girl, knowing already the two boys, Billy and Charlie. Charlie Leppert was a good man and square cup, too.

But they saw the child's future like their own. Going to school, some, and then maybe a job for a while in a factory or an office, if she turned out to be a smart one, and then getting married to one of the boys and having children and living in the same small, crowded rooms. Doing the cooking and the washing and making a dollar go so far it was sometimes a miracle all of itself.

They didn't know that baby Alice's good fairy, Broadway, had given her as her gift that night dancing platform and a sweet, heartbreakingly voice to sing songs, and a warm, rich beauty and a funny instinc that could take in and store up all the emotions of the world.

"Alice, to me," Don Ameche, who has made so many pictures with her, was to say of her twenty-four years later, "is like a rare Stradivarius. The lightest touch brings music. She responds to every emotion in some mysterious way that maybe she herself doesn't understand."

HER mother and her mother's mother were Irish. Plain enough always, that touch of the Irish, who cry when they should laugh and laugh when they should cry, and are somehow born behind the eight ball with a guilty conscience.

But her father's people came from that war-born, torn-hearted land of Alice-Lorraine, where the French and German mingled in a sort of No Man's Land. There was much of both races in her—skeptical, openhearted Charlie Leppert, who never paused in front of three rooms, with the lace curtains and the dark hallway, and the golden oak furniture. Probably that was the fault of Grandma Moffitt, her adored Grandma, that Alice Faye inherited the dancing feet and the voice to sing songs and the Stradivarius chords in her heart.

For the little Irishwoman was a tetter of tales and an actress through and through, she played her scenes in the drab living room and with only the golden-haired grandchild as an audience. Tales of Ireland—lots of the old days, old people, fairy tales and legend and history—flowed from that homey ever tone. Once you had an Irish grand-mother, can you know the tears and the laughter and the suspense and the horror of the other side, the side of his father, a stirring voice that has just lost its brogue, told over endless cups of blackberry jam?

From one to another she rambled and sometimes she talked of her husband, who lay buried in a soldier's grave in Troncon, and of his father, and the twice-told tales of the Revolution and the early settlers, and the Civil War itself, and the Great War, had been handed down in the family.

And it was Grandma who lighted the spark, fanned the flame, of Alice's hidden ambitions, ambitions that she had thought were only dreams, so fantastic, so impossible that she never even whispered them, and as a little girl could hardly have put name to them. Only that she wanted to dance, and to sing, and to go out into the big, beautiful world and find the lovely things—colors and lights and music and excitement.

Sometimes when she came home from New York Public School No. 129, where she was just one of the hundreds of West Side children who had to be educated by harassed, overworked teachers, she would find Grandma alone in the kitchen and sometimes she'd tell her about the dreams.

"Sure, and you can make them come true," Grandma Moffitt said. "Why not? You've the finest blood in you, and never let yourself be discouraged for anything. Poverty's a thing may come to any of us and it's better for you it's some early than late, and if you want to dance and sing, it's dance and you shall, my lambkin."

Then the little lady would peer down into the narrow street and see her Alice, the golden hair tumbling down her back, dancing on the sidewalks of New York, to the music of a hurdy-gurdy, to an audience of ragged kids who had stopped their play to watch her.

There were cousins, too, in Woodlawn and the Bronx, and it was great fun to go out there and to have room to run, and to go out in the big garages—made from old-fashioned barns—and put on plays, and act them out, and Alice was always the leading lady.

When there were programs at school, all the girls them, she worked hard for them, and once she even thought that the height of her ambition would be to become a schoolteacher. That was because the teacher that year was young and pretty and gave lots of entertainments and told little Alice Leppert that she "danced exactly like a fairy."

And so you do," said Grandma Moffitt stoutly.

Perhaps Mrs. Leppert knew how to make the most of everything for her children, and as Alice grew up there was a bicycle and a pair of magic skates, to sling over her shoulder and go off to the lake at Central Park.

"Skiing, Grandma," she said, "is next to dancing."

And the year she won the kids' championship on her skates was a banner year.

LIFE, for girls like Alice Faye, always starts young—it seems that Fate forces the issue, drives them on, as though afraid that the years won't be long enough for them, won't give them scope enough. It's so.

Somewhere, dancing lessons had been managed on a scholarship in Billy Newson's tap dancing class. Then at thirteen, small Alice took herself downtown into the busy, wonderful heart of New York for those priceless lessons for choreography. She wanted to be in the chorus. It seemed to her, then, a vast and almost incredible ambition. To be a chorus girl. To get paid for dancing. To be in the theater—the theater that was to her the temple of all art and beauty. Of all the stories of her youth, perhaps the best-known one is about those same theaters. Often on their way home from rehearsals, her and her mother would pass the dark stage doors—those magic portals into the world of beauty, of your own appearance... to keep yourself from looking older than you really are... make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test!"

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Alice would maneuver so that they did pass them. They would stand on Broadway, on Forty-fifth Street and二是 up at the music in letter and Alice would hold her mother's hand and then drag her along, past the stage doors. "How now wait, Mama," she would say.

And holding her short skirt in her hand, she would slip into the shadows, the dark, smelly but glorious shadows of the Stage Door—and a moment later came from Alice high, pretending she was the star and was just leaving after a tremendous triumph. The applause was in her ears, the footlights in her eyes, the smell of grease paint in her nose—so that for a moment she believed it all. She actually believed it all. Yet she had never heard applause or seen footlights nor smelled grease paint then. Would she ever, ever get a chance? A vast, hungry impulse drove her. She didn't want to wait.

But she had to, as it happened. For when she was called for her first tryout with a producer, he took one look at her, dancing there, and said, "Look, child, you run home and grow up a little bit. Maybe you better stay there. The theater's a tough racket. Not many girls get anywhere. Go on home and don't come back unless you have to."

So a thirteen-year-old Alice went home, poured her heart out on Grandma Moffitt's shoulder.

Only the shoulder wasn't to be there for Alice to cry on. The little Grandmother slipped away from them and real sorrow walked in and found a lasting place in Alice's heart.

But there had been those last words to treasure. "Be a good girl, Alice," she said, "and make folks happy with your dancing and singing."

"I don't think I ever will," Alice said.

"There's too much against me, I haven't anyone to help me. What have I got, anyway? I guess I'm crazy, even thinking about it."

"You're not," said Grandma. "When those thought get in your head, they come from somewhere. You keep on—and when you can't keep on any more, you just keep on, anyhow. But don't forget to find you a good man, too. No woman's complete without she knows marriage—and children."

It hurt, then, to think of Grandma—and so when she first got her job, dancing in the Chester Hale unit of dancers. there was already that little sadness in her eyes and on her too-sensitive young mouth. It would always be there—sorrow would always mingle with her joy. Perhaps that had been the gift of the Evil Fairy at her cradle—or perhaps not.

For one summer she danced and when it was over there came the first great battle in the Leppert family.

"I'm not going back to school," Alice said.

"What's the use? I want to dance—and sing—and be in the theater. The only way I can learn, is to be there. I've got schooling enough. What's the use of algebra and Latin stuff to a dancer?"

If later, on, she regretted that early choice often, was conscious over and over of her lack of education and foundation and background, she had no premonition of it then. Her mind and heart operated on a single track—dancing and the theater.

She had never seen her father angry before. It wasn't that he didn't want her to go on the stage. But she was too young. Much too young. He was afraid for his little girl, in that strange and unknown world of the theater—terribly afraid for her, with her tender heart so easily hurt as it had been always, and her sturdy loyalty, and her little, little knowledge of life and of all the temptations.

What would she do in the big world, dazzled by the many things she'd never had, never even dreamed she might have, the admiration and the luxury and the applause if she only succeeded, but the desperation and bitterness and dissatisfaction if she failed?

Her mother stood with Alice. Perhaps she, being a woman, understood best. All those things must come to Alice—she saw that. At least she must try for them and survive the heartbreak if she couldn't get them. There would be no holding her and always she would wear the armor of her own tender spirit. Hurt and heartbroken she might be—a许多 to be—but never dragged down herself.

"But I'll break up our family," Charlie Leppert said unhappily. "You'll be going with her, Mama and me and the boys—why, it'll be all different."

"It's got to be," said Alice's mother. "When you have a child like Alice, it's got to be that way. There's nothing we wouldn't do for her, is there, father?"

He gave in, of course. The veil for him, as for them, was over the coming years in which his death, sudden and alone, was to bring such two-edged pain to Alice Faye of Hollywood. The ugly misunderstanding around it was to shadow her for many days.

So came the Capitol Theater—on Broadway. Theaters in the key movie palaces of the Atlantic Coast with the Chester Hale unit of dancers. Then, her first small triumph, a specialty number at the New York Gardens on Pelham Parkway. Joy, excitement, wonder at being at last within the sacred portals, and the constant suspense of ducking the truant officers, who wanted one Alice Leppert, under sixteen, to go back to school and couldn't imagine what had become of her. Never, never found her under the Prayer chorus girl named Alice Faye.

The GeorgeUILT "Scandals"—that was for her, then, fame, success, the height of her ambition. She tried out for it and because of her long legs and fresh beauty and the way she could dance, she made it and lined up with the other girls in the show that starred Rudy Vallee. Nobody noticed her much, nobody picked her out from the other girls.

Two men had already come into her life who were to change its course and play Fate in the starting career of the girl who was to lead her from the sidewalks of New York, the poverty and obscurity of Tenth Avenue, to Hollywood in five brief hectic years, forming a Cinderella story seldom equaled, a real "rags-to-riches" saga of American girhood.

Rudy Vallee. Why didn't Alice Faye and Rudy Vallee marry? What was the true story back of the scandal which made her the girl whose nose has been called the nose of the world and who is so known that her name is known even by those who have never heard of "Scandals"? Thus was the story of the greatest radio star and the little blonde chorus girl who is the "hottest" and in its completeness for the first time.

But there was another man, too, a man who perhaps had more to do with Alice Faye's life than even Rudy Vallee himself and of whom you have probably never heard—a strange man, too, as much a product of the streets of New York as Alice herself.

Who this other man was and how his love for Alice gave him the insight to pick her out of that chorus and to bring Alice Faye and Rudy Vallee together, making possible the marriage that has never been revealed before. Watch for it in November—PHOTOPLAY.
My Friend Coop!

(Continued from page 21)

As we got home, a family, a career, many diverse interests. But, in the back of our minds, we know there is something that has clicked between us which won't change. It's a fine thing, to know that. It is for me, at least, and, knowing Coop, I am certain he wouldn't bother if he didn't feel the same way. He is no hypocrite.

He couldn't pretend a regard he didn't feel, to save his life.

Another thing about Coop... He takes in stride whatever comes along—good, bad, or indifferent. In a profession wherein competition is bitter and every man is on his own, he won't fight for himself. He never has. If he gets a bad role, he doesn't raise hell about it. He rises above it. I have seen this happen. He simply goes ahead and does the best he can and when the picture is released, you'll find that maybe it gets panned, but not Coop. I've watched the same thing happen on a set. Maybe the actress he is working with is temperamental, or maybe difficult to photograph and keeps demanding this and that in the script, action or what-have-you. Coop never says a word. He takes what he is given and does what he is supposed to do. And—well, perhaps I am prejudiced, but I think he beats 'em all in their own game. They may seem to have the whip hand, but he emerges from any situation like that with a gun in his hand. And all the while he hasn't raised a finger to do it. He has merely been himself.

Now, Coop doesn't comprehend a thing like professional jealousy. He can't even be bothered when something wholly false is said about him—this, despite the fact that it may put him in a bad light personally or professionally. For instance, a few weeks ago a certain Los Angeles newspaper came out with the following headline: "Coopery TRYING TO TRADE COOPER PLUS SCRIPT FOR TYRONE POWELL!" Certainly, this headline and the story that supported it didn't sound very complimentary. Moreover, the thing wasn't true. I was sore when I read it and I looked for Coop to show him the story. "Why don't you do something about that?" I yelled.

He had already read it but it was like him to take the paper and quietly read it again. Then he looked up and grinned a little. "Wonder why they printed that?" he remarked, conversationally. "Aren't you going to do anything about it?" I demanded.

He shook his head. "No. Why should I?"

That was that. The story wasn't so, so why should he get hot and bothered? According to his lights, no reason at all.

Coop is thoughtful. No "portrait" of him would be complete without putting in that. He is kind without to-do. There was the matter of the Screen Actors' Guild. Personally, I hadn't been particularly interested in it. I am not much of a "joiner." But one night Coop called me up.

"Listen," he said, "I wish you'd join the Guild."

"Why?" I asked him. "I'd rather be on my own. If I get along, I want to do it myself. If I don't, it should be my own fault."

"Well, I've been figuring," he told me in that slow way of his, "and I think we should belong. Maybe we don't need a Guild, but a lot of those who haven't been so lucky as us, do. We should help them out."

No, it wasn't a very eloquent argument, but I got what he meant. He thought it was the right thing to do and suddenly I did, too. So I joined. And I liked him all the more for taking the stand he did.

Another side of Coop is his truly remarkable ability to concentrate—perhaps it is a genius for ignoring petty annoyances and distractions. I shall never forget one night when he and Rocky (his wife) and Frances and myself were attending a concert at the Hollywood Bowl. You wouldn't suspect it, perhaps, but Coop loves music, classical music as well as those cowboy songs of his.

Anyway, in the middle of a splendid symphony, an autograph seeker popped up in the box back of us and concentrated on Gary.

"Mister Cooper," he hissed. "Mister Cooper."

Well, I don't see how Coop could have failed to hear, but if he did, he gave no sign; just sat there listening to the music. A moment later, the fellow tried again. "Mister Cooper," he insisted, practically out loud. now. "MISTER COOPER! Can I have your autograph?"

But still, Coop just sat there, unheed- ing. No, I couldn't stand it! I turned around and motioned the guy to be quiet. But Coop never budged. And after the concert was over, he rose and rubbed his hands together that way he has when he is pleased.

"Fine program, wasn't it?" he said. Sure, he meant it. As far as he was concerned, nothing had happened to mar his evening. Not a thing. I had to laugh, though, when as we were making our way out of the Bowl, I heard the autograph hunter's companion say, pitifully, "Why, Gary Cooper must be dead!"

No, my friends. I assure you he isn't dead. He just doesn't hear what he doesn't want to.

A "PORTRAIT" of Coop must include, too, his sense of humor. It isn't a very boisterous one, nor is he given to playing practical jokes on people, or making wisecracks that scintillate in print. The Cooper humor is far more likely to be the kind that prompts him to tie pieces of meat on each end of a string when he is out deep-sea fishing; for instance, throw them overboard and chuckle quietly to himself as he watches the squabbling of a couple of outraged sea gulls who have gobbled them up and are, therefore, "tied" together. No, it wouldn't be a very strong piece of string because that might involve serious consequences for the gulls. He is careful about that.

Coop has a temper on occasion. Lack of consideration or tact on the part of someone else makes him furious. He and Rocky invited Frances and me to some sort of studio banquet one night, and while we were there a certain producer came around and tried to talk

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WHAT MAKES HER EYES SO WONDERFUL... SO WIDE?

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Coop at home, as seen only by such old friends as Joel (McFee) McCrea—and as photographed for the first time in the workshop of the Cooper home by Coop. He's showing off his great collection of firearms, where he keeps his guns in topnotch condition—and where he whips up his odd little mechanical gadgets.
chrysanthemums and wild roses on a fall day, and a portrayal of spices.

In literature, she is a biography half-finised; she is the lyrics of “These Foolish Things Remind Me of You,” some pages from “Aphrodite” by Louys, Khayyim’s “Rubáiyát, “Invitation to the Dance,” and Margery Sharp’s “The Nutmeg Tree.” The Great American Novel could be written by an author like Thomas Mann or Somersert Maugham, she would be that novel. And I think “Bitter Sweet,” by Noel Coward, some lines of Dorothy Parker dialogue, and an essay on charm by a fine writer.

She is a red rose on a long stem; not a bud, not a green leaf of its beauty hidden under the leaves there would be an occasional, surprising thorn. She is never a dull woman; she can be surprising, and she has the temperament that comes with intelligence.

As a car, she would be a conserva-tive, sleek model with a twelve-cylinder motor under a long bonnet, white sideway wheels, and a platinum figure of Speed for a radiator ornament. A chauffeur in formal livery would drive it. A radio would play softly. Upholstery and interior would be gummel and platinum, in perfect taste, but luxurious. The chauffeur would be instructed to obey the traffic laws, but on the road he would be allowed to drive one-hundred-and-twenty miles an hour, which she would do easily.

She is a Schiaparelli dinner dress, a play suit by Havas, an evening dress by Chanel. She is a costume that is perfect for evening; in the afternoon something zippers off and the costume is once more correct; then, on the beach, more fabric slips off and nothing is left but a gray, brief bathing suit; finally, out of a bag, something else is taken and zipped on, and the wearer is once again the smartest woman at any function. There probably is no such costume Irene is unique, of course.

Such music as Viennese waltzes, any truly American music that is really good—I don’t mean folk songs, or Stephen Foster, or routine popular melodies—and clear, delicate music by Chopin and Schubert become her. Superb orchestras would play, and great singers would carry the airs; but the musical mood would change often, from classic to modern.

IRENE is the Rue de la Paix, Broadway, and a tree-shaded street in Pas-adena, like Orange Grove Avenue, lined with magnificent houses. Sometimes, too, she is like a quiet lane down which one strails lastly, to lie down upon a cottage simple and homelike.

It is difficult to describe her personality in terms of sports, since she is not the type. A moonlight swim in the reflecting pool of the Taj Mahal, a fox hunt, a flying expedition in evening gowns and tails, with the purpose of scaling the Leaning Tower of Pisa...

Something like that, a sport with imagination, and one for which the players must dress. But sometimes she would be a baseball game with the neighbors’ children, in an unused field.

She is a Gainsborough painting of a lovely woman, or a sunny Derain, or perhaps even one corner, closely sco-tered away, of a Gaugin.

Eva, it is not so easy, after all, this method of character analysis. How does one say, in symbols, that Irene Dunne is a kind person? How does one suggest her third-dimensional sense of humor, productive of an appreciative chuckle rather than what American columnists call the “bally laugh.”

She is sensitive and possessed of rare poise, and mentally as well as physically she is trained down to a fine degree.

Perhaps I should say she is like a gray-hound with a Cartier collar in emeralds, and a penchant for looking at the fun- nies. If she were a city, she would be Pisa removed to America, because her Continental qualities are tempered by her recognizable Americanism.

If she were a color, she would be a collection of pastels—silver and grey and pale blue and dusty rose, with an occasional clang-tint, as the Chinese say, of orange—for excitement.

There is the word. Irene Dunne is an exciting woman, above everything else.

Charles—As Seen by Irene Dunne

(Continued from page 25)

a while, then by part of the New World Symphony; then by one of those melodies you like to hear when it’s twilight and you’re feeling vague, a tune like “Smoke Rings” or “Stardust.”

SICK? You’d have to compose one of those Soiree-Symphonies out of The Brave New World, ranging from music to pine, to crispies, to strawberries, to Aphroditea, to Carnation, to Manhattan-street-at-dawn, to cedar, to iodine, to new leather, to Danger. Oh, yes, and good Turkish tobacco.

DRUNK? Coffee Royal, laced with cognac.

Cointrine, brandy and rum, in equal parts—the smoothest of cocktails, with a belated kiss, and a conservative dark suit. But his personality would be a monk’s robe in midnight-blue velvet, with a cigarette case in the pocket and a big silver key ring attached to the belt. Those keys would open all sorts of doors: cellar doors, the hidden postern gates of great estates, cupboards in castles, very private doors; and there’d be pankeys to penthouses, thesiers, the Tocadero, and heaven knows what all. I don’t mean a real monk would ever wear this costume, nor would Charles.

Appendix: You see, I judge Charles Boyer as a man of charm and intelligence and temperament, with a worldly viewpoint: definitely foreign, subtle, sometimes explosive, very secretive. His personality has faces like the counterpoint in Bach. He has strength, vi- oline stroll lastly, to lie down upon a cottage simple and homelike. He’s nervous, with control, courteous always, amusing when he chooses to be, introspective. A fascinat-ing person, really. ... I wonder if anyone will ever really know him completely.

Irene—As Seen by Charles Boyer

(Continued from page 24)

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"These Soft HANDS are made for LOVE!"

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THAT romance won’t last,” people said.

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OCTOBER, 1939

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tightly of his hurts and wounds and to emphasize the kind deeds of friends are the outstanding qualities of Niven. There's no way Ronald Colman could have ever been sort of less in the same role. He was a very big star to his audience, and so was David, as the former made for his first big role in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Concerning his appearance, however, he's a very handsome fellow, and he has a very fast talk for hours. It seems, at the lowest ebb of his young life, when all ages were lost, Niven had taken himself right. He'd made a name with Mrs. Young, and her daughter, suspecting the Englishman had no place close to go, placed David in their guest house and looked after him until Mr. Goldwyn had finally signed him.

"They are the most wonderful women in the world," David says with genuine awe. "I can never repay them."

The smile was back in an instant, but it seemed to decay. "I have been a subject of the most fascinating Chelsea in Hollywood. But like other successful actors, the fast demanding pace of movies has finally thinned out a generation, and I'm beginning to get a little... seriously. I caught a glimpse of his face recently when the smile had vanished."

"You look like your passport picture, today," David, we said. "Just that..."

But tomorrow comes—Universal

Frenchmen work fast), they take refuge in his home near by. Comes a hurricane and a terrible flood; they stay away. However, love is not for them, for Charles can't desert his irascible wife (Barbara O'Neill, who needs him. It's all very sad and a little, but the realistic touch in both acting and direction should have made a much greater impact if the film were better, though, if you enjoy suffering in such charming company.

Typically Nivenish. So, much as he loved the army he decided to leave it and after talking it over with Captain Thorp and Lieutenant Henry (both of Niven's acquaintance) he sat down and wrote out his resignation letter, which he then mailed to London, and his application for two months' leave pending action.

The following day he sailed for Canada. America—make room.

JUDGING from the outside, most any-one would say David Niven is a pretty dogged handsome lad. A six-footer with blue eyes, a catching giggle and hair that he sometimes dyes (thus) that positively goes hysterical in its desire to curl when it rains.

If one could steal a few stray peaks inside Mr. Niven, around about the Adam's apple section, say, they'd discover the amazingly beautiful results of David's sojourn in Canada, for in the midst of the only work he could get (road building, at exactly sixty cents an hour), he knew he'd have to have his tonsils out. He knew it the minute he saw himself in clean instead of down. But he couldn't even afford a manicure on sixteen cents an hour. So there he was, in a fine mess for an officer and a gentleman. He was in the British army. Then, one day, he learned about the veterinarian in a neighboring town, who would obligingly get his tonsils for ten dollars when sober, and nothing when tight. Davey raised five, and was trying to get the rest afterward. His next five did the trick. The tonsils were out and Davey was in the hospital sick with two poisoned pugs. The rest of the story was how he walked back from his hospital bed in Canada and managed by hook or crook (mostly crook) to get to New York, where he registered at the swankiest hotel in town—one he couldn't afford to move out of after two days had passed.

The prezel bowls on fancy bars knew him intimately. His gay and wealthy friends liked him, and invited him about, little dreaming he was stouter than the heart of a frustrated dowager. The Oriental at the Chinese laundry got to know him—too well, alas. "No monee—no shrillree," was his final ultimatum.

So, totally daunted, David borrowed a friend's car and chauffeur, and proceeded to work out his laundry bill. Out from his nest at the Waldorf Car ong would hop Davey of a morning to his borrowed car and the laundry. In fact, the sight of Davey flying up and down Park Avenue steps to deliver clean shirts at swanky apartment house doors is one of those things New Yorkers can't forget.

"M'lady," he'd say to the domestic who opened the door, "here's your laundry—try it out."

Hanging up in the closets, and playing with the brothers of the steam- ing tubs and flattiron trade, "Can, or can you not picture the look on that domestic's face? "I even pressed panties, too," Niven laughs, which should be兴建 new service to some American laundries. Of course, when Davey pressed them with the creases running down both sides instead of up, and a stain in the corner, New Yorkers began appearing in public with legs wider than the entire breadth of Eliza Doolittle, and I'm sure he lost his job, despite the debt, and had to think up a new one. He invented a d.a. for all Eliza Doolittle's, at Jack Haley and Charlie's "21 Club." David had sold the boys on the idea that someone should determine the date and vintage of various beverages, and he was that "someone." He got the job (whatever got into Jack and Charlie, do you suppose?) and reported one morning, bright and early, to work. But the taste—gave him a good with his hands were on and—well, it ended with the winetaster being removed head first, bearing more than a faint resemblance to a boiled owl and making noises like one, too.

ABOUT this time David met up with Lefty Flynn in New York, and the two concocted a scheme that would, so they figured, net them a million dollar act. The boys had decided that this world needed was some first-class indoor horse racing, and Atlantic City was chosen as the ideal place to introduce this bit of sport to the world. Some of them hired that railed road, contributing tired polo ponies for the venture. It was the prize frost of all time, for no one came to see the ponies go around, and that they put several jockeys in doctors' white uniforms, and placed a ladies' hair dryer in the arena in an attempt to delude audiences into believing it was a restorative contraption for injured riders. People, in droves, just didn't care.

Discouraged with it all, David managed to get to Cuba and landed in a revolution. He wasn't in the place when the firing was at its height; before he was in the fracas up to his English accent. Then one day it occurred to David he'd agreed, upon his resignation from the British army, not to bear arms for any foreign power for five years; yet here he was, gun running like a fiend. It finally took the British Consul to get him out of Cuba—and on a Japanese freighter bound for Norway. The young man decided he'd had enough bumbling and he'd better get back home to England and settle down. He landed in San Francisco instead, for David had taken the wrong boat out of Cuba (after a night's celebration with American sailors), and here he was—farther from home than ever and flatter than a sat- upon pancake.

"I believe a man has just so many opportunities offered him during a life-time." David told us recently over a luncheon table in his elaborate Gold- wyne's, and he added: "Hollywood offered me a great one."

DAVID doesn't tell of Hollywood's cold rejections when he trammed the streets in an effort to get work of any kind. His ability to laugh at himself, to make

**THE WIZARD OF OZ—M-G-M**

Two years to make—and worth every moment of it. This cast alone—Frank Morgan in the title role, Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow, Jack Haley as the Tin Woodman, and Billie Burke as the good fairy, Glinda—might have been threatened in any other city. For this superb fantasy of a little girl transported by cyclone to a magic wonderland, there is nothing more than the miracles of L. Frank Baum, to show how the Miracles of L. Frank Baum, to show how the characters, the story, the performance and the wizardry of Hollywood, make the plot, interlaced with catchy songs and spectacular production numbers. Put it all in the finest Technicolor, and what more could any one ask? A "must" for both children and adults.

JAMAICA INN—Mayflower-Pramstage

You're in on the secret that Charles Laughton is the archivall of this adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. But the gang of ruffians, who wreck ships for their cargoes on the wild Cornish coast, believe him only as the rich man who owns the inn. Hungry and Chung and his brothers of the steam- ing tubs and flattiron trade, "Can, or can you not picture the look on that domestics face? "I even pressed panties, too," Niven laughs, which should be exciting new service to some American laundries. Of course, when Davey pressed them with the creases running down both sides instead of up, and a stain in the corner, New Yorkers began appearing in public with legs wider than the entire breadth of Eliza Doolittle, and I'm sure he lost his job, despite the debt, and had to think up a new one. He invented a d.a. for all Eliza Doolittle's, at Jack Haley and Charlie's "21 Club." David had sold the boys on the idea that someone should determine the date and vintage of various beverages, and he was that "someone." He got the job (whatever got into Jack and Charlie, do you suppose?) and reported one morning, bright and early, to work. But the taste—gave him a good with his hands were on and—well, it ended with the winetaster being removed head first, bearing more than a faint resemblance to a boiled owl and making noises like one, too.

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The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 53)

LADY OF THE TROPICS—M-G-M

IT's still a moot point whether or not it makes any difference that the heady Lamarr can't act worth a tinker's expression of irritation. This follows the only possible formula: Lush atmosphere, good acting support, and fine photography, while she looks beautiful.

Robert Taylor plays a young American, and fits perfectly into the mental picture we all have of beemen who brave the dangers of far places. Joseph Schildkraut is the smooth conman who has been Hedy's heart's interest, until she discovers that his interest in her is more in the line of business than sentiment. When she discovers this discouraging fact she kills Schildkraut. Oriental Saigon is romantic atmosphere and provides an excellent background for the unemotional emotions of both Taylor and Lamarr. He gives a performance to be proud of and so does Joseph Schildkraut.

FRONTIER MARSHAL—20th Century-Fox

Is there anything we can tell you about this that you couldn't deduce from the title and the fact that Randolph Scott has the title role? Tombstone, famous for its Wild West history, is the location where silver is discovered there. The bad element comes in, and Scott, who is marshal, sets out to quell the lawlessness. Cesar Romero tries hard to look like a T.B., but health sticks out all over him; Nancy Kelly is his nurse who loves him. You will adore smooth, poised, lovely, ultra-sophisticated Binnie Barnes as the hokey-terror queen. There's plenty of action, a good deal of tragedy, and some humor. Good cinema anyway, if somebody in the cycle-rut "Stagecoach" started.

ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER—M-G-M

Easily the best of the series so far, Andy's spring fever episode has the simplicity of structure, the clear-cut portrayal of nice American folk, and the Tarkingtonesque quality you've come to expect of these pictures. Mickey Rooney is a little older now, facing disillusionment that can have a really great effect on his later life. He falls desperately in love with his teacher, pretty (and capable), new Helen Gilbert. That's as far as no longer mug quite so much. There's a mild counterplot to keep the Judge, Lewis Stone, occupied. Your throat will ache with wanting the description of Mickey's heartbreak, the while you laugh at him.

HOTEL FOR WOMEN—20th Century-Fox

Remember that swell hit, "Stage Door"? At times during the unrolling of this movie you will have the impression that someone was trying to repeat Greg La Cava's big-time stuff. You'll see a lot of models and chorus girls living in a too-swank-for-the-rates hotel, presided over by Elia Kazan, and follow their troubles. New Linda Darnell should turn into a bright star, and Ann Blyth is very good indeed, but the story is ground out between occasional amusing lines of dialogue. James Ellison is the romantic lead. Miss Maxwell has two or three scenes, and is unselfconscious.

PARENTS ON TRIAL—Columbia

You won't be able to work up much excitement over this sleepy bit of celluloid. A couple of nice kids, Jean Parker and Johnny Downs, fall in love but her father opposes their marriage. He gets their sudden marriage annulled, and when Downs sneaks in the house, has the boy sent to reform school. Father plans to ship daughter to Europe, but boy escapes and runs away with girl again. By this time the audience has gone home anyway, so why go on?

UNEXPECTED FATHER—Universal

That insinuating title is kinda cute, but the film itself is another version of "Little Miss Broadway," with new star Sandy Henville playing Shirley's role. You remember, a chee-uld in danger of being put in an institution and a collection of cheap vaudeville folk rallying around to keep the kid for themselves. She may have to eat cold fried-egg sandwiches, but she's going to have Love, by golly. Shirley Ross, Dennis O'Keefe and Mischa Auer stooge for the charming Sandy.

NEWS IS MADE AT NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

Here's Preston Foster being an editor, one of the ruthless cinematic kind to whom news is the most important thing in the world. He has a best friend who turns out to be somewhat of a criminal; also, there's an innocent man awaiting execution because of Foster's machinations on the paper. Thus the conflict. Lynn Bari plays a sob sister and, also, is Foster's romantic foil. There's pretty good pace throughout.

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—Paramount

They had to hold up production on this feature because Betty Grable got appendicitis and her million-dollar legs dwindled to about sixty-five cents worth. They came back, though, as you will see. It's a college picture, dedicated in motif and action to the present generation, so don't expect to get any emotion or mental exercise from it. A football hero and a mathematical genius (respectively John Hartley and Peter Hayes) help Betty carry the slight burden of plot.

SPELLBINDER—RKO-Radio

Not so hot, this. But Lee Tracy has a style all his own and it's adapted to the sort of thing he's assigned here. He's a fast-gab lawyer, venting on the shady side, ethically speaking; and he's got a tremendous case of father love for his daughter, Barbara Read. Plot, such as it is: Tracy defends murderer, freed racial woods and weds Barbara, Tracy kills him. Patric Knowles, Allan Lane and others struggle hard.

MIRACLES FOR SALE—M-G-M

This kids will love this since it's all about magicians, and also because it goes into detail about the way presto-changeo artists fool the public. Not for adult consumption, though. There's murder and Robert Young to solve it. He's pleasant, as he always is, and you get a little beam when he pairs off with pretty Florence Rice. Those of you who believe in ghosts are going to be pretty annoyed at the expose.

BLONDIE TAKES A VACATION—Columbia

 Dagwood takes the rap while Blondie takes a vacation, and it's all just as amusing as the other films in this comic-strip hit series. The situations

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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 reader desires a particular cast of a picture reviewed this month and will drop us a card, we shall be happy to forward the cast in question.

Address PHOToplay, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City

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conducts various non-profit enterprises: the Macfadden-Daussieu 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 excellent accommodations at attractive prices 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 here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

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mural case. Roach is bidding for fast action and laughs, and from what we see, he can miss.

It's a newspaper-city room set. Joan sits on the side and knits thoughtfully, as also does Bill Gargan, Donald Meek and Anthony Allan race through a fast-talking scene. It's speedier than a candied-cartoon shot, but it doesn't click quite as easily. In fact, glib as both Adolphe and Bill are, their tongues play them safe. To make each blowup worse, Joan Bennett sings out the score, a la baseball umpire—

"Menjou—two strikes!" she calls. "Gargan—on!" They fluff it again.

"Three strikes for Menjou," chants Joan. "Yer-O-w-w-w-!"

She's too late to dash the rush, as both Bill Gargan and Adolphe Menjou swoop up and give her, chair, knitting needles and all, the bum's rush.

"Now you're out!" they shout as the stage door bangs.

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER** is a three-ring circus all by itself this month. Every time we look in we see something we never saw before. The Marxes are stretching "The Marx Brothers at the Circus" into what begins to look like a career, and still packing the big M-G-M commissary at lunch time with freaks and big-top oddities.

There's always Garbo, winding up "Ninotchka," and apparently having a swell time of her first real comedy.


The latter lady, by the way, is the talk of M-G-M. I'm fully expect Ilona to be their next big star sensation. She's blonde, delicate featured and sexy. Her voice is husky—a "smoky voice" is what Ilona calls it. Fourteen pounds have gone via the Hollywood diet since she first came to town. When we see her, she's guarded by a giant-jawed bulldog, named "Glamour Girl," who regards Nelson Eddy with all evil eyes.

"Bala Laska," which means one of those triangular Russian guitars, has a Czarist Russian setting, lapses into the war, the revolution and post-war Russian-refugee Paris, to trail the fortunes of Nelson, a Cossack prince, and Ilona, daughter of a chieftain. The story, however, is useful mainly to support the music—rich old Russian melodies, rewritten with modern lyrics.

There's nothing gay about the "Blackmail" set, where we arrive one day to view the big oil-well fire scene.

Edward G. Robinson plays a daring oil-well fire capper in this. We find him in his asbestos dickey the day we answer a hurry fire call from M-G-M. They're going to light 12,000 gallons of gasoline under pressure and blow it to the sky. The scarlet trucks of the Los Angeles and Culver City fire departments are lined up on Metro's north lot pumping water, just in case. And everybody who could sneak away from an M-G-M desk is on hand to watch the bonfire. It's a big event.

"The Blackmail" is an ex-convict's exploited attempt to lead a straight life—nothing new for a theme, but rich in good parts for Robinson, blackmailer Gene Lockhart, Ruth Hussey and Bobs Watson.

M-G-M has dug a giant blackened oil Derrick from a near-by oil field and set it up. Beneath the tower, pipes carry the gasoline from high-pressure tanks. They're going to turn it on and light it for the smash scene—where Eddie and "Big Boy" Williams rescue Ruth Hussey.

Three hundred extras are milling around as a studio safety officer tries frantically to keep them all out of harm's way. Assistants bare orders and shove us around. A black and red pillar of flame rises two hundred feet in the air.

"Okay!" shouts the director, "Action!"

There's plenty of it. The extra crowd rushes in, gesticulating. Ruth Hussey falls near the giant torch, motionless, as she supposed to. Eddie and "Big Boy" run in, hoist her up and carry her out. There's much noise of sirens and things. Then the director signals a cut. The flame dies down to a fire.

"Once more!" he calls. It shoots up again.

But "Big Boy" Williams waves his hand. The girl in his arms won't wake up.

"She's fainted!" he cries. A doctor runs over. And about as soon as he gets there, "Big Boy" keels over too! As for Eddie Robinson, he just zips open his asbestos suit and draws out a cigarette.

"Anybody got a light?" asks Eddie.

**ANOTHER** studio in a state of nerves this month is RKO, where Charles Laughton, ducking in and out of offices in his grotesque make-up for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," is giving the whole lot the creeps.

"The Hunchback," which high-lighted Lon Chaney's bizarre career, holds off past our deadline. We have to content ourselves by peering at the perennial Joe Penner, piggling out with Betty Grable a broad race-track screen gabuff called "The Day the Bookies Wept"—and "Full Confession," which Victor McLaglen hopes will be another "Informer."

We wander in to catch a tense scene, where Joseph Calleia, a priest, is breaking down Victor, a thick-headed murderer, into confessing his sin. The process is psychological. Joe Calleia, in his priestly cloth, is having a hard time. He explains, "I've been sneezing for so long in bad man parts I can't wipe it off and be benign!"

"That's easy," grins Director John Farrow. "Just think of something beautiful, like a Farrow production." Everybody laughs at this and Johnny Flinches with laughs—because, while John means the picture, the others think of that other Farrow-O'Sullivan production—the beautiful baby who just arrived at their house!

Columbia, up the street, is upset by the news that their ace director, Frank Capra, is going to leave. With his writer teammate, Bob Riskin, Frank has decided to make his own pictures. The air of gloom is thick, but they're making a sunshine picture with Edith Fellows just the same, "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew"—and they hope it catches on to become a new series.

To balance things, a Boris Karloff chiller, "The Man They Could Not Hang," featuring an apparatus like the Lindbergh-Carrel artificial heart, is grinding out in the gloom of a dark set. We peek in to see Boris, with a broken neck, stretched out in a glass coffin—and that's enough for us!

Universal, on the other hand, looks right into the starry eyes of love's young dream, full of hope that Deanna Durbin's first screen kiss in "First Love" will make her millions of fans swoon.

"First Love" is the great experiment. Does the public want Deanna with or without sex? Henry Koster, Deanna's
miracle mentor, has the responsibility of finding out. Meanwhile, a tall and handsome unknown twenty-one-year-old Los Angeles boy, Robert Stack, gets the role every young man in the country would give his ears for—his is the kid Koster has cast to receive Deanna’s very first screen kiss.

Bob is just hanging around watching like a poor boy, who got too wet watching Universal to catch Deanna graduate from finishing school, “First Love” magazine, for the little older, of course, and Lapin- tting Deanna against her usual rival, Helen Parrish, for the affections of the hillbilly Brandon. The scene we see is a grandstand loaded with sweet young things in spring organ grinders.

It’s summer vacation when the singing school song and join in the ad lib squeals and laughter for the long shot Koster wants. Believe it or not, he’s having trouble getting everything just right—his best. He makes a speech.

“Now, girls,” says Koster, in his easygoing, whimsical manner, “just pretend I’m Tyrone Power—and you’re going to come up and kiss me. Okay—action!”

Bellam breaks loose then. Deanna, Helen, Marcia Mae Jones, and all the sweet young things swoop down on Koster. He’s a pet, that’s something else. It’s a remake, too, of course—Percy Marmon did it back in the thirties—but Ronald Colman, Walter Huston and Ida Lupino are enough to lure us around any day.

We find them in a set huddle with Di- rector Ray Enright just in case a saber cut across his forehead now (just make-up). Walter has a bushy mustache and lights under-eye, and Ida has the part ‘I’ve wanted to play for four long years,” as she tells us. It’s Bessie, the aggravating little London demimonde, who drives the dimpling artist wild in Rudyard Kipling’s tragic tale.

The set is dreary Victorian England of the 1890’s—full of gimcracks and heavy plush. It’s Ronald’s studio, and stagehands still use a ten-foot-long saw to cut a saber across his forehead now (just make-up). Walter has a bushy mustache and lights under-eye, and Ida has the part ‘I’ve wanted to play for four long years,” as she tells us. It’s Bessie, the aggravating little London demimonde, who drives the dimpling artist wild in Rudyard Kipling’s tragic tale.

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Don't think for a moment that Miss Head advocates everyone working girl trying to figure out how to have a full-length gown. The fact is, I've been living in a hotel. I don't like that. I'm a home man, really. What I want now is a home that has, if I can possibly find it, one living room, one dining room, one servant's room, one kitchen, one bedroom for my little house in the middle of Beverly. It's perfect for them, and they are near enough that we can get together a lot. My boy's not far away, and I may be finding that house, so I may have to build it, but that's the setup I'm seeking.

"May be around finding that same simplicity to people, too. You know, how dreary Melrose Avenue is down there along Vine Street? Before I went through all this, whenever I had to drive along there, I'd try to avoid seeing the street. The day they finally let me out of the hospital, cured, that was the first street my eye turned into. I suddenly noticed all those shops and they looked wonderful to me. I looked at the people who kept that thought. Those remarkable people. Those happy little people having those nice shops to sit in, having that sunshine to walk in. I looked at them and I suddenly knew the joy it was merely to be alive, the great gift it was merely to live."

Van Dyke's voice interrupted us. "Finished for the day, Bill," he called. Bill looked at his watch. "It's only ten of four," he called back.

"Hell, do you expect me to shoot all night?" Van thundered.

**Bill stood up.** Now his smile was genuine. He nodded toward the set. "This is the best tonic a man can have," he said. "Working again. That was all I needed to complete the cure. I'll be all right now."

"You'll always be all right," I said.

"I'd slip, too. You'll never know that."

Add a swimming pool and put it somewhere where I have a view and that's all I ask. I've got Father and Mother in a little house in the middle of Beverly. It's perfect for them, and they are near enough that we can get together a lot. My boy's not far away, and I may be finding that house, so I may have to build it, but that's the setup I'm seeking.

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"Maybe around finding that same simplicity to people, too. You know, how dreary Melrose Avenue is down there along Vine Street? Before I went through all this, whenever I had to drive along there, I'd try to avoid seeing the street. The day they finally let me out of the hospital, cured, that was the first street my eye turned into. I suddenly noticed all those shops and they looked wonderful to me. I looked at the people who kept that thought. Those remarkable people. Those happy little people having those nice shops to sit in, having that sunshine to walk in. I looked at them and I suddenly knew the joy it was merely to be alive, the great gift it was merely to live."

Van Dyke's voice interrupted us. "Finished for the day, Bill," he called. Bill looked at his watch. "It's only ten of four," he called back.

"Hell, do you expect me to shoot all night?" Van thundered.

**Bill stood up.** Now his smile was genuine. He nodded toward the set. "This is the best tonic a man can have," he said. "Working again. That was all I needed to complete the cure. I'll be all right now."

"You'll always be all right," I said.

"I'd slip, too. You'll never know that."

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They joined the studio cameramen in pattering away at Anne with flashlight bulbs.

Anne was stammering with happiness, and made no effort to expand her pride.

That was the beginning of it.

Every day for a week they tested Anne for hairdressing and make-up. Now that was important, her personality must be emphasized and glorified. They must find out how she was most effective before the camera.

To fit a star's estate, there must be a suitable wardrobe—and a suitable wardrobe for the actress associated with the star and the various departments that exact toll from her: i.e., publicity, hairdressing, wardrobe, exploitation, and production.

One by one she cut down the extra duties they had imposed upon her, and day by day she became a little more determined and a little more irritable.

But I shall not narrate the steady change in her. A narrowing of her eyes drove from them their look of wonderment, a tightening of her lips wiped away their charming quaver, a squaring of her jaw erased its soft line, and a growing aggressiveness crowded the heathen from them. This was a woman.

All the while I knew I was helpless to prevent this calculating stranger from fingering in on me, and trampling underfoot every silly, sentimental thought Anne and I had ever cherished.

But I knew she was at her best when she was squeezing the heart and soul out of him.

I knew exactly what to expect, but I didn't know how to prevent it. I recognized every symptom of her disease, as I had seen it gnawing on the borders of other couples. I could almost chart its progress.

At first, Anne had been too exhausted to indulge in the bits of romance that keep touch on a marriage. Then, she became too irritable. Finally, she grew too busy. She simply had too much to do. But we longed for her to bring the feeling of Juliet to my Romeo. Once she told me so, by suggesting that since I was supposed to be her husband, she was doing me the favor of letting me have some of her surplus energy at that, and give her a chance to get her work done. Anne never could work, so while other interests and activities can supplant all desire for romance in a woman, they cannot in a man. His work, no matter how hard or exacting it may be, cannot kill his normal instincts. But, concentration on work that uses up her energy can anaesthetize a woman's natural feminine reactions.

Any man married to a motion-picture star, or famous career-woman will swear to that.

Give a woman a career and a chance to spread her feathers, and a man is an impotent fool, necessary to her cake of happiness—though she likes to use him as a sort of extra flavor or trimming.

That's why the chances are better than ten to one that a woman movie star never will marry.

Naturally, there are contributing factors, such as exaggerated ambition, intolerance, vanity, impatience and good old "television," or a propensity of selfishness and contrariness. But, usually a husband can take these in his stride. The thing that keeps it cold is coldness. That's a slap in the face to any man.

By this time, Anne had become a hound for efficiency. She felt she had the whole world to conquer, and would like to get on with it. So, when one of our recent importations from England gave her a chance to kill two birds with one stone—a certain misinformed Hollywood columnist said four birds—she really embraced the idea in a big way.

That's what we were after (that name will do for our purpose) was playing an important part in Anne's picture, and his name was in the columnist's article beside hers. Wouldn't he, she asked, help her attain a trace of it?

Being a perfectly charming fellow, he would. In fact they could rehearse together, and kill two birds with one stone. Then he discovered that Anne was taking riding lessons.

A friend of his had offered him the use of his stable. It was a bit silly riding alone, but if Anne would let him offer his services she could rehearse her lines, add a bit of England to her, and maybe brush up on her riding, all in one jolly swoop.

Of course, the gossip rags soon were smacking their lips over it. But I knew that whatever Anne's drivel, credibility to his nasty hints. In fact, I still don't, and never will.

Anne married with all the ambition in her teeth, and no time for romance. The only thing in the world that interested him was her career. She has proved that since our divorce.

But I was getting fed up on the eternal question of her young life.

I had thought it all out. My own Anne was lost to me forever. She had been cultured and calculated right out of existence, and I was beginning to harbor a yen to crack the shellac on the glittering lady she had become. Frankly, I didn't like the new Anne.

So it wasn't jealousy that made me ask her one morning, as she swept the breath of the stable into her face.

"Been riding with Gerald again this morning?"

"Yes."

"In that one flat syllable she managed to express all the feminine indifference at a morning's riding."

"The scandal sheets and those lousy columnists are beginning to lick their appetites in the morning."

"That means nothing to me."

"It does to me."

"So?"

The contempt and challenge in that tone was right out of a picture she had just finished. I objected to having re-rearmed lines read at me. It burned me up.

"So it would be a good idea for you to put Gerald back with the other props, and do your riding with me. After all, I'm your husband."

You sound like an assistant director. Now this may seem a little drastic."

"That's a hell of a way—"

"Listen, Romeo—" Anne continued in a low voice, "American and British, as slate, don't get messy. If you want to impress somebody, try it on some of those animals you're feeding. They think you're a big agent. Maybe they'll fall for your Casanova line."

One did. And that's why today behind the lights two people were making a little star, and why she had to get a nasty old divorce.

Of course, Anne and I are old pals now. The divorced couples always are in Hollywood. 
her greatest role. Having suffered herself, world's most famous manicure, Pete the gardener and the woman who "does" her hair. A mere vegetable man becomes "great," once she's discovered his existence.

Her loyalty to her friends is a rarity in Hollywood. She was delighted when "Wartime Romance," the musical she was in, was inter- 

Bentley. He was a friend in need. She's happy, too, that the new Troedner is getting "kn-k-nours." She owns the house, gave her the first big chance she had. It was "Let's Fall in Love," the Colum- 

 reasons. "The po-o-o darlily was probably sick." Even if people cheat her she's convinced it's all a mistake. But when she's through she's through. It's impossible to win her back.

She has a terrific curiosity about people. She swears she knows the life story of every Pullman porter on the Union Pacific. She's a pushover for a sob story and, when she's in a dinner, without knowing the circumstances. She reasons, "The po-o-o darlily was probably sick." Even if people cheat her she's convinced it's all a mistake. But when she's through she's through. It's impossible to win her back.

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To celebrate her new contract she went right out and bought a house in Beverly Hills. She couldn't have a new house. Instead, she bought an old one to have the thrill of doing it completely over. She's so mad about it (to hear her tell it) that she actually餅 that new Troedner is getting "kn-k-nours." She owns the house, gave her the first big chance she had. It was "Let's Fall in Love," the Colum-

Sealed." She loathed her. The usual money does not at all affect her. She loves dogs and right now owns "only four." Apologizes to them personally because she can't allow them to come in and spoil the concert time. She went shopping for a hot-water bottle and swooned at the price. Was "po-o-o-o-o-o-ter" the man taking advan-

The picture she's lived in is her face. The real world is gone. The movie world is gone. When she's half a million dollars in the bank she's still just a girl. She's lying on her bed, and she's thinking, "What's next?"

was a new house. Instead, she bought an old one to have the thrill of doing it completely over. She's so mad about it (to hear her tell it) that she actually

She has a flair for dramaticizing life. She can make a outfit seem like something rare and beautiful. The fact that she had a million-dollar face and a million-dollar hair she asks eagerly. You forget her that it's probably the most beautiful hat in the whole world. She sighs. Looks a bit relieved. "My dear, dear hair," she says. "It's the news on you for the first time, she suddenly exclaims, "You know, I re-eellly think that you do like my new hat!"

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they to try their furniture a new way. They change it back the minute she goes home.

She adores jokes at her own expense. Was pretty upset when a Hollywood Life et, if you say so, you do," said Ann Sothern in her most languid manner. She who do-G. You just call me the "finest china girl!"
much longer. Try this trick, too, so you'll be able to do away with that constant necessity for adding more lip

Twist and you'll find your little brows are just as full, as dramatic, as deftly coiffured as before.:

Knitted of Lastex and du Pont rayon...and fashioned to fit. They mould and control, nip in waistlines, belo

In the stores you find them at.

Knitted of Lastex and du Pont rayon...and fashioned to fit. They mould and control, nip in waistlines, belo

In the stores you find them at.

Large, Pantries and All-in-Ones with or without satin panels.

$1 to $5—At All Better Stores.

Write for illustrated booklet "A"

REAL-FORM CIRCLE CO., 358 5th Ave., New York.
Announcing... THE NEW

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BEAUTY • POISE • CHARM

FOR BEAUTY

Miss Lucille Ball, star of the RKO Radio picture, "Panama Lady"—"Odettes are my favorites. They're beauties. High style—fine materials—and that perfect fit which is the essence of smartness."

Lucille Ball

FOR CHARM

Mrs. Ruth M. M. Betts, well known New York writer—"The woman in business must have shoes that are both smart and restful. That's why I pick Odettes. You look right and feel right in them."

Ruth M. M. Betts

FOR POISE

Miss Dorothy McKee, Elgin, Ill., successful graduate nurse—"You can't be calm and cheerful in a sick room when your feet hurt. Odettes keep me at my best—they're so wonderfully comfortable."

Dorothy McKee

Already women all over the country are discovering that Odettes are the perfect combination of beauty, poise and charm. Beautiful in styling. Perfect in fit. Modern lasts and measurements—for modern feet. Tailored types and dressy. All with the flexible forepart. Many have the arch supporting feature that gives ease without pressure. For name of nearby store which carries Odette Shoes, write BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS.

$400

Some styles slightly higher

Miss Dorothy McKee, Elgin, Ill., successful graduate nurse—"You can't be calm and cheerful in a sick room when your feet hurt. Odettes keep me at my best—they're so wonderfully comfortable."

Dorothy McKee
Regardless of your age, there's a very simple way to make your eyes appear much larger, more luminous—your eyebrows truly graceful and expressive—your lashes a vision of long sweeping loveliness. It takes just about three minutes to give yourself this modern Maybelline eye makeup. And it's so natural-looking—never obvious.

First, blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids and note the subtly flattering effect. Next, form trim, tapering brows with the Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

It's perfectly pointed and just soft enough for best results. Then darken your lashes to the very tips with Maybelline Mascara. Either in Solid or Cream-form, it goes on beautifully—is tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless. Now your own mirror will show you the thrilling difference.

At any age, your eyes will be noticed and admired when you use Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—the eye make-up in good taste. Prove it, today! Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores. Just be sure to insist on genuine Maybelline.
IBDY LAMARR VS. JOAN BENNETT— and Other Dangerous Hollywood Beauties!

How To Plan Your Winter Wardrobe— BETTE DAVIS Leads Our Guide

WILL "THE GRAPES OF WRATH" BE SHELVED? By N.
Slave to a buzzer...that's me!
Yet I wouldn't trade the rush and excitement of my job for anything. But you see, I just haven't time to worry about myself, so my napkin must provide perfect peace-of-mind. That's why I use nothing but Kotex Sanitary Napkins, made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue. One after another these layers absorb and distribute moisture throughout the pad; check striking through in one spot.

Looks Count Plenty...
In this job of mine. A girl must look poised and efficient and that means I must feel my best—can't afford to be uncomfortable no matter what! But with 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary Napkins it's now a simple matter for every woman to meet her individual needs in comfort from day to day.

Lady of the Evening...
still looking and feeling my best at the time so many girls are irritable. Again Kotex Sanitary Napkins come to my rescue, thanks to those patented pressed ends. Believe me, they make a world of difference—no more embarrassing bulky feeling—no more worry about shifting, bunching and chafing.

Better Say Kotex
Better for You
And don't forget GUEST, the Kotex Deodorant Powder, positively eliminates all body and napkin odors.
If you are troubled with infectious dandruff, give Listerine Antiseptic a chance to prove how helpful it can be. How fast it attacks the infection and those humiliating scales. How fresh, clean, and invigorated it makes your scalp feel. Users everywhere acclaim its benefits.

The treatment is as easy as it is delightful. Just douse the scalp, morning and night, with full strength Listerine Antiseptic—the same Listerine Antiseptic that has been famous for 25 years as a mouth wash and gargle. Massage hair and scalp vigorously and persistently. In clinical tests, dandruff sufferers were delighted to find that this treatment brought rapid improvement in most cases.

**Kills Bottle Bacillus**

Dandruff is often infectious, due to germs. It is, in fact, the most frequent scaly disease of the scalp. When you are suffering from this condition, Listerine Antiseptic is especially fitted to aid you. It gives the scalp and hair a cooling and invigorating antiseptic bath. Kills countless germs associated with infectious dandruff, including Pityrosporum Ovale. This strange “bottle bacillus” is recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

**Tests Showed 76% Relief**

Rabbits inoculated with Pityrosporum Ovale developed definite dandruff symptoms which disappeared shortly after being treated with Listerine Antiseptic daily.

And in a dandruff clinic, 76% of the men and women who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within 30 days.

**Don’t Delay. Use Listerine Antiseptic Now**

If you are troubled with dandruff, don’t neglect what may be a real infection. Start with Listerine Antiseptic and massage right now—delay may aggravate the trouble. It’s the method that has demonstrated its usefulness in a substantial majority of test cases.

**Genuine Listerine Antiseptic** is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.
A prophecy: "Here's the greatest fun and music entertainment you ever saw!"

Mickey Rooney

Judy Garland

BABES IN ARMS

with Charles Winninger • Guy Kibbee • June Preisser • Grace Hayes • Betty Jaynes • Douglas McPhail • Rand Brooks • Leni Lynn • John Sheffield


A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

... and the best of music! Hear:

"BABES IN ARMS" and "WHERE and WHEN" by Rodgers & Hart, "GOD'S COUNTRY" by Arlen & Harburg, "GOOD MORNING" by Nacio Herb Brown & Arthur Freed.
HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

For the Picture's Sake—Lloyd C. Douglas
An inspirational message for everyone from a beloved author

Hedy Lamarr Vs. Joan Bennett—Barbara Hayes
—and other dangerous Hollywood feuds!

What's Wrong with Your Dancing?—as told to Howard Sharpe

Attention, Girls!—Joan Crawford

Attention, Boys!—Cesar Romero

Will "The Grapes of Wrath" Be Shelved?—Nunnally Johnson

Does Hollywood dare film the year's most-discussed book?

Tenth Avenue Girl—Adela Rogers St. Johns

The rag-to-riches novel Alice Faye actually lived

Happiness for Janet—Directed by Adrian

The song of love becomes a wedding march for little Miss Gaynor

How Olivia Sears Her Sister's Romance—Lida Zeppelin

Miracle Men at Work—to Make You Lovelier

They really have an answer for your every beauty problem

There's Talking About—Marian Rhea

Among them—Gloria Jean, Linda Darnell and Barbara O'Neill

Janey-Paney—Sara Hamilton

That's what they call Jane Bryan—even as Muni's new leading lady

Heaven—Made to Order—Jerry Oster

Sleepy Hollow Ranch spells "Home, Sweet Home" to Bob Young

Photoplay Fashion—Gwen Watters

There's glitter and glamour in the new styles for a gay season

Play Truth and Consequences with Norma Shearer—Katharine Hartley

Whether it's forfeits or answers she gives you, you still win!

THE CAMERA SPEAKS:

Camera Magic—Rosemary Lane

"The faces and one girl"—Rosemary Lane

NextWeek—Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul join these happy marriages?

Look-ALikes—Jerry Oster

Darling likenesses that will make you double!

Seeing Eye to Eye—Jerry Oster

With the stars themselves as "eye"-witnesses

Who Are They Now?—Jerry Oster

Can you identify these early pictures of your current favorites?

NEWS, VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Boos and Bouquets—Ruth Waterbury

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures—Ruth Waterbury

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?—Ruth Waterbury

PHOTOPLAY'S Own Beauty Shop—Carolyn Van Wyck

Close Ups and Long Shots—Ruth Waterbury

Fashion Letter—Frances Hughes

Bustle, Bustle Where Will You Wear Your Bustle?—Carolyn Van Wyck

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood—Ruth Waterbury

The Shadow Stage—Ruth Waterbury

We Cover the Studio—Jack Wade

Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue—Ruth Waterbury

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CAL-BRIGGANS. (Above)
Lounges in 'em... sleep in 'em. Note the dark slacks and light tops. Short sleeves, too. Junior Miss and regular sizes.  $2 per set.
CHECK PATTERN PANties—415, 299. 6c, 1f. Sash above-the-knee. Keeps you warm under your shortest formula. 75c, fine Austrian wool. Too new. Small, medium, large—35c. Extra large—75c.

Other Carterette Pajamas $5 to $2. From 50c to $1.50. Pajamas $1.50 to $2.50.

PLUSH! GRANT TAKES TAMPA!

A t sorority "bull-session" recently, thirty girls decided that Cary Grant is definitely the actor of the year as far as they're concerned—and we don't mean Robert Taylor.

Current books and current lipsticks were subjects for heated argument, but the decision that the delicious Mr. Grant is material for the Academy Award was reached in no time at all.

We've been in love with Gable for years, and we can't rave enough about

Pulchritude they needed—so Joan Valerie, former model and winner of beauty contests, was a happy choice for roles in 20th Century-Fox's "Hotel for Women" and "Daytime Wife."

Ameche, Flynn, Tracy, Fonda, Boyer and Stewart, but it's Cary Grant who gives our pulses the hardest workout at present. We've had a depressing amount of "Pretty Boy Taylor" and "Glamour Boy Power" crammed down our throats by the papers and magazines, but we would love for Photoplay to toss more about just plain Cary Grant in our direction.

THIRTY GRANT Fans,
Tampa, Fla.

UNLUCKY STAR

I HAVE just seen the new Myrna Loy—Robert Taylor film, "Lucky Night," and a suspicion which has been lurking in my mind for some time now (although it shall probably be accused of having no mind, should this letter ever appear in print) has been confirmed—Myrna Loy can't act.

Admittedly, the dialogue and situations in the film grew steadily worse, but Robert Taylor did at least try to make you feel as though he meant what he said and did. Not so Miss Loy. She seemed to grow less and less interested in what was going on as the film progressed until, at the end, I neither knew nor cared what happened.

It does seem to me, that, with the shortage of really good films, the largest film company in the world is running a grave risk in giving their biggest stars such inferior material.

VAL BROWN,

ATTENTION, UNCLE HERMAN

MY wife and I have been trying ever since, we began reading your magazine, to pick a flaw. When we couldn't find any, it seemed that there was no sense in writing. I started reading your magazine the day my father's brother Herman decided to take a trip to California and go in the movies. He had 165 pigeons in his backyard in a couple. He had names for every pigeon, like Charlie, Wilma, Gerald, etc. When the time came for the trip to the West Coast to get in the movies, Wilma and Charlie eloped. This dampened my uncle's aspirations because the pigeons were what made him want to get in the movies. His pigeons were very smart. So he sold the other pigeons, wrote a letter to William S. Hart, hopped a freight train and went up into Alaska. We got a letter from him last week saying he received a seal, and that just as soon as he is able to have something to go on, he is taking the

(Continued on page 92)
FRANK MICHUGH • JEFFREY LYNN • PAUL KELLY
HUMPHREY BOGART • GLADYS GEORGE

Warner Bros. Newest Dramatic Success, with
Hollywood's Thrilling New Team! What a Treat for Their Fans!

JAMES CAGNEY • PRISCILLA LANE

The Roaring Twenties

James Cagney's big hit!
Why for the biggest of all
Men took ten whole years to like?
If the hotcha—the shock-crammed days
He land of the free gone wild! It's the heyday
America at its merriest! America at its merriest!
Here's more screen excitement than you've ever seen before!

A ROARING ERA BECOMES A ROARING HIT!
Brief Reviews (Continued from page 6)

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU—20th Century-Fox
Here you can imagine yourself in the position of an innocent person accused of murder. That's the fate faced by Nancy (Carole Lombard), a woman who, in her youth, took a fancy to a fellow named Henry Enders, who now makes a living as a murderer. A prototype of the detective story (Brecht was a notable)--an example of the school of usual手法 in suspense. Nancy's ex-husband (Charles Laughton), who has been out of the picture for many years, suddenly becomes the detective to unmask the guilty party. Nancy's role is to bring to light the facts of the case, and Laughton's role to unmask her. The whole thing is a real plan of suspense, and a welcome change from the usual melodrama. (Sept.)

JAMAICA INN—Mayflower-Paramount
You're in on the secret that Charles Laughton is the leader of a gang of robbers in this adaption of Daphne du Maurier's novel. But you are not privy to the plot, nor to the identity of the characters, nor to the activities of the gang. You will have to look for clues to the identities of the characters and the activities of the gang. (Sept.)

JONES FAMILY IN HOLLYWOOD—20th Century-Fox
Pursuing Poverty is a comedy and a romance, and a study of the domestic tension between the two groups of people who live in the same house. In the course of the story, the two families experience various conflicts, and the actors are required to maintain a delicate balance between their passions and their emotions. If you're looking for a film that is both entertaining and thought-provoking, then you won't want to miss Pursuing Poverty. (Sept.)

NANCY THINKS:

OHE ARN, WHY DOESN'T THIS ASK FOR ANOTHER DATE NOW?

This picture is the hit of the West Side Story. It is a musical comedy, and it is set in the West Side, New York City. It stars Tony Curtis, as the lead character, and Julie Newmar, as his love interest. The story is about a young man who is in love with a girl who lives on the other side of the river. He tries to win her heart, but she is not interested in him. The story is full of music, dance, and romance, and it is sure to please anyone who loves a good musical. (Aug.)

Here's why Nancy didn't get a re-date—

NANCY DIDN'T MAKE THE CHARMING IMPRESSION SHE SHOULD HAVE. UNDIE ODOR IS SO NOTICEABLE TO OTHERS TO PLAY SAFE. LUX UNDIES AFTER EVERY WEARING!

Don't risk undie odor—use Lux!

Undertones constantly absorb perspiration odor—don't take chances with daintiness! Lux undies after every wearing.

Lux removes perspiration odor completely—keeps undies new-looking longer, too. Avoid cakeel soap rubbing, soaps with harmful alkali. Lux has no harmful alkali. Buy the thrifty BIG box!

A little goes so far—it's thrifty!
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

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 quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 90.

1. Hollywood and Vine is:
   - A famous cross-roads
   - A club for actors
   - A hotel for girls
   - A fall of agents in pictures

2. One of these stars has never starred in screwball comedies:
   - Claudette Colbert
   - Carole Lombard
   - Irene Dunne

3. One of the following actors is half of a screen team appearing in a series:
   - Frank Morgan
   - Arthur Lake
   - Akim Tamiroff

4. This studio is located in a city which has been named after it:
   - Universal
   - Paramount
   - United Artists
   - Disney

5. The name of a picture in which Loretta Young appeared is contained in one of the following song titles:
   - My Old Kentucky Home
   - Carry Me Back to Old Virginia
   - Sunrise Serenade
   - And the Angels Sing

6. The correct name of the Hays office is:
   - Board of Censorship
   - Association of Motion Picture Studios
   - The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America
   - Producers of Motion Pictures Society

7. This star was a concert pianist:
   - Ethel Merman
   - Ginger Rogers
   - Marlene Dietrich

8. He gave up the starring role in "Having a Wonderful Time" in New York to play only a supporting role in a Group Theater production:
   - John Garfield
   - Fredric March
   - Melvyn Douglas

9. He will write, direct, produce, and act in his pictures:
   - Bernard Shaw
   - Orson Welles
   - Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

10. Constance Bennett married the ex-husband of:
    - Binnie Barnes
    - Margaret Lockwood
    - Gloria Swanson

11. Bette Davis won her first Academy Award for the following picture:
    - Jezebel
    - Dangerous
    - Of Human Bondage

12. This star uses his real first name as his last name for pictures:
    - Paul Muni
    - Leslie Howard
    - James Stewart

13. Ann Sheridan was brought to Hollywood in connection with one of these contests:
    - Scarlett O'Hara
    - The Search for Beauty
    - Feather Woman

14. More than 5,000 police chiefs voted this actor their award for having done most to prevent crime last year:
    - Lewis Stone
    - Gene Autry
    - James Cagney
    - Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

15. This statesman was once a movie magnate:
    - Anthony Eden
    - John Cabet Lodge
    - Joseph F. Kennedy
    - Carter Glass

16. This Dead End Kid writes poetry, and good poetry, too:
    - Leo Gorcey
    - Billy Halop

17. She formerly sang with Fred Waring's orchestra:
    - Alice Faye
    - Patricia Morrison
    - Piccollo Lane

18. Although his name is still part of the studio's name, he makes his own productions now:
    - Jack Warner
    - Louis B. Mayer
    - Darryl Zanuck

19. Her first husband was a member of a famous make-up family; her second is a composer:
    - Rochelle Hudson
    - Martha Raye
    - Shirley Ross

20. Only one of these studios is actually located in Hollywood:
    - Columbia
    - Hal Roach
    - 20th Century-Fox

0UT of the hearts of its people... out of the very soil of America... a great director creates his most stirring, human drama... of an unsophisticated young man with a dream in his heart... of a woman who helps make his dream come true... and of the laughter, the love, the pain, and the joy they share in this everyday business of living! Stirring... in the seeing! Precious... in the remembering! Enacted by one of the most perfect casts ever assembled!
"Discard all Heavy, Waxy Creams and keep your Accent on Youth!"

Join the revolt against heavy, waxy creams that demand tugging and pulling at delicate facial tissues! Get in the trend with youth! Keep in tune with the times — use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream to keep your Accent on Youth!

There is a lot that younger women can learn from their seniors about cooking and the care of babies. But there is a great deal more, I find, that older women can learn from the younger women about the care of their skin — about keeping their beauty fresh and appealing.

For younger women who have discarded those heavy creams symbolic of the 1920's and have preferred to entrust their skin to my more modern 4-Purpose Face Cream. The fact is that a great modern trend has set in and changed, very radically, the whole face cream technique of American women.

Talk to women under 25... do to the schools and the colleges... and you will find that heavy, waxy creams are "out" — that they are dated and passé and that the trend is definitely toward my 4-Purpose Cream.

In a blind test, women under 25 voted overwhelmingly (over 2 to 1) for Lady Esther Face Cream against the second most popular competitor.

That didn't surprise me particularly. But why on earth, I asked myself, didn't the older women vote even more overwhelmingly in favor of my 4-Purpose Face Cream?

Was habit holding them back? Were they wedded to some idea ten years old? Were their minds not receptive to a new and better technique? I do not know. But I do think that they, even more than younger women, should strive for the modern benefits of my 4-Purpose Cream.

For no woman wants to look older than she really is and every woman can be happier, more alluring, if she only finds the face cream that is right for her.

So I urge you to make my amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test." See for yourself why my 4-Purpose Face Cream will help you keep your Accent on Youth!

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Wipe your face with cleansing tissue, and look at it. Now, cleanse your skin with my 4-Purpose Face Cream. Wipe it off with fresh cleansing tissue and look at that.

What a shock it is to discover more dirt — to learn with your own eyes that my 4-Purpose Face Cream leaves away pore-clogging dirt that many other creams fail to get out.

For, unlike many heavy "waxy" creams, Lady Esther Face Cream does a thorough cleansing job without harsh pulling or rubbing of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this at my expense. Mail me the coupon below and I'll gladly send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (and with it, my 10 thrilling new powder shades). Begin now to use the face cream that's right for you.

Blonde and Brunette — Have you ever wished that you could change your type entirely, and turn yourself into a different personality? If you're a brunette, haven't you ever longed to be pale and blonde? If you're a blonde, haven't you ever been convinced, as a brunette, you'd be a raving beauty? Joan Bennett was, until a short time ago, one of the screen's most glamorous blondes, but since her appearance in "Trade Winds," in which she had to wear a black wig, she has dyed her own hair a deep brown. She's found that new color has not only made a radical change in her appearance, but in her personality as well. It's as if she'd suddenly become a new person.

"It's amazing how different you feel," said Joan, who is currently working in "The Housekeeper's Daughter." "You wear colors that you've never worn before, and, of course, your make-up is changed, and you even find yourself reacting to situations differently. I was getting pretty tired of seeing the same face and coloring every time I looked into a mirror, and now I still receive a pleasant shock of surprise when, instead of the blonde I'd gotten so used to, I see a brunette staring back at me from the mirror."

Joan wears her hair quite long—almost to her shoulders—but it's cut so that it can be arranged in several different ways, for she firmly believes that a change in coiffure is stimulating, and is very good for the hair and scalp as well. As a blonde, she always parted her hair on the side. Since she's darkened her hair, however, she frequently parts it in the middle, with a loose wave and softly curled ends. Joan's hair is always soft and shining and perfectly groomed, but her routine for caring for it is a very simple one.

"Once a week," she said, "I have a shampoo preceded by a hot oil treatment to keep my scalp and hair in good condition. I brush my hair a lot each day, too, for I think constant brushing..."
is one of the most important factors for healthy hair, and I supplement the brushing by a gentle massaging of the scalp.

In changing to brunette from blonde, Joan discovered that her entire make-up needed revision. So she consulted Wally Westmore, of the famous Westmore brothers who know a little about make-up, and he told her to change to powder, foundation cream and lipstick just one shade darker than those that she had previously used. This was because the brunette hair gave a darker cast to her already fair features. She also darkened her brows and lashes, with only her eye shadow remaining the same shade.

Joan had always avoided a sun tan, but, since she’s darkened her hair, she’s also set about acquiring a definite beige sun tan, and it’s extremely becoming to her new color. Joan’s skin is one of the loveliest in Hollywood, but her beauty routine for caring for it is one that every girl can follow to advantage.

Before retiring at night, Joan smooths a light cleansing cream into her skin, then wraps it off. After this, she washes her face and throat with a pure soap, complexing brush and warm water. She scrubs her face gently and rinses it in tepid water; and follows this by patting on a thin layer of tissue cream, which she leaves on overnight to keep her skin soft and smooth.

In the morning, I splash ice-cold water over my face and throat, and then apply my foundation cream. I use the foundation cream very sparingly because if you use too much it gives you a very heavily made-up appearance; and I smooth it on my skin very lightly and carefully so it’s blended evenly. Then my powder and rouge. I’ve used rouge only since I’ve been a brunette. I never used it as a blonde—never needed it; but now I see pale without it. I use it very lightly, giving just a suggestion of color to my cheeks. Then I apply my lipstick. I have several lipsticks, all carefully chosen, as is my rouge, to blend with the color of my costume.

I finish my make-up with a drop of perfume on my eyebrows, the lobes of my ears and the back of my neck. I’m mad for perfume, you know; it’s one of my hobbies, and I’m always trying out a new one. I carry out the same scent in cologne, bath crystals, soap and dusting powder, because I think conflicting fragrances destroy each other. Perfume should never be applied to your clothing; though; instead I have sachets put in my lingerie, clothes hangers and hats so all my things will be delicately scented.

Incidently, it’s strange how all your preferences seem to change along with the change in your hair and make-up. I used to go in for very delicate and elusive scents and preferred the flower perfumes. But now that I’m a brunette, I like the heavier, more Oriental-type scents. I tell you, it’s literally made me a new person.

In addition to this daily care, Joan has a facial and a pack about once every two or three weeks, if she feels that her skin needs toning. There are several excellent packs on the market now, and they really do wonders for your complexion. If your skin seems to have become dull, or not in the best of condition, try one of these packs and you’ll find that it leaves your skin glowing and healthy.

Joan has one of the loveliest figures in Hollywood, but her regime for keeping it slim and firm is an extremely simple one. She spends as much time out-of-doors as possible, because she believes the sun is an unbeatable tonic for one’s skin, hair and body. The time she spends with her kennel of prize-winning cocker spaniels, which are adorable, working in her garden and swimming in the pool keeps her in the sunlight frequently. Swimming, of course, is one of the best all-around exercises for any girl, and you should go swimming as often as possible. Every city has an indoor swimming pool, and if you could possibly arrange to go there, say one night a week, if you’re working every day, I’m sure you’ll find it very beneficial.

Joan always plays tennis two or three times weekly and says it’s a big factor in keeping her weight at an even keel. These two sports stimulate practically all the muscles, and tone the whole body.

Aside from these sports, Joan does very little routine exercise, but there is one exercise she does faithfully for the facial and throat muscles. She blows a tiny feather into the air and then tries to keep it up. With her head thrown back, and turning from left to right, Joan keeps her lips pursed and her cheeks blown up with the air necessary to keep the feather aloft.

“I’ve become very adroit at this,” she laughed. “When I started I could keep the feather in the air for only one minute. Now I’ve got a long-distance record for five minutes. It’s a lot of fun, too. At first you feel silly, chasing a tiny feather around, but it’s

CAROLYN VAN WICK

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LADIES SAVED THEIR MONEY IN THEIR STOCKINGS...

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NOVEMBER, 1939
THE ROMANCE OF HOLLYWOOD FROM BATHING BEAUTIES TO WORLD PREMIERES!

IN TECHNICOLOR!

Twentieth Century-Fox presents Darryl F. Zanuck's Production of

HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE

The most brilliant new note in entertainment! A heart-warming drama of today filled with 1001 thrilling yesterdays!

Starring Alice FAYE · AMEچE Don J. Edward BROMBERG · ALAN CURTIS STUART ERWIN · JED PROUTY BUSTER KEATON · DONALD MEEK GEORGE GIVOT · EDDIE COLLINS

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown
Screen Play by Ernest Pascal · Story by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes · Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslaw
Can I interest you in a quart of good blood?” inquire all the Hollywood comedians these days, when they tell a joke that dies... “You've got egg on your face,” yells the director to an actor who has not registered in a scene... “They wrote it straight across his teeth,” studios now say when they mean a role was tailored to order for some star... these are just three examples of current Hollywood language... and just three more reasons why the average Hollywoodite dare no leave town for long... in a city where the language changes that fast, fame and fortune change even faster and you can’t keep up with things unless you keep running all the time...

For instance, in two terrific preview weeks that included such big-investment films as “In Name Only,” “The Wizard of Oz,” “Fifth Avenue Girl,” “Nurse Edith Cavell,” and “The Star Maker,” who would have dreamed that the most artistic, compelling picture of that group would be the British-made-in-America production, “Nurse Edith Cavell”... and that Anna Neagle, who has never meant very much at the American box office, would give a performance that entitles her to serious Academy Award attention?... And who would have believed, unless they had seen him, that newcomer William Holden, as the “Golden Boy,” could achieve such a fine, exciting characterization that he immediately enters the ranks of the rapidly thinning, unattached glamour boys... (with even Brian Aherne captured by Jean Fontaine, so that there is one bachelor less in the film colony)... and that also in “Golden Boy,” a new character actor came into his own... an actor named Lee Cobb, who played William Holden’s father so magnificently that she was talented, but most of its attention was centered then on Brenda Joyce... meanwhile “Hotel For Women” has been released, and little Linda looks definitely like star stuff... but the pace that chills is the speed whereon, with that discovery, the studio that began to ignore Arleen Whelan when it found Nancy Kelly, now is ignoring Nancy Kelly in favor of Miss Darnell... you can tell that by the casting... Arleen Whelan gave up a role in a Tyrone Power picture in favor of Miss Kelly... that was “Jesse James”...

The new girl everyone is talking about is Linda Darnell at Twentieth Century-Fox... even a month ago, when I saw this youngster’s tests at Twentieth, the studio wasn’t so excited about her, right there on her own lot... Twentieth thought, of course, that she was talented, but most of its attention was centered then on Brenda Joyce... meanwhile “Hotel For Women” has been released, and little Linda looks definitely like star stuff... but the pace that chills is the speed whereon, with that discovery, the studio that began to ignore Arleen Whelan when it found Nancy Kelly, now is ignoring Nancy Kelly in favor of Miss Darnell... you can tell that by the casting... Arleen Whelan gave up a role in a Tyrone Power picture in favor of Miss Kelly... that was “Jesse James”... and now Miss Kelly has given up, or, to be more tactful about it, has been cast in something else in order that Miss Darnell may be in Ty’s next film... no wonder people are all nerves out here... pretty Linda dancing gaily along in the Cinderella slippers of fame must, nevertheless, be a little cold about the toes wondering if there may not be another glamour-girl threat to her coming around the next corner...

If you go away from Hollywood for so much as a week end you may lose out on some of the most important moves going on in the background... for instance, if I had not gone to the very impressive tea Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond gave for Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz, I would never have met (or, most certainly, I would not have met for some time) Dalias Frantz, who was a co-guest of honor at that party... and thus have stumbled upon one of the most fascinating “grooming” stories in the industry... for in the person of Mr.
Frantz, who is very tall, very blond and potentially as full of fireworks as an arsenal, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer not only hopes it has discovered a new leading man, but also a medium by which it can bring great piano music to the screen... Dailies Frantz is, first of all, a great pianist, having played with all the leading symphony orchestras of this country... even on the growth of a dashing dandy Metro the day after Jeanette's party and there saw the scenes he plays in "Ballaika"... he has only a small role, but, to me, the burning Frantz temperament day to day is made for his lack of conventional male beauty in the Robert Taylor sense... handsomeness helps, as well as Ministry, Gabriel, Taylor and even fine actor Cary Grant... but an actor can get along without it, too, as witness Tracy, Muni, Cagney and many others... as for his playing when he is at the piano (and I got a private recital in the Frantz dressing room that lasted for not much more than an hour that went all the way from Bach to Ravel), Mr. Frantz has that same simplicity toward his music that distinguishes the great actor and the same fidelity and beauty... but where else but in Hollywood would you find a person with such talents still an "Unknown"?...

And speaking of Deanna and music, if you had missed the premiere of "The Women" you might be going away for a week, let's say, how would you, as a member of the Hollywood patrol, have known that, in the person of Linda Ware, Paramount has not, as it claims, another Durbin?... a nice little girl she is, this Linda Ware, with a good voice and a way of looking at people to tack that "second Durbin" label on her... let her develop along the lines of her own talent, as Metro is letting Judy Garland develop along the "second Garland"... the exquisite Durbin stands alone, unique and heartfelt... as for the rest of "The Star Maker," this department can give it a thing, despite Bing Crosby, that lazy smoothie, a couple of good tunes, and Laura Hope Crews... and that a good trouper can make the dullest lines sound funny, just by knowing how.

Wishing won't make it so... but "The Star Maker" is just another proof that no matter what other elements a picture has, you must have a good story first... there is no story at all to "Grown Star Maker" and, therefore, it is a failure... and, similarly, there is no story, or what there is of it makes a jumbled, leden mass, in "When Tomorrow Comes"... and, therefore, all in all, the worst and all the lovely romance of Irene Dunne's and Charles Boyer's acting are wasted... why, why, does Hollywood do that?... Irene told me herself before the preview that every bit of that production was shot "off the wing," there being not a dry table on dry day how the story was coming out... that two great, expensive, important stars got their dialogue the night before for the scenes the next day, so that neither of them knew what the characters they were playing were all about or what they were doing or would do... concentration, stars didn't do that... stars take the blame when pictures fail... no picture with Dunne and Boyer, after their marvelous "Love Affair," can quite fail, but if they had had a real story they could undo it... the two talents of this film... and the lunatic part of this situation is that every studio in town "shouts off the cuff" on occasion... yet there are some seven hundred good writers in Hollywood, experienced in the ways of scenarios, stars and budgets and yet some four hundred of them are unemployed... girl would do it in real life... and her acting is so completely natural that it isn't until the picture is over that you are aware of how very fine her performance has been...

"The Rains Came" is at exactly the opposite pole of attraction... this is very worldly, very sophisticated, bitterly humorous at times... it has fire and earth and blood and it has three great stars in it... Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy and George Brent, the latter giving the very finest performance of his career... it cost a fortune... the fortune that we won't be seeing for a while now while we can buy up all over the world... its greatness, however, lies not alone in the sum of all these assets so much as it does in the touching, spiritual message it conveys... I'm sure "The Under-Pup" didn't cost a third of what "The Rains Came" cost... but it is a wonderful business that is capable of producing such variety... at such a variety of cost, too...

Naturally Hollywood, in common with the rest of our troubled world, is disturbed over the horrible events in Europe... but do not take too seriously the reports that the fort in Iceland has, by this conflict lost most of its foreign earnings, pictures will be cut down, very cheaply produced... the radio... nothing of the kind is going to happen... Hollywood will have to cut costs... but it will not cut on entertainment values... but it is conscious of its duty to the producers, the workers, the actors of Hollywood feel today that they must produce entertainment to keep us, so luckily in this country, happy... and to keep those tragic people of Europe courageous by at least giving them the release of laughter and dreams.

Thus in all the shifting, constantly changing world of Hollywood a few things remain constant... Garbo goes to Irene's fashion show at Bullock's-Wilshire... not as the other stars who is let in, but mingles with a small group of Hollywoodites who wouldn't have molested a buttercup, but hidden behind the scenes, protected by three burly guards... thus the Garbo phenomenon... and when she leaves, Hyman Fink pursues her, and gets a picture of her, and as usual, he is the only cameraman who does get the picture, though they all check it (you'll see it on Page 61). But it was this Fink "smart" technique stays unimpaired over some fifteen years... and from England comes word that Norma Shearer, quite as usual, will get the one leading man most in demand by the world for her next picture... it will be Robert (Mr. Chips) Donat this time... but Norma got Gable when he was first being fought over by the film queens it on Page 61... it was this, that he could give the orders on the casting... and got Tyrone Power ditto... so some things and some persons in this crazy town do act in a manner you can foretell... thank heaven, they do... but I do, I know that a month never would never dare to get a moment's sleep... even though we've long since given up the idea of a real rest...
"JAMAICA INN"

Your bright young correspondent's hands are quite black and blue from pounding on the Paramount doors, begging for a preview of "Jamaica Inn," the new Paramount release starring our special screen favorite Charles Laughton, and directed by the one and only Alfred Hitchcock. But every black and blue mark is a cherished possession now.

For I've seen "Jamaica Inn" and it is all that I'd hoped for. Laughton has an even grander role than his Captain Bligh, or Javert, as Sir Humphrey Pengallan, a glorious rogue in a top hat, who directs the thrilling activities of a crew of cutthroats who wreck ships on the English coast and turn over their spoils to Sir Humphrey. Maureen O'Hara, Laughton's own discovery, is all he claims her to be. In short, Pommer-Laughton Mayflower Productions have made this exciting Daphne du Maurier novel into an even better screen drama.

"WHAT A LIFE"

If you've seen the stage play "What a Life," or listened to the adventures of Henry Aldrich on the radio, you're prepared for the treat Paramount has in store for you in the new picture, "What a Life." Jackie Cooper is, of course, the perfect choice for young Henry. And Betty Field is so delightful as Henry's Best Girl that Paramount has already signed this young Broadway actress for the lead in Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." Frankly, I haven't had so much fun since my last high school dance as I had watching Henry, his mother, and all his teachers tangle in the true-to-life schoolday adventures of "What a Life." Jay Theodore Reed deserves a lot of credit for making the finest school comedy brought to the screen in years.

"HONEYMOON IN BALI"

Suppose you were a very beautiful and very successful young New York career woman, with plenty of social and economic independence; would you think a husband necessary? Madeleine Carroll, as such a young lady in Paramount's "Honeymoon in Bali," gives a very definite "no" to that question. Even charming Allan Jones, as an opera singer who can make most girls' hearts go pit-a-pat, gets a cold shoulder from Madeleine. Then along comes Fred MacMurray, the adventur-eous charmer from Bali, boasting of the five Balinese beauties who love to mend his socks, gives Madeleine a Balinese kiss . . . and whammmmmm!! P. S. Little Paramount starlet Carolyn Lee, under the expert direction of Edward H. Griffith, is wonderful as that wonderful Babe from Bali.

Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Grant, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.
DATES GALORE...

for this new pocket-jacket of FEDERAL Silver Fox! Collarless, with bracelet-length sleeves it has everything you could ask of a fur coat. "FEDERAL" is so flattering that you want to wear it everywhere. And you may, for it's as chic by candle-light as it is under the winter's sun. Good stores throughout the country are showing FEDERAL Silver Fox in thrilling new jackets, coats, stoles, always stamped on the leather side with the FEDERAL name.

FEDERAL SILVER FOXES  Hamburg, Wisconsin
I have a weakness for the society of people who do their work with a feeling that "the ship is more than the crew." And it pleases me to believe that almost everyone likes a story about men and women whose personal relations are of less importance to them than the job that has brought them together.

With this in mind, I wrote a novel ("Disputed Passage," filmed by Paramount—Editor), about two surgeons—an arrogant old one, and an impudent young one—who were closely associated in the practice of a difficult specialty.

Each had a deep respect for the other's knowledge and skill, and when they were standing shoulder to shoulder in the experimental laboratory or the operating room, you might have thought that "Tubby" Forrester and Jack Beaven were father and son; which would have been incorrect, for they hated each other so bitterly that they wouldn't speak when they met at the club or on the street.

For years, they carried on that way, co-operating with each other in the business of restoring health and saving lives, but continuing to hate each other's personalities. Their job was bigger than their feud.

A friend who read the story said to me, "Oh, of course—doctors—dealing with human lives—they couldn't let their silly animosity interfere with their work. But—there aren't many jobs like that."

I reminded him that the navigating officers on a ship have to work together in harmony, even though they may have plans to knock each other's heads off the first time they make port.

(Continued on page 87)
JOAN BENNETT is in Hedy Lamarr's hair—but distinctly.

For while Hedy is the uncontested newest glamour girl, the allure woman of the present season and the oomph gamble of M-G-M, the youngest Bennett has a gleam in her eye and a part in her coiffure that is driving Hedy crazy.

To say that Hedy is plagued by the situation is putting it mildly. The only thing that prevents a violent feud actually developing between them is that pretty Joan won't play. Joan isn't having any feud. She is merely sitting back, impudently smiling, acting the perfect lady that she always is—and if any attitude is more calculated to drive another woman wild, female research is yet to unearth it.

Actually Hollywood doesn't have many feuds any more, all things considered. Good old knock-'em-down, drag-'em-out fights such as Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri used to indulge in are all but outlawed today. As the town has grown larger, it has, perversely, become smaller in its social doings. You simply can't keep a good feud burning if you have to meet your rival five times a week at dinner.

Of course, you can't call the passages at arms that went on between Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer during the making of "The Women" any little friendship binders. Nor are the engagements that currently are being indulged in by Dorothy Lamour and Patricia Morison of the type that exactly cement devotion, and all the catty things Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins are said to have said to each other during the filming of "The Old Maid" were not in the script. But still and for all, today's stars tend to keep their temperamental clashes to themselves, not nearly so much because they are angels, as because they have to. From picture to picture you can never tell whom you are going to be cast with and even a fine actor finds it difficult to do love scenes opposite a person with whom he has quarreled. (If you don't believe that, recall the chill that lay over the love scenes between Sonja Henie and Ty Power in "Second Fiddle.")

It's undoubtedly because Hedy is still rather a stranger around Hollywood that she is being as outspoken as she is about Joan, but at that, her situation is really irksome.

To begin with, Hedy was discovered and put into pictures by Walter Wanger, Joan Bennett's most devoted escort. She had, of course, been brought to this country by M-G-M after making the sensational "Estavly," but until Walter cast her in "Algiers," she was wasting her beauty on the desert air of Culver City. With the showing of "Algiers," she proved to be the biggest sensation to hit the movie business since Garbo, and everything looked set for her to become the greatest of new stars. M-G-M hurriedly put her in "I Take This Woman." The name "Lamarr" was used as synonymous with sex appeal, come-hither, charm and all the desirable attributes of enchantment, but "I Take This Woman" was shelved and, after a long delay, "Lady of the Tropics" was started.

Meanwhile, Joan Bennett had changed her hair from the light blonde she had always worn it on the screen to a dark brown, and then she had proceeded to part that dark brown hair right smack in the middle. Certainly she had a perfect right to do so if she chose to, and you wouldn't expect anything so simple as that to start a revolution, except that when you looked at Joan, you saw that in dark hair she looked enough like Hedy Lamarr to be her twin. Also while Hedy, through no fault of her own, was

While Hedy Lamarr (top) is the newest uncontested glamour girl, two other brunette beauties, Patricia Morison and Dorothy Lamour, are having a battle royal that has to do with mathematicians—strictly speaking, figures.

 BY BARBARA HAYES

in its social doings. You simply can't keep a good feud burning if you have to meet your rival five times a week at dinner.

Of course, you can't call the passages at arms that went on between Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer during the making of "The Women" any little friendship binders. Nor are the engagements that currently are being indulged in by Dorothy Lamour and Patricia Morison of the type that exactly cement devotion, and all the catty things Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins are said to have said to each other during the filming of "The Old Maid" were not in the script. But still and for all, today's stars tend to keep their temperamental clashes to themselves, not nearly so much because they are angels, as because they have to. From picture to picture you can never tell whom you are going to be cast with and even a fine actor finds it difficult to do love scenes opposite a person with whom he has quarreled. (If you don't believe that, recall the chill that lay over the love scenes between Sonja Henie and Ty Power in "Second Fiddle.")

It's undoubtedly because Hedy is still rather a stranger around Hollywood that she is being as outspoken as she is about Joan, but at that, her situation is really irksome.

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waiting around for a second picture, Joan made the highly successful "Trade Winds," and followed that up, still dark-haired, by the even more successful "Man in the Iron Mask." In other words, Joan looked like Lamarr and acted like the daughter of five generations of good actors which is just what she is, and a very neat combination that does make, too.

Right about then, Joan, who was interested in Hedy because Wanger had discovered her, proceeded to introduce Miss Lamarr to Gene Markey, who is Joan's ex-husband. Hedy called Joan up the next day to say that Gene was fascinating (which he is), and Joan called Gene to say that he had scored a terrific hit with Hedy (which he had), and the next thing you know Mr. Markey and Miss Lamarr were man and wife, with Reggie Gardiner, who had been Hedy's escort up until that time, left very much out in the cold.

Enter, then, the person of Miss Melinda Markey, the very beautiful, very provocative and very small daughter of Gene Markey and Joan Bennett.

Now Joan Bennett is one of those girls who has a genuine passion for maternity. Give her the choice between love, wealth, a career or her daughters and she would not waver for an instant. She would take her children if she had to sacrifice the whole world for them. In fact it was to support her first baby and bring her up magnificently that Joan went out into the world—a divorcée, at eighteen—and literally went hungry until she got her first big break in pictures. There is not one detail of the lives of Ditty, the older daughter, or Melinda, the younger, that Joan does not supervise. Nothing from their diet, to their posture, their schooling, or their clothes is left to chance.

So, therefore, when Joan, in response to Gene's request, said that she preferred not to have Melinda visit his new home because she felt a five-year-old was much too young to understand about "Daddy's new (Continued on page 91)
Hollywood's leading exponents of graceful ballroom dancing pull no punches in their dos and don'ts for Terpsichoreans

I MUST say I'm grateful for the chance to let loose about this ballroom dancing business. I've plenty to say. As a matter of fact, I think I've been working up to this for a long time, through what seems like endless years of sitting at floor tables watching the great American public put on its dumb-show of comedy and few enough manners—to dance music.

Heaven knows what Butch Romero is going to say over there on that other page. It's his job to advise the men so their partners on the waxed floor won't feel like biting the arm that guides them. I drew the females. And I hope they can take it.

Of course, the first thing to consider is choice of dates, if you have a choice. You may know an awfully sweet boy who is perfectly nice at other social exercises, but who turns into a "roamer" on a dance floor. I mean one of those fellows who brings his date in, leaves her at the bar, and starts asking other girls to dance with him. Or he may get a "Swallow Complex" as soon as he's had a few drinks, swooping all over the place and causing collisions. You cannot convince a boy in this state that he is not dancing in a manner to strike bitter envy into the breasts of Veloz and Yolanda, if they could but watch. So don't try.

(Continued on page 85)
I've just finished reading Joan's advice to the ladies (she would get her story finished first). And, Gentlemen, if the maidens read with humble eye, accept her admonitions and reform, we've got to show our appreciation in some tangible way. Such as a truckload of orchids, purchased by subscribed collection, or something.

Because imagine having a date with a girl who kept her hat out of our noses, her make-up off our coats, her heels out of the cuffs of our pants, and didn't ever try to lead. All at one and the same time!

It's going to take a bit of doing, though, living up to a dance partner à la Crawford.

That hour before you get into your rooster and barrel on over to pick her up is just as important with you as it is with your girl. For one thing, don't try to get by on your morning shave. I've asked a lot of Hollywood women for straight answers on this and they've admitted they're less irritated by the looks of a good honest stubble than by the way it feels. No shave, no love life.

You don't have to worry about clothes quite as much as the gals do, because men's clothes are more or less standardized, but if there's a choice, I'd say be as conservative as you can. Particularly, when you're going dancing, wear suits that make you look taller than you are. Women have the advantage of high heels, but we can make use of pin-stripes and well-cut jackets and even tails, if the dance is a swank affair.

If you've never danced with a particular girl before, it's a good idea not to wear white shoes. Women like to yell about men walking on feminine toes, just as we make a noise about female drivers. But half the time it's the girl who takes a little rest on our shoe tops, unless both sides of the couple are accomplished steppers or very used to each other.

(Continued on page 86)
Even John Steinbeck, author of the year's most daring book, believed the picture would never be made. Here's the answer from this famous producer and writer who adapted it

BY NUNNALLY JOHNSON.

LAST April, when Twentieth Century-Fox bought "The Grapes of Wrath," I went to New York to talk to John Steinbeck regarding its conversion into a screen play, and we had scarcely reached the alive in the first Martini when he asked me what the hell was this rumor that the company had got the story for the sole purpose of ditching it.

That was the first time I heard the report, but not the last by a long shot. The way it came to Steinbeck, the banks that finance the movies were putting the finger on the book by authorizing Darryl F. Zanuck, production head of Twentieth Century-Fox, to buy it and bury it and forget it, at any price and on the house.

Since the bankers who finance the movies were unlikely to let me in on any such Machiavellian maneuver as that, I hardly knew what to say. Odd things happen in Hollywood. But I doubted it. For one thing, my last recollection of Zanuck before I left the studio was that of a man shouting with excitement. For another, if the book were dead what was the point of adding to the cost of the funeral by assigning me and my pay to it? Once you've got the corpse set in the casket you don't go out and
treat it to a spring wardrobe. For still a third, it wasn’t a Book of the Month, and so I didn’t see how a banker could have heard of it, much less read it.

But that was all I could tell Steinbeck, and I admit it wasn’t much. So I suppose it goes without saying that he remained skeptical—polite, to be sure, but clearly skeptical. Nor, incidentally, has his skepticism ever abated, even when he read and approved the script of the screen play. And he’ll still be dubious until he has seen the picture on the screen—for which, God knows, I don’t blame him.

A dozen times I came on the rumor in New York and for months afterward in Hollywood, until here at the studio we became resigned to it, as a man with a harelip becomes resigned to his affliction. Movie gossip writers, working with that crystal ball which is standard equipment for slightly incompetent journalists, fed the campaign with dark and mysterious hints of information straight from the old feedbox. Zanuck was bluffing. Zanuck had to assign a writer to the story simply to save his face. Zanuck was going to fleece Will Hays into banning it, for the same reason. Zanuck was secretly begging the Governor of California to intercede.

Parenthetically, I must say that Zanuck loved it. “Show me a man who can prove that I spent $70,000 for a book in order to shelf it,” he said, “and I’ll make a picture about him!” Nothing improves Zanuck’s disposition like a good stiff rumor that he’ll never do it. His spirits rise, soft drinks flow like water in his office, and it is a first-rate time to hit him for a raise or a vacation. Close parenthesis.

Since then, a number of agencies have indicated their antagonism to the book by passing resolutions against it and in some instances by barring it from public libraries. A woman writer, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, wife of former California State Senator Sangbirn Young, has announced her intention to answer “The Grapes of Wrath” with a novel based on the odd premise that the California rancher is himself a tragic figure in that he “faces a great problem in these homeless hordes of poverty-stricken dust-bowl refugees who camp on his property and beg for work.” In her novel, she promises there will also be a pure love story. Behind her intention was the contention of many Californians, that Steinbeck’s book was unjust to the conditions in that state.

For my part, I found only one implied charge in “The Grapes of Wrath” that was wholly indefensible. This was the wholesale recruiting of ignorant dust-bowl refugees by means of handbills and newspaper advertisements by unscrupulous labor agents. Who should bear the responsibility for these agents and their methods, I do not know. But I confirmed Steinbeck’s charges regarding them by obtaining photostat copies of both handbills and advertisements. That they did lure many times as many men as they had jobs, as Steinbeck claimed, was clear on the surface.

But the company, purely as a matter of precaution and for its own satisfaction, engaged a private investigation to check on conditions in the counties where the Okies have settled in California. Without distrusting Steinbeck’s material, it was felt advisable to have at hand, in cases of attack, something more specific by way of answer than a book of fiction, however well documented. This investigation, while it found summer conditions somewhat better than they have been and may again be during winter, disclosed no reason why we should modify the tell-

(Continued on page 88)
Women are made and molded by love, by the quality of their love and the kind of man they love and the things of the soul love teaches them. That is the law of life. No woman, perhaps, has ever become a great actress without that heartbreak that makes her kin to the sorrow and glory of every woman.

The magic of it reaches out from the stage, from the screen, and touches other hearts, the magic of it turns to truth and beauty everything it touches.

It has been written of Alice Faye that she was never in love with Rudy Vallee. That, of course, is pure nonsense. Lucky for the girl who stands today at the very peak of stardom, who to the amazement of everyone has changed from a blonde song-and-dance glamour girl to a fine artist, that she was in love with Rudy. Without that love—not without Vallee but without those emotional adventures through which he led her—she might never have grown up.

Plain, too, that he loved her in a way he has never loved anyone else and that with her he
might have found that happiness in love which has always escaped him. But that, as the story shows, was his own fault.

1931. "The George White Scandals." Hit show of the town. Stage door open at last. "Good evening, Bill," to the stage doorman. Heels echoing through the dark, silent theater. The crowded dressing room, flooded with a white, hot light, the smell of grease paint, the girls rushing, giggling, shouting, their high young voices filling the room.

"Hi, there, Miss Alice, you're late. Get going." He was a nice guy but he wanted to do the tango at the Stork Club and he couldn't find no place to park his feet but on my new slippers." "Who's got my lipstick? I wish you little girls would leave my lipstick be, that's all I wish." "Where you going tonight? There's a party at—— " "Naw, my feller's in town. Say, do you think I'd like to live in Texas?"

The theater—the real theater—at last.

Tall girls, dark and blonde and redheaded. Among them, just one of them, the youngest and most inexperienced, Alice Faye of Tenth Avenue. Towel around her hair, eyes intent—cold cream, grease paint, lipstick, mascara. "Come on, girls—over here—". How wonderful. Over-turn. Everybody frantic, peering wildly at the long mirrors for the last time, scrambling down the iron stairs like a lot of puppies, breathless as the curtain went up and their feet began to keep time.

Alice Faye in the front row of the "Scandals." Heart beating fast with excitement—with triumph. This—why, this was Success.

West Side still—but a hotel now. Furry old hotel not very far from Madison Square Garden, not many blocks from where she was born, crowded with old-time vaudevillians, song-and-dance men, comedians out of work. Talk of the old days, talk that fascinated Alice, made her feel that she had entered a new world. "I was with George M. Cohan that year—" or "Unless you saw Lillian Lorraine—" and the haggard young woman who had been with Marilyn Miller in "Sally". Marilyn Miller—idol of little Alice Faye. If I could ever dance like Marilyn Miller—ever, ever, ever.

The days when worn-out, scuffed shoes for her and the boys had been a tragedy, the days when you were lucky to have a Sunday dress, when you stared into the windows on Fifth Avenue and could hardly believe some people could just walk in and buy such beautiful things, those days were receding. Little Alice was getting almost as much a week now as Papa used to get a month as a member of New York's finest.

The nice things she had always wanted—a bottle of perfume, a black evening dress with spangles, two pairs of shoes with high heels—they weren't impossible now. The mink coat she had dreamed about wasn't something forever out of reach. But those things were only side issues, really.

Love and scandal walked hand in hand when Fate lifted Alice Faye (far right) from the front line of the chorus of "The George White Scandals," starring Rudy Vallee, to the ranks of featured singer with the band of radio's King. But it was Judge Hyman Bushel (below) who first recognized the talents of this child of the tenements, whose laughter was always too close to tears.

She wanted to help Papa and Mama and give the boys a better break if she could, but the real joy lay in the theater itself, in dancing to blissful music, in hoping some day she'd get a chance.

Off the stage then, applause pattering behind, giggling in the dark wings, showing each other, and maybe, "Oh, good evening, Mr. Vallee," as they passed the young radio star who had swept the nation with his crooning.

"I think he's kinda cute," one of them would say. "Sure,—" from Miss Texas, "but he's high—that, you ask me."

"I like the way he sings," Alice would say, watching the curlyhead out of the corner of her eye.

After all, she was only a chorus girl and he was the star of the show. Star, with his name in big lights. But, at that, she felt sort of sorry for him. He acted so nice and pleasant and he hadn't been in a big show before, either. Sometimes she thought, for all the way he could sing and his showmanship, that he was kind of scared himself. Why, when Willie Howard started to rib him, he'd turn scared and just stand there laughing—one night he laughed so hard it broke up the show. Poor lamb, Alice thought. I bet he's just like anybody else if you got to know him.

So she always smiled at him, shyly, because she had that funny idea of being sorry for him, and it was pretty silly for Alice Faye to be sorry for the great Rudy Vallee.

Of course, she knew he was a bridegroom. He had just married that dark, exotic-looking girl from Hollywood, Fay Webb. Well, she was pretty lucky at that, getting a fine boy like Rudy Vallee, with all that money, too. Alice and the girls stared at her pictures sometimes—Mrs. Rudy Vallee—and Miss Texas would remark, "I guess she's all right, but I don't like that gloomy, black type myself. I bet she makes him plenty trouble before they're through."

None of them thought that Alice Faye would be in the very center of that typhoon of trouble which was to engulf Rudy Vallee and his wife.

Alice was sixteen, then, and she had never been in love. Never even thought she had never been in love. Boys—oh, sure—there had always been boys hanging around, even when she was in grammar school, men when she was on the road with the Chester Hale dancing unit. But Alice somehow had never gone for any of them. Alice was terribly shy, so shy that her family kidded her about it. Even her brothers admitted she was kind of a pretty kid; you'd think a girl who looked like Alice wouldn't always be in a dither every time she met a new man. She was always ducking some guy on the phone. "Tell him I'm not in, Billy, will you?"

Sixteen. She was just sixteen when she met (Continued on page 14)
Happiness for Janet
DESIGNED BY
ADRIAN

To the tune of Hollywood’s most romantic courtship, the little Gaynor adds marriage to her song of love

BY RUTH WATERBURY

T IS necessary to your understanding of the love story of Janet Gaynor and Gilbert Adrian to know that the little Gaynor is not what she seems.

On the screen she looks naïve as a baby doll and about as mental, but in person she is not only intelligent but definitely sophisticated, not only a reader but a true student of psychology and the more involved philosophies.

As for Adrian, he is exactly what he looks: sensitive, intelligent, artistic, worldly, and utterly charming. For more than ten years he has been in Hollywood making clothes for glamour girls. He has long been one of Garbo’s closest confidants and has never betrayed that confidence. He could tell you enough about Shearer, Crawford, MacDonald, Loy or any of the other Metro darlings to fill a book. But he doesn’t. He makes a quip, once in a while, when he is among friends with one-way ears, but otherwise he stays silent, smiling just a shade cynically.

Therefore, insured as he was to femininity in the fitting room, the last thing he expected when Miss Janet Gaynor came to Metro to make “Three Loves Has Nancy,” only a little over a year ago, was that in August of 1929 he would be married to her. For Adrian (everyone, even Janet, calls him merely by his surname, which is the only one he uses professionally) has never been in love before. Furthermore, during the “Three Loves Has Nancy” period, Janet, who has been in love again and again, was dashing about with no lesser heartthrob than the darkly romantic Tyrone Power.

By sheerest accident, Adrian and Janet had missed meeting each other up until that time. They had in common numerous friends who predicted, with great accuracy, that once they were introduced they would be very keen for each other. But Adrian goes to few parties and so does Janet. Even when Janet had been at Metro to make “Small Town Girl” a few seasons earlier, the studio hadn’t considered her important enough to turn her over to Adrian’s fine talents, so they didn’t run across each other then. But on the morning she reported to his studio to be gowned as Nancy, love walked right in, though neither of them could believe it at the time.

Now people go around saying they are “ripe for a cold,” or “ready for a nervous breakdown,” so I don’t know why I shouldn’t say that Adrian was undoubtedly at that very moment ready for his first serious love and that Janet, though she probably didn’t realize it, was ready for a variation from the usual Hollywood male.

That latter is meant as not too much of a slam at the Hollywood males, either. They are the most delightful of human creatures—so long as a girl doesn’t take them seriously. But Janet, you see, is serious under that strawberry icecream exterior of hers, and furthermore, she had a terrific load of Hollywood males, starting with Herb Moulton way back in 1927 and carrying right on up to Mr. Power in 1928. Between those two romantic mileposts in her life there had been such sundry as Philip Thompson, Al Scott, Lydell Peck (she married and divorced him), Gene Raymond, Charlie Farrell (supposedly her big romance), Russell Birdwell and several others. Adrian, while he is of Hollywood and rich from Hollywood, is no more a

(Continued on page 88)
OLIVIA and Joan were always saying the house was too small. Neither had enough closet space in her bedroom. And the connecting bathroom had definitely been a mistake. It seemed as if Joan were forever taking a shower at the life-and-death moment when Livvie had to get her make-up on.

Now Livvie can spread herself all over the place. She can hang her overflow in Joan's ex-closets. She doesn't have to wail through her sister's splashing: "Joanie, I'm going to be late for my date."

She's finding it a little hard to get used to. Sometimes, she told me on the "Elizabeth and Essex" set a few days ago, sometimes catching a glimpse of the bed in which Joan won't sleep any more, she closes the door quickly, her heart wrung by her first realization that the dear familiar patterns of life do change.

Then from the back of her mind, as a child takes a treasure out of a box, she takes Joan and Brian. "I save them to think about," she says, "just like a piece of cake. When I want to think of something that will make me happy, I think of them."

She was in bed with a cold when Joan came into her room one morning. "Brian and I are going to be married," said her sister calmly—so calmly that Olivia didn't quite take it in. She knew that Joan had been seeing a good deal of Mr. Aherne, but so had she seen a good deal of other men before him. She'd always brought her doubts and problems for discussion to Olivia who, though the elder by only a year, feels motherly at times. "Funny," she was thinking now. "Joanie hasn't really talked to me much about Brian."

"Do you mean it?" she asked slowly.

"I never meant anything more."

"Is that why you went up to Saratoga together?"

"That's why. He wanted to see all the places and people I'd known as a child." She turned a little shy, and Olivia's throat tightened. "He said it was all part of me, so he wanted to know about it too—Livvie." She sat down on the edge of the bed, and her eyes held a look that her sister had never seen before. "Livvie, we found the most beautiful little church in Del Monte, all ivy and peace. That's where we're

(Continued on page 89)
The most obstinate bulge is a pushover for these prestidigitators of the massage table, who claim cure for everything from a fallen arch to a family party you're about to face?

And who are we to disagree with a man before whom the most temperamental Paramount stars are as docile as baby lambs? Sammy Waxman used to have a health clinic in Beverly Hills; and very fashionable it was, too. But when he did an amazing job getting a studio executive into shape he had to close his plate-glass doors. RKO told him to name his own figure. He did, laughing. But they took him seriously. For which the stars on that lot sing loud hosannas. They know wizards like Sammy are few and very far between.

Lewis Hippe not only keeps the stars from taking on the excess baggage of fat; he keeps them feeling top-hole, too. Whether it's headaches, double chins, or hiccoughs that worry people on the Warner lot they make a beeline to Hippe. They know from experience that he knows from experience. And he effects his cures so quickly that you might expect him to
wear a turban and mutter mumbo-jumbo—if it wasn't for the cold, scientific gleam in his eyes. First of all our experts give their attention to:

**The Morning After and the Night Before**

1. If you have reason to believe you might wake in the morning with that old feeling Robert Benchley describes as "butterflies on your stomach," drink half a pint of cold milk before you retire and another upon awakening. (Davies)

2. When you’ve been very, very indiscreet and you didn’t drink milk night and morning, it’s crushed ice and table salt you need. Not internally; externally! With a handful of ice and half that quantity of salt, massage your back. Begin at the bottom of your spine and work up to the base of your head. When the first supply of ice and salt is exhausted have another at hand. You’ll be rewarded for this heroic treatment. For it will start your circulation. It will draw the blood from your brain. And it will get you through the day—even if you don’t believe it when you start your massage. (Davies)

3. When you know in advance that the toasts will be many, pour a drink before you leave home—but make it two tablespoons of olive oil. (Waxman)

**When It's Nothing Serious**

**Backaches:** Exercise first. Touch the floor with your fingertips, without bending your knees. Then bend sideways, raising your left heel as you bend to the right, and raising your right heel as you bend to the left. Then, limbered up, get heat on your back. Use bath towels soaked in one gallon of water and two pounds of Epsom salts. The first towels should be only comfortably hot but the last—the sixth and seventh—should be good and hot. Always change the towels immediately they begin to cool. (Hippe)

**Headaches:** Press against your temples with the balls of your hands. Then press against the center of your forehead. And last of all, press against that little lump you’ll find high in the center of your neck, just under your brain. If you have someone to help you, so much the better for then pressure can be exerted front and back at the same time. Lastly, draw your fingers across your forehead from the center to the temples. Two minutes of this routine usually is sufficient. But if yours is a stubborn headache be equally stubborn with your treatment. (Hippe)

Headaches which come from eyestrain and produce a tightness in the back of the neck—such as those who sit over a desk or typewriter and retard their circulation are prone to have—require the base of the brain be massaged. Take a towel. Roll it lengthwise. And pull it from right to left at the base of your brain. Use it so it actually massages the muscles there. (Davies)

**Hiccoughs:** It isn’t enough to excuse yourself, you must cure yourself. Have someone who is kindly disposed place the palms of his hands over your ears so no air can get into your ear-drums. While he presses hard, drink a glass of water. Drink it down at once, or in two or three hard gulps, without taking a breath in between. When you’ve finished the water, the pressure over your ears should be continued for about twenty seconds, so that you feel a suction when it is removed. A glass of water, you see, is only half the cure for hiccoughs. You can’t breathe (Continued on page 84)
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the

Orient.

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The

O'Neils

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University

Players.

A

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Broadway

play,

"Carrie

Nation," led

to

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Broadway

successes.

Whereupon

Samuel

Goldwyn

saw

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to

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in

"Stella

Dallas.

A

second

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role,

Scarlett

O'Hara's

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"Gone

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Wind,"

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"The

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"When

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Comes.

In

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In

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with

Irene

Dunne,

she

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the

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completely.

Barbara

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twenty-eight

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She

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never

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Her

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Hollywood

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and

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"commutes"

here

for

pictures.

Her

real

home

is

in

Greenwich,

Connecticut,

where

she

lives

with

her

author-

brother,

William

O'Neil.

In

Greenwich

she

has

assembled

one

of

the

strangest

hobbies

imaginable.

A

collection

of

some

two

hundred

merry-go-round

horses!

Another

hobby

is

boxing.

Ernest

Hemingway,

who

taught

her

to

box,

says

she

has

a

left

like

Jack

Dempsey's!

Barbara

O'Neil

Brian

Donlevy

THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT...

Guilty—of Scene Larceny

FOR all she is a character actress with a special flair for playing screen mothers, Barbara O'Neil knows the meaning of glamour. She knows it because her own life has been glamorous.

In the first place, she is the daughter of a poet, David O'Neil. She has traveled extensively in Europe and the Orient. She learned to speak several languages before she reached her teens; to design and make her own clothes; to dance like a small Pavlova; to paint with the sure touch of a born artist.

The O'Neils lived abroad many years and by the time they were ready to return to their home in St. Louis, Missouri, where Barbara was born, she had decided to stop off in New York and embark on a dramatic career. She had never had experience, but she did finally win a spot with the University Players. A break in the Broadway play, "Carrie Nation," led to other Broadway successes. Whereupon Samuel Goldwyn saw her and brought her to Hollywood to play a mother role in "Stella Dallas." A second mother role, Scarlett O'Hara's in "Gone with the Wind," has followed, but Universal producers gave her younger roles in "The Sun Never Sets" and "When Tomorrow Comes." In the latter picture she made her greatest hit. In fact, in her big scene with Irene Dunne, she steals the limelight completely.

Barbara is twenty-eight years old. She has never married. Her interest in Hollywood is purely professional, and she "commutes" here for pictures. Her real home is in Greenwich, Connecticut, where she lives with her author-brother, William O'Neil. In Greenwich she has assembled one of the strangest hobbies imaginable. A collection of some two hundred merry-go-round horses! Another hobby is boxing. Ernest Hemingway, who taught her to box, says she has a left like Jack Dempsey's!

Cleopatra's Stand-In

HE is a former collar ad model. He even posed once for a magazine cover portrait of Cleopatra when the artist's feminine model failed to show up. He writes poetry. He's a sucker for a sob story. Like many another screen villain, he has an awful yen to play comedy or "straight" roles. Still, after "Union Pacific," and more specifically, "Beau Geste," it looks as if Brian Donlevy will keep on being a screen villain.

Brian has been around Hollywood since his hit role in "The Milky Way" brought him west to play the same part in Harold Lloyd's screen version. But the picture was delayed. Sam Goldwyn saw him and put him in "Barbary Coast," as a double-dyed villain. He clicked—and has been a villain ever since.

Brian, who is six feet tall, was born in Ireland, but has lived in this country ever since he was a baby. He went to school in various places, winding up in St. John's Military Academy in Delafield, Wisconsin, and later in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis—interrupting his schooling, however, to serve as a bugler in the Mexican Punitive Expedition. During the World War, he joined the Lafayette Escadrille, and, attached to a flying corps, was wounded twice.

Back in this country and a student at Annapolis, he became interested in theatricals and finally left the Academy to try his fortune on Broadway. He wasn't too lucky at first but dramatic success came his way at last. Now, however, having cast his lot with pictures, he and his former-actress wife, Marjorie Lane, live quietly but very happily in Westwood, in an English cottage. Brian's leisure time is spent prospecting for gold. He is serious about it! He owns a mine near Death Valley. He means to make a million some day—and not in the movies, either!

Universal Studios seem to be child-singer minded since the advent of Deanna Durbin. And now, since "The Under-Pup," it looks as though they have found a second Deanna in the person of eleven-year-old Gloria Jean, who can sing like a Galli-Curci, and act as well.

Gloria, whose real name is Gloria Jean Schoonover, was discovered by Producer Joe Pasternak one morning when she was trying out for a radio engagement. He signed her the same day and brought her, with her mother, to Hollywood for five months' special training.

Gloria was born in Buffalo, New York, where her father was a welding instructor. But when he changed from welding instructor to piano salesman, the family moved to Scranton, Pennsylvania. She was quite a local celebrity there, taking part in school, church and civic entertainments. Her father insists she could sing at the age of eighteen months—and learned the words of songs before she learned conversation.

Gloria thinks being in pictures is exactly like an exciting game. And on top of her exciting career, she has learned to ride, and to swim like an expert. Gloria's biggest thrill, however, has been meeting Deanna. Deanna is her "truest ideal," she vouchsafes, quaintly.

In appearance, Gloria someway doesn't resemble the average child movie actress. Certainly she isn't pretty, for all her lovely red-gold, naturally curly hair and sweetly curved little mouth. Like a good many other children she has to wear braces on her teeth. Still, she has a singularly sweet smile.

Gloria's money is being stowed away in the bank, "for when I go to college," she explained to me. She is in the sixth grade. She thinks that if she studies hard next semester, she can jump a grade. "If of arithmetic doesn't stop me," she amended.
Stardust Fell on Texas

There is nothing new about an actress concealing her age. But now, there is in Hollywood one who is doing this in a new way. Meaning Linda Darnell, that gorgeous young creature who made the big hit in 20th Century-Fox's "Hotel for Women." Linda is barely sixteen years old. Yet so mature is her beauty, her poise, and her histronic talents, that her studio, wishing to present her in sophisticated roles, has actually added a couple of years!

Linda's real name is Moneta Eloyse Darnell. She was born in Dallas, Texas, the fourth of six children. She was precocous from infancy, her mother, Mrs. Calvin Roy Darnell, admits. In school she was an honor student, leading lady in practically every school entertainment, and a Camp Fire girl; in addition she was a member of Dallas Cathedral Players and one of the best known photographers' models in the Southwest. She was chosen by McClelland Barclay as one of the models used in exploiting the Dallas Fair.

A 20th Century-Fox talent scout, Ivan Kahn, visited Dallas, was impressed by Linda and, a few weeks later, wired her to come to Hollywood for a screen test. That was early in 1938. She did, but the test was n.g. She was too young, they told her, so she went home again and back to school. A year later she submitted photographs to "Gateway to Hollywood," a screen talent search. She lost out in the contest, but 20th Century-Fox signed her. "Hotel for Women" was her first picture. Her next role is opposite Tyrone Power in "Daytime Wife."

Of course, she's excited about it all. She has few dates, and those studio arranged. She goes to school on the lot. And when she is working a manicurist has to follow her around with a supply of artificial fingernails, ready for emergency use. You see, she bites her own. No, it is not nervousness. Just youth.

In His Father's Footsteps

Linguist, musician and student: an actor who animates each role he plays with the force of his arresting personality — small wonder that Joseph Schildkraut is perennially among those whom movie fans applaud. As Fouquet in "The Man in the Iron Mask," or as Bannerjee in "The Rains Came," he scores consistently.

A naturalized citizen of this country, now, Joseph was born in Vienna some forty-odd years ago, the son of the late Rudolph Schildkraut, stage and screen star of two continents, and spent his boyhood in schools in Vienna, Berlin and Hamburg. After he was graduated from the University of Vienna, he became associated with Max Reinhardt. For eight years, with the exception of a term of service in the Fifth Imperial Dragoons of Austria, he appeared in a long succession of plays, sometimes in company with his father. Ultimately, Broadway producers discovered him and he was brought to New York in 1921 to play in "Liliom" and later hits. A screen career followed, high-lighted in 1938 by "The Life of Emile Zola," in which his remarkable portrayal of Dreyfus won him a Motion Picture Academy Award.

Joseph is married to Marie McKay, a non-professional, and lives quietly in Beverly Hills. He has never mixed with the usual "Hollywood crowd," seldom is seen "out." He prefers to spend his leisure at his piano or with his violin (he has a degree from the Imperial Academy of Music in Berlin), or browsing in his library.

He likes to be called "Pepe," the Austrian nickname for Joseph; he'd rather play chess than eat; he is an amateur movie photographer, but photographs only nature scenes; his mother is his severest dramatic critic. He isn't as tall as one would think, seeing him in pictures — only about five feet, nine inches. It is just that he is so very slender and erect — and imposing.
What a nickname for a lambie-pie like Jane Bryan—but if she can take it, we can, too!

BY SARA HAMILTON

The telephone was ringing throughout Warner Brothers Studio with an incessant din. "Where's Jane Bryan? Where's Jane Bryan? Where's Jane Bryan?" shouted the casting director to the publicity department, the photograph gallery, the studio dining room, the front gate box.

"Haven't seen her," was the reply to each query. "She hasn't been here."

Still the phones kept up their demanding inquiry, "Where's Jane Bryan?" echoing and re-echoing throughout the Burbank lot. Waitresses, clearing up the tables after luncheon, looked at one another with questioning eyes. Publicity girls raised eyebrows at the press boys. Each knew, without saying a word, that some momentous event had occurred in the life of the freckle-faced Bryan kid.

The telephone was ringing for the twentieth time as Jane entered her own front door in Brentwood. Nice little refeeded Janey had been across the way helping to paint a fence and practically had to be turpentinized to the bone before shaking the hand of Paul Muni. It was only fate, her friends claim, that she could meet the great actor without smelling to high heaven of paint.

"I am happy," said Muni, "that you are to be my new leading lady."

"Janey-Paney" had indeed rounded a corner of her career, and on two wheels at that. For just six hours after her arrival on the lot, she stood before the test chambers, in the quaint costume of a young German peasant girl of the year 1914, and, with a hurriedly assembled accent, tested fat into the night with Muni for the picture, "We Are Not Alone." The removal of Dolly Haas from the role after six weeks' shooting opened the way for Jane to step into that holy of holies, the post of leading lady for Muni.

She has lived, this Jane O'Brien (her real name) exactly twenty-one years, which aren't many in which to attain Muni. "But shucks," her close friends say, "things will always happen early to Jane, for she's an old soul."

"An old soul," they say, meaning, I suppose, that her uncanny ability as an actress and the unerring genius within are too mature, too fool-proof to be acquired in her short term of years. These attributes, according to their theory, existed long before the Bryan ego, and have come only to make their home in Janey's being in order to live on as expressions.

If they told Jane their beliefs, she'd say but one thing—and I have five dollars to bet on it. She'd say, "It's spooky." Everything the least bit coincidental is spooky to Jane. Everything. That Irish strain that fevers the imagination with the idea of "Little Folk," that kindles the fancy with strange strains of the supernatural is vividly pronounced in this 1940 model of young womanhood. It's the outstanding characteristic of Jane Bryan and motivates her every thought and deed in real life and, subsequently, on the screen. A blending of this age-old capacity for fantasy with today's hurdy-gurdy of modern tempo. For an actress there could be no richer, rarer combination, and it reveals its presence in Jane by her everlasting, "It's spooky."

(Continued on page 82)
Miss Rosemary, quite contrary,
How can you fool us so?
Although it's true all five are you
They're not the Lane we know!
Just a girl and a boy dancing at the Coconut Grove—while the whole world asks if they plan to join these happy married couples at the Trocadero. For the girl is a great star, Deanna Durbin, the boy is a 23-year-old assistant director, Vaughn Paul—and the question may be answered on December 4th, when Deanna becomes 18!

1. Alice Faye and Tony Martin, after two years filled with conflict between their careers, have tried to prove Hollywood marriages can overcome great handicaps.

2. When they eloped, John Payne and Anne Shirley were almost as young as Deanna and Vaughn—now they're even more in love after observing their second anniversary.

3. Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor spent two and a half years deciding on taking the fatal step. Will filmland's newest and youngest romance hesitate as long?

4. Neither her long illness nor his busy schedule has been able to shake the Fred MacMurray marriage, now more than three years old and getting stronger every day.

5. Early in this year's flood of exciting marriages was that of Carole Lombard and Clark Gable—and we're hoping to see them celebrate their silver anniversary.
With matrimony breaking out like an epidemic, all Hollywood wonders if Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul will be the next to succumb to the lures of marital bliss.
Possibly their Latin blood—despite the blonde hair—accounts for this striking similarity. The first was born in Italy, the second in England—of an Italian mother. Left, Isa Miranda, and right, Binnie Barnes.

No wonder the Iowa girl at far right was able to win a contest posing as an experienced British actress! That’s the true history of the new dramatic sensation who resembles her so much. Left, Geraldine Fitzgerald; right, Margaret Lindsay.

Born in such widely separated spots as Butte, Montana, and Tokyo, Japan, Andrea Leeds (at left) and Olivia de Havilland (at right) look so much alike you have to look twice at their candid shots—to see which is which, without benefit of make-up and costume.
Startling resemblances that will make you see double! No tricks, no mirrors—just pictures that prove what nature (and Hollywood) can do.

Once upon a time, one was the Tasmanian-born portrayer of exotic Oriental roles and the other a Texas schoolgirl. But nowadays, with both of them playing modern screen roles, even their friends are apt to greet newcomer Linda Darnell (far right) as Merle Oberon!

You have to put a hat on one—like twins—to tell the two apart! Both British (and, if they're typical, we're taking the next boat to the Isles), Margaret Lockwood (at left) was born in India—Heather Angel (at right) in Oxford.

The brunette trend (notice it on these pages?) may explain the likeness of these two, who came from opposite poles of our own continent to portray (twice) American girls—Marjorie Weaver (at far left) from Tennessee, Ann Rutherford from Canada.
There's something of his ancestor, Sir Henry Morgan, pirate, in Ray Milland, who ran away to sea, served in the King of England's own guard—and zipped through a sizable inheritance in a single year. He just returned from England, where he did "French Without Tears" for Paramount. His next picture is "Untamed"
Young man with a future: Blue-eyed, brawny William Holden. Yesterday, with an interest in school dramatics and an ambition to be a screen find of the year by virtue of his sterling, first performance
SEEING EYE TO EYE
1. RUSSIAN (?) DUET
Rhode Island's Nelson Eddy (as a prince of old Russia) sings with Hungary's Ilona Massey (as a daughter of the Revolution), in "Balalaika"

2. WEDDING MARCH—STILL GOING STRONG
Their silver anniversary already in the past, Eddie and Ida Cantor, at the Troc, still find their greatest happiness in each other's eyes

3. "OTCHI TCHORNYA" A LA SOUTH SEAS
"Dark Eyes" indeed, as Mischa Auer pauses at Dorothy Lamour's Trocadero table with tidings that bring a gasp from the famous sarong girl

4. COLLEGE SONG WITH A ROMANTIC NOTE
In "These Glamour Girls," Idaho's Lana Turner (as a taxi-dancer) is the love light of Minnesota's Lew Ayres (as a university social lion)

5. COCKATOOTLE-TWO IN A PERSIAN GARDEN
Though David Niven nominally shares star billing with Loretta Young in "Eternally Yours," Mickey, the cockatoo, grabs one lavish scene
Lady Luck helped the four Youngs find their dream house in the Valley

A charming corner of the Youngs' soft-green and gold

The decorator's sketch of the Youngs' French Provincial bedroom—and of the living room, carried out exactly, as shown above

In the dining room, authentic copies of Sixteenth Century furniture, including a Welsh dresser of oak.
Presenting Sleepy Hollow Ranch—the reason why the Bob Youngs believe "There's no place like home"

By Jerry Asher

TS typical of the Robert Young good fortune, that the most beautiful ranch in all San Fernando Valley should literally be placed in his p. Figuratively speaking, of course. By his own admission, Bob confesses that he and "Lady Jack" have carried on one of the most scandalous affairs in Hollywood.

"Sooner or later, everything I've ever wanted is come to me," says Bob. "I've been so lucky since the first day I started in pictures. Finding this wonderful ranch and being able to buy it is just another example of the swell breaks I get."

Taking everything into consideration, it isn't too surprising that Bob Young, who wasn't looking for a ranch home, should stumble across the most desirable one in the country. Bob and his wife, Betty, owe their happy discovery to an insatiable curiosity. For some time they planned to move from their Beverly Hills home, to find more ground for the children. Bob liked the country. But Betty was afraid they were too spoiled with the conveniences of the city. They decided to compromise on Brentwood, which is a nice working combination of both.

For weeks they rode around with a real-estate woman, looking at homes. One day the woman stopped to make an inquiry. Bob and Betty remained sitting in the car. Prompted by their own curiosity, they began snooping through books, maps and blueprints that rested on the back seat. In a side pocket, Bob noticed a large bulky envelope. Seeing no harm in exploring its contents, Bob almost shouted when he discovered photographs of the most beautiful estate he had ever seen.

"Why didn't you show us this place?" he asked excitedly, when the woman returned to the car.

"Because you said you weren't interested in the country," was her brief reply.

But Bob and Betty were very much interested in the country—from that moment on. Out to Tarzana they drove. Turning left off Ventura Boulevard, they headed down a winding road that eventually lost itself in the hills. In front (Continued on page 83)
Dark and languorous Harriette Lake lent a highly decorative touch to Buster Keaton's "Dough Boys," in 1930. Now blonde and vivacious, we've known her by another name for several years, and—another hint—she's just signed a new lease on both life and career.

She was a human dynamo of song and dance in the screen version of "Good News" (1930), but played only sparkling bit roles until she forsook the name of Dorothy McNulty. Today she stars in a highly successful series.

Surely you know little Jane Peters, who made her screen bow at twelve in "A Perfect Crime" in 1921? Numerology gave her a new cognomen which she exchanged in her recent marriage for another equally as famous.

Daughter of the dancing Cansinos, she played exotic atmosphere in such films as "Dante's Inferno." In 1935, it is now on her way to dramatic success after discarding her Latin name for a simple English one.
In "The Four Devils" (1928), Anita Fremault and Dawn O'Day grew up to be circus stars. In real life, they have become two of Hollywood's best-known young stars.

They aren't the obscure bit players they used to be! If our hints don't help you, turn to page 81.
After two roles as baby-boy scene stealer, Sandra Henville discards the title of youngest male impersonator, and comes into her own as Universal's cutest heart-breaker and leading lady.
By Gwenn Walters

Bette Davis, who stars in the Warner Brothers films, "The Old Maid" and "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex," poses in a black and white evening ensemble selected from Bernard Newman, Beverly Hills. The fitted bodice and long-sleeved bolero are of silver-shot chalk-white crepe—the flowing skirt is of flat surfaced black chiffon. Bette wears a pendant necklace and bracelets of synthetic rubies set in antique gold—these unusual pieces of costume jewelry were created by Joseff, Hollywood.
Loreeta Young wears the Irene costumes on these two pages in Walter Wanger's "Eternally Yours," in which she co-stars with David Niven. The two-piece imported woolen model features a skirt of caramel brown and a dolman-sleeved blouse of caramel and beige. Bronze butterfly clips with jewel-studded wings, a bronze lame turban and a sable scarf lend rich contrast.
This exquisite woolen frock is diagonally striped in varying shades of caramel and beige. The diagonal closing of the neckline is highlighted by gold lead clips. Loretta's muff and hat are of beaver to match the broad-shouldered topcoat that is lined with wool to repeat the diagonal motif of the dress. For further details about Loretta's costumes write to Irene of Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles.
Safari brown Alaska sealskin fashions Loretta Young's swagger coat cut with broad shoulders, open sleeves, a collarless neckline and slash pockets. Beneath it Loretta wears a two-piece shirt-waist frock of beige woollen (sketched above). Note the skirt yoke and novel pockets. The coat is from Willard George, Los Angeles; the dress from Irene of Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles.
Claudette Colbert, appearing in the 20th Century-Fox film, "Drums Along the Mohawk," chooses Persian lamb* for her hat and boxy coat with notched collar and open sleeves. Her frock of black crepe (sketched above) has a flaring skirt and a softly draped blouse. Claudette's choker is of gold links and her lapel clip a starfish of gold rubies and amethysts. Her coat and hat are from Willard George, Los Angeles; her dress from Irene, Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles.

* Hammer Brand
Howard Shoup designed this blue and green changeable metallic novelty dinner costume for Brenda Marshall to wear in Warner Brothers' "Espionage Agent," in which she plays the leading feminine role opposite Joel McCrea. The softly shirred blouse is finished at the neckline with a choker of hammered silver leaves. Brenda's draped turban is of the dress fabric. Her cape is of cross fox. This studio designed costume is not available in the shops.
A subtle elegance characterizes this evening gown designed by Adrian for Hedy Lamarr to wear in M-G-M's "Lady of the Tropics." A rich embroidery of brilliants, silver paillettes and emeralds fashion the deep girdle, and edges the cape yoke and sleeves of the beige soufflé bodice. The full skirt of white mousseline de soie falls over a crisp taffeta slip. This studio designed gown is not available in the shops.
Ellen Drew, who appears in Paramount's "Geronimo," models dark frocks that are dramatized by color contrast above the waist. "There's something about a soldier" that makes us borrow his dress uniform for our very own. Here's a gay example of fashionable treason, in a bolero frock (left). Vivid color for the blouse (below left), as well as for the amusing leather buttons and matching buttonholes, shows up well in acetate and rayon crepe. Black with Robin Hood red, Knockout blue or mist blue. Fashion's darling, the Bow Tie dress (center circle), with a new twist. This time it's a flattering splash of color at the throat, in the form of a yoke that's part of the shirred front. So wearable in either black with red, plum with dahlia or Anaconda with brown acetate and rayon crepe. A full, circular skirt makes it a perfect date dress. Glimmering metal embroidery enlivens the two-piece Autumn dress (below and right). Made of "Crepe Suzette," a supple acetate and rayon fabric, the simple dress has a touch of embroidery at the high neck, to match that on the epaulette shoulders of the jacket. All frocks worn by Miss Drew on this page are from Jeanne Barrie.
Imagination preferred! The youthful “style interpreters” of Hollywood prefer it to sable and square-cut emeralds, so here we have Nancy Kelly, who will next be seen as Light in 20th Century-Fox’s production "The Bluebird," showing the interesting possibilities of one dress plus the right accessories. Nancy chooses a basic evening gown of black velvet that is sufficiently formal for wear with her silver fox jacket (bottom), but casual enough for a complete change by addition of the lipstick red chenille evening sweater (below) that comes as a unit with Kalmour's gown. The gown is styled with an inset waistband, horsehair trim, and a skirt that has front fullness and vertical slash pockets. Nancy selected her gown from Macy's Little Shop, New York.
Almost as typically American as the silver dollar is the polo coat especially beloved by college girls and career women. Deservedly so, too, for it keeps on improving in cut and practicality.

This one worn by Brenda Joyce (below) is Londonderry's famous "Fair-Trotter" model that is styled with narrow notched lapels, a shoulder yoke extending into sleeve width, and roomy hip and breast pockets. Of natural camel's hair and wool, the color complements Brenda's suit (left) with olive green circle skirt and tailored collarless jacket of brown, green, and rust. The moderately priced coat and suit were selected from Roos Bros., Hollywood.

Brenda, who left college for the screen, appropriately co-stars with Richard Greene in 20th Century-Fox's story with a college background, "Here I Am a Stranger." You'll also see her as Fern in "The Rains Came"
BY GWENN WALTERS

Elizabeth Tudor, who sat on the throne of England from 1558 to 1603, were alive today she would probably knight Designer Orry-Kelly and give Bette Davis one of her priceless pairlets for the way the two have conspired to receive the fashions that she adored when the first toast of every true Briton was to “Our Good Queen Bess.”

England was caught in the tide of the art Renaissance during Elizabeth’s reign and never in the history of the country were court gowns so sumptuous, so elaborate. All of this grandeur in costume is caught by the Technicolor camera in the Warner Brothers film, “The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex,” which co-stars Bette Davis and Errol Flynn.

Orry-Kelly, who did research on the period for a year before he ever drew a sketch, all the time was visualizing not only the clothes of the period, but their adaptability to present times. He saw the long, fitted bodice with its petite waistline; the full skirts standing out from the hips; the heavily detailed virago sleeve; the padded shoulder wings; the stomacher; the luxury fabrics; the bold, rich colors; the expensive embroidery—all as modern possibilities.

Apparently the time was just ripe for a return to the fashions of Britain’s famous queen, for by the time Orry-Kelly had executed modern versions for Zorina and Gloria Dickson to wear in the Warner Brothers picture, “On Your Toes,” Paris designers were copying from the same period source.

The day I called at the Warner Brothers lot to look over Bette in her royal raiment, and to discuss with the whole Elizabethan sweep with Orry-Kelly, I found the Queen giving a tongue-lashing to her erstwhile lover, the Lord of Essex. Orry-Kelly whispered that the gown she was wearing was one that inspired a mod dress for Gloria Dickson in “On Your Toes.”

The gown, a model of elegance in spite of the fact that it is the simplest in the Queen’s wardrobe, combines an overdress of rust-colored velvety, and a petticoat—or underdress—of red, rust and gold moiré metal cloth. The virago velvet sleeves are heavily embroidered in gold, and are split to reveal a tight metallic cloth sleeve beneath, and are caught by gold bands to form a series of diminishing puffs from shoulder to wrist. At wrist and neck are fluted ruffs of white cellophane net. The long, molding bodice ends in a long, slim waistline which is marked by a wide girdle of gold and jewels. Topping her chestnut wig was a tiny cap of velvet elaborately embroidered in jewels.

The wide skirt was held out by a hoop and padded bolster at the hipline, but Bette, who joined me for a few moments between “takles,” declared the style was far more comfortable and wearable than the hem hoops of the Civil War period which she wore in “Jezebel,” “Juarez,” and “The Old Maid.” When Bette returned to her throne to make further skirling remarks to her arrogant lover, Essex, Orry-Kelly suggested a quick trip to the “On Your Toes” set where we could see the stars of that picture wearing Elizabeth-inspired modern togs.

GLORIA was one of the smartest creatures we’ve seen this season in a dress of rusty-rose crepe, fashioned with that same long, slender bodice with pointed front extending a good ten inches into the full gathered skirt. Instead of the virago sleeves, Gloria’s were long and fitted, but the shoulderline was marked by a thick, padded roll of a self-fabric, neatly stitched. The high neckline was outlined by a stationary embroidered choker necklace of huge cabochon stones.

Orry-Kelly pointed out that in the Sixteenth Century this padded wing was used extensively on masculine clothes and somewhat less frequently on feminine. Usually it marked the place where a leg o’ mutton sleeve joined the tight bodice. This unusual epaulet treatment gives the shoulderline such a new look that the designer expects it to be one of the most widely used points of the revived silhouette. He also asked us to take particular note of Gloria’s little hat which was very much like the gem-en-crusted velvet one we had seen on Bette, except that it was made of crepe and had a waistlength streamer-scarf of self-material.

The dress Zorina wears in “On Your Toes,” which has that Elizabethan feeling, is of burgundy-colored faille. It follows similar lines except that it buttons down the front and has a widely flared skirt instead of a gathered one, giving a slimmer hipline. A topaz-studded sunburst pin ornament the bodice.

When this new-old silhouette is carried out in stiff and heavy fabrics like faille, upholstering cloths, taffeta, or moire, it achieves what Orry-

(Continued on page 87)
"Hustle into a bustle dress," says pretty Gale Page of Warner Brothers "Four Daughters" and "Daughters Courageous," whose next vehicle will be—you guessed it—"Four Wives."

Don't let 'em tell you you've got to have the "figger" for it. Bustles will camouflage your bumps and bulges if you haven't. Timid souls who can't quite take the hurdle of a bustle-dress at once can satisfy their urge to be the new old-fashioned girl—and inexpensively, too—with a bustle hat, bustle shoes, a bustle bag or belt or bustle necklace. Gale shows you here, in six easy lessons, how it's done.

First lesson, for advanced pupils...
The bustle dress—in self-fringed petunia woollen. This is what started the bustle fashion on its merry way.

Second lesson... The bustle hat—a squared-off pillbox with a swashbuckling moiré ribbon bustle.

Third lesson... The bustle bag—grosgrain bracelet-handle, circular suede pouch and—underneath it all—the pert little tail of suede that forms the bustle.

Fourth lesson... Glensder's bustle belt—wonderful way to do over last year's basic dress. Gale shows you one in moiré, to match the moiré bustle on her hat. The tailored girl might choose the Criterion belt below, in suede, worn high in front and low in back to build the bow into a bustle.

Fifth lesson... Silson's bustle necklace—copper leaves and a copper chain to form a glittering collar for your basic dress, and smack in front, a bustle of gold and silver and copper balls. Decidedly new!

Sixth lesson... Customcraft's bustle shoes—svelte suede V-line pumps. Coming, a grosgrain inset vamp and collar. Going, a fluted bustle. Something to remember you by.
Rivaling the legends of the Arabian Nights is this month’s folklore from our own Bagdad-on-the-Pacific

In Line of Duty

O UR demon photographer, Hyman Fink, is still recovering from the joyful shock of getting the camera scoop of the year pictured here. It came about, as such surprises usually do, at the most unexpected time, in the most unexpected place. The stylist, Irene, gave a fall fashion show at Bullock’s-Wilshire in Los Angeles, which Hymie attended in line of duty. Things were going along very calmly and uneventfully until the last number went on. Then, suddenly, from a tiny dressing room behind the main salon, emerged three men followed by a woman in slacks with a big hat on her head who, in Hymie’s own words, “looked like a New York White Wing gone Hollywood.” As they headed for the exit, past Hymie, the thought flashed through his mind—Garbo! He grabbed his camera, sprinted like a greyhound for the front entrance, and snapped her as she whizzed by at a record-breaking clip. In spite of the fact that his camera was set at twelve feet, he succeeded in getting a recognizable print of the elusive, camera-shy Garbo from a twenty-foot distance, and, we think, is entitled to some sort of special Academy Award for the feat.

Some afterchecking revealed the fact that one of Garbo’s escorts on the eventful day was Dr. Gaylord Hauser, eminent diet expert, who is currently helping Hollywood’s mystery woman to gain health and happiness. Garbo’s surprising interest in the latest modes would indicate that perhaps the love bug has bitten hard.

Making His Way for Tomorrow

HE guard at the Goldwyn studios gate emerged from his box to peer at the visitor. “Oh, it’s you,” he called, heartily. “Come on in. You’re early, aren’t you?” The visitor smiled and passed on into the studio.

“Hello, Gene,” two men called from the cutting room as the visitor appeared, and Gene Reynolds, the little boy of so many hit pictures, and lately of “They Shall Have Music,” began his evening’s work.

The story is this: Gene had confided to a fellow worker on the Heffitz picture, that he yearned to be a cutter. Because, as he explained, cutters often get to be directors, and he wanted, one day, to direct pictures more than anything else in the world. But he wanted to know all about pictures, first.

Touched by the boy’s sincerity, the worker retold the story to a higher-up, and without letting the boy know, arrangements were quietly made for Gene to report every evening to a Goldwyn cutting room, to observe and absorb and learn.

While other children play or go to movies, Gene studies, happier than any child in Hollywood. A fine actor today, and surely a finer director tomorrow, because his sincerity has touched the hearts of men who have recognized it at a glance and who are lending a hand.

SCOOP! Here’s the Garbo picture which does our Hymie proud and has Miss Waterbury (page 14) and Cal in such a dither. Not even Dr. Gaylord Hauser, who attended the fashion show with Miss G., could protect her from that Fink fiend.
Shave and a Haircut

WELL, I don't know, girls, but they do say you can pretty well judge a man by his barber shop behavior. At any rate, Twentieth Century-Fox's barber, Louis Pacific (no relation to the ocean), has this to say concerning a few of his clients.

Tyrene Power is a talker. Loves to discuss baseball and is a Cincinnati Red rooter. Is always good humored, has a new joke every week, and always calls the barber "Butch." "Give me a once over, Butch," I say, "and get me out of here," is Ty's usual greeting.

Don Ameche is just as talkative and cheerful, but Don talks about horses and his Valley ranch. Don shaves himself, but bobs up once every week for a haircut when a picture doesn't interfere.

Little Mr. Moto, alias Peter Lorre, always ribs Louis about cutting his throat and loves to bet on the football games. Will bet every game during the season with Walter, the colored porter, and it usually ends up with Walter shining Mr. Lorre's shoes for months, to pay back his losses.

Richard Greene is a good guy, too, only Richard doesn't pay much attention either to the baseball or football scores that the others do. But then he's an Englishman and naturally wouldn't be so interested.

"For fifteen years," Louis says, "I had a shop in downtown Los Angeles, and I can honestly say business men are tougher to get along with than actors. They don't tip as well as actors, either, although actors don't exactly throw their dough away. There's a lot more fun around actors, too."

So there you are, girls. It looks as though the actors win over the business men hands down.

Fish Story

WHEN Adrian was too busy to do her clothes for "Fast and Furious," Ann Sothern insisted on having Bernard Newman. The first day of shooting Ann received a beautiful corsage of orchids from "Benny." The corsage was sent down to the studio commissary and put in the kitchen refrigerator.

That night Ann attended the Helen Hayes opening at the Biltmore Theater. Ann wore her orchids. All the way down to the theater Ann noticed a strange odor of fish. She didn't think much about it until she got inside and started to watch the play. Then she noticed that people around her were sniffing the air suspiciously.

During the first intermission Ann just happened to smell her corsage. It reeked of sea food. The next day Ann checked to find out where the chef had kept her flowers during the day. She learned they had lain for eight hours next to a big barracuda!

Tell Me, Pretty (Homely?) Maidens—?

ALL of a sudden Hollywood is in a dither over whether it's wiser to destroy deliberately one's beauty for the sake of art or forget one's good looks and shoo the works.

A year ago there wouldn't have been even a discussion over it. Hollywood would have said, "Nuts to glamour (tsch, tsch, such language), give us reality." But now, all of a sudden, the reality is backfiring in everyone's face. Hollywood is discovering there can be an overdoing of the thing.

The complaints began first when fans tore into Carole Lombard for deliberately pulling back her hair from an overly high forehead or crumpling it behind her ears in unsightly fashion in "In Name Only."

"She can be so beautiful," they moaned. "Why won't she let herself be lovely and turn in a good performance, too? We'd still believe her and enjoy her work so much more."

The contrast between Miriam Hopkins' loveliness and Bette Davis' deliberate plainness in "The Old Maid" also brought in a storm of protest. In fact, Bette is said to realize more than ever that a kindness to the eye is just as important as food for the heart.

So maybe this is the year for a union of beauty and art. The happy medium, as it were. How do you feel about it, by the way?
— and Fred MacMurray won't let Bob have the last word, it seems!

They Do Say That:

George Raft is so pleased over the friendship of Norma Shearer, he forgets what's trump in bridge. All of which means George is starstruck for a fare-the-well. 

Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund are married; that Haglund himself admitted it, lucky dog. 

Adrian will see to it his bride, the former Janet Gaynor, is the smartest dressed woman in all Hollywood. That, already, her shocking pink stockings are taking the town by storm. 

Binnie Barnes will become Mrs. Mike Frankovich as soon as his divorce is final. 

Sandy's Public

HEADS at Universal ache these days, and with reason. Baby Sandy's fan mail is beginning to come in thick and fast and with it have come innumerable requests for her autograph—of all things! And now the front office would like to know what to do. 

Should they send footprints, or handprints, or perhaps thumbprints, or should they let “X” mark the spot and let it go at that? It may seem funny to you, but take it from the Powers over there, the problem is serious!

Contented Cow

FOR a scene in her new picture with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck falls asleep under a tree while a cow comes along and eats her hat. Director Mitch Leisen is an ingenious soul but his masculine charm was completely lost on Mrs. Cow. After trying every possible ruse, Barbara suggested they have her hat copied in something that would appeal to a cow's palate. So Edith Head, the Paramount designer, made four hats of spinach, lettuce, corn husks and wheat. The bovine star turned up her pretty nose until they tried out the corn husk chapeau. This she went for with such enthusiasm—she almost included Barbara's head.

Starting Young

IRENE DUNNE has decided she must have been pretty insufferable at the age of fourteen. It was then that she owned the bracelet dedicated exclusively to silver and gold hearts shamelessly demanded from her boy friends. Each heart was inscribed with the name of its donor. She took (Continued on page 70)
ENGLISH Herbert Wilcox produced this, and it has dignity, originality and moving performances by the entire cast. You may remember that the execution of Edith Cavell, English nurse, was the greatest psychological mistake Germany made in 1915. Living in Belgium, she discovered the Hun's were shooting prisoners and started an undercover system of helping wounded Allies to safety. Despite representations of American and British ministers at her trial, the Central Powers said she was a spy and shot her. Anna Neagle plays Nurse Edith with restraint and understanding. Edna May Oliver is a sympathetic barrier. Lily Zeff Pitts portrays interestingly a canalboat woman who helps soldiers escape. May Robson does a fine job, too.

FOLLOWING the fashion of so many of Hollywood's more serious actresses who are turning to lighter roles, Greta Garbo, in her newest picture, brings a smile to her face and a rare buoyancy to her step. With the attractive and capable Melvyn Douglas as her leading man, and the sophistication of Ina Claire as a foil, Miss Garbo turns out a splendid and amusing performance under the admirable direction of Ernst Lubitsch. In the title role, Garbo takes the part of a lieutenant in the Russian Army, and is sent to Paris to find out why the sale of government-owned jewels has not been consummated. Miss Claire, who was a duchess in pre-revolution Russia and the owner of the jewels before they were confiscated by the Soviets, learns that her former bawbles are in Paris and asks her friend, Melvyn Douglas, to get them for her. Greta finds that the three Russian gentlemen commissioned to dispose of the jewelry have neglected their mission in favor of the gaieties of Paris. Mr. Douglas meets the rather drab, but strangely charming Sven-extraordinary and tries to convince her that love, which emotion she views with a coldly dispassionate disbelief, is more important than the benefit of the masses. He is so convincing, as a matter of fact, that Ina is jealous, and when Garbo becomes careless, the former duchess gets possession of the jewels. Garbo holds onto the rather obvious story with both hands and drags it hirudogeny behind her to its also obvious conclusion. The supporting cast, including Selma Lucas, is quite excellent.

IN their latest epic, the Marx Brothers team up with a whole menagerie. Margaret Dumont plays Kenny Baker's wealthy aunt, while Ernst Yens, when Kenny decides to own and manage a circus. Fritz Feld threatens to take back his circus, including the contract of Florence Rice. Kenny has other ideas about Miss Rice, and while strong-man Nat Pendleton tries to help the villainous Mr. Feld, Kenny has the three Marx Brothers to help him. When Auntie gives a party for the Four Hundred, attorney Groucho manages to switch the circus for her symphony orchestra as entertainment. From then on—there! Harpo and Chico give their usual funny look-at solos. Plenty of circus acts, a midget, camels, elephants and a lovely gorilla.

THE "Private Lives" formula has always offered one swell extra benefit. It allows for awfully suggestive dialogue and situations without asking for Mr. Haya's scissors. This is really the story of two people who once were married, separated and thrown once more in the way of each other. Loretta Young, looking very beautiful, plays a bishop's granddaughter who marries David Niven, a master magician, and becomes David's associate in his magic act, is materialized in the vapor of a huge retort, tumbled out of trick trunks, and soared half out of her wits when she finds that David has promised to free himself from handcuffs after leaping from a plane 15,000 feet over London. The plot is successful, but married life is not quite the same after that. David has too much lip rouge on his collar, too many women friends, and too many dreams for Loretta. In Rio she does a disappearing act that is a dilly, and hurries to Reno to divorce David. Then she marries Broderick Crawford. A benefit show David meets Loretta and Crawford and gets a little sarcastic. You see, he still believes Loretta loves him and he so informs Crawford. He gets a punch on the chin. Realizing that he will not win back a lost love with tricks, David signs to do a second parachute jump over the New York World's Fair. If your nerves are any good by the time this gets to the screen, perhaps you can take the climax, too, which is quite unexpected. Billie Burke, ZaSu Pitts, Raymond Walburn and Virginia Field all rustle up a brace of laughs. You'll like this.

MAGNIFICENT is the word for "The Rains Came." Here, in a troubled world, is a film that will take you completely away from today's agogies and exalt you into a consciousness of the strength love has in human regeneration. Louis Bromfield's story of a group of people caught in the flood and earthquake of India has been transferred to the screen with compelling fidelity and extreme visual beauty. Seven people, against the pageant of thousands, are most involved: Lord and Lady Estekh, the latter a willful, voluptuous English beauty; Tom Ramsme, a drunkard and Lady Estekh's former lover; Fern Simon, Brenda Joyce, a missionary's daughter who gives Ramsome the first pure love he has ever known; Major Safit, an Indian doctor; and the Maharajah and Maharani, H. B. Warner and Maria Ouspenskaya, rulers of the native province. The effect upon each of them when disaster, disease and death touch them is blended into an always powerful, and frequently poignant, narrative. The three stars, Tyrone Power, Myrza Loy and George Brent, give the top performances of their individual careers. The love scenes between Power and Loy are so real that they become like a screening of the dream that lies at the heart of all of us. As for George Brent, it is as though you had never seen him before, so freshly touched in he with humor, charm and the tired cynicism of the eternal romantic. Joseph Schilderfrad is excellent, and Clarence Brown has directed so that every shade of value is keyed to intense emotional height.
HAWAIAN NIGHTS—Universal

Matty Malneck has one of those instrumental groups that won't let your dance impulses alone. It was a fine idea to get them into the movies. Here they are, playing in cahoots with Sol Hoopt's Hawaiians, and built around the music they make is a happy little story dedicated to good cheer among all audiences. Johnny Downs plays the son of a hotel owner. He doesn't want to manage hotels but is crazy for music; so he gets a band together. The old man fires him. Johnny takes his band with him as he goes to Hawaii, and makes a success of his father's rival. Comes sweetness and light, and romance in the personable person of Constance Moore. Eddie Quillan works hard as the band's agent. Downs is all right. Malneck is wonderful.

† DUST BE MY DESTINY—Warner

In this depressing, although gripping study of social problems, John Garfield again portrays a young have-not who has been imprisoned unjustly and whose attempts at readjustments are thwarted by current conditions. As a result, he hates everything—except Priscilla Lane. So they are married in a theater. Such mockery gives the strong love story a haunting undertone of tenderness that hurts because of its blind survival. John is accused of a murder shortly after the wedding, and out of this tragedy comes readjustment. Garfield turns in the performance you've come to expect of him. Miss Lane is always good. Moroni Olsen, Alan Hale, Henry Armetta, Billy Halop and Bobby Jordan are part of the formula.

† BABES IN ARMS—M-G-M

Hold your hats, boys, and anything else that might shake off your lap while you're laughing. They don't come any funnier than this, and when you add a good plot, good music and Mickey Rooney—well, it may not be tremendous or colossal, but it's certainly good! Mickey, as the son of an old vaudeville artist, Charles Winninger, tries to change the downward trend of the family fortunes by organizing the younger generation and producing his own show. Naturally, the parents of the kids, all oid trouper themselves, look with amused tolerance on the whole thing. But Mickey, with his girl friends, Judy Garland and Betty Jaynes, puts on a routine that has 'em in the aisles. Judy and Betty do some nice things with their singing, and June Preisser, as the spoiled darling who used to be a baby star, gives a good performance. Guy Kibbee is the judge whose sympathetic understanding of kids helps keep the whole young troupe out of the state work school. Just when things are blackest, a big-time producer comes to the rescue and brings the entire show to Broadway, with all the trimmings.

From beginning to end, "Babes In Arms" is swell, and this reviewer is having a laurel crown made for Mickey in recognition of his excellent imitations of Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Adult young Rooney runs away with the picture, which, considering the fine cast, is another way of saying that he's terrific.

(Continued on page 92)
TIME was when "Hollywood" meant one cozy little town where the world's movies were made. But with the location craze we find sweeping the studios this month you can apply "Hollywood" to plenty of places in these United States without risking a suit by the Chamber of Commerce.

Three of the biggest pictures in production are camped thousands of miles from the regulation film factories. M-G-M's "Northwest Passage" grinds away in wildest Idaho; RKO's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" shoots in Eugene, Oregon; Columbia's "Arizona," away over in old Tucson. Even Deanna Durbin has gone to Hawaii for a film. Before long, to cover the studios we'll have to cover the world.

Meanwhile, we get in plenty of practice tracking down shy stars and elusive epics here and there in the open country of Southern California—like Charles Laughton and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," way out on RKO's ranch in the San Fernando hills.

The great Laughton has turned very Gaynboesque and coy since he came back from England, we discover. In spite of Charlie's no-petakie decree, we get a good look. He has a blond wig, the feather pillow hump, a snub nose, a regulation assortment of moles and wens, and one bum eye. But for our money, Laughton's not half the sight the set is. The Cathedral of Notre Dame, Hollywood version, rearing out of a desert ranch site is a breath-taking reproduction of the famous old cathedral in Paris, with all the stone friezes, gargoyles, medieval statuary, and the massive carved doors. A great stone-flagged courtyard stretches before it, bounded by picturesque false-front buildings with long wooden props behind.

The courtyard buzzes with a thousand extras, decked out in gaudy costumes. Roasting bees turn on giant spits. It's the opening shot of the picture—the big Carnival scene on All Fool's Day when poor Quasimodo, the bell ringer, is crowned King of Fools because he is so ugly—an amazing pageant of movement and color beneath the blazing California sun, beating down at around 100 in the shade—and there isn't any shade. Big, rawboned Director William Dieterle has his hands full with this mob.

Laughton sprawls mildly snoozing in a big chair through it all, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke calmly reads a London newspaper. We chat with a lovely redheaded, green-eyed lady in gypsy rags and bangles—Maureen O'Hara—"No relation to Scarlett," she smiles.

Maureen is Laughton's Irish Abbey Players protegee, the loveliest, we think, of all the crop of new feminine faces. "Jamaica Inn" was her first picture. She plays Esmeralda here, gypsy dancer, and object of Quasimodo's forlorn love. Right now Maureen is in a slight state of nerves, as she taps her tambourine on her knee. Her big dance scene is due as soon as the extras get lined up. It's her first in Hollywood. "I'll probably fall flat on my face," broods Maureen, with Irish melancholy. But when Dieterle beckons, she hops up and bounces bravely through the mob. A fiddle squeaks, the crowd roars and she whirls into a wild dance, her copper hair shining in the sun, her full skirts flying.

When it's over, Dieterle himself leads the applause that swells from the whole set. Maureen falls panting into her chair, fanning her face with her tambourine. Her first Hollywood scene is over, and no one has to tell Maureen she's a big success. "You were marvelous,"
Basil Rathbone and Sigrid Gurie take orders from Director Brahms (right) on the "Rio" set, but there was one command Sigrid would have preferred to ignore.

Laughton says, "May I have the next dance?"

Maureen shakes her head weakly and grins. "I think," she says, "I'll sit this one out!"

RKO's Gower Street lot certainly is setting things out, we find, when we drop in there. Everything's on location or called off. Maybe if we had come a little sooner, we might have caught Raymond Massey in his putty nose and rubber ears testing out for "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"—but by now he's way up in Eugene, Oregon, while John Wayne and Claire Trevor are a little closer by, making "Allegheny Uprising" at Sherwood Lake in the Malibu mountains. We pack in for a look one night, and run into more fireworks than at the Firemen's Circus on Fourth of July.

Bombs are bursting in air, as Johnny boy and his Pennsylvania settlers cook the hash of the bad British and their murderous Indian pals. Tall, rangy John Wayne looks like Daniel Boone in his coonskin cap, buckskin and long rifle. As for Claire Trevor, she's in buckskin pants too (feminine model), knitting "rockets' red glare."
Hurry, hurry, hurry! Right this way, folks, for the month's best fun. Answer without hesitation any question we ask, we command the stars, or pay the penalty by doing whatever nonsense we think up for you to do. Did that faze Norma Shearer? Read her answers and laugh at the consequences she paid, and you'll meet a brand new side of this star—her real self!

1. (Q) What do you think is your servants' opinion of you as an employer?
(A) I am sure they think I am rather exacting, and that I expect a lot from them. But they don't seem to mind—perhaps because I always try to be kind and pleasant to them, too.

2. (Q) Which film made during the last year most appealed to you?
(A) "Marie Antoinette."

3. (Q) Do you believe in following sudden impulses?
(A) Yes, I do, because I feel we often make mistakes when we deliberate too long. A little recklessness is good once in a while.

We might have known that Norma would take the penalty on question 11, but curiosity got the better of us and we fixed away. We're glad we did. Norma had to give us this ridiculous picture of her in fantastic disguises!
4. (Q) Are you an easy mark for a joke?
   (A) I love to be "ribbed!"

5. (Q) Are you squeamish about unpleasant sights—pictures of operations, war photos, etc.?
   (A) I am sensitive to such things and react emotionally, but can "take" them.

6. (Q) Are you inclined to confide your worries to your friends, or do you keep them to yourself?
   (A) I always regret it. If I confide my worries to my friends, because I am afraid I have bored them. I always resolve never to do this, but I fear I break my resolution once in a while, with my closer friends.

7. (Q) Do you like jitterbug music?
   (A) I love it. I think it is very healthy and invigorating.

8. (Q) Do you wish that you had gone to college?
   (A) Yes, and I intend to go to college later, if I ever get around to it. Then, I can learn all those things I pretend now to have forgotten.

9. (Q) When have you ever been in awe of someone?
   (A) Whenever I meet a person I admire tremendously, as I was when I met Mrs. Roosevelt.

10. (Q) What kind of handshake have you?
    (A) I have a grip like a man and often make people cringe unintentionally.

11. (Q) Do you plan to get married again?
     (A) Miss Shearer took the consequences. (Pose for us in one of your most fantastic disguises.)

12. (Q) What false impression do you believe you give?
     (A) I believe that I give the impression of being more self-assured than I am, and of being eternally optimistic—whereas I am inclined to be quite morbid and melancholy at times.

    (Continued on page 90)
a particular delight in reciting to her various swains the rivals thus represented.

SlapHappy Time at Slapsie Maxie's

T

HE wave of super-super film premières has hit its peak. When Warn-

Brothers failed to open his new short with sufficient fanfare, Slapsie

Maxie Rosenbloom gave himself what he called a "world premier preview"
(cine). Scene of the colossal undertaking was his own café, which is also the scene
of much of the action of the movie dealing with Slapsie Maxie's night club and
prize ring career. This café of Maxie's is a zany enough place at any time. To

give you a rough idea, when a waiter spots a bald head in the crowd, he sings out: "Hey! How about some Westmore service at this table?" Then another
wafer rushes over to slap a wig on the unsuspecting patron. But this night it surpassed itself. Maxie had everything, including a guard rail to hold back the lines of
watching fans (Maxie got so excited he stood behind the rail himself with Gloria
Dickson to watch the celebrities come in—she forgot it was his own show).

That is, Maxie had everything except faith in his picture, which was really a lot
of fun. To bolster up his starring epic, he gave away a "beautiful" 1908
touring car, won by Jane Wyman—who was that pleased, despite the shouts of
"Frame-up," until she found it had to be towed home. He had a Bank Note,
too, won by Binnie Barnes—who was paid off in pennies all evening long until the
waiter, with a sigh of relief, counted off a grand total of five hundred coppers.

There were dark glasses by the dozen for those who couldn't bear to watch the
picture. And headphones, bicarbonate of soda and such as antidotes for those
brave souls who did.

To top it all, the host gave out with songs and poems from time to time—in
such intervals when he was not being interrupted by Master of Ceremonies
Benny Baker and his own waiters, bearing signs ranging from "Motion pictures
are your best entertainment, after all," to complete charts for community sing-
ing. In short, a perfectly hilarious time was had by all. Or should we say by
all those who had gone to—?

Just One Big Heartthrob!

T

HE fact that he was on a deferred honeymoon in no way diminished the
lure of Tyrone Power for thousands of London girls who literally mobbed the
slim, black-haired star when he made a personal appearance at the Tivoli
Theater in the Strand last summer.

Eighteen people were injured, six girls fainted, the door of Tyrone's car was
torn off its hinges and Ty himself was darn near devoured in the crush outside
the picture house as women pawed at him, trying to rip buttons from his din-
ner jacket for souvenirs.

Like a Greek chorus, the mob gave voice to the unanimous sentiment:
"Isn't he marvelous! Just one big heartthrob!

Annabella stayed in Paris while Ty took
two days out from his European
to tour honeymoon to boost British in-

terest in "Jesse James" with five per-

sonal appearances.

Tyrone and Annabella spent their six
weeks' wedding trip motoring from Na-
ples to Rome (where they were received
by the Pope) to Venice, Genoa, Cannes
(where they shared the spotlight at a
prize fight with the Duke and Duchess
of Windsor), Paris and La Pitil, near
Bordeaux, where Annabella's family
live.

Hollywood-on-Vacation

DESPITE the continued war scare, more
American film stars visited Europe this
dsummer than ever before. The results
at Claridge's and the Savoy in London
read like a page of a Hollywood tele-
phone book. Stars of the beaches at Cannes and Antikes boasted almost as many
picture personages in bathing suits as
Santa Monica.

Myrna Loy and husband, Arthur
Hornblow, Jr., Paramount producer,
stopped in Oslo, Norway, on a quick
circle of continental capitals and caused
more comment than ex-King Zog, who
passed through the same city a few days
later, lugging his crown around in a
suitcase with a broken strap. Sonja
Henie went home to Oslo long enough to
redecorate her summer place on the
fjord with pink satin wallpaper and fly
to the Land of the Midnight Sun for
some fishing.

Norma Shearer lolled in the sun at
Cannes and visited Charles Boyer and
his wife Pat Paterson in their villa
near by. Edward G. Robinson took a
look at the famous Apaches of Paris and
decided they weren't nearly as tough as
American gangsters and George Raft
rummaged and roulletted at Monte
Carlo. Gene Autry took "Paw" to the
Dublin Horse Show.

Madeleine Carroll passed up her na-

tive England for the Riviera. Cary
Grant and Phyllis Brooks held hands in
a gondola in Venice.

Bob Hope, who left England at the
rime old age of two, paid his first visit
back to native soil and added to his
radio earnings of 1899 by doing a skit
for the British Broadcasting Company. It's a feat of the munificent sum of two
pounds (about ten dollars!)

Geraldine Fitzgerald and her hand-
some horse-racing husband, Edward
(Continued on page 72)

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 65)

Jane Wyman, lucky (?) winner of the vintage car donated
by Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom at his preview to end all pre-
vieus, invited Ronald Reagan and the host for a ride.

Ever the thoughtful host, Maxie pro-
vided his preview guests with smoked
glasses—the better to see his movie

Gloria Dickson and Slapsie Maxie joined the crowd of fans
outside the entrance, but they couldn't fool Binnie
Barnes! She stopped and got their autographs, anyway

(Continued on page 72)
HAVE THE CHARM OF SKIN THAT'S SWEET!

ANY GIRL CAN AFFORD THE LUXURY OF A Lux Toilet Soap BEAUTY BATH

YOU’LL FIND IT A WONDERFUL WAY TO MAKE SURE OF DAINTINESS

THIS WHITE SOAP’S ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES YOUR SKIN REALLY FRESH—FRAGRANT

The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

THIS lovely star tells you a wonderful way to protect the charm of perfect daintiness. She uses her complexion soap, Lux Toilet Soap, as a bath soap, too, because it has ACTIVE lather that carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin really fresh. Fragrant, too, with a delicate perfume that clings. A daily Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath makes you sure of skin that’s sweet. Try it!
Bob Bows from the Waist

But it was Robert Montgomery who created the greatest stir of all the American movies, which he made to promote his latest film. One week after they arrived in London, Bob and Mrs. Montgomery were asked to attend a charity bazaar held at the Savoy to help raise funds for the exhibition of the work of disabled British war veterans.

Bob and his charming wife presided at a table selling hand printed fabrics, handkerchiefs and neckties. They had been there about an hour, busier than assistent, when they walked into the Atlantic City gift shop, when a hush fell over the big ballroom and, attended by a single equerry, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth entered to inspect the exhibition.

After touring the other booths, Queen Elizabeth stopped at Bob's stand and spent several minutes of her royal allowance on two neckties and four handkerchiefs. Bob and Mrs. Montgomery were formally introduced and the Queen, with a little smile, departed. A few minutes later she retired to a special room where tea was being served, and then sent out word that she would like to have Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery join her.

For forty-five minutes the Queen chatted brighty with Bob and his wife, the longest private audience, if not indeed, the first, any American film star had had in the presence of either of their Majesties.

The talk was concerned chiefly with the Queen's and Bob's recent visit to America, and movies were mentioned only incidentally when Queen Elizabeth told the Montegomiers of King George's interest in taking films of the trip.

"Mrs. Montgomery and I feel she is the most gracious person we've ever met," said Bob next day, his face still moulded in the beaming smile.

Long Overdue

For twenty years, theatergoers have had Burns Mantle's "Best Plays" to read instead of for those dramas from which they got the most pleasure. And, at last long, comes Frank Ventura, dean of the New York film reviewers, to do for the screen what his contemporaries have done for the stage. In a book titled "Foremost Films of 1938," the first of an annual series, he has given you a condensed form of his choice of the year's ten best pictures. The author's analysis at the end of each condensation is more than interesting and justifies his selection of each film. Under "Foremost Films," are listed some you may think should have made the list of "Best." And to make this yearbook complete, he has given you a synopsis of some four hundred pictures filmed during the year.

Among the most interesting features of the book are a discussion of audience trends of the past year. We're a fickle lot, we movie fans! Those wine come-dancing the year before were gone with the wind, and in their place came unafflicted naturalism, which led to the making of pictures which are more important—series. All the studios were quick to capitalize on this vogue with M-G-M taking the box-office lead with "Mutiny on the Bounty," and RKO getting there before, families, there are children, too, so it was a heyday for the young general

INVIZ-A-GRIP

Foundation Garments Stylized Completely With Inviz-a-Grips Cost Nothing More!

Fashion spotlights a flawless silhouette, good reason for praising any foundation stiled with Inviz-a-grips. You, too, will bless these flat supporters for doing away with unsightly garter bumps...for fastening easily with but one hand...keeping hosiery stays straight...anchoring your foundation securely...and ending costly garter runs. For all-around leg trimness be sure to ask for Inviz-a-grips by name!

PHOTOPLAY

Attention, please, to—

WILLIAM HOLDEN, the "Golden Boy," who leaped to stardom in the Barbara Stanwyck picture, is to portray an old man and did it well for a boy of twenty. Paramount tested him, signed him, and forgot him in Columbia, eagerly searching for a boy to play the lead in "Golden Boy," ran the test and grabbed him. He hasn't caught his breath yet, but he is grateful for words and worked like a dog with Director Mamoulian and Barbra between scenes with Sally Sweet, her husband, in his father's household, and three younger brothers.

While new in New York in his life (who was it said try New York stages first?), and is so excited over his personal appearance tour here he can't test. He's a regular, average American boy, loves sports of all kinds, and thinks there must be a Santa Claus, for look at the contracts, fame, money, Elizabeth and Paramount, all at one and the same time.

(See him on page 41.)

Bette Sees Red

BETTE DAVIS would like to get her hands on the publicity man who sent out a story saying she wanted to buy the "Queen of Broadway Melody" cop wig for her own use. Literally hundreds of boxes of every kind and color red hair have arrived at the star's house. Some of it is so revolting Bette swears it was taken from a horse's tail. Bette isn't interested in red, but just interested in red. She hopes all red heads will hang on to what they've got on.

You Can Bank On It—

THE Key Francis-Baron Barneshow marriage will never take place—at least not in the immediate future.

Fred Astaire's dance version of "Begin the Beguine" in "Broadway Melody of 1940" will be the next dance sensation to sweep the country. You should see Fred and Eleanor Powell swing it. Get your partners now, kids. . .

The plaintive tones in Loretta Young's voice when she speaks to her friend, "Get your partners now, kids." The plaintive tones in Loretta Young's voice when she speaks to her friend, "Get your partners now, kids." The plaintive tones in Loretta Young's voice when she speaks to her friend, "Get your partners now, kids." The plaintive tones in Loretta Young's voice when she speaks to her friend, "Get your partners now, kids." The plaintive tones in Loretta Young's voice when she speaks to her friend, "Get your partners now, kids."

Cal's Little Preview of the Month

FRIENDS, we want you to meet Belle Westing, the shady lady of "Gone with the Wind." We know everyone is going to scheme for news about when they see her on the screen, so why not be first with the facts? Agnes Moorehead, of "The Munson." She's a musical comedy star who tried pictures before, gave them up, and returned to New York. She's here's the reason: Belle Westing is like Belle of any one person in Hollywood, and she didn't even read the book when she got in. It was a ball. When she was grabbed up the minute they saw her in costume. Out of costume no one on the lot recognized her. Takes her from a room into a room with Basil growing paler and paler beneath his make-up as the gory scene was enacted. The scene finally completed, Kathy brought back a scene there, his voice shaking, as Basil turned to him. The victim smiled back at his father. He was Basil's own son, Rodion.
QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Would you mind laying how you keep your skin so smooth and clear?

ANSWER: "It's no secret. I've found the use of Pond's 2 creams all I need for my skin care. But I do like to use both—the Cold Cream for thorough cleansing and the Vanishing Cream to smooth my skin for powder."

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Can a busy housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Moore?

ANSWER: "Yes. Pond's 2 creams make it very easy—inexpensive, too! I can get my skin really clean and fresh with their Cold Cream. Besides that, this famous cream now contains Vitamin A, which is certainly important to know."

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Can you find it difficult to protect your skin against sun and wind when traveling or outdoors a lot?

ANSWER: "Oh, no—my regular use of Pond's Vanishing Cream helps take care of that. I can smooth little roughnesses away with just a single application!"

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your face cream?

ANSWER: "I studied about vitamins in feeding my children. That's how I learned there's one that's especially important to the skin—Vitamin A. Skin lacking it gets rough and dry. And now I can cream it right into my skin with Pond's Cold Cream!"

STATEMENTS ABOUT THE "SKIN-VITAMIN" ARE BASED UPON MEDICAL LITERATURE AND DATA ON THE SKIN OF ANIMALS FOLLOWING ACCEPTED LABORATORY METHODS. COPYRIGHT, 1939, POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY.

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ANSWER: "Yes, Pond's 2 creams make it very easy—inexpensive, too! I can get my skin really clean and fresh with their Cold Cream. Besides that, this famous cream now contains Vitamin A, which is certainly important to know."

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Do you think the average husband notices his wife's complexion and make-up?

ANSWER: "Indeed I do! That's why I'm careful to keep my make-up attractive by cleansing my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and smoothing it with Pond's Vanishing Cream."

TO MRS. MELLON: Does using only one cream improve the general effect of your make-up?

ANSWER: "Yet—when my skin is cleansed with Pond's Cold Cream and then smoothed with Pond's Vanishing Cream—make-up goes on evenly—sparkles longer!"

TO MRS. MOORE: Does using only one cream improve the general effect of your make-up?

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ANSWER: "Yes—when my skin is cleansed with Pond's Cold Cream and then smoothed with Pond's Vanishing Cream—make-up goes on evenly—sparkles longer!"
VOLUPTÉ, a new word to your beauty vocabulary. Make-over! You’ve been making up your lips for years, but making them over...as the Hollywood stars do...is infinitely more exciting! All you need for lip make-over is the new Volupté Lip Kit featuring lip stalks designed by Richard Willis, famous Hollywood make-up artist.

The lip stalks are in six sizes and shapes. You “try them on,” find the one that’s most becoming.

With this pattern to guide you, you can try the Lipstick, Lip Liner and Lip Brush contained in the smart Lip Kit. Result: make-over lips...just as you’ve visualized them in your fondest dreams! It’s easy...and fun...to do! Try it!

Patent pending.

Volupté Lip Kit, $5.00. Complete with 61 Volupté HUGSY Lipstick, Lip Liner, five Chinese-Silica Lip Brush and six FREE Lip Stalks.

Tenth Avenue Girl

(Continued from page 25)

Vallee, and therein lies much of the mystery of this chapter in her life. For Vallee was twice her age, he was a worldly radio star, he was ex-

actly the wrong age to find sixteen at-

tractive, he was fantastically busy with the radio, the radio, night clubs, and he was in the toils of an infatuation that was to bring him almost to ruin.

Rudy went on to say that during Middle-age he had found himself disillusioned about too many things, clinging des-

perately to vanishing dreams. His own life seemed a little empty, except for the vicarious life he lived in Rudy’s successes—Hymie who had himself wanted to be an artist and was instead a New York lawyer.

In Alice, he found something that was akin to his own heart, something that he could watch over with her with a wise and fath-

erly eye. They went out together, Alice and Rudy, as they did with Alice’s mother, and he talked to her of many books, and poetry and life in New York and Rudy.

"You never said," he said.

"I can’t sing," Alice said. "I’m a dancer."

"We’re always singing, Alice," her mother said. "I think you’re right, too, Judge Bushel. She can sing very well, if she only tried."

"Yes, she can," said Hymie. "But she can’t think she can do anything. I never saw such a girl."

It was a big party at Hymie Bushel’s the night Alice gave her first recording. The story has been told many times—how they all went into the library and everybody sang or made speeches to hear their own voices later on the wax.

What has not been told is that plenty of people suspect that the whole thing was a frame-up on Alice Faye, for Hymie has deep and clever devices, and he believed in Alice and her future as even Alice herself did not.

What has not been told is how Alice remembers that party. Now she has told her own lovely home in Bever-

ly Hills, where Alice is planning a beautiful house into which Bill and Hymie and Alice and Edward arrive, and the night of March 3rd. She will tell you about that.

It was hard to realize that there was a time when part of her shyness came from the fact that she’d actually never been in a home filled with fine furniture and soft rugs and all the things that spell luxury. Sometimes people thought little Faye was a bit snippy and stuck-up, but it was only that she didn’t always know what to do and how to conduct herself and which fork to use. How could she?

RUDY VALLEE and his Connecticut Yankees. With Alice Faye.

Swiftly it happened, for Alice. Yet, as a matter of fact, it was some months before Rudy, when he had heard the record, made up his shrewd showman mind to give. When he first heard it, he had a voice—a rare heartwarming voice. But she didn’t know how to sing, how to put over a song; she had no stage personality.

"But she will learn," Hymie said, gently, "as you have learned. Only you can teach her; not me, no one taught you or helped you."

So there were hours in Rudy’s office in Westway House. While the kids were worked, and sweated, and went home to cry herself sick because Rudy was a louse of a manager. But her trips were up at last and besides—she wanted to please Rudy. She wanted to show him that she could do what he wanted.

Hours of practice, hours of trying, days of worry and fear, moments when she would hold all the players in pit started and her voice seemed frozen forever in her throat.

Getting nowhere. Never able to see Rudy, finally they tried, showing him things, showing her, she didn’t seem to herself to achieve anything. Then, Rudy took her to New York again—without a job, and without any future. The gates were closed—almost closed—and she was sixteen and only today was important.

Two years—five years—why, they were eturries.

Then came the telegram. She was to join Rudy and the band in Boston, to have her chance, to sing on the road where he was playing one-night stands.

Her first appearance sold the audience—more important, it sold Vallee. Once had all that drive and deter-

mination in back of her, she rehearsed until she drooped with exhaustion. He yelled, screamed, pleaded, coaxed—wedged in until he had—now he knew what she could do. And she was going to do it. Rudy believed now, she always had, a one-track mind. But life doesn’t operate like that.

Alice began other tracks, other emo-

tions, other sides to this new business association.

There was Fay Webb Vallee and his own being and unhappy domestic troubles, for one thing.

In January of 1933, Fay Webb Vallee went back to California to visit his family. The marriage had not been a success, and he faced problems from the beginning. But the trip was not a separation, it was only a tem-

porary visit. Rudy went to California to visit, traveling through the South, Texas and Jacksonville, Memphis and Atlanta, one-night stands in Columbus and Winston-Salem, Charlotte and in New York, Brooklyn, hard work, long hops, bad living conditions, nasty trouble with the wrong uncom-

fortable things that go with that kind of a tour.

Mrs. Vallee didn’t like traveling and she refused flatly to troop around the country under such conditions. Alice Faye went with the band. Of course. She was Rudy’s.

But, as the year went on, and Mrs. Vallee came back and then returned to California, this time with an admitted break and a probable divorce in the offing, Alice entered into the great ro-

manic and emotional adventure of her young life.

For Rudy needed her and needed her desperately. On these long trips, they had grown very close. When they made the jumps by car, Alice rode in the car with Rudy, who liked to drive. They would go to roadside hotels or roadside restaurants, Alice ate with Rudy. They were always together because they never had any time to see anybody else. It was only natural and chivalrous that Rudy should share the best with the only girl in the troupe. Nobody else.

Later, when Fay Webb Vallee named Alice Faye as the other woman in her contract against the record, Rudy was mistaken. Completely mistaken. There was nothing in the relationship of Alice and Rudy upon which a woman could base any suit for divorce or separate maintenance or anything else.

(Continued on page 76)
SOMETHING has happened to HOSIERY!

PHOENIX has found an amazing way to treat the silk itself for long wear!

We've been making fine hosiery for many years, but we've never seen anything as impressive as the Double Vita-Bloom Process, for the magic effect it has on every silken strand. The secret is in the silk itself, given new properties for long wear. Let your next few pairs be Phoenix and you'll find that something wonderful has happened to women's hosiery.

At better stores everywhere. 85¢ to $1.95

PHOENIX HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
But that these two had come to love each other deeply and greatly, it would be foolish and disloyal to deny. You see, Alice was that peculiar combination of wisdom and ignorance that can happen to girls brought up on Tenth Avenue. She had seen life in the raw. She had lived with those who had to worry about the next day's dinner, and it had brought on her new shoes for the kids. She knew the tragedy of a lost job, of kids playing in the streets, of terrible battles brought on by too small houses and too many people and too little to eat. And she was peculiarly innocent as far as her own life was concerned.

Her love for Rudy had grown in daily association until it was the biggest thing in her heart—compounded of adolescent romance, of gratitude, or the worship of pupil for the maestro, of unbreakable pith and maternal heartstrings—it swamped her completely.

To the outside world in those days, was every front page crowed new tales of his personal life, of Mrs. Vallee's accusations, of his own statements against her. Rudy presented his usual arrogant demeanor. He held his head up and, as far as he could, kept his mouth shut.

But little Alice Faye, the girl with the band, the biggest-hearted kid from Tenth Avenue, saw another man entirely.

On Alice's shoulder he cried out the dreadful pain and anguish and longing. He had come to love her, he wouldn't come back to him, she had been unfaithful to him. The dream of glory he had built around the woman who was his physical ideal of beauty, was breaking up, crushing him, filling him with a despair that kept him in torment. He knew he had hurt her—but he knew now that she did not and perhaps never had loved him.

So Alice Faye's first great love never flowered at all. She might have loved him as a woman loves the one man.

For a time, at first, it had seemed to her the Prince Charming she had dreamed about. But too soon she found herself the common one and only confidante, the one thing in the world that might keep Vallee going through those awful days.

It wasn't an easy thing for a teen-age girl to go through. It wasn't easy always to be ready to listen while Rudy talked endlessly. Rudy Webb poured out his torment. It wasn't easy to know what to say and how to comfort him and just when to speak and when to be silent.

"She will come back some day," she would say. "I don't want her back," Rudy would cry out. "Yet I'll never be happy without her."

"The boys in the band knew, of course. They had been with Rudy too long not to know. They knew, too, that he couldn't bear to leave her out of his sight."

He comforted her. He wanted to be alone, and she protected him. He couldn't bear to be bothered with details and so Alice, now seventeen and new to all this, took care of everything.

He was moody and depressed and she cheered him, and cloaked with him, and turned his mind onto his work and his future as much as she could.

By this time, she was on the air with him, because he had insisted. Always that was mentioned and twice she had fainted after broadcasts from sheer terror—but only afterwards. She looked, in those days, like what was way—singer with a band, a singer in the Holly-

Dancing, but not romancing—(each is happily w.d.) at Felix Young's Tropic—Ann Sothern and Ray Milland complex about women—his complex about dark, exotic women as the only hero who can redeem them—they might have found in each other the love based upon great friendship that could have transcended all such others.

They never did. There was too much against them.

But in those long months, Alice Faye came to know about her life, her work, and love and sorrow and pain. Rudy will tell you today that when she came to the hospital after that frightful accident, and didn't know whether or not her beauty was scarred, her chances of a career gone forever, she didn't utter one word of reproach. She only patted his hand and said, "Don't worry, I'll be all right. You couldn't help it.

But there could also be no doubt that Alice's reputation had suffered. Her mother was nearly always with her—and after the accident she was always with her. Hymie watched over her, saw to it that she was careful, that she thought a little of herself. Still, it was a band—it was night clubs—the Hollywood Res-
Give yourself a Westmore Make-up!

...First Step of Hollywood Stars to World-Famous Beauty and Glamour!

Now you can share in the beauty secrets of such lovely stars as OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, soon to appear in Warner Bros.' picture, "The Private Lives of ELIZABETH and ESSEX."

MAKE-UP ARTISTS of four of Hollywood's biggest film companies—the Westmore brothers—Perc, head make-up artist at Warner Bros., Wally at Paramount, Mont at Selznick International, and Bud at 20th Century-Fox, the Westmores style the beauty of most of the stars...and now you can make use of their make-up art!

THE WESTMORES discovered there are 7 basic types of faces, and that each can be beautiful when make-up is applied...emphasizing good features, softening others. Above, Perc Westmore explains her type to Olivia de Havilland. You can get the same information from "Perc Westmore's Make-up Guide."

COLOR-FILTERED, House of Westmore cosmetics are flattering in any light. Aging gray tones have been eliminated, which gives your complexion a youthful, more charming glow. House of Westmore cosmetics are worn by many of the stars for loveliness in daily life. Above, Perc Westmore color-tests Olivia de Havilland.

INCLUDED IN the House of Westmore line are foundation cream such as you've never used before, in four glowing tones, with powder to match, cream rouge and cake rouge that blend like natural blush, lip rouge that doesn't cake or fade off, eye shadow, and cleansing cream. 25¢ sizes in variety stores, and in big, economy 50¢ sizes in drug stores!

HERE'S HOW one girl transformed her looks by applying Westmore make-up. She found her face type by using the measuring wheel in "Perc Westmore's Make-up Guide," followed the directions for make-up for her particular face type, using Westmore Color-filtered cosmetics. Her square type face now appears more oval, and much more beautiful.

FOR THE FIRST TIME these Westmore beauty secrets are published in book form..."Perc Westmore's Perfect Make-up Guide." A special measuring wheel enables you to determine your face type. On sale (25¢) at drug and variety stores where House of Westmore cosmetics are sold. If not in a store near you, use the coupon below.

 HOUSE OF WESTMORE Inc.

HOLLYWOOD

NOVEMBER, 1939
“Allegheny Uprising” springs from a dramatic incident in American Colonial history around 1700. Unceremonious British troops smuggled guns to the hostile redskins. They promptly turned them on the Pennsylvania settlers. The settlers didn’t like it one bit—and that’s what all the shooting’s about that we see. They’re storming the pesky redcoats in Fort Loudoun.

Sherwood Lake is a popular Los Angeles summer resort, and although everywhere you look mammoth signs warn: "Keep Out!—No Visitors!" the over-lake shore is studded with vacationing kibitzers.

Right at the height of the battle, Director William Seiter peers far into the glow and yells "Cut!" and the usual "We've got pictures!" echoes. The assistant director is summoned at a trot.

"It looks as if you've got too many settlers in the background," says Seiter.

The assistant director runs over for a look. He comes back crestfallen.

"They aren't settlers. Mr. Seiter," he reports. "They're people who live around here!"

INQUISTIVE natives may be one of the troubles of shooting on location, along with box lunches, mosquitoes, and sleeping on 90° nights, but sometimes a location can be a real holiday paradise—like Paramount's "Typhoon," doing business on the blue bay of the Isthmus of Catalina Island.

"Typhoon" was originally "South of Samoa," with changes for the better. Here titles can change their stripes nowadays.

Dotti Lamour, complete with sarong, is in this with Robert Preston, who, by the way, since "Beau Gestes," is Paramount's very fair-haired young man-of-the-hour.

"Typhoon," in Technicolor, is another of those native girl plus stranded sailor numbers. Only it's dressed up with a sunken submarine, a deep-sea battle with an octopus and all kinds of thrilling things.

They've rigged up a marvelous jungle penhouse of the palm trees, with an elevator contrasting boasting a basket up and down on woven vine tablets. It's worth noting that "Tarzan."

Dorothy is trying to keep Bob up in her love-nest away from his ship. So every time he steps in the elevator to go down, she sends her pet chimpanzee to haul it back up. They seeaw, up and down, for several takes, as Dotty croons reductive tunes. The monkey thinks it's a lot of fun, but Bob's not so sure. He grew up in the tough district of Los Angeles and he's a little worried."

"What'll the guys over in Lincoln Heights say when they see me wrapped up in this tea towel, playing elevator boy to a monkey?" he frowns.

Back on the mainland, Paramount's feminine favorite in the star future beck. Patricia Morison, is getting the Technicolor test, too, in "Untamed" with Ray Milland and Akin Tamiroff. Years ahead, however, and Percy Marmont did this same picture, but under its original Sinclair Lewis title, "Mantrap."

Pat Morison isn't exactly the flaming "It" type, so they've remodeled her part considerably. But it's still the north woods romance of a young vacationing dancer and a sincere young man. They're lost in the north woods of Southern California, however, the day we pick to call. So, instead, we look in on George Brent and Ida Miranda, John Loder and Nigel Bruce, making "Din-
Mendelssohn's quirk remake
The proceeding

Ona

more sexy for starts
interest
Furious" Heifetz in, through (Ann) Flora for ble at Sing-Sing," nT idan, you for Brahms Hollywood's kiss
is This an opinion, man

for

beginning of the measure, taking up better or worse with Hollywood's popular Dr. Spangard.
Everybody comes around for a preview kiss from the bride, and work is out. 'But don't forget!' Director John Brahms warns Sigrid, 'you've got a call for five in the morning.'
Oh-oh-h-h, warns Sigrid. Then she turns to the orchestra. 'Now I'll tell you what they say,' she says. But they're way ahead of her. They strike up, 'Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning!'

At Warners', "Oomphie" Annie Sheridan, John Garfield and Burgess Meredith are struggling through a remake of Warden Lawes' '20,000 Years in Sing-Sing,' under the new title of "City of Lost Men." But after a look at the decomposition set, balls, fans, screws and so forth, we decided Warners' will have to do better by Annie than that if they want to keep up the hotch-potch Oomph publicity. In our humble opinion, she needs something with sex, not sadness. As for John Garfield, we'd like to see him out in the open for a change, with maybe a smile on his face.

But the big moment at Warners' right now is "We Are Not Alone"—for Paul Muni is still head man in those parts. Jamesinton ("Mr. Chips") authored "We Are Not Alone," and Edmund Goulding is directing this tragic story of an English doctor's bout with justice. Flora Robson and June Bryan have the next best parts. But it's really all Muni. Paul is playing his violin in his little surgery and we see the scene we see. Luckily that's one of his diversions in real life — so he's convincing. The shot is through a window at passerby—extras. They're supposed to be staring in, attracted by the rude noises. Muni doesn't show in the shot "Just an off-stage fiddle squeak," he sighs. "Back where I belong." He taps his bow like Toscanini and turns to Goulding with a haughty face. "Okay," says Paul, "Heifetz is ready." A cute kid, Muni. Frankly, however, for cute kids we'll take the curvaceous bathing beauties we find on the set of "Fast and Furious" at Metro—Goldwyn—Mayer. Frankfort Tone, Ann Sothern and Lee Bowman are knee-deep in Miss Atlanta, Miss Texas, and various other hits and misses, including Margaret Rosch, Hal's plump young daughter. There's also a sexy little new siren named Mary Beth Hughes—remember the name, you'll see more of her.

Against this parade of pulchritude, Ann, Franchot and Lee are working out a rollicking farce about a young married man (Franchot) who acquires an interest in a bathing-beauty parade and aims to take advantage of his interests. But when he takes on the job of judge and starts tape measuring the fair young beauties at his loving wife (Ann) steps in.

This is the second step of the Sothern build-up at Metro. Ann is heiress to Joe Hardy's fortunes there. Since "Maisie," too, she's also the top-ranking comedienne on the lot. As for Franchot, it's a moisture since he deserted Hollywood. He tells us he never said he was quitting the screen for keeps, and never intended to. But he will go back to the stage after one more picture. Meanwhile, "I like Hollywood, and everybody in it," Franchot states, just for the record.

We find busy Bob Taylor on the very next set we visit, "Remember," with Greer Garson and Lew Ayres. That mildly surprises us, for Gar was booked originally for "Susan and God." "Remember" is wishful comedy—the story of two people who love, marry, and see their marriage go on the rocks. Then a quick of fate gives them a chance to do it all over again. Do they change? They don't. The same mistakes repeat themselves! It's a clever idea.

Greer Garson looks a very different person from the Kathie of "Mr. Chips." This part is modern, New Yorkish, young and gay. She's in smart clothes and her gorgeous thick red hair, quite a problem, has been subdued à la Guillermo. Even the remnants of her English accent is gone. But not the taste for tea.

She has corralled Bob, Lew and Director Norman McLeod around her dressing room where a large kettle simmers over an electric stove. "Movies can wait," laughs Greer, "but not tea."

But McLeod is impatient, like all directors. "Let's take the scene first," he suggests. "By that time it'll be hot."

So they take their places and go into a scene—the one where Greer and Bob Taylor later, pretty important, too. Everything is proceeding perfectly when a shrill whistle pierces the sound track. "Cut!" cries McLeod. "What in the world?"

Greer looks guilty. "I forgot," she explains. "It's my teapot. It whistles when the water's hot!"

McLeod throws up his hands. "I guess you're right," he grins. "Movies can wait for the British. But tea—never!"

Both movies and movie stars, however, are waiting to see what happens for them in radio this winter. Hollywood is conspicuous by its absence right now, we find, visiting the studios of Radio City. But it's only the bull before the winter storm of star-static.

Now that the summer filler shows and the swing bands—Goodman, Kyser, Shaw and company—have let go of the Hollywood air waves, Sunset and Vine is turning again for the talent it must have to that perpetual gold mine—the movie lots.

DeMillie, back from his annual yacht trip, is busy lining up new stars for the Lux Radio Theater ... The Screen Guild Theater has signed Roger Pryor as a permanent master of ceremonies ... Oona Munson is set to replace Claire Trevor with Edward G. Robinson in "Big Town." ... Judy Garland is joining Bob Hope on the Pepsodent show ... Frank Morgan is considering giving up the screen and M-G-M to stay with Good News ... Wendy Barrie, Edmund Lowe and Anita Louise are back from a "Gateway to Hollywood" tour, making tests with new talent ... Richard Arlen is plotting a football show for the air ... Nelson Eddy has rejoined Chase and Sanborn ... On the personal side of Sunset and Vine: A store on Radio Row is now advertising "Don Ameche collars"—that high kind ... Rochester's race horse—Edo—came in as a long shot at Bing Crosby's Del Mar the other day ... The Wynn Rocamora—Dorothy Lamour romance is strictly business; he's her manager ... Hallyn Stafford (Father Sneeks) will marry Vyola Vonn in December; she's been singing on the Joe E. Brown show ... And since Edgar Bergen has given up fishing for horseback riding, he's doing his Charlie McCarthy act standing up.

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How Olivia Sees Her Sister's Romance

(Continued from page 21)

go to be married—because we dis-
covered it and fell in love with it to-
gether." Olivia swallowed a gasp. She knew
that when she was a little girl, and Joanie
had dreamed of being married there some
day. But Joanie had forgotten. Be-
caus she had come upon it with Brian
it was new to her. It had blossomed
like magic out of the earth at their
summons. This must be what they call
rebirth by love. Livvie found herself
thinking. Wisely she held her tongue,
and opened her arms.
This really beginning to believe it.
Turn your face away while I hug you.
Your groom would undoubtedly slay me
if I gave you the snaffles. Have you told
Mummy?"

"Mmm. She always liked him, you
know. He's a bit of a black eye."
They giggled rather lachily, welcom-
ing the release from emotional tension.
The black eye had been a feature of
their mother's first meeting with Mr.
Aherne. She had acquired it by falling
down a staircase in London, and had it
still when she and Olivia reached New
York. Brian, silling next day, had
asked Olivia to dine with him that
night. They were friends since working to-
gether in "The Great Garrick." When
he called for her, of course he met Mrs.
Fontaine. "Like him," that lady told her daugh-
ter firmly next day. "He left me with
the distinct impression that black eyes
were the way for all the smarter matrons this season."

When Joanie had gone, Livvie dug her
chest into Brian's pillow and tried to com-
pose her whirling thoughts. What had
happened to her sister, that suddenly
she'd been able to take this momentous
step with a quiet assurance that baffled
Olivia? No questions, no hesitations.
Heretofore they'd always talked and
talked—both of them—and had never
been able to make up their minds. "Now
Joanie's twenty-one, and she's done it," thought
the old lady of twenty-two with
something like awe. "She hasn't wasted
time, wondering should she or shouldn't she.
She just whipped out and did it."
But why hadn't she, Livvie wondered?
She tried to trace back the steps by
which it had happened, only to
discover how little she knew of
who'd imagined Joanie was her open
book.
They had met at Palm Springs, she'd
been told that story. Brian had heard
a voice—"Aha! Olivia!"—and
turned a corner, to be confronted
by a rascal, to be sure, but a blonde
and green-eyed rascal, instead of the dark
one I expected to see." "Oh!" he said.
"You're not Olivia. Then you must be Olivia's sister."

He began calling on Joanie soon after
that. He took her to a party at the
Lighton's. Bud Lighton, the producer,
was his close friend, and both girls
were favorites with Mrs. Lighton. She asked
Brian to bring them to her party. Olivia
couldn't go, so Joanie and Brian went
without her. Looking back, she remembered
that she'd been very busy with
golf lessons at that time. With elaborate care-
lessness, Joanie would inquire: "You're not
going to be in this afternoon, are you, Livvie?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Well, don't come home till six. I'm
having a guest to tea."

"Who?"

"Oh—just a guest." The identity of the guest who had tea
so frequently with young Miss Fontaine
couldn't be kept a secret for long. But
did that mean it was serious? Even
if they went to Saratoga at the same
time? Joanie wanted to visit her old home. Brian
wanted to play golf. He was stay-
ing at the Golf Club twenty-five miles
town. They were good friends. It
would be nice for them to spend their
evenings together.

They spent their days together, too.
Aherne, the formal Englishman, asked
Joanie's mother for the honor of her
daughter's hand in marriage. They vis-
ited her childhood haunts. They dis-
covered the old church. They called on
her friends. Brian was particularly
pleased to meet Uncle Hugh Studdert-
Kennedy, and to learn it was Uncle
Hugh who would give Joanie away to
him in marriage. For Hugh Studdert-
Kennedy was the brother of England's fa-
umous wartime clergyman, Geoffrey Studd-
ert-Kennedy, nicknamed "Woodbine
Willie" by the soldiers whom he had kept
supplied with cigarettes. Woodbine
Willie had once given a talk at Brian's
school, and had made an indelible im-
pression on the youngster's mind.

It was after Saratoga that Joanie broke
the news to Olivia. She told her they
wanted to be married soon, but they
wanted a honeymoon, too, and Brian
was working the next fashioned in the "Right"
"Suddenly Carole Lombard was rushed to
the hospital, so the picture was post-
poned, and the wedding day set.
To Olivia's amazement, Joanie managed
everything herself. First, she devoured
Emily Post on weddings, then she started
operations. She engaged the Tower
Room at the Del Monte Hotel for the
reception. She ordered the menu and
the flowers. She made out the invita-
tion list, and asked a friend in Saratoga
to arrange the seating. She delegated
her mother to prepare the wedding
party and see to the church decorations.
She selected her wedding gown alone.
Also the gown for her maid of honor.
She would have taken the maid of honor
along on that errand, but the maid of
honor was still in bed.

"Not that it really matters," said the
bride kindly. "I find that things get
done faster without advice."
That would have startled Olivia a week
earlier. Now she took it in her stride.
A week ago Joanie had been her little
sister. Now she was a woman who
went about with a new grace in her
movements, and a new serenity in her
eyes. It was as if life, that bewildering
jigsaw, had suddenly grown very clear
and simple to Joanie. "She's learned
something I don't know yet," Olivia
thought. "It's as though I were the
younger now.
Brian had chartered a plane to take
the wedding party to Del Monte. The
atmosphere of departure was kept
strictly matter-of-fact—no loophole al-
lowed for a tear to squeeze through on
Joanie's last morning at home. Brian
and a friend came to breakfast. He and
Olivia talked straight through it on the
all-absorbing topic of the fourth dimen-
sion. By way of balance they all buried
themselves in the funnies on the two-
hour plane flight. Late in the after-
noon they rehearsed the ceremony,
and that evening Joanie's friends gave her a
beautiful party. As the only unattached
girl, with more dance partners than she
knew what to do with, the maid of
honor had the time of her life.

She and the bride spent the night to-
gether, and Livvie woke next morning
to find Joanie sitting up beside her, eyes
wide with dismay.

"Oh my heavens, Livvie, you know that
aisle in the church? It's terribly nar-
row. Do you suppose there'll be room
for Brian and my hoops too?"
Livvie turned pale. "What'll we do
if there isn't?"

"Well, I could walk up that aisle
without, I suppose, but definitely not
Brian's."

"Maybe you can have 'em both. Let's
give someone to go and measure the
aisle.

The aisle turned out agreeably to be
just wide enough, so the young ladies
had their breakfast in bed and in peace.
Soon—almost too soon, Livvie thought—
came the stirring business of dressing
the bride. Save for her stockings, every-
thing. Pretty Mary Healy, discovered for movies in 20th Century-Fox's
own New Orleans office, is one Cinderella getting a big rush in
Hollywood—this month from Franchot Tone, as seen at the Lamaze
thing was white. Her mother and sister slipped the folds of soft satin over her head and arranged the long train. In the hooped skirt, the puffed sleeves, the tight-fitting bodice, the tiny lace collar embroidered in tiny pearls, she looked faintly Elizabethan and wholly delicious. The veil was fastened with a cluster of white stephanitis, and a little muff, from which butterfly orchids sprayed, completed the picture.

Into her shoes they tucked the good-luck sixpence Mrs. Lighton had worn at her wedding, and her mother before her. A tiny blue bow had been stitched to her undergarments, and for something old, she carried in her muff a handkerchief of Olivia's.

Mrs. Fontaine went off to dress while Livvie got into the charrette with her. Having selected for her, and fastened round her three triple rows of pearls Joan had given her. She wore a small velvet hat with velvet streamers that matched the ribbons on her bouquet, an apricot begonias. Those who saw her say that she didn't look bad, either.

The ceremony was scheduled for one. They were about to leave when Joan cried: “Where's Mother?” Mother had been seen since she left the girls to dress. Someone was flying to her room. She wasn't there. Scouts were sent surrying through the hotel. She couldn't be found.

The Episcopal service requires the groom and his best man to be in their places five minutes before the arrival of the bride. "They're supposed to meditate," groaned Olivia. "So there stood Brian and the best man mumbling the story of the lily for half an hour while the guests gathered, and Brian began to think he knew what the lily man felt like.

"Finally, Mother arrived. And I tell you, the woman looked so stunning that, with our sympathy to storm, we kept them open to gape. Regal, that's what she was, in a long grey affair with a magnificent plum-violet hat and glorious plumed skirt that way up and little mits to match. She never said a word—just swept to the car, stately and triumphant, for all the world as if we were the guilty ones, and we followed meek as mice."

A few minutes later they were standing in the church entry. Softly the organ rolled into the wedding march, and down the narrow aisle paced a demure rascal in charrette net, dark eyes aglow. Exactly three yards behind, on the arms of her Uncle Hugh, followed a violinist who'd never before referred to her as less than an angel, you wondered now how you'd dared.

Livvie had no intention of weeping. Nobody wept at weddings any more. So, hardly had the beautiful service been started, when she felt a lump rise to her throat and the tears welling. "Stop it," she told herself furiously, and couldn't stop it. This wasn't just a wedding. It was Livvie and Brian, slipping their troth to each other for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness and health; till death did part them.

The tears flowed faster.

It's all very well to be dewy-eyed at your sister's wedding," thought the frantic Livvie, "but look at your nose. It's getting dewy, too."

She made a stern effort at self-control. And just as she felt there was no succor, succor came. She remembered her handkerchief, swayed safely away in Joanie's muff. So, while bride and groom exchanged vows, the maid of honor dabbed secretly at her nose and thanked God for traditions.

The Tower Room was gay with asters and begonias, with champagne and laughter. A hundred old friends sat down to the breakfast Joan had ordered, and drank toast to the wedded pair. Olivia discovered that people do weep at weddings, but never at receptions.

Presently she caught Joan's signal and slipped out. Back in their room, she helped her sister change into her going-away clothes—a green ensemble, brown hat and brown suede shoes and bag and gloves. The wedding gown and veil, the shoes and stockings were carefully put away. "I want to save them all," said Joan softly. "I'd like my daughter to wear them some day."

There was a knock at the door, and Brian came in. He and his wife were going to telephone his parents in England. Livvie beamed approval. "That shows me you're right for Joan," she told him, with a maternal pat on the sleeve. Joan followed her to the door to whisper. "You'll have to give Mimmy out to the car and say goodbye."

The car stood purring behind a big column at the front of the hotel, luggage piled high, Brian's chauffeur at the wheel, ready for a quick getaway. The guests waited, armed with handfuls of limp rice. Mr. and Mrs. Atherne appeared on the stairway, and the bride was carrying the little white muff with its orchids. Of course, she should have thrown it. But all the women were married except Olivia. Dodging rice, she thrust the flowers at her sister. This was one thing she couldn't save for her daughter. She needed it now to wish Olivia happiness like her own.

They ran through the hall of rice out to the car. Joan flung her arms round Livvie, her mother, and Livvie again. Tall Brian smiled down at small Miss de Havilland. "Good-by, little sister," he said and kissed her cheek.

"Little sister," she thought. "I've never been little sister before. It's nice."

Shortly after the wedding came news of the war in Europe. Joan, of course, is worried sick that Brian may be called for military duty, for he is an expert pilot. However, Olivia told me, that eventually is not in the too immediate future, for the fact that Brian has had no military training would seem to indicate that he would be summoned only if war continued for a long time. So, like the sensible, courageous people they are, they are not letting the war spoil their new happiness, this happiness which Olivia saves to think about, "just like a piece of cake."
The smart "modern minimum"!

That the first shot in "Confession" showed the top of Jane's head and the first shot in "We Are Not Alone" also revealed the top of her head, is remarkable. That she should be speaking of someone who just then enters the Warner Brothers studio the next day, should have played the daughter of Bette Davis in "The Old Maid," and her sister, in "The Singer" is "spooky." It kills her friends, who adore it in her.

To me, the only spooky thing about Jane herself is that she began displaying this unusual talent of hers at an age when most kids are all hands and feet, and boy-conscious up to their eyebrows. In high school, after she was graduated from Mount Carmel, she was chosen to play Touchstone in "As You Like It," and was given carefree coaching by the dramatic teacher. But just before she went on for the part, something zipped into the O'Brien beam and she saw (this is spooky) the character of old interesting something. Something had spoken within (this gets spookier), and Jane leaped onto the stage in her original and an amazing Touchstone as ever lived. Of course, all it accomplished was to stupify the cast into giving her the unannounced scholarship to the dramatic teacher, to say nothing of the audience, into loop after loop. Surveying the havoc her and the directors-mistress of Shakespeare's work, swirling in his grave, either in anger at her or at the others for not understanding the young woman, she couldn't even tell which, she relapsed into the original conception of the role. It's the last relapse she ever indulged in, for, a little later in Jean Muir's Shop Work Theater, Jane played the lead in "Green Grow the Lilacs" as she saw it and as Bette Davis out front also saw it. For three weeks thereafter, at Bette's urgent suggestion, Warners attempted to sign Jane to a studio contract. And there's a hot one for you, a studio trying to sign a newcomer.

But, you see, Jane Bryan is a Hollywood girl by birth, and one of the usual longings to go to Hollywood. Jane was already there. What she wanted was to get out of New York and play on the stage. What Jane still wants and always will want is to go to New York and play on the stage. And someday, somehow, (not knowing any Jane) I felt better let her do it or something is going to pop. Something terribly stage-stuck, with a face full of freckles, plain brown hair, nice blue eyes, too-wide ears, brown brows and lashes, a wide friendly mouth that answers to the name of Jane.

Know how Warners finally got her to sign her contract? They went back and asked her if she wouldn't aid her leading man, Mr. Prince, in taking a test. "No," said Jane. "No, I won't. It sounds like I was being tested."

She took it and Warners took her.

She can get herself more mixed up in bubble gum and lollipops and art in hambad and nothing than I know.

"What kind of sherbet will you have?" thewaitress inquires at lunch.

"What colors have you?" Janey asks.

The waitress looks around with a slight case of daze and says, "You wouldn't know how to change a banana.

"Oh, well," Janey says, "bring me a banana."

The bananas gobbled, her eyes look down on the skin left on the plate. "Look," she says, "it's beautiful. Notice how the skin forms a circular pattern. Like a flower's petals."

"He's crazy," she says when we tease her about Eddie Albert, who had just stopped by this way. "I know he should have played the daughter of Bette Davis in "The Old Maid," and her sister, in "The Singer" is "spooky." It kills her friends, who adore it in her.

"No. Where will you be about six o'clock?" Eddie asks her.

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe several places."

"Jane, that's a silly answer. How can I phone you?"

The argument fades out as Jane is called to face Paul Muni in as heavy and as dramatic a scene as any young or old actress has ever left the sight of.

Today's youth, we think, Ice-cream men and dates at six and wringing out the seamy stuff mixed up in a bundle. She's lonely. Inside. No one ever told me and for that matter no one else ever tried to tell me but me. But I know as well as I'm living, that the beginning and end of all things that happen to her are inside her. Hers is not a physical but a spiritual loneliness, for, Heaven knows, with that family of hers she couldn't do a thing this lonely, what with Dad O'Brien, who's a lawyer in Los Angeles; mother O'Brien, who tends strictly to her sewing machine, could be three O'Brien boys; to say nothing of the three dogs and Svengal the duck. With the dogs barking, the boys yelling, the phones ringing and Svengal hissing his head off, it's pretty much the average American family.

Such is Jane's family. There is not the slightest reference by one of them to Jane's work as an actress. As far as I know, Jane is completely uninterested. She is starting out to an office each morning instead of to Paul Muni's genius."

We watched her reaction to a compli-

"Oh, I'm just the same."

ment to some Edwardian, and she answered with a polite smile, "Thank you very much.

"Don't tell me those things," Bette will often say to Jane, clutching her ears to shut out the sound. "I've been all through the same thing."

Only, of course, Jane does. And Bette advises.

She's a card, Jane is, for nicknames. Marie becomes "Maroo." And Jeanne Turner-Casement becomes "Jenn-y" Cynegy. Eddie Albert will be "Skheets" one week and "Skates" the next. Not even Jane knows why.

She is romantic, too—Oh, my gosh, is she romantic—and gets awful crushed on actors and doctors and people. All around acting and adoring it, good music, and thrills to the music of Tchaikovsky. And, as she says, Gypsy must be up in her attic. She has always collected tales of Irish folk, lore, poems and stories of the superna-tural, and it sure's fun to believe in them.

She's a strange mixture of childhood and sophistication, and is hungrily searching for some philosophy of life to live by. "Say that again," she'll say to a friend who has spoken some words of wisdom. "I'm twenty-one," she pondered. "And yesterday was only three years ago and tomorrow is the Fourth of July."

"Yes, and by the way you keep dates, arriving two hours late," a friend will taunt, "it's New Years right now."

Jane laughs. She's vice president of the Hollywood Vague Club, you know, because her mind and attention wanders off to some far-off land in the midst of every crisis. Here the world's passed her by. She talks to anyone who's alone in the world, with little Bryan off to distant parts in the land of mental make-believe.

She loathes the idea of screen make-Up, will beborg-tied to have false eyelashes put on. Or any make-up, for that matter.

During a visit to a New York, Nadi Coward, meeting on Fifth Avenue, told her that he and Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt considered her the finest actress of their time. Jane, who blocks later, who could not contain herself, let out a wild whoop of laughter! "Tales and stories," the passer-by-outs of a year's growth.

She loathes hats and never wears them. Only in pictures, of course. She's the prize hat-free woman taking up this art. Friends. She adores feeling responsible for people, admonishing them about their diets and taking their medicines. Dear, dear, how she fusses and bosses and loves it.

But, in her own way, this girl with No Style, doesn't know two hills of beans about smart clothes but is learning. But then she's gone pretty far without knowing. She this month of the inspiration of Chicago with a girl chum and driving a new car back across the country.

During the presentation of the Muni set by the "City of Lost Men" cast, wishing her well, melted her into a flood of tears. But you should hear her mutter to herself (mumble, mumble, mumble) when she gets hopping mad. It's a panic.

And here's something about Jane that reveals her perfectly. When asked by James Hilton, the author of "We Are Not Alone," what she thought of her role, she replied, her Irish face gleam-

"It's like moss on a rock with the sun gleaming over it. I—" her voice trailed away.

And then, next day, she attempted in 1939 fashion to laugh off her explanation to Mr. Hilton. "A horrible mistake," she grinned, they're two great groups, don't understand. I should have known he'd understand.

"And age in one! Fantasy and reality! That's Jane Bryan. And some-

Instead it is like "moss on a rock with the sun gleaming over it." And it's kindly very wonderful.

She

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TORONTO—NEW YORK—LONDON

Janey-Paney

(Continued from page 32)
of electrically controlled gates they stopped. Above their heads they read: "Sleepy Hollow Ranch."

"Wouldn’t it be funny if this turned out to be our future home?" Bob mused.

After the contract was signed and the title closed, Bob, Betty, Carol Ann and Barbara Queen moved in. Had the Youngs built from scratch, they would have, preferred a French Normandy type house. But Bob is a practical soul, and took what he found. With the exception of fresh milk and meat, they live right off their own land. The aritichoke beds, the walnut and lemon trees, the fruit trees and grape arbors, make the ranch self-supporting the year round.

Bob’s and Betty’s idea was to strike a happy medium between a ranch and a city home. Tom Whalen, an old friend and one of the best decorators on the Sunset Strip, was called in as counsel. The beamed Spanish ceilings and the arched doorways were too expensive to remove. So they decided to ignore them completely. With the exception of the bedroom, the one-story home is done in English farmhouse style. There is a fireplace, a heavy and brown with Spanish wrought iron, in every room. Now, each is re-covered in marble and a shell wood.

Instead of antiques, Bob decided to copy their beautiful styles in sturdy practical wood. Everything was made to order. The, total, twenty-six by forty-two living room took six months to complete.

A myriad of blending colors sets off the beauty of this charming and restful room. Soft greens and gold seem to predominate. There are fluted-back chairs and Charles of London chairs.

In the story of rooms, they are upholstered in old wine cooler. (used as a table) standing before the closed fireplace. Shelf space features a collection of glass and Wedgwood. A beautiful mirror-door secretary (the original cost a small fortune) almost covers one wall.

All told, there are ten livable rooms for the Bob and their young ones. Yet the house is comparatively small. For sheer comfort and social livability, the English game room is the most popular of all, the walls of which are paneled in rich dark wood. Painted on every other panel, right on the wood, are scenes of English country life.

Framed over two hundred years ago, and hanging over the fireplace, are ten original Cruikshank prints. Above the mantel hangs an old, old cuckoo clock, now held together by wire. It belonged to Bob’s grandfather and, strangely enough, ran perfectly, up to the day the grandfather died. When Bob returned home from the funeral, he found the clock on the floor, where it had tumbled into a hundred pieces.

Low Kelly-green leather chairs, old kerosene lamps wired for electricity, pierce table, Sheffield cigarette boxes and trays, and blocked linen draperies (design of English painters and hunting dogs) complete the unusual décor.

Bob and Betty Young share a French Provincial bedroom, which is carried out in peach and green. By careful planning in the selection of furniture and colors, the room is in excellent taste for both personalities. They each have a separate dressing room and bath.

A copy of a Sixteenth Century dining room set makes the dinner hour pleasant and comfortable. There’s even a fireplace in the dining room, a Dutch dresser that holds a rare collection of odd dinner plates, hand-carved wood wall brackets with more urns of growing ivy, commodes and candleabes.

Ordinarily, it would take from fifty to a hundred years to establish the feeling of permanence that pervades throughout the rambling eight and a half acres. Actually, the place is not yet four years old. The original owner, expecting to remain there for the rest of his life, spent a fortune on landscaping. One great transplanted oak is over six hundred years old. It covers the space of a whole city lot. There are, trees, flower gardens, servants’ recreation quarters, a barbecue pit, guest house, outdoor English tea house, outdoor hotdog stand, gatekeeper’s cottage, children’s playhouse, stable, riding ring, and four horses and Great Dane kenneis.

To really appreciate this rare spot Bob was so lucky in finding, you have to devise some means of slipping by the voice that controls the entrance gates and see the place for yourself. It must be seen to realize its intrinsic value.

The house, which was recently made Mayor of Tuscany, now knows that it isn’t all a dream. He still has to pinch himself, occasionally. And, philosophically, he thus sums up his good fortune: "I’ve heard other actors beef about the raw deal they get in Hollywood. They kick and cry on, and some of them get annoyed with me because they say I’m too easily satisfied. I have my discouraged moments. Who doesn’t? But when I come home at night and see all this around me, and realize it’s all mine—I’m sorry, but I can’t feel sorry for myself because I’m in an occasional bad picture. I’ve always been lucky, and I’ve no cause to be unhappy. "Sleepy Hollow" is a legend that really came true. What more could I ask of life?"
through your mouth while you drink, but you can—and do—breathe through your ears. But when you stop air going through your ears at the same time you stop it going through your mouth, there’s nothing for your hiccupage to do but to retire gracefully. (Hippo)

For ice will act like a tonic on your face skin. And it will not break the little blood vessels, as some believe, unless it’s applied directly to your face. Which proves that we’ve said a lot of advice. We tell you to dip a cloth in ice water and spread it over your face and neck like a mask. Then take an ice cube and rub it all around your contours... around the top of your eyes, over the top of your eyelids, under your eyes. Doing this, always work the ice out towards your ears. Then move the ice down your nostrils and out, across your lips and out, and, still pushing outward, down your neck. Ten minutes a day will take care of all. Lie down, and you’ll be delighted with the results. Your face will be toned up. Blood will be drawn to the surface. And your skin will have no opportunity to turn crepy.

EYE TROUBLE

Discoloration Around the Eyes: It indicates poor circulation and comes from lack of sleep, among other things. With your index finger, press where the bone that surrounds your eyes curves to the side. Begin a circular massage. Go around and around. Work your way from front and center to the end of your eyelids. Close one eye for a minute or two. Then look off at a distance of about twenty feet. Focus on the distance only; not on any detail. Repeat the same thing with your other eye. (Waxman)

Bags Under the Eyes: Require clothes that are cold and cold clothes that are fairly warm. Pat these clothes on your eyes at night and in the morning. Alternate. Use two or three cold clothes to one warm cloth. And while the clothes cover your eyes, massage them over them, gently. Remember the tissues around your eyes will wrinkle easily. (Waxman)

When Little Blood Vessels Go Berzerk: It is cold packs on your eyes that are needed. Have a bowl of ice or ice water beside you so the packs can be replaced often during the five minutes of treatment that is recommended. (Davies)

Tired Eyes: Should be bathed with a good solution. Then, cloths should be dipped in cold water and laid over them— to draw out the burning. (Davies)

So You Want to be a Perfect 36?

You don’t ask the impossible at all, even if you have long despair ed over your too-beothy form. Here’s an exercise that will develop your bust or raise it: Move your arms away from your sides and hold your hands on a level with your eyes. Press your fingers together. As you do this you will feel a pull on your pectoral muscles. Relax. Press again. And so on. And have no qualms that your arms or any other part of your body will be developed at the same time. (Davies)

You Want to Reduce and Can’t Afford a Massagist?*

*That’s perfectly all-right—you really don’t need one!

Watch Your Liquids: Take no liquids with meals, or for one hour before or after meals. Liquids and solids taken together form a substance which produces fat. (Hippo)

Why Have a Double Chin?: It doesn’t cost much to get rid of a surplus chin; neither does it require any magic. First, apply hot towels to soften the fatty tissues. One hot towel, then another. Then, with your fingertips, begin a kneading massage. Be gentle but firm. Begin at the point of your chin and work down your neck. End your massage, applying hot towels at intervals, for about ten minutes every day. And conclude always with application of some strong astringent—to tighten up your skin again. (Hippo)

Abdominal Averidoplas: We’re purposely important with that subhead. Because if you have embolism, it’s important that you get rid of it. And you can, simply enough. You don’t even have to get out of bed to do it! Lie down with your arms under your head. Pull in your stomach by breathing in. Until it hurts! Until your stomach almost touches your spine! Then breathe out. And let your stomach out. Pull in. Let out. Twelve times every morning. WARNING! If you don’t pull in enough to feel the strain, it’s still doing you good; you’re wasting your time. (Davies)

Smaller and Better Hips: You can have them! Stretch out on the floor where there’s room enough for you to move. Face the ceiling. Fold your arms about your chest. Begin a circular massage. Go around and around. Work your way from front and center to the end of your thighs. Close one hip for a minute or two. Then look off at a distance of about twenty feet. Focus on the distance only; not on any detail. Repeat the same thing with your other hip. (Waxman)

When Little Blood Vessels Go Berzerk: It is cold packs on your eyes that are needed. Have a bowl of ice or ice water beside you so the packs can be replaced often during the five minutes of treatment that is recommended. (Davies)

Knee Bumps: Here is interference no modern woman should endure. What can you do about it? Well, with one hand, support your right knee on the floor so the flesh is being pushed upward. And with your other hand apply a firm circular motion, beginning inside your knee and working upwards from your knee. After about five minutes concentration on your right knee, go to the other knee and do the same. (Davies)

Tired Eyes: Should be bathed with a good solution. Then, cloths should be dipped in cold water and laid over them—to draw out the burning. (Davies)

When Little Blood Vessels Go Berzerk: It is cold packs on your eyes that are needed. Have a bowl of ice or ice water beside you so the packs can be replaced often during the five minutes of treatment that is recommended. (Davies)

Ankles and Calves—and That Fine Thoroughbred Look: A simple massage will give you that look. For ankles and calves are the easiest things in the world to slim down. Cross one leg over the other. Place your fingers firmly in back of your ankles, and turn your legs around, always pressing the weight up... up... up... and the same method will slim your calves, too. (Davies)

A Widow’s Bump: Have you one at the back of your neck? If so, lie on your bed face down. Have someone beat that bump. With a firm but gentle touch, tap the muscles. The pressure should be in a vertical position, with the fingers spread, so only the little fingers strike your flesh. This light tattoo should continue three or four minutes. Then, when your flesh is soft and warm, the fingers should start between your shoulder blades and, in a circular motion, push your flesh toward the left shoulder and toward the right shoulder—as if they meant to push it right over your shoulders. It isn’t the expensive and complicated treatments which work the greatest wonders—it’s faithfulness to simple things that get at the very root of the trouble. (Davies)

Farewell to Overweight Arms: You have underarm fat? Reach out your arms as far as they will go. Shake them. Harder! Faster! So the flesh will vibrate and disappear instead of tightening into permanency. (Davies)

This is Good For What Ails You—Or For What Might All You: All right, we sound like an old medicine man... But here’s a perfect all-round exercise which the Hollywood stars swear by. Not only will it keep you fit—it’s splendid for stomach, chest, back, hips and thighs—but it will bring you new coyness and distinction and self-confidence. The back. Hold something that is approximately the same width as your shoulder. The back. This exercise, in this position, this weight, this exercise... And the weight should be about three pounds and gradually it should be increased to eight pounds. Fair enough... Begin with your arms on the floor back of your head. Then, simultaneously, bring your arms and your legs towards the center of your body. They should move stiffly and slowly. They should not pop up. Return to your starting position. Repeat. Five times a day is enough at first. But slowly double that number. (Waxman)

You’ve Lost Your Old Pep?

Add the yolk of an egg and a little salt to a glass of orange juice. Beat the three with an egg beater. And for a week or ten days, as your individual case requires, call this breakfast. (Davies)

It’s those who have charm and graciousness who capture life’s prizes—every time. Not for the world would we say anything against the practical and sterling qualities, but we do insist, most emphatically, that sterling qualities—are far more beautiful and desirable when they wear a luster and a polish.

Next month the experts—who do the show’s how to shine their bright—will explain how to conduct yourself with the poise of a queen... and work a dozen other transformations. Someone is going to take the rest of the ball, why shouldn’t it be you?—December PhotoPLAY.
If your current heart is the "romancer" type, suggest a movie. If he has the "Swallow Complex," you might conveniently sprinkle his ankle or hearken off your shoe with your dinner knife, under the table.

Personally quite lucky. I can always go to the nearest phone end scream for Cesar Romero.

He's the perfect dance partner. I'd rather go dancing with him than eat. I'll tell you why later; first I must give you a little compulsory advice on your own personal preparations before leaving the house with your date. No matter what your impulse, don't wear a hat that will tickle your man's nose all evening. It may be a new hat, it may be a Hattie Carnegie or Suzy model that makes you a ringer for Hedy Lamarr; but if it gets in the way it's just so much superfluous straw. Choose your dress for the way it looks on the floor, not at a table or in a car. Your audience will see your back; it should be faultlessly covered. No flounces, no involved bow will ruin your urge to be sexy if your back is bony or the tan on it is peeling. Peeling tan looks like the creeping of these death.

Wear high heels always, even if your mother did tell you they are bad for the instep. If you die in them, wear them anyway. Girls in low heels seldom get felt out on the subject of matrimony or anything else. That's a maxim.

And at the last minute remember all the fine advice in the magazine advertisements. You know, "Better give up, Mary, that phone won't ring tonight..." Poor Mary, if only she weren't so careless about personal cleanliness—"

Dancing is exercise. In a word.

Now when you are actually at it—dancing, I mean—there are things to consider. If you're tall, and the boy you're with isn't, don't try to match his size by slumming. When you do, your shoulders go concave and that business at the rear of your waves in the breeze, looking twisted, hideous. By the way, you may have been off-diet for awhile which probably means you've more derriere than is allowed. In which case something has to be done.

Butch and I were at the Trocadero not long ago, and a very famous star got up with him and had to do a rumba. She's notoriously on the starchy side anyway, and this evening she wore a white satin dress that would have shown the lines of an undergarment. Wherefore, she wore none whatever. Well, you know what happens when you rubia. The woman's escort wasn't getting any of the benefit, but the floor tables were. Oops!

Don't disdain the lowly girdle. It may feel like medieval torture, but it can save you a line of unwelcome gentleman-in-dancing when you reach your door at the end of the evening.

Never drag on your partner's shoulders. It will show quite completely, so that he not only quickly tires of dancing, but of you too, eventually. If you've learned to dance in a girl's school and have a tendency to lead, you might either have to develop some will power or go to a regular dancing master to be cured. Because if there's any-

thing that maddens the male, it's starting in a northerly direction only to find himself firmly being pushed south. Furthermore, he'll be so confused he'll crunch your toes with a size twelve shoe. And modern evening sandals just aren't any protection.

I feel must sound off in an unequivocal manner on one aspect of ballroom dancing. And that's the viewpoint maintained by some that since dancing is a pretty intimate occupation anyway, further intimacies on the floor are permissible. You may be in love with your partner, you may be a little dizzy on champagne, you may find in your soul that the man has never had a better haircut or tied his tie with such ineffable finesse; and you may well want to let him know about all this in the manner that is usual when words are inadequate.

So at this point you get a good clutch on your emotions and go right on dancing like a lady. Necking in a public cafe is inexcusable. You don't have to dance stiffly or keep any distance between you and his waistcoat. You can put your face up so that the soft lights do what soft lights always do to the line of your throat, and you can suggest your affection in other, subtler ways. But when your left hand starts rummaging the broadcloth, when your powder pales his lapel and your lip-salve leaves telltale red hieroglyphics on his neck beneath the ear then, my dears, you have made not only a spectacle of yourself, but a fool of the man.

And so to the windup:

If everyone's doing a new step, and you don't know it, still until you can watch the others. Learn the theory of it first.

When you go into a cafe for the first time, try, before you dance, to catch the "feel" of the place—whether it's tails-and-white-tie in atmosphere, therefore calling for special decorum; or whether you can relax.

If you are at a table with a crowd of people, and most of them get up to dance, and your departure would leave one person alone, refuse. There is nothing so pathetic as the one guest sitting in solitude at a table, trying to look brightly interested, inspecting her nails, looking into a compact mirror, lighting her own cigarette. It's a matter of kindness—even of the Golden Rule.

After a few drinks you may discover, to your annoyance or otherwise, that you're a little tight. Then it's best to undress. Dance about two-thirds as fast and with about one half the agility the music suggests.

Make sure your slip doesn't show. And, finally, keep your mind on your dancing.

Now for Butch, who is the best ballroom dancer in Hollywood because: (A) his dance-floor technique is superb; (B) he is a gentleman, and (C) he has the grace never to mention it when I break one of my own rules as set forth in this article. We both agreed beforehand not to pull out our punch as so you'd better read his piece carefully before tearing it out to mail to your favorite friend.

Happy prom, kiddies.
Furthermore, you can't dance with rubber heels. I saw a man take a head- on collision with the rubber-sole group in everyone, and when we picked him up I glanced at his shoes. They had leather heels but the bootmaker had put in a rubber sole at the back, to take the jar out of walking. That had been the poor fellow's downfall, or at least the cause of it.

The best shoes for dancing are light, comfortable, well-worn, with thin soles.

No one actually teaches you how to be a good dancer. He can show you the basic steps, but after that you teach yourself, by practice. So long as you think: "Now I am dancing," and are aware of the movements you make, you'll be aware in some degree. It should be second nature.

To be perfectly honest, if posture weren't important, it would be almost effortless. I'd say ignore it—because you go dancing for the fun you get out of it, not for the benefit of those who watch you. But it is just as true that if you stand straight, keep your shoulders back and your balance on your toes, you'll do something right and you'll have a more intrinsic feel for the rhythm.

A Puerto Rican cook in my family should taught me how to dance. Have you ever watched a Cuban or a Puerto Rican do a rhumba? They have a way of catching the rhythm of music by short wave and they transmit it as faithfully as the vibrator in a radio set. That ability, that innate sense of rhythm, is what makes a dancer. You don't have to listen or count, then. You just soak in the music and your feet do what you would do instinctively. There's a flair for whimsy in popular dancing today. I mean the steps being done at the best cafés and clubs everywhere. That thing the jitterbugs do is based on the simplest of all steps, the square—right foot forward, left foot back, left foot forward, right foot back. When you've stepped on each corner of a square from right to left, they just do the square over and over again. That's the basic, occasional best, giving a slight Charles- ton swing of the heels, and interplating with some letters.

The "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree" gag is fun. And, of course, since the Beer Barrel song brought the polka from the backwoods to the front, it's been important to keep the original thing. For heaven's sake, learn to do it well. It's not hard, although I won't attempt a lesson in it here. Just watch some good professionals do it one, and work it out for yourself. The only thing is, try not to be one of the group on every floor who murders the step by doing a dipping fox trot.

Any man who wants to be known as an adequate dancer must Waltz well. That's basic, since the waltz keeps coming back, and whether or not you like waltzing, the women do. They love it. It makes them think of Vienna and the Danube and one girl tells me she can't help pretending she has a court dress on.

In every step, posture and smoothness are the two main qualifications. Your girl has to hold herself correctly, too, but if she doesn't, consider whether or not it's your fault before you are sitting out the rest of the dances. It can be your fault, you know. If you hold her too closely or with your hand in the wrong place on her back, she may be forced to bend herself all out of shape in order to match the length of your steps. You should hold her just below her shoulder blades and about an inch above the small of her back, and you should hold her in the center of her back, not clear around under her right arm the way a lot of men do.

If her posture's bad on her own hook, through no fault of yours—well, you've got that guiding hand there. The worst thing she can do is "bulge," so to speak, in the small of her back, hand down on her back and pull. Put a little muscle into it.

Join and agree on that last point, and, furthermore, on the fact that you should lead like a man, too, not as if you were undecided. A girl has to follow a very intangible suggestion in the movement of your body and in the pressure of your right hand on her back. She's no mind reader. If you want to twist left, let her know what you're going to do. Otherwise, she'll have to make up your mind for you, or think she must.

If a girl just doesn't follow you, no matter how well you lead—if she's just a bad dancer—(she has that boarding-school tendency to lead which Joan mentioned—don't fight with her. Give up, relax completely, and follow her. You'll give her a rest and won't be as obvious to the other dancers as it would be if you stumbled all over, trying to make her go your direction.

I went out with a girl only a few weeks ago, an athletic female who, by golly, was going to run our evening of dancing the same way she ran her house, her family, and her collection of Persian—err—kittens. "Let's get moving," she said. I guess that meant "Let's shuffle up and down on our hands and flat feet and stump in the air and do a thing that dreams are made of while we're under the influence of a thing that makes dreams come true and get in the girl's way.

After you've been on the floor awhile, your hand is almost certain to get sticky from the heat and exercise. It's bad enough against your partner's dress, it causes the material to wrinkle, and women hate that. But what a hot, moist hand must feel like against a bare back is quite easy to imagine. There are two things you can do. One is to whip out your pocket handkerchief and palm it. The other is simpler and serves a double purpose. Just turn your hand up, so that your thumb and the base of it lie against her back while she makes out at right angles, parallel with the floor. You can guide well enough; your hand gets a chance to cool and dry, and, more important, you can ward off other couples who are about to crash into you.

If your date's don't smoke or drink, and you do, it's only common courtesy to remember that a smoke or liquor-baden breath is unpleasant to her. It's like both people having to eat onions, or else neither can. Of course, you don't have to go on the wagon or forego those important cigarettes; keep some little breath pills or cloves or even mints in your pocket, tell her why you're nibbling them, offer her one (which she'll probably be glad to accept) and member not to get engrossed and chomp them. Don't get the kind that are reminiscent of an Egyptian flesh pot in flavor or those sickly violet things that taste like talcum powder.

When that inevitable misstep comes along, even if it's the one where both of you catch yourself before an accident happens, lose the rhythm and stand there looking foolish, blame yourself. It may have been her fault. Blame yourself. If she argues, change the subject, because those dis- cussions can go on until you drop from boredom. The point is, if it really was your mistake and you immediately take the blame, she'll think perhaps you're just being nice about it and that she should have done something different, anyway.

The ineffable Crawford has given me a swell plug in her story, and I'm grateful. She always follows her own advice —don't let her kid you. She has grace, courtesy and good taste when she dances, and, of course, she knows ABC's; she doesn't have to think about them.

That's the criteria for girls. The point I want to make is—it's the criteria for men, too.
but he said that was just another peculiar case of a job that involved people’s lives. “See if you can think up another one,” he drawled.

So I asked him if he had ever thought about the self-restraint of the men and women who work in motion pictures, and, when he said he hadn’t, I made him a little speech about it.

These interesting people are as human as you are. They have the same pet vanities and aversions that every honest person admits. They receive a great deal of attention, and it would be natural if they came to think of themselves as of tremendous importance. But when they go on the set to help make a picture, nothing matters but the success of that picture.

Gallant John Jones and glamorous Jane Smith, who have been as deadly poison to each other for many months, cooperate with the finest of courtesy, careful about giving cues, each mindful of the other’s work. John and Jane are not there to work off a peev, but to work on a picture. And, if they haven’t the stuff in them to do that, it isn’t long before the pictures arrange to get on without their help.

No other group of people, at any time in history, has enjoyed such wide and deep public interest and curiosity as the men and women who work in pictures.

They are adored by adoring multitudes wherever they go. They largely set the styles in dress and deportment for millions of people. There isn’t a town in the land without its quota of handsome boys and pretty girls who would give ten years of their lives for a chance to look like directors. Hosts of them feel that if only they could have a screen test it would be readily seen that they belong in Hollywood.

Of course, when they think of a screen test, it means an appraisal of face and figure, carriage and posture, voice and manner.

There is another screen test equally important to one’s success in this profession, and every young person who hankers for a place in pictures can easily try it out on himself. If he has passages with his sex that he may be far on his way to Hollywood; or, if not, that he can be sure that he is en route to success in his business at home, which may be almost as good.

You are an extraordinarily handsome young fellow, and if you have a fairly promising job in a gentleman’s furnishing store. Another young salesman, who rates the same wages, got two days of vacation more than yours, some weeks ago. And it made you sore. If this is the way the old man values your services, you’ll just mark time until you find another job. Any customer can see, at a glance, that you aren’t contented; that you don’t care whether he buys anything; that you wish he would go away and not bother you while you work. Hollywood couldn’t use you, boy. You haven’t what it takes to be successful in pictures.

Dolly is the most beautiful girl in town. She works in an exclusive beauty shop. But she has had a tilt with Gladys, and the atmosphere is heavy with condensed malice and a hauteur that would freeze a duchess. Patrons are bored. They observe the feud, and feel it, too. All, it isn’t the only beauty shop in town. They can go elsewhere.

Dolly is amazingly pretty, but she wouldn’t do in pictures. She couldn’t impersonate anyone else but Dolly. She wouldn’t care what because of the picture, any more than she cares what becomes of the beauty shop. The first time the director barked at her, she would walk off the set, and that would be the end of Dolly.

Let me recommend this screen test: Whatever business you are in, is the more important than you are? Can you put your little vanities and jealousies and dislikes aside, for the sake of the work that you and your companions have been employed to do? If so—perhaps you might do quite well in Hollywood. If not—you may never do very well—atmosphere.

Keep it in mind, when you find your self-enjoying the people in pictures, that with all their big salaries and their widely advertised extravagances, there is one thing they can’t afford. They own half a dozen gaudy cars and a hundred and forty suits of clothes. They can afford to pay the prices of two swimming pools and a private golf course. But they can’t afford to carry a peev in their business. Can you?
typical Hollywood male than I am Car- 
ole Lombard (though I wish I were). In 
those eleven years, from the start of her 
career to the present, Janet has grown 
immensely as an actress if she doesn't look It. Also, although she doesn't flash it, Janet has 
become a very wealthy woman. Throughout her entire career she has 
held handwriting, his. That's weren't). 
He didn't know what she had. Janet, 
though she wasn't mentioning it, Janet 
was aware that the pleasant twosome of 
Gaynor and Power had suddenly re- 
solved itself into a triangle due to the 
presence of a flirtatious young person 
named Annabella. As for triangles, lit- 
tle Miss Gaynor, who is wise and witty, 
wasn't having any. So thus, at that 
very moment when she was doubtless 
reflecting on that if Adrian was to 
be considered to have any real, no matter how 
lavish, can be a bore. Adrian wanted to 
do something new and modern and here, 
in the figure of this tiny, red-headed girl 
he looked toward. 
Adrian started in to huddle with Miss 
Gaynor about her dresses and her col-
fumes. For a moment he was sure he discovered 
that after talking about those, he was 
suddenly talking books to her (he, who 
reads a book a night before going to 
sleep). When they got through books 
they were talking philosophy. The pic-
ture went into production, but instead of 
that Adrian met himself, wander-
ing down to the set to see how 
Janet's hats looked, or to show her a 
piece of jewelry he had designed. 
"THREE Loves Nancy" finished, 
the papers proclaiming the Power- 
Gaynor dating as being all over. Gilbert 
Adrian went off. 

The other big factor on that historic 
day in the life of Janet, and Adrian met was that, 
though she wasn't mentioning it, Janet 
was aware that the pleasant twosome of 
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they were talking philosophy. The pic-
ture went into production, but instead of 
that Adrian met himself, wander-
ing down to the set to see how 
Janet's hats looked, or to show her a 
piece of jewelry he had designed. 
"THREE Loves Nancy" finished, 
the papers proclaiming the Power- 
Gaynor dating as being all over. Gilbert 
Adrian went off. 

In those eleven years, from the start of her 
career to the present, Janet has grown 
immensely as an actress if she doesn't look It. Also, although she doesn't flash it, Janet has 
become a very wealthy woman. Throughout her entire career she has 
held handwriting, his. That's weren't). 
He didn't know what she had. Janet, 
though she wasn't mentioning it, Janet 
was aware that the pleasant twosome of 
Gin et and Power had suddenly re- 
solved itself into a triangle due to the 
presence of a flirtatious young person 
named Annabella. As for triangles, lit-
tle Miss Gaynor, who is wise and witty, 
wasn't having any. So thus, at that 
very moment when she was doubtless 
reflecting on that if Adrian was to 
be considered to have any real, no matter how 
lavish, can be a bore. Adrian wanted to 
do something new and modern and here, 
in the figure of this tiny, red-headed girl 
he looked toward. 
Adrian started in to huddle with Miss 
Gaynor about her dresses and her col-
fumes. For a moment he was sure he discovered 
that after talking about those, he was 
suddenly talking books to her (he, who 
reads a book a night before going to 
sleep). When they got through books 
they were talking philosophy. The pic-
ture went into production, but instead of 
that Adrian met himself, wander-
ing down to the set to see how 
Janet's hats looked, or to show her a 
piece of jewelry he had designed. 
"THREE Loves Nancy" finished, 
the papers proclaiming the Power-
really a wonderful exercise for you." Joan is one of those fortunate individuals whose weight remains almost constant—about a hundred and fifteen pounds—and she's five feet, five inches tall. She has worked out a wonderful diet that keeps her always feeling well, her weight the same, and her skin healthy and glowing. The important fact about her diet is that, while her meals are never the same, there is always an abundance of in-season vegetables and fruits on Joan's daily menu.

Her breakfast often consists of fruit juice, or stewed or fresh fruit, a poached egg and a thin slice of whole wheat toast and black coffee. If she becomes hungry before lunch when she is working and has had an early breakfast, she has a large glass of orange juice or a cup of bouillon sometime during the mid-morning.

"What about lunch?" I asked her.

"Well, it varies somewhat depending upon the seasons," she said. "In the spring and summer, I usually have a large fruit or vegetable salad, a glass of cold milk or iced coffee, and sherbet or gelatin for dessert. In the fall and winter, a small vegetable or fruit salad, scrambled eggs and bacon, or lamb chops or some other lean meat and a cooked vegetable. A glass of milk or tea, also." When I'm working, dinner has to be very simple because I go to bed so early, so I generally have a fruit salad, broiled steak or some other meat, and at least two vegetables.

The predominance of fruits and vegetables in Joan's menus is a factor that should be copied by everyone in order to insure a healthy, well-balanced diet, which is one of the most vital roads to good health, beauty and, last but not least, a happy disposition. Joan has a distinct flair for wearing clothes smartly and is one of the screen's best dressed women. You know, of course, that it's impossible to wear clothes well unless your posture is excellent. Practice holding yourself correctly, making yourself as tall as possible, and walking with ease and grace, so that your clothes will become a part of you and you'll carry them well.

Joan's fair skin makes it possible for her to wear almost any color to advantage and now that she is a brunette, she can wear more varied shades of green and reds than she could as a blonde.

"I've always liked chartreuse and the warm terra cotta shades, but I avoided wearing them because I felt they were not becoming to me as a blonde. Now many of my clothes are in these shades.

I never wore much white, either, but now that I'm a brunette I wear it frequently.

Joan says that there is no set formula for glamour, but she believes that an interest in all that's going on in the world today, travel, good books, and interesting hobbies, all combine to broaden one's personality and contribute to the achieving of that ever-elusive quality.

Why don't you follow Joan's example and try changing yourself into a new personality? You needn't change the color of your hair if you don't wish to, but getting yourself a new make-up or a new coiffure or wearing different types of clothes will do much to make you a different person. After all, if you find yourself getting tired of the way you look, you'd better do something about it before other people get tired of it, too. And it's so easy to change yourself—just one variation in your usual ensemble will make you look and feel different, besides giving your morale a definite lift.

Reunion in Hollywood (place, Felix Young's Trocadero). Anna Neagle and Sir Cedric Hardwicke first scaled screen heights together in such British costume dramas as "Nell Gwyn" and "Peg of Old Drury." Now they're starring—but not together—at the same Hollywood studio, RKO, where Anna just enacted "Nurse Edith Cavell," to the plaudits of the industry, and where Sir Cedric is putting the finishing touches on his important characterization in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"
Play Truth and Consequences with Norma Shearer

(Continued from page 60)

28. (Q) Are you inclined to be critical of social errors?
   (A) No. There are very few that I take a hold of these days.
29. (Q) Can you do any acrobatic feats?
   (A) Yes, cartwheels and standing on my head. Fancily, a modest nature, if the board is not too high. Placing a glass of water on my forehead while in a standing position against a reclining position, and returning to the standing position—provided somebody will watch, and not tell jokes at the same time.
30. (Q) What disappointment in your early life most upset you?
   (A) An offer that I had counted on, to come to California under contract to Universal. The offer fell through, and I was stranded in New York without any money.
31. (Q) When have you ever cried, viewing a sad scene of your own on the screen?
   (A) I should not admit it, but I have. For instance, in "March of the Ants," in which a Frenchwoman before her execution.
32. (Q) How many times did you see that picture?
   (A) About four times.
33. (Q) Have you ever had a pet in?
   (A) When I see a photograph of a beautiful or interesting face, I send it to the studio as a screen possibility.
34. (Q) Are you inclined to call people by their first names shortly after you meet them?
   (A) Yes, but only if I can't remember their last ones.
35. (Q) What boner have you recently made which embarrassed you?
   (A) Miss Shearer took the consequences.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statement: on page 9 with these correct ones:  

1. A famous crooks 
2. Hedy Lamarr 
3. Arthur Lake ("Blondie" series) 
4. Universal 
5. My Old Kentucky Home ("Kentucky") 
6. The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America 
7. Marlene Dietrich 
8. John Garfield 
9. Orson Welles 
10. Gloria Swanson (Marquis Henri de Falaise) 
11. Dangerous—Miss Davis' 1934: 35 Academy Award role 
12. Paul Muni—his real name is Muni Weisenfroend 
13. The Search for Beauty—a Paramount contest 
14. James Cagney 
15. Joseph P. Kennedy 
16. Leo Gorcey 
17. Pucilla Lane 
18. Sam Goldwyn (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) 
19. Martha Raye (Buddy Westmore: Dead Rose) 
20. Colleen Moore

46. (Q) What thing, characteristic of Hollywood, most aggravates you?
   (A) I love Hollywood, but perhaps one of our sins is the worship of success; gravitating toward those who are successful, success seeks success in Hollywood.
47. (Q) Do you make up your mind quickly about people, purchases, etc.?
   (A) About people and purchases, yes. But I find it awkward hard to decide what to eat in restaurants, and when it arrives I usually like what the other person has better.
48. (Q) What talent of yours do you rank second to your acting?
   (A) I don't want to insult my acting by answering this. (Pose for me in character as you looked in your first starring picture, "Lady of the Night.")
49. (Q) What bores you?
   (A) I don't try to attend to business matters.
50. (Q) What are your picture plans for the future?
   (A) I have contracted to make three more pictures for M-G-M after "The Women": Firstise, Side and Prejudice, then, perhaps a modern romantic comedy; after which I should like to do a sentimental, spiritual love story similar to "Smilin' Through."
wife," but that Gene and Hedy, too, were most welcome to come to Joan’s home at any time to call upon Melinda, her attention to it. It is a little over cautious, becomes perfectly understand- able. But it is also quite understand- able that Melinda should annoy the beautiful Hedy, just as it must annoy her that Gene’s very yacht is named "The Melinda." And it is, obviously, sheer impossibility that makes fan- dance with Reggie Gardiner at parties and hang on her every word with the most flustered attention. Of course, Hedy may very well come to understand the great honesty that is Joan’s and that quality of intellectual charm and great humor she possesses which makes Gene Markay still her friend, even though they were divorced a good two years before he even met Hedy. It is a safe prophecy that the visits of Melinda will get worked out amicably, for Joan and Gene and Hedy are all charming, civilized people. As it is, Gene does see Melinda every day, either at the studio or Joan’s house. Father and daughter lunch together several times a week and each Saturday they go on their own outings together. But the same peaceful ending can scarcely be expected of the feud between two of M-G-M’s leading ladies—Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer. That is a truly bitter one.

To some extent there has always been antagonism between Joan and Norma, for no two people could be more oppo- site in temperament—Joan, all passion, impulse, warmth and boundless gen- erosity, and Norma, all intelligence, calm, reserve and cool poise. Theirs is that eternal conflict between the mind and the emotions.

Joan has always smelted under the fact that despite her enormous box- office strength she has never had the glittering million-dollar pictures of the type that have been wrapped around Norma. A "Mannequin" is all very well but no comparison, certainly, to a "Marie Antoinette." From the point of view of prestige, investment or actual production value. But "The Women" was the first time that, star next to star, they played on a level and almost at once the friction between them began to manifest itself.

It began with hair—or, more exactly, a hairdresser, M-G-M’s Sydney Guilla- roff. Norma had first claim on his serv- ices, but Norma, like heroes of Holly- wood girls, has no sense of time what- soever, whereas Joan is amusingly punctual, a fact that while Norma might call for Guillaroff at six o’clock, she often wouldn’t keep the appoint- ment until ten or even later, and mean- while Joan would have to wait, quite naturally burning up the while.

The girls skirmished about clothes, lines, present style of everything else dur- ing the actual shooting of "The Women," but it wasn’t until nearly the final day that the real feud got going in earnest. Joan wasn’t in the scene. It was Norma’s scene, done in close-up, which is always next to last to be done, and Joan wasn’t there to be present, to stand, outside of camera range, but where Norma could see her, so that when the scene was timed Norma would be able to criticize. Joan was all right, but she was right at night, so by her to be seeing Joan. Also, Joan had to answer Norma’s speeches. Joan was called in at midnight at nine o’clock. She came at nine but Norma didn’t ar- rive until one. Joan kept her temper and all might have passed satisfactor- ily but Joan was knitting when she got up to rehearse the scene. That made it Norma’s turn to burst. She said Joan was being deliberately distracting. Joan put the knitting behind her back. That didn’t help either. The two girls faced each other, both elaborately pretending they didn’t quite know what was bother- ing them. It took all of Director George Cukor’s wily diplomacy to get the scene recorded at all, and then not until Joan had fled to her dressing room and cried and Norma had expresed in graphic words her general opinion of other women stars. When, upon com- pletion of the picture, Norma gave a party for the whole cast, Joan (and Paulette Goddard) pointedly stayed away.

The feud that is going on between Dorothy Lamour and Patricia Morison is neither so worldly and humorous as the one between Joan and Joan Ben- nett, nor so bitter as that between Craw- ford and Shearer, but it is right there, nonetheless. This is not so much a bat- tle of wits as it is of figures and crowning glories. For up until La Belle Morison came along, Sarong Lamour was Paramount’s leading glamour girl. Her hair was always longer than any costume she wore. Her sultry person- ality and crooning voice were regarded as most unique and very negotiable. But then just as everything for Dor- othy was glowing like your fourth cock- tail before dinner, Patricia was discov- ered—Pat who has a husky voice, too, and a dark cloud of long hair (thirty- nine inches in length as compared to Dotty’s thirty-six-inch tresses), and a chassis such as would make all women wish she would trip and break a leg. What’s more, Miss Morison could really act. Miss Lamour, looking at her, was, like Queen Victoria—not amused. Here, a la Crawford, was a girl, who, in all quick emotion and spontaneity, being confronted by a new and rival beauty, who not only knew what she wanted but showed every promise of getting it. It was enough to bring out the most feminine in Dorothy—and so far it defi- nitely has. When it comes to the Davis-Hopkins battle, the trial is dark and hidden (mostly by the Warner publicity de- partment). By way of throwing every- body off the scent, Betty and Miriam actually posed in boxing gloves, glaring at each other. That was supposed to be so funny, you would never think it was real. It was funny and it wasn’t real. The set battles were, however, but they were subtle ones, and the net result of them was that two brilliant performances grace "The Old Maid," so perhaps it was all to the good.

For the Hollywood girls know how to fight for their place in the camera by means of daggers, harpoons or merely dirty looks. And, considering all they have at stake, they’d be stupid if they acted otherwise. Survival of the fittest is the first law of Hollywood human na- ture. It has to be, and since one touch of Hollywood human nature is about the only thing left in this darkening world that makes us all grin, let’s be thankful for it. Almost anyone can go along sedately, being Nice Nellie all over the place, but it takes girls with dash and fire and wildness to meet competition at fifty paces—and knock it dead.
Boos and Bouquets
(Continued from page 4)

"AFRICA SPEAKS!"
Over there in Hollywood, you have many glamorous girls and good
actresses, too, but there is only one Bette Davis. It seems as if she never
left the screen and dislike only a few, but a new picture starring her means
a feast for me. Seeing her on her favorite acting, expressing her eyes, hearing
her wonderful voice, makes me happy or sad, just as she wants her audience to
be, according to her role. She alone is able to stir up my feelings and even
bring the proverbial lump into my throat. Really a great pity that she
hasn’t got the role of Scarlett O’Hara in “Gone with the Wind,” a part crying
for Bette Davis.
HANS H. FRIEND,
Geduld Township Springs,
South Africa.

WHAT’S THAT YOU SAID?
I HAVE read recently a criticism mention-
ing the difficulty of finding what stars
with an English accent say in a movie. I must say that it is often hard
to understand many of the stars in the pictures today. They sound so
much alike! In both great speeches in the dramas portrayed, and
the humor that so frequently passes by the head of the average audience.
Can’t we have excellent dialect in the movies, as well as excellent acting?
OLIVE KELLEY,
Salem, Mass.

Brief Reviews
(Continued from page 8)

SECOND FIDDLE—20th Century-Fox
Anita: Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power; Rudy Vallee’s music, a few laughs. Dirty place has dis-
lusions and situations; no idea. The idea is a ludicrous on the screen "Qui Quo," search, with Power
playing the press agent and Sonja the winner of the sought after role. Sonja’s too few chases numbers are
exchanging. (Sept.)

SHE MARIED A COP—Republic
Here’s the ‘Ringus’ bunch again, played by James, Bob Burns, and the few other same old. The big
success comes when she finds his wife to be a fairly poor woman. It’s a funny story, with just
a few laughs and a lot of old songs. (Oct.)

SHOULD HUSBANDS WORK?—Republic
Here’s the ‘Righus’ bunch again, played by James, Bob Burns, and the few other same old. The big
success comes when she finds his wife to be a fairly poor woman. It’s a funny story, with just
a few laughs and a lot of old songs. (Oct.)

GOOD ENEMIES—M-G-M
Walter Pidgeon, never as small, plays a politi-
cally ambitious prosecutor, wise, up-to-date with the new generation of
men. He is enlisted to the pen himself, it takes a terrific beating from his
employers, but Rosita Ion is in the battle too, to show him the error of his
ways. (Aug.)

SOME LIKE IT HOT—Paramount
Not even Gene Krupa’s drum, at work with Bob
Hope, Shirley Ross and Una Merkel, can turn this
Wrong but quite a disappointment. The story; a mid-way barrier to outrun the per-
visible doorstep well. There are a couple of good songs, and Hope tries hard. (Aug.)

SOOS—TIDAL WAVES—Republic
Remember Orson Welles and Joan-Pierson
Van Buren, Welles’ invasion! That
but protected with current interest in rela-
tion to Spain, to make a film. This is not even and
in 1945. James Cagney and George
Barber are the principals. (Aug.)

SPYBINDER, THE—RKO- Radio
A natural for Lee Tracy, except that the same lawyer
crazing on the studio side. Pat Travis defects
in his role quite a disappointment. The story; a mid-way barrier to outrun the pro-
visible doorstep well. There are a couple of good songs, and Hope tries hard. (Aug.)

SPEAKS, THE—RKO- Radio
In the sequel George Hipsley keeps up the act by
stealing parties from the main, hunting in a house, and making his way along with his. It’s all
one grand chance. And Kelly, the guest, is swell. (Sept.)

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**THE STAR MAKER**—Paramount

BING CROSBY’S newest vehicle is no bargain. Done it. Because Bing’s so swell, generally. There’s no conflict and no emotion, and all of a sudden it stops, leaving you with a sense of pure defilement. It’s the story of Greg Edwards, kiddie impresario. Bing plays the poor young songwriter who marries Louise Campwell and refuses to take an ordinary job, and conceives the idea of offering children to the public as entertainers. He makes an enormous success, and then runs afloat the child labor laws. Faced with defeat, he “discovers” radio. This picture introduces Linda Ware. She’s fourteen, pretty and has a nice voice. Walter Dannecho leads a symphony orchestra. Bing sings, Ned Sparks and Laura Hope Crew are a comedy team, and dozens of children go through tap-dancing routines, none outstanding. The songs, old and new, are nice to hear.

**ORIGINALLY** scheduled as a Will Rogers production, this has been adapted to the talents of Jane Withers. Jane’s sweet, but somehow the piece is not right with Leo Carrillo playing the greatly subordinated part first intended for Rogers. He’s supposed to be a husband and father, who makes a laudable attempt by exchanging merchandise for the chickens of Southern families. Spring and summer, and Marjorie Weaver contribute a lot. 

**GIRL FROM Rio—Monogram**

MOWITA’S a good singer, and when she’s pouring forth with song you don’t mind the monotonous story or the indifferent production of the rest of this. One of the plot points is that Mario has to leave Rio just on the verge of her debut, in order to help her brother out of a jam with the police. She gets a job in a night club and hunts down the real meany, for whose crimes the brother is suffering. Warren Hull and Alan Baldwin do not perceptibly help out.

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235 East 42nd Street, Dept. P-31, New York, N. Y.

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**DON-A-CAP**

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**DON-A-CAP now makes available, for the first time, a CORRECTLY FITTED WAVE PROTECTOR in all shades of hair.**

**Don’t wait—order your new DON-A-CAP, now.**

**WAVE PROTECTOR**

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**NO INCREASE IN PRICE**

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*With the value now for your money*

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**New IMPROVED Model at 5c & 10c STORES**
**THE UNDER-PUP—Universal**

It's so exciting to see a great new screen property for the first time and know that you are witnessing part of cinema history. This introduces Gloria Jean, Joe Pasternak's newest discovery. Eleven years old, she shows at once more acting ability, poise and charm than any other youngster had in the beginning. The story is a simple one, that of a poor girl who wins an essay contest and is to make a wish in a giant camp. All the panpered darlings belong to a secret club and snort Gloria—all of them except little Virginia Weidler. Gloria works out her personal problems with the aid of Billy Gilbert, camp gardener, and his carpenter partner, sonny sibs, by these, the way, are great finds. Their names are Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart, Nan Grey and Robert Cummings again suppose you see C. Aubrey Smith delivers a classic performance as Gloria's beloved grandfather, and the rest of the cast is individually excellent.

**THE RETURN OF DR. X—Warners**

This gets under way as an ordinary murder-mystery, but soon the studio transforms it into a kind of horror film. They bring in Humphrey Bogart as further nightmare material. Wayne Morris, as lawyer in the case, is the main person with actress Lya Lynn, finds her murdered, but, later, the police can find no body or evidence and the trial in the court is getting fired, the actress appears to sue the paper. Bewildered, he leaves, puzzled by the unwelcome lack of color in her face. "She was found murdered by the same sort of wound as reporter Morris had described in his account. And about her death, in that case, there is no evidence of blood. Bogart, as Doctor Xavier, turns out to have been electrocuted two years ago. Yow!

**EVERYTHING'S ON ICE—RKO-Radio**

Very small Irene Darce goes zipping across the ice like a miniature Henie in this amusing but not very important film. Roscoe Karns plays a fourflusher, who takes his nieces, Irene and Lynne Roberts, to Florida, where he lives in high style in the home of millionaire Lynne. Of course he chooses another fourflusher. Irene is really quite good.

**DANCING CO-ED—M-G-M**

Artie Shaw warming the atmosphere of this talkie on the floor shortly after Frank Sinatra, while yogi's avate and oldsters find their shoulders going through odd rhythms. When LeoBowman, movie dancer, discovers his dancing-partner wife is in an interesting condition, it's necessary to find another partner for his next picture. Roscoe Karns, publicity agent, decides to build up interest in a new girl by having her win a co-ed contest. Lana Turner, a Broadway hoofer, goes to39 Western as a student, with Ann Rutherford, Karns' secretary, tagging along. There's Richard Carlson, newcomer for the school newspaper, who's a cynic. He begins an investigation. There's a surprise at the end when the girl, who doesn't know she can dance, enters the contest to kill time. Top honors for performance go to the Muses Turner and Rutherford.

**THE COWBOY QUARTERBACK—Warner**

It must be admitted that Bert Wheeler's first try at going with the late Bob Woodrow's little film. The dated story deals with a kick football player who gets into the big time professional games. Gamblers try a frame-up and it looks bad until Bert's girl-friend, Marie Wilson, comes along. Gloria Dickson helps a little.

**EVERYBODY'S HOBBY—Warners**

Juvenerles may find this new family-cycle picture terrifically interesting, but for adult consumption it has all the thrill of a can of straw in the hay. Irene Rich, a stamp-collector, is the mother of a family of hobbiests. Jean, the daughter, collects phonograph records; brother, Jackie Moran, is an amateur radio bug; uncle Aldrich Bowker collects statistics; father Henry O'Neill is a caddie manager, which settles him with a hobby. He and Jackie go to the mountains, where Jackie's radio is responsible for averting a forest fire disaster. All the others help, too.

**CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES**

**ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES**

As in the play by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, Dr. Watson (E. E. Clive) actually gets staged as a Mr. Holmes (the other version has him going by a different name). Bert Lahr plays a crook, while Jackie Moran is an amateur radio bug; uncle Aldrich Bowker collects statistics; father Henry O'Neill is a caddie manager, which settles him with a hobby. He and Jackie go to the mountains, where Jackie's radio is responsible for averting a forest fire disaster. All the others help, too.

**BARBES IN ARMS**—M-G-M—Play by Jack McGowan and Kay Richmond after the play by Richard Rodgers and Lorenzo Hart. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Jack McGowan (Ray Milland), Kay Richmond (Sonja Henie), Ray Milland (John Gilbert). A charming farce, combining some of the best of The Boys from Syracuse and The Desert Song. Milland is funny, Milland is likable, Henie is striking as Henie, Van Dyke is a director of the best kind to get the best out of his stock. A real hit.
GRAVY FADED HAIR
Shampoo and rinse, your hair will be all the same at Korean Beauty parlors and at home with our unique preparation of
SPRITZER:
4 oz. water, 1 oz. flour, 1 oz. vinegar. Mix well. Pour on hair and
rinse. May be used by women and children. Made by
KOREAN BEAUTY PARLORS
Dorothy Graham, Proprietor

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 parlors and at home with our unique preparation of
SPRITZER:
4 oz. water, 1 oz. flour, 1 oz. vinegar. Mix well. Pour on hair and
rinse. May be used by women and children. Made by
KOREAN BEAUTY PARLORS
Dorothy Graham, Proprietor

DONT LET JANGLED NERVES WRECK YOUR LIFE
Benmar MacFadden's new book, More Power to Your Nerves, contains
definite practical help for those suffering from nervous disorders.
Page after page of this remarkable book is devoted to actual case histories
taken from the files of various MacFadden health resorts. These
case histories give you the symptoms and the detailed treatments
employed in these nerve cases. You will not get any theory—
not experimentation—but the last word in modernized physical and mental
gymnastics for nervous sufferers.
Here are 246 pages of interestingly interesting
reading. Your discovery: how you can gain complete control over your nervous
system. How you can banish fear, worry,
How you can mend your shättered
nerves and once again enjoy the
happiness of living.

More power to your nerves sells only for
$2.00. And if you are not satisfied with
the book, merely return it within 5 days and we will refund your $2.00. Send
for your copy today.

MACFADDEN BOOK CO.
Dept. P-11
205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Here’s How To

The Hollywood Way

SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD
is the famous beauty expert who astonished the cinema center with her miraculous beauty treatments.

In this grand book, Streamline Your Figure, Sylvia of Hollywood goes right to the heart of your figure troubles and tells you simple ways to mold your body into beautiful proportions in double quick time. One of the many reviews lavishly praising Madame Sylvia’s book states: “Its excellent photographs, clear directions and careful charts, sensible diets for reducing, make the way to beauty simple for the woman determined to have it.”

Fall Fashions Demand
Alluring Figures

Again this Fall fashion does the unexpected. Smart, New York shops are featuring the new cigarette-thin silhouette. And here’s more fashion notes. Hips should be rounded... bosoms high and waists waists and stem-lined midriffs will be the vogue. This, Miss and Mrs. America, means that Tomboy fashions are out and a new era of lovely figures is here. Now, more than ever before, your figure should be graceful, romantic, alluring.

Your favorite Hollywood screen star will be glamorous in her frills and bustles, naturally, her figure will be most alluring in these fashionable new gowns. But you need not envy these perfect figures of the Hollywood stars—for you, too, can have a glamorous figure! Yes, you can, by following Sylvia of Hollywood’s suggestions as contained in her new book, Streamline Your Figure, acquire a lovely Hollywood figure and wear the Fall’s latest creations with the utmost of charm.

Madame Sylvia doesn’t talk in circles. She starts right out on page one and tells you how you can develop beautiful legs. Then without any fuss or frills she explains how to preserve the loveliness of your breasts. From there she goes after the bulges in your waistline... then she shaves down your hips. But that is not all. In six more chapters she reveals secrets that cover you with beauty.

Streamline Your Figure contains 32 full page photographs from life. And remember, you can carry out Sylvia’s instructions in the privacy of your boudoir without the aid of extra equipment. The price of this great new book is only $1 at all bookstores. If not obtainable at your book or department store use coupon below.

* ONLY $1.00 *

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They do the job
they’re meant to do

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Chesterfields are like that... they go about their business of giving you more smoking pleasure... with a taste, aroma and mildness that’s all their own... the kind that only the right combination of the world’s best cigarette tobaccos can give.

CHESTERFIELD
ANOTHER THIN MAN — Read the MYRNA LOY-BILL POWELL romance "I'M FOR RENT!" — Astounding Adventures of a Hollywood Star 
A LOVE WORTH FIGHTING FOR—The Romantic Truth about VIVIEN LEIGH 

MYRNA LOY
By Paul Hesse
WHEN you've got the sniffles, a chill, and your throat feels irritated, it's a sign that germs are probably at work in mouth and throat.

Sometimes they can be killed in sufficient numbers or kept under control so that Nature can halt the infection...throw off the cold.

If you have any symptoms of trouble, start gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic and keep it up. Countless people say it's a wonderful first aid and 8 years of scientific research back them up.

Tests during this period actually showed fewer and milder colds for Listerine Antiseptic users...fewer sore throats, too.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the secondary invaders—germs that many authorities say help to complicate a cold and make it so troublesome.

Actual tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. Up to 80% one hour later.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it is a wise precaution to use Listerine Antiseptic systematically during fall, winter, and spring months when colds are a constant menace to the health of the entire family?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

FOR GOLDS AND SORE THROAT USE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
1. SAY IT WITH FLOWERS!
Quick like a flash! Constance Spry's sentimental cabbage rose whizzed to the lady of your heart by F.C.D. (Florida's Telegraph Delivery), in a Cellophane basket tied with glittering golden ribbon. Around $3.00.

2. REACHING FOR THE STARS
"Adastra" does it! A heavenly perfume. Helena Rubinstein's Apple Blossom Cologne under her glittering cellophane skirts. A breath of spring in darkest midwinter—for just $2.50.

3. FOR THE BRIGHT LIGHTS
A baby borsche evening sweater, designed by Shepherd, with multicolored sequins—twinkle brightly on the bosom. Note the sentimental heartneck and the family-album pulled sleeves. Wear it with a velvet day-length skirt for tea or cocktails, and a whirling dervish of an evening skirt in fullness or safaris. Around $6.00.

4. SONJA HENIE'S SKATES
Don't ask any questions! It's enough, isn't it, that Sonja Henie, Hollywood's skating queen, approves these streamlined, chromium-plated skates, and adorns them with high-bouncing white buck shoes. This is the way to say "Merry Christmas" to your favorite outdoor-girl for just $5.50.

5. MUSIC ON THE MARCH
You sing your Majestic radio over your shoulder and you're off, carrying in the palm of your hand the news of the world... music... Uncle Don! 100 hours of entertainment on batteries that cost only $2.25 to replace—the whole combination complete, in colored leatherette, for $14.95. How many, please?

6. SONJA HENIE'S LITTLE RED HOOD
That Sonja Henie! Not only does she skate rings around the world, but she can even take a simple red wool Pariski hood and make it into a fashion masterpiece that everyone is clamoring for, for winter sports. In fiery red Australian mink with deep white fringe. Around $2.00.

To your fashion editors, it's been Christmas since August! We've spent months snooping in the shops and haunting the little secret places where Christmas ideas are born. We've checked out boutiques and turned thumbs down on others. And now that the chaff is fully separated from the wheat, we're passing these Christmas treasures on to you and the Stars. You'll find approximate prices on everything here, but for the name of the store nearest you that carries the gifts you want, please write to Fashion Secretary, Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York City. Pity the poor mail man and do it now! And a Merry Christmas to you all!

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DECEMBER, 1939
Good news, America! Nick and Nora are back in their newest, merriest, most amazing adventure—with Asta, and a brand-new member of the family! Wait 'til you meet him! It's the BEST from Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man!

IT'S A BLESSED EVENT

Hey! Wait for Baby!

Popular Bill Powell, Merry Myrna Loy re-united, and everybody's happy!

WILLIAM POWELL MYRNA LOY

Another Thin Man

with
VIRGINIA GREY • TOM NEAL
RUTH HUSSEY • C. AUBREY SMITH
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II
Produced by HUNT STROMBERG
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

The Queen's Office Hours

An imaginary historic episode, inspired by Bette Davis and Errol Flynn by John Erskine

A Love Worth Fighting For

The romantic truth about Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier by Ruth Waterbury

Another Thin Man

Trivialized by Lyon Mearson

Beginning: The new Loy-Powell hit in daily exciting novelette form by Ruth Waterbury

I Watched Charles Boyer Go Away to War

An eyewitness brings a poignant story from France by William Morse, Jr.

Play Truth and Consequences with Madeleine Carroll

The best fun of the month—and the most enlightening by Katharine Hartley

Miracle Men at Work—to Make You Lovelier

An Open Sesame to the world of charm by Adele Whitely Fletcher

"I'm For Rent!"

Adventures of a Hollywood escort girl by Ida Zeitlin

Funny Face

A dawn of fate—that's Eddie Albert by Joseph Henry Steele

Portrait in Scotch Plaid with Shamrocks

A "black and white" of a Hollywood bachelor—Richard Greene by Dorothy Duvas

A House to Live In

Rosemary and Priscilla Lane make a dream come true by Gwenn Walters

Photoplay Fashions

A gala parade of holiday modes for every occasion

Tenth Avenue Girl

The cake-to-riches novel Alice Paye actually lived

The Camera Speaks—

Come to My Party! An invitation from the Darryl Zanuck to the year's best barn dance by Darryl Zanuck

Their Favorite Photographs: Chosen by Hollywood's Favorite Photographers Friezes pictures—and the great "unknowns" who made them

Whose Little Boy Are You?

A match-em-up game that teams parent and son

Tuhyoon

A new partner, the same song—Dot Lamour and Bob Preston

NEWS, VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Christmas Shopping for You and the Stars

Boos and Bouquets

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

PHOTOPLAY'S Own Beauty Shop

Close Ups and Long Shots

Cal York's Gospel of Hollywood

The Shadow Stage

We Cover the Studios

Ribbon Round-Up

Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

VOL. LIII, NO. 12, DECEMBER, 1939
“Every month in my diary has three new days”

Dear Diary: What a difference Midol has made in my life! Not so long ago I was only a ‘possibility’ on party lists; now I’m the ‘girl who never says no’! What fun—not worrying about regular pain, never breaking dates, really having three gloriously active new days in every month! How I do it is a secret among us, Diary—you, Midol and me!

IF YOU haven’t tried Midol to relieve functional pain of menstruation—to release you for active living during several dreaded days of your month—you may be passing-up comfort which more than a million enlightened women enjoy.

It is common medical knowledge that much of this pain not only is needless, but can be relieved. And Midol proves it. For unless there is some organic disorder calling for the attention of a physician or surgeon, Midol usually brings relief. It is made for this special purpose—to ease the unnecessary functional pain of the natural menstrual process, and to lessen discomfort.

Give Midol the chance to redeem your last days for carefree living. If your experience is average, a few Midol tablets should see you through even your worst day. All drugstores have Midol in trim aluminum cases which tuck easily into purse or pocket.

“Tainted” puts a parka on the long hair—and boots on the pretty legs—of Patricia Morison. But glamour can’t be hidden

BOOS AND BOUquets

AGREEING—TO DISAGREE

CONGRATULATIONS to Dorothy Stafan of Augusta, Georgia, for her suggested schedule for Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in the October issue. I would like to see each of these and many more pictures made by this immortal team.

However, I don’t agree that, separated, they are not so good. Seems that “San Francisco” did right well at the box office. Certainly, “Let Freedom Ring” is Nelson’s best picture to date. If anyone could sit through it just once and not leave the theater feeling humble and proud of this, our nation’s freedom, of worship, of speech and press, there isn’t an atom of patriotism in his nature.

I say, reverently, God grant us freedom as we know may soon reign throughout the nations of the earth.

C. M. Agnew,
Greenville, S. C.

OH, BABY!

I’ve got it bad. The love bug, or Cupid, or some dastardly critter, gave me a double dose and I’ve gone under for the third time. There is positively no hope for recovery, but, dad-blame it, who cares? This is a wonderful feeling! Well, here I’ve been living per-rect, normal Texas lug who stays in his own back corral and bothers no one. Then, one afternoon, just as I’m leaving the office where I do my gazing, the Editor calls me over and gives me a verbal pat-on-the-back for some extra-fancy news wrangling (I’m not at all bad!), and darned if I don’t step out onto the main drug feeling like the prize horse at a stock show. I massage into the corner drug for a pint ‘er so of ice cream and then, just to top the evening and to make it a real celebration, I decide to take in a show. I step up to the theater, check my gun, plunk down my spon dulix and pick myself a choice seat. Then—pow, it happens. I’m in the middle of nowhere, with stars in my eyes and a pounding around the ticker. Like a bolt from the blue, I’ve been roped, hog-tied and hobbled, and I know I’m a branded maverick. Gawsh, I, who never pitched woo or snuggled to anything in a theater other than a sack of popcorn, was plain gaga. Yep, she’s a blonde, and just a little chit of a thing, too, but then I’ve always heard that dynamite comes in small packages. Wotta smile, wotta personality! I think her moniker is Henville, but she’s “Sandy” to me. Sandy, the new oomph-oomph girl. I’m gonna write ‘er a mash note, too, soon as she’s old enough to read it.

ATRELLE ESTES,
Baird, Tex.

VIVE LA FRANCIS!

THE Kay Francis banner still waves on high and, in the recent turn of events, Miss Francis has more fully established her position in motion pictures. Her performance in the RKO picture, “In Name Only,” left nothing for Carole Lombard in the way of credit for acting or personality appearances. Indeed, Miss Lombard, since she appeared with Kay

PHOTOPLAY
Francis, has been greatly criticized by the press and public for her lack of chine in dress and make-up, and for her insufficient grasp of her role as the other woman.

This case of a star taking a secondary role in a picture proves that sooner or later the work of a capable individual will speak for itself. Alone, Carole Lombard has held her own in many a picture. Given every advantage to star privileges, she was a poor second to Kay Francis. She is not to be blamed, either, because it was not her fault. It is just that the producers should never have exposed her to comparison with Miss Francis, who is an experienced actress with an innate sense of good showmanship.

DOROTHY BROOKS HOLCOMBE,
Shrewsbury, Wil.

**THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED—?**

THIS is neither a "boo" nor a "boutique," at least to a star. It is directed at one Jack Wade—we Cover the Stud
dio." Wade he states in the September
issue of Photoplay that a certain scene in a while Howard picture was retaken several times because the direc
tor, Gregory Ratoff, insisted the puppy was not doing it. He didn't even stop the shooting. "Ratoff is either nutty or a genius, we don't dare guess which."

Now, if this worthy gentleman (Mr. Wade) does not believe a dog can smile, he is very much mistaken. It is true they do not all smile, but I have a great Dane where smile very sweetly, in a coy sort of way. Not with her mouth open, which some folks are wont to refer to as a smile on a dog; her mouth pulls back at the corners and about four wrinkles appear at each side. The smile is usually used to get around me or some member of the family, but is a smile, nevertheless.


dr. steeple

**JUSTICE FOR JOEL**

SHAME, Hollywood, shame! Are you crazy, or do you "just don't care"? Good heavens! You take the star of "Union Pacific"—Joel McCrea—and slam him right into "They Shall Have Music"? I'm sure the picture could have gotten along without him. Why, after such a stirring bit of close-up acting in "I Am a Fugitive" Joel McCrea could have played anything and gotten away with it. Then you turn around and cast Joel in a picture starring Se
dre—So—also Joel McCrea—Westerns! Good ol' horse opies! We want more of the real McCrea from "Wells Fargo" and "Union Pacific!"

EUNICE McCOY,
Warrington, Fla.

DEAR JACK HALEY:

I NEVER thought I'd be writing a fan letter to you, of all people. You've al
ever been just another comedian. Oh, your brashness were rather cute, but who'd ever remember you? or go to a picture because your name was on the marquee?

And then I saw you in "The Wizard of Oz." I sat there as popeye as you were when you first beheld the mighty Wizard. This appealing Mr. Wood
teen, searching so wishfully for a heart, really is Jack Haley? Heart or no heart, he has a very popular, char
istered real emotion: the openmouthed fear that made his tin knees clank to
gather, for the sake of his friends, for his heart, his affection for Dorothy. Then, when he had found his heart, only to feel it break when Dorothy was leav
ing, our hearts broke with his for a moment. When an actor's breaking heart causes a temporary fracture in

our own, then we call that actor great. So, Jack Haley, I salute you—a new
dramatic star. If M-G-M doesn't star you in some serious roles worthy of all the publicity you brought to the Tin Wood
teen, then you'd better find a home
will. Because you certainly have what it takes.

A new Haley fan,
ALICE OHAN,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

**CONFESSIGN**

I JUST got through reading "Boos and Bouquets" in the September Photoplay and I am very much ashamed of my
self. I'll admit I did ask for it. No, I didn't see the picture. But I've read it, and I thought it was entertaining. Following him through the magazines, I've seen just dozens and dozens of pictures of him smiling as only he can. I do wish I could do something to make up for what I wrote. Of course, he didn't smile when I was around. He was looking the other way. And thanks
for writing up the duties and qualifications of a Power fan. I'll make use of them, for I really am a Power fan. You ought to see my room! If you see any
one else's picture beside Tyrone's, you have to use a microscope. I ask you how I felt when I read that Tyrone had wed. I can't describe the feeling. But now I'm rather glad that he is married, because I won't let my self write anything about Mr. Power's not smiling. I've a better hold on my self. You see, when he was simple, I imagined him as my dream prince, for being young, as I am, I still have a broad imagination. When he didn't even look at me at Treasure Island. I put my feelings into writing, an action which I very much regret. Thanks very much for putting me in my place, you other Power fans, and I assure you it won't happen again. I'm for Tyrone Power 100 percent and I mean every word of it. Please do forgive me!

Tyrone Power's San Francisco Fan
San Francisco, Calif.

**OPEN LETTER TO M-G-M**

Do you want a really suitable story for
Hedy Lamarr?—a story published novel by a
writer of established reputation? I re
fer to "Glitter," an early book by Kath
erine Brush, but one having the same
screenable qualities that made "The
Red Headed Woman" and "Young Man
of Manhattan" (by the same author) so
teresting pictures.

May I go further and suggest that
Low Ayres appear opposite Hedy, and
that Edward Arnold and June Bryan
play the other man and girl, respec
tively, for perfect casting.

Make this picture, call it "Fascina
tion," and you'll have a film in the "hit"
class. . . . And you don't owe me a cent
for the suggestion.

MAYNE MILLER,
Charleston, W. Va.

**ALL IN FAVOR, SAY "AYE**

I WISH to call favorable attention to
Sonja Henie's work in "Second Fiddle."
There was much talk, at first, of the
seemingly ridiculous idea of Miss Henie's giving up her ice skating. Well, I will say this: In my estimation, the little skater from Norway has grown herself a very capable actress, as well as being a wonderful athlete.

Before ending my letter, I want to say something about Tyrone Power. WHY haven't we heard that he could sing, as well as act? Let's hear more of Tyrone Power's singing and see more of Sonja Henie's skating.

MARCIA SEIBEL,
Inglewood, Calif.

**Lady Esther says—**

"Forsake all Heavy, Waxy Creams to keep your Accent on Youth!"

Go ask yourself—and a whole chorus of youth
ful voices will tell you to stop using heavy,
"waxy" creams. In a blind test, young women
under 25 voted overwhelmingly-—over 2 to 1—
for Lady Esther Face Cream! A glamorous complexion points the way
tender glances... to romance! Why miss
eyour gayest moments? Give your skin "young
skin care"—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—
and see each day bring fun... more happiness!

Why let heavy creams defeat your loveli
ness—make you look older then you really are?
Give up those "waxy" creams that demand
pulling of delicate facial muscles... and turn,
with youth, to my new modern cream!

Modern life with its fast tempo challenges
your face cream—calls for a completely dif
ferent kind of cream from the heavy types pop
ular ten years ago. Modern girls realize this,
and have adopted my 4-Purpose Cream.

Just one month will show you
that Lady Esther Face Cream is a modern cream that keeps your Accent on Youth. It goes on lightly... thoroughly removes imbedded dirt.. leaves your skin feeling glo
sely fresh. Why not compare the face cream you have been using with Lady Esther Face Cream? Just make the simple test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one cream for you?

See the difference... make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

Instead of your present cream—remove it thoroughly. Then do the same with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Wipe it off with fresh tissue, and look at the tissue.

Thousands of women have been amazed to see dirt on their second tissue. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream removes pores-clogging dirt that many other creams FAIL TO GET OUT.

Unlike many old-fashioned creams, Lady Esther Face Cream does a thorough cleansing job without any harsh-pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, at my expense. Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a lovely skin!

(You can paste this on a proxy postal) (50)

LADY ESTHER,
1114 West 66th St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your generous supply
of Lady Esther Face Creams also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name:?
Address:?
City...State...?
(If you live in Canada, or to Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
Youngsters Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, Betty Jaynes and Douglas McPhail set a pace in "Babes in Arms" that's more than a challenge to the oldsters.

CHARLIE CHAN AT TREASURE ISLAND—20th Century-Fox
Routine Chan fare, with philosophical Chan uncovering the true nature of the story, makes it an enjoyable evening, which Sidney Toler, as Chan, wins admirably, George Robey, as Mr. Gamble, and Niles Welch as the villain. (Nov.)

CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY—20th Century-Fox
Originally scheduled for William Rogers, this has been adapted to the talents of June Winters. She's smart, but the story isn't quite right for Leo Carillo, who makes his living by exchanging gentle advice with his friends. (Oct.)

☆ CLOUDS OVER EUROPE—Columbia
This is a worthy mystery, with Ralph Richardson in the role of death. Scotland Yard is set to work where some British sisters are hit. The direction is good, the playing interesting, and the story is well-told. (Oct.)

☆ COWBOY QUARTERBACK, THE—Warner
Bert Wheeler's first shot without the late Bob Woolsey is a dated story of a lout football player who gets into big trouble. Gamblers try a frame-up and it backfires until Bert's girl, Marie Wilson, comes along. Gordon Dickson helps a little. (Nov.)

DANCING CO-ED—M-G-M
A dreary, although gripping study of social problems, with John Garfield again impressed impressively. As a result, he hates everything—secretaries, love. But, finally, out of tragedy comes recompense. Garfield turns in the performance you can expect of him. (Nov.)

☆ EACH DAWN I DIE—Warner
There's a quiet brutality, a believable horror about this film in which Jimmy Cagney portrays an innocent victim who is sent to prison by crooked politicians. His newspaper friends, particularly June Bryan, take up the fight. There's a murder and a jail-break not done in a repetitious manner. George Kino, as a fellow convict, has never shone better. Add Charlie Ruggles, Pauline Lord, and John Wayne to the list who makes this picture a must. (Oct.)

☆ ETERNALLY YOURS—Warner-U. A.
You'll like this story in which Lewis Stone marries a second-rate musician David Niven and becomes his associate in a magic (Continued on page 2).

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* INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED.
Zorina
SHE'S HEAVENLY!

She's the gal who put romance into dance—direct from the role in "I Married an Angel" that made her the toast of the stage!

IN WARNER BROS:
ENTERTAINMENT WHIRLWIND

ON YOUR TOES

On your toes ... it's on the way with loud, long laughs provided by

EDDIE ALBERT
The sensation of 'Brother Rat'—he's a super-sensation in this!

and ALAN HALE, FRANK MCHUGH, JAMES GLEASON • Directed by Ray Enright

Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay • Adaptation by Sig Herzig and Lawrence Riley • Based on the Musical Play by RICHARD RODGERS, LORENZO HART and GEORGE ARBLITT • A First National Picture

LOUD LINGERING LAUGHS!

TO BE SPECIFIC IT'S TERRIFIC!

TWICE AS SPICY, TWICE AS FUNNY, TWICE AS GAY AS THE BROADWAY PLAY
Brief Reviews (Continued from page 6)

**STANLEY FIELDS, with Margaret Lindsay and Ronald Reagan, exposes the dirty work about. (Sept.)**

**HOTEL FOR WOMEN—20th Century-Fox, with a cast of models and chorus girls in a hospitality revue. Mary Livingstone is the engaging New Lynn Darnell should turn into a bright star, for her work is very good, indeed. James Ellis is the romantic lead. (Oct.)**

**HOUSE OF FEAR, THE—Universal**

The management appears right at the starting. An actor, Donald Douglas, is the victim. Detective Morris proceeds to his producer in order to reopen the theater, on the theory that the management will strike again. He does. (Nov.)

**IRISH LUCK—Monogram**

Here we have Frankie Darro playing a bellhop whose father is a mysteriously slain. Frank sets out to discover the murderer, and the story is well moved along, turns in an interesting performance. (Nov.)

**I STOLE A MILLION—Universal**

Steady melodrama, with George Raft notably the center of attention, is what this film is. The case is examined, and the dead man is found not guilty of his own murder. (Nov.)

**IN NAME ONLY—RKO-Radio**

If you’re a penny-packer for Cary Grant and Carole Lombard, you’ll like this. Kay Francis is the wife of a man who is accused of marrying Carole. Unbiased and sweet, Grant goes on trial or divorce, which Carole wins out in the end. Charles Coburn and Henry Travers are the usual reliable charivari of actors. Alexander is good, and Grant, magnificent. (Oct.)

**IN OLD MONTEREY—Republic**

There’s a bonus tossed into this typical Gene Autry film. The House is made up of other boys, Billie Burroughs and Bette and Sally. Gene’s acting is as usual, by no means convincing, and his stunts more ground chickens. Gene rides to the rescue. (Nov.)

**ISLAND OF LOST MEN—Paramount**

We meet the usual group of ministers, all of whom establish themselves as the stocks of an island andcrack the efforts of the criminals, who are determined to take the native woman and make her the queen of the place. All of them are well performed by the cast. Alexander, MacDonald, and Eric Brown adds the comedy. (Nov.)

**IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU—20th Century-Fox**

Have you ever imagined yourself in the position of an innocent person accused of murder? That’s the idea Stewart’s in when he finds a body in his car. He’s held in jail but his wife, Gloria Stuart, comes and proves the innocence. (Nov.)

**JAMAICA JEN—Mayflower—Paramount**

You’re in on the secret that Charles Langton is the leader of a gang who wreck ship for their consorts in this free adaptation of Dumas du Musard’s popular novel. The story is not in the same league, nor are the performers. Genevieve Tobin has an interesting role. (Nov.)

**LADY OF THE TROPICS—M-G-M**

Original Saloon provides the lavish background for Helen Twelvetrees’ appearance as a young American engineer who saves the dangers of the jungle. He’s played by Bette Davis, and Bette should be the star of the film and thus make the part. (Nov.)

**LAND OF LIBERTY—MPDDA**

If you were a visitor at either Fair this summer, we hope you can see it. If you were a story-home, watch it for now at your local theater. Here’s the story of America, not retold but re-created together into a magnificent canvas of America. Edited by Cecil B. de Mille. (Nov.)

**MAGNIFICENT FRAUD, THE—Paramount**

The performances of Akim Tamiroff, Lloyd Nolan, Patric Knowles, and their supporting casters; they portray non. The film is a production of Hal Wallis, directed by William Wyler, and should be in the hands of the chief. (Nov.)

**MAN ABOUT TOWN—Paramount**

Here’s a very fine comedy, indeed. Producer Hal Wallis has hit another one with this, and the stars are fine also. George Bancroft, Lamour, decides to make his jealous of her. The hot in England and the scene is transferred to Paris, where he’s exposed by notable entertainment, lots of music, many songs, all the best of the old and the new in entertainment. Eddie Anderson, who plays Rochester, is the man who makes the pilot. (Nov.)

**MAN IN THE IRON MASK, THE—Small-U.A.**

Dumas’ famous novel set in Louis Howard cast is the dual role of the two cats. This is another of thea, and the film is interesting. (Nov.)

**MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG, THE—**

Booth Karrloff, a good villain who can be the death knock at time, is interrupted in the midst of his job and consorted with celeb Karloff of murder. He sets out to kill the woman who is responsible for murdering off his wife, Lorna Gray and Robert Wilcox try to save her. (Nov.)

**MARK BROTHERS AT THE CIRCUS—**

The Mark Brothers team up with a whole messmate this time when they come to the rescue of a woman, at a dance. There’s plenty of comic acats, cameleons and elephants, plus a great ride for dog fans. (Nov.)

**MILLION DOLLAR, LEGS—Paramount**

A color picture, dedicated in motiff and action to the ladies, includes a cast of these amusing mathematical gags (respectively, John Hartley and Peter Hay) and Betty Grable carry the slight burden of plot. (Nov.)

**MIRACLES FOR SALE—M-G-M**

The kids will love this this is all about miraculous cures, but you’ll be pretty amused at the result. (Nov.)

**MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON—**

This is a kind of "Mr. Decy," in which bangy Jimmy Stewart is a Washington reporter turned streamlined version of Lincoln. He gets mixed up in all sorts of Washington politics; through the intrigues of his hard-boiled secretary, Jean Arthur. There’s a lot of gags in this, of which Edward Arnold and Claude Raines are the political villains. Everyone likes this, and it’s a good picture to see if it’s Capra’s direction that makes this. (Nov.)

**MRS. WONG IN CHINATOWN—Monogram**

Ricardo Cortez and his wife are in a circus in the Chinese province of old China. Mrs. Wong in a Chinese princess is awed by the glamour and excitement, so she runs away with a man who looks around and helps out. There’s a lot of romance in this. (Nov.)

**NATIONALITY A—**

There’s comedy to keep you chuckling. (Oct.)

**NEEDS A WEEK—20th Century-Fox**

There’s conflict in this when Eddie Preston Foster’s best friend turns out to be a criminal and one of the leaders of the fine. Because of the frequent murders, a large number of policemen and detectives, and the crookedness of the police force, there’s a fight for the job as a police officer. (Nov.)

**NEVADA—**

Greta Garbo brings a smile to her face and a rare buoyancy to her step in the film of the same title, in which she is a Viennese woman who runs around and helps out. There’s a lot of romance in this. (Nov.)

**OLD MAID, THE—Warner**

A fine movie, good drama—but so long, so dreary. Betty Davis plays the young girl who is in love with George Brent, the man Miriam Hopkins discards. After Brent is killed in the Civil War, Betty gives birth to his daughter. Bette allows Miriam to adopt the child, and turns herself into a sort of maid. The baby grows up (June Bryant), bating Bette. Miss Davis gives a superb portrayal, but Miriam Hopkins almost succeeds in matching it. (Nov.)

**ON BORROWED TIME—M-G-M**

The gentle and gentle tale of an old man who gets deep into a tear, and keeps him there until the money is given to him, the crooked banker would release him from pain is brought forcibly home. Particularly the performances of Greer Garson and Paul as, is fit for Cedric Hardwicke, as the pertly played by, Mr. Brent. (Nov.)

**OUR LEADING CITIZEN—Paramount**

Bob Burns tries hard in this, but it’s certainly not for dainty ears. His play is a bit too racy, so a lot of the story is cut. There’s some tough stuff about crime and more slap-dashening than anything else. Good for those who have no interest. Elizabeth Patterson, Kathleen Lockhart, and Edward Arnold are well performed in this. (Nov.)

**PARENTS ON THAIL—Columbia**

A clever bit of corkscrew in which the marriage of Jean Porter and Johnny Dew is annulled by her husband, and the couple escapees and runs away with the girl again. (Nov.)

**RAINS CAME, THE—20th Century-Fox**

Leif Ericson, king of the ancient people, who live in the flat and earthquake of India; the effect of the rain on the people is apparent. The story of the battle with them, is transferred to the scene with compelling force. (Continued on page 92)
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

Ann Sothern, star of "Fast and Furious," is setting just such a pace for herself.

GRADE yourself five points for each one you guess right. If you get six or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eight, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 89.

1. Two of these actors have played the role of Philo Vance in the movies:
   - Warren William
   - John Barrymore
   - Ronald Colman
   - William Powell

2. An Oscar is the colloquial name for:
   - An actor who blows his acting nerves
   - A type of motion picture camera
   - A bit player
   - The gold statuette given Academy Award winners

3. Two of these actors were once married to the same actress:
   - Herbert Marshall
   - Ralph Forbes
   - George Brent
   - Basil Rathbone

4. She started her career as a brunnette; and her name at that time was Harriet Lake:
   - Joan Blondell
   - Ann Sothern
   - Carole Lombard
   - Jane Wyman

5. This glamorous star is making her comeback in a Western picture in which she discards all her glamour:
   - Gloria Swanson
   - Evelyn Brent
   - Norma Shearer
   - Glenda Farrell

6. Two of these movies are picurizations of successful stage plays:
   - The Old Maid
   - Stanley and Livingstone
   - The Garida
   - The Rain's Come

7. This star's father will appear with him in his next picture:
   - Eddie Cantor
   - Nicky Rooney
   - Jackie Cooper
   - William Holden

8. She tops the fan mail list at her studio:
   - Ann Sheridan
   - Bette Davis
   - Priscilla Lane
   - Olivia de Havilland

9. He will soon have his adventures appear in a daily comic strip:
   - Gene Autry
   - Gary Cooper
   - Tyrone Power
   - Errol Flynn

10. This actress has never appeared on the stage:
    - Rosalind Russell
    - Jean Arthur
    - Loretta Young
    - Glenda Farrell

11. The Studio Club is:
    - A drive-in restaurant
    - A resident club for picture girls
    - A club for producers and directors
    - A night club

12. Two of these stars have been married more than twice:
    - Claudette Colbert
    - Constance Bennett
    - Joan Crawford
    - Ray Francis

13. He invented the kinetoscope, which was the forerunner of the modern motion picture machine:
    - Thomas Edison
    - Douglas Fairbanks
    - Robert Burton
    - Alexander G. Bell

14. The first Academy Awards went to two of the following stars:
    - Charles Chaplin
    - Janet Gaynor
    - Emil Jannings
    - Norma Shearer

15. Two of these stars were born in California:
    - Wayne Morris
    - Spencer Tracy
    - Jane Bryant
    - Ginger Rogers

16. He will be seen in a Maxwell Anderson play, "Key Largo," in New York this season:
    - Melvyn Douglas
    - Cary Grant
    - Franchot Tone
    - Paul Muni

17. "Andy Hardy, Gets Spring Fever" is this number in the series:
    - Dick Powell
    - Robert Matz
    - Richard Arlen
    - Dick Powell

18. She never blows up in her lines:
    - May Robson
    - Shirley Temple
    - Greta Garbo
    - Deanna Durbin

19. Two of the following movies were picurizations of novels:
    - The Real Glory
    - Dust Be My Destiny
    - Love Affair
    - Anna Christie

20. Two of these songs were chosen as most representative of the era portrayed in "The Roaring Twenties":
    - "As You Desire Me"
    - "Ain't We Got Fun"

What do you mean that these exquisite stockings are that inexpensive? Why from the way they look and wear, I thought they cost at least $1.

Yes, most women are amazed to find them so reasonable. In fact, VALCORT crepe deluxe sheer chiffons which are suitable for the very finest occasions are only 99¢ and 99¢ each.

My dear, I wouldn't wear any other. I used to spend $1 or more and my stocking bills made me do without other needed accessories. Now, with my VALCORT savings, I can buy the little luxuries I couldn't afford before... without sacrificing one bit of the alluring sheerness, smart shades and long wearing qualities I've always expected of good hose.

One Woman Tells Another

LATER

...Let me have some VALCORT stockings. Yes ma'am, we have some lovely sheers at 69c.

MONTHS LATER

I see you have the VALCORT hobbi tool yet!

What do you think of the VALCORT mill?

DEC. 1939
Permanent make-up expert, has a loyal follower of his "twenty-four hour road to beauty" in Jane Wyman. Described in detail below, Jane gives us a pictorial lesson (opposite page) in a few of the tricks he has taught her. Top: How to apply a cream powder base so it will spread smoothly. Right: How to prevent a made-up look. Center: An antidote for skin dried by sun and wind. Bottom: A lesson in pin curls, so your hair will be soft and curly when brushed in the morning.

Jane Wyman (right), Warner's make-up expert, has a loyal follower of his "twenty-four hour road to beauty" in Jane Wyman. Described in detail below, Jane gives us a pictorial lesson (opposite page) in a few of the tricks he has taught her. Top: How to apply a cream powder base so it will spread smoothly. Right: How to prevent a made-up look. Center: An antidote for skin dried by sun and wind. Bottom: A lesson in pin curls, so your hair will be soft and curly when brushed in the morning.

AROUND THE CLOCK WITH
BEAUTY—Beauty doesn't con-
sist just of putting on your make-
up and looking lovely for a couple
of hours; it's a twenty-four hour road you
have to travel to reach your goal of
loveliness. Perc Westmore, head of the
make-up department at Warner Broth-
ers, has been directing people toward
a more natural make-up for years, and
he declares that it requires much more
care than did the old put-it-on-that
method that covered up all the defects
in your skin by applying a couple of
inches of heavy make-up. The make-
up of today is for casual loveliness
at all times—which is a much more dif-
cult thing to acquire.

All the young stars at Warner Broth-
ers are free to take their beauty pro-
blems to Adviser Wyman who solves
practically all of them by recommend-
ing his twenty-four hour routine which
features playing up your natural attrac-
tiveness.

Jane Wyman, the pert little star of
"Lady Dick," follows Westmore's set of
rules—and the result is very well
worth-while. A natural, unaffected
make-up is attractive only when your
skin itself is clean and glowing and
healthy, so one of Mr. Westmore's basic
rules concerns skin care.

The first thing Jane does when she
hops out of bed in the morning is wash
her face—and she does it with great
grace, too. She whips up a rich lather
of warm water and her favorite soap,
dips her complexion brush into it and
gives her face a brisk scrubbing.
The brush must be stiff enough to stir up
circulation and bring color to her
cheeks, but not stiff enough to scratch
the skin. In a rotary motion Jane
spreads the soda over her forehead,
cheeks and neck, giving special care to
her chin and the skin around her nose.
Then she rinses her face thoroughly
with warm water, only to have it ready
for another soaping. This time she uses
a soft washcloth. Her final rinses are in
gradually cooling waters until she fin-
ishes off with water into which she has
tossed a few ice cubes. The icy water
acts as a mild astrigent to Jane's scru-
puleously clean skin.

Teeth are next on the program and
Jane brushes hers with a toothbrush
recommended by her dentist as the
right type for her teeth. She always
follows her regular dentifrice with a
time juice brush, which sweetens her
mouth and acts as a mild bleacher.

If Jane has a game of tennis sched-
uled, she now follows the Westmore
rule of a light make-up for sports.
"First I put the entire surface of my
face and throat with cotton soaked in
a refreshing and mildly astrigent skin
tonic. After this has dried I apply a
cream powder base very lightly. Mr.
Westmore has taught me to apply it by
putting tiny dabs of it on my forehead
and cheeks and then spreading it
smoothly all over my face. After that
comes a very little bit of cream rouge."

Westmore's theory is that rouge has
only one purpose—that is to create an
illusion of contour. It should be ap-
plied so no one can tell that it's not
your natural coloring—which takes
practice to do correctly. Since Jane's
face is round and the illusion we all try
to create is an oval, she shades the
rouge into the roundest parts of her
cheeks, carefully blending it with her
nippets, it fades into her skin.

Then Jane dusts her face lightly with
powder and finishes off with lipstick.
She uses only a trace of powder before
engaging in active sports because there
is always a possibility of its streaking,
and she wants to look as fresh after
she's finished as she does when she starts.

For a street make-up the procedure
is the same up to the powder stage.
Then Jane applies powder generously,
putting it over her face and throat
with a big puff. "There's a technique
to this, too," says Jane. "I begin by pow-
dering my throat, then my chin and
cheeks, and work up to my forehead.
I take care that there are no lines of
marcation and that the powder is spread
evenly by using a soft powder brush
and brushing away any surplus powder
from my face or brows or hairline."

BECAUSE her hair is blonde, Jane uses
brown mascara on her lashes and
brown pencil on her brows. For day
wear she applies both mascara and
pencil sparingly. She puts on her lip-
stick generously with a lip brush, but
blots most of it off because a mat finish
is more natural.

"I build my lips up slightly with the
brush the way Perc Westmore showed
me, then I blend the coloring over the
entire surface of my finger to be sure
it's all even. A good trick is to smile
widely when you've finished to see if
there are any pale portions left, then
fill them in, too. When I'm sure the
outlines are clean-cut and my smooth
finish is completely covered, I remove
the excess color by pressing my lips against
a piece of cleansing tissue."

For evening, Jane's make-up is es-
sentially the same except that she uses
a little more rouge and a brighter lip-
stick. Her eye make-up is also more
definite after dark. She deepens the
color of her brows with tiny strokes
of the pencil as though each individual
hair was being drawn on. This gives
a much more natural effect than just
drawing a heavy line to extend your
brows.

Jane uses light brown eye shadow
and blends it very carefully, so that it
is almost imperceptible. It is darkest
at the lashes and delicately shaded off
up to the brow. Jane applies her mas-
cara with a clean brush and, after the
mascara has dried, she strokes her
lashes with another little brush to be
sure that none of them is sticking to-
gether to give a made-up, harsh ap-
pearance to her eyes. The second little
brush is also used to smooth her brows.
"Oh, another precaution I take against a made-up look is to pat my completed make-up with a piece of cotton wrung out almost dry in ice cold water. This sets the make-up and seems to make it more permanent."

If she is going out formally in the evening, Jane uses liquid powder on her arms and shoulders, applying it with cotton. As every girl should, she is particularly careful that the liquid powder exactly matches the powder and base she uses on her face. If she is wearing an upswept coiffure, she also uses liquid powder on her ears, touched off with a bit of dry rouge on the lobes.

Ordinarily, Perc Westmore never countenances trying to patch up a make-up which has been on several hours. However, if you're a busy working girl you don't always have the time to cleanse your face and start all over again, he has a suggestion to make things easier for you. That is to wipe your face off with a clean square of chamois skin. But under no circumstances does he believe it's possible to patch up your lip rouge to good effect. Since it's so easy to keep a small size of cleansing cream in your purse or desk drawer, you should remove every trace of your old lipstick before applying the new color.

Jane has an interesting trick for keeping lipstick intact throughout a meal. After she has removed the surplus rouge with tissues, she powders her lips lightly, compresses them and then moistens them. This sets the lip rouge so it won't come off on your glass.

Westmore has a definite beauty routine that he recommends for every girl to follow before she retires at night. If you value the loveliness of your complexion, you'll follow these rules as faithfully as Jane does.

First she removes her make-up with cleansing cream, but she doesn't stop at just a single application. The first application, gently smoothed over the face in small, rotary movements merely loosens make-up and dust. Jane removes it with cleansing tissue and then slathers on some more cream. The cleansing process continues until no more color shows up on the tissues. After this thorough cleansing process, Jane examines her face closely in a magnifying mirror to see what sort of treatment may be necessary.

If her skin seems to be a bit oily she follows the cream cleansing with a soap mask or an egg mask, either of which she rinses off with warm water. And if the sun and wind have dried out her face a trifle, she massages it gently with a good lubricating cream which she leaves on overnight to keep her skin smooth and velvety.

Next, she takes her little brush, dips it in warmed castor oil and brushes her lashes and brows to make them long and luxuriant. And if her lips are ever slightly dry she smooths them with cream to keep them soft. Jane has also learned how to put up her hair in pin curls at night so that it will be soft and curly when she brushes it out in the morning.

This all may sound like a lot of trouble especially when you're tired, but if you'll follow this routine as faithfully as Jane does, you'll have the same faultless complexion that she values so highly. This basic care of the skin insures the glowing freshness that is so important to today's natural beauty.
Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

IN TECHNICOLOR!
... from the great novel of adventure
and romance when America was young!

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK

WHEN TORCH AND TOMAHAWK
SPREAD THEIR TERROR ... AND
FRONTIER WOMEN FOUGHT BESIDE
THEIR MEN ... THESE TWO BRAVED
THE WILDERNESS TOGETHER!

starring

CLAUDETTE HENRY
COLBERT - FONDA

with

EDNA MAY OLIVER • EDDIE COLLINS • JOHN CARRADINE • JESSIE RALPH
DORRIS BOWDON • ARTHUR SHIELDS • ROBERT LOWERY • ROGER IMHOF

Directed by JOHN FORD
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti
and Sonya Levien • Based upon the novel by Walter D. Edmonds
THERE is a "purge" on in Hollywood... an attempt to cut down the overhead on pictures, now that the foreign market is so uncertain... the "purge" so far... typically Hollywood... hasn't netted much more than a few score stenographers, laboratory workers and the like, whose salaries all added together wouldn't equal that of one executive... but behind the scenes of those same executive offices (and, after all, it is unfair to expect the business to drop its top men overboard unless it becomes a matter of sheer necessity... no business, pictures or otherwise, ever does that), the way for a real "purge" is being prepared... that "purge" will be the quiet elimination of many a present big star... 

By way of making this possible, the youngsters are coming up... and a very interesting crop they are, too...

Take "The Women" for example... that's doing very nicely at the box office, but it isn't doing as well as Metro hoped, at that... It stars, as you know, Shearer and Crawford and Russell... but the first two stars, who are the bigger ones, are not the girls who are getting the most out of it... "The Women" seems to have worked a miracle for Rosalind Russell... Columbia borrowed her immediately for "His Girl Friday," a role for which it had originally tried to get Irene Dunne... after that opus there are many pictures lined up for Roz... next to Miss Russell as a winner comes Joan Fontaine... that lovely creature won the leading role in "Rebecca," opposite current heat-wave Laurence Olivier, as a result of "The Women"... Paulette Goddard, except for being tied up with Chaplin's "The Dictator," would be in terrific demand... little Virginia Grey, spotted only in a bit scene opposite Crawford, is being pushed into leading roles in other pictures (and being very nice, too, as witness her work in "Thunder Afloat")... 

After the première of "The Rains Came," you heard precious little talk about Myrna Loy... but a great deal about Brenda Joyce, who made her debut therein... a refreshing and sincere personality, a really beautiful face, and (whisper it) a small salary make Miss Joyce look very good indeed to the heads of Twentieth Century-Fox...

In the leading role opposite Tyrone Power in "First Kiss" is little Miss Linda Darnell, undoubtedly a talented young comer... but her wages, in contrast to what the studio would have to pay a Sonja Henie, must look very nice to the bookkeepers...

To me, the real threat that Shirley Temple has ever had is little Gloria Jean at Universal... these little girls are most unlike... the flirtatious enchantment that is Shirley's is not in the other baby, apparently... but she has something of which those who guide Shirley's career should be aware... she is being presented as a much more real little person right now than Shirley is... instead of Shirley's being permitted to grow up... mentally, that is, because she is, all too obviously, growing up physically... her roles still make her immature... perhaps "The Blue Bird" will be very wonderful... with all the millions who adore Shirley, I certainly want to be numbered as hoping so... but there is no stopping your heart...
Privilege of approving the story is not enough before signing a contract, in the judgment of Irene Dunne—

—an opinion which Adolphe Menjou also supports. Both have had unfortunate experiences with recent movies."

Not all substitutions are perfect... I certainly don't mean to infer that... it was Cary Grant who was originally scheduled to play opposite Garbo in "Ninotchka"... for my money Cary is just about the finest comedian on the screen (and the least appreciated when Hollywood praise is given out) and "Ninotchka" is a comedy, he should have been terrific opposite the Swedish Sphinx... but here again a studio interfered... Columbia refused to let Mr. Grant free to visit Metro... Melyn Douglas was substituted in the role... with all due respect for Melvyn, a suave and charming but much less expensive actor than Cary, I can't believe he will bring the production that vitality and zest with which Cary infuses even the tritest scene... in this case replacing one desired actor with another was no matter of calculated economy but of sheer necessity... besides Cary and Melvyn are both well-known, even though Melyn got his first important picture break when Claudette Colbert couldn't get Herbert Marshall for "She Married Her Boss" because he was much too costly, and requested Douglas in place of Marshall.

... there are still a few $10,000-a-week or $150,000-a-picture contracts around Hollywood... but they are getting fewer... the big stars have justifiable jitters over roles... one horrible picture like "The Housekeeper's Daughter" could have killed a star bigger than Joan Bennett... fortunately, Joan can weather it because she is beautiful and promising enough and not so abnormally high salaried, that producers can't still take a chance with her...

Incidentally, Joan tells us about Adolphe Menjou's funny routine while on that picture... Adolphe had signed for it, as Joan had, after reading the book, which they both liked, but without seeing the script, which was impossible... when they got to work they couldn't escape because of their contracts... but, just the same, Menjou worried... every time Joan left the set for any reason whatever, he'd hurry to her side... "Don't leave me here alone in the middle of this picture," he'd cry, "Joan, you promise to come back..." he would tag her to her dressing room... to the parking lot... wherever she went... meaning "Don't desert me"... It was only by such kidding that they managed to live through the picture at all... they knew how awful it was from the very first take... for actors do know a lot more about stories than they are given credit for knowing...

Miss Bennett says she will never again go into a picture on which she has not seen the full script... Irene Dunne, sick with disappointment over "When Tomorrow Comes," on which she never saw the finished story, says the same thing... as do Cary Grant and Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard... and they most certainly had better follow that precaution, everyone of them, if they expect to survive...

There is one picture ready for Norma Shearer at Metro... but no rush to make it... the only picture ready for Crawford, "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep," she does not want to make... neither does Gable, who is supposed to make it with her... so it remains to be seen, and excellently, a secondary role to Carole Lombard and Cary Grant, and then you hear very little more about her... there isn't a single production ready for Robert Taylor, but you do hear that Louis B. Mayer believes that the best picture ever made under his management, in all his years in Hollywood, is "Scarlet, starring Mickey Rooney."

The youngsters are coming and mighty good they are, too... not all the newcomers click... Simone Simon didn't, or Annabella, or Ida Miranda... not all of them last after an initial flash, as witness Martha Raye... and your guess is as good as the next guy's as to the future of Heddy Lamarr... some of them click once, then down, and rise again... as witness Lew Ayres and Robert Cummings and Joan Fontaine, who got the most terrific build-up by RKO, then was dropped, and now has a magnificent Selznick contract... even possibly Dietrich, though it still remains to be seen if she will come back in that Western at Universal... a very rare one goes on to the vivid glory of a Tyrone Power... but the thing is that the new throng of them is in Hollywood... not hidden away in "B" pictures... not being overballyhooed... carrying "A" pictures on their strong young shoulders... giving us pleasure... making it possible for the studios to cut down on expenses... and justly most cold chills down the spines of the stars who have long since kissed the twenties good-bye.
He must take me to see these

"The Cat and the Canary" for laughs & thrills

"Disputed Passage" for a love kick

"Rulers of the Sea" for a romantic adventure

PARAMOUNT ADV.
Gifts that Promise loveliness and charm wherever she goes!

Evening in Paris Perfume with atomizer top, Eau de Cologne, Talcum, Single Loose Powder Vanity. . . . $4.00

The Evening in Paris Daintiness Combination—Eau de Cologne and a glass flacon of Talcum Powder. . . . $1.25


Purse flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume and sparkling, fragrant Eau de Cologne. 95e

“The Fragrance of Romance” in star box. $1.10

Evening in Paris Perfume in purse flacon, Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Rouge. $2.95

New Double Loose Powder Vanity. $2.00. Other vanities are $1.25, $2.00, $3.50.

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Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

CREATED BY

PHOTOPLAY
ONE morning late in the year 1590, Elizabeth, by the Grace of God Queen of England, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc., was transacting business in her chair held the inkhorn, but she used her knee for a desk, and though it was awkward reaching across herself to dip the quill, that way she kept an eye on the heavy curtains through which callers arrived. Behind her chair were other curtains, but they didn't interest her.

She wrote with energy, stabbing the paper as though she had a grudge against it. She was, you guessed, a person of impulse and dramatic contradiction. At this moment her costume and her activity suggested youth. Her face suggested sixty years or more.

(Continued on page 88)
Most of these are

quickly entered into and

even more quickly forgotten.

But what has happened to the old-time

romance that defied the studios, challenged the

conventions—and diverted the public? What

has happened to the love that laughs at lock-

smiths, that must find a way to happiness in

the face of every obstacle society can place in

its path?

True, there have been many recent Holly-

wood marriages founded on abiding love. But

Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier is romance
—that high, tumultuous romance that laughs at

careers, hurdles the conventions, loses its head

along with its heart, and laughs for the exhila-

rating joy of such wildness!

These two are the most provocative, least

known, most potential personalities now exci-

ting filmdom. The lucky insiders who have al-

ready seen "Gone with the Wind" are afire with

enthusiasm over Vivien Leigh's Scarlett O'Hara.

They proclaim that her work therein makes her

one of the greatest stars in the entire film firma-

ment. If so, then certainly the love between

Miss Leigh and Mr. Olivier either to forget each

other or to avoid going, as they are about to, through the British divorce courts (which are not nearly so polite as our own).

Yes, indeed, it would have been much more

sane if they had let the bright flame burning

between them die down, dampened by the de-

mands of their careers and of smug respecta-

bility. It would have been sensible, but it would

not have been glory and fever of the blood and

the intensity of living. And therefore it did not,

and it will not, happen with Larry and Vivien.

Shortly before the approaching new year, un-

less something goes seriously amiss, their re-

Bowing the case, it would be sensible for
There is a passion and a vitality that touches both of them, that makes them care terribly about all things. But they care more for each other. They care more for each other than they do for money or careers or friends or harsh words or even life itself. And this is the story of why they do.

They met, three years ago, when they were cast opposite each other in a London play called "The First and Last Time." Three years ago, Vivien Leigh, aged twenty-four, wife of Herbert Leigh Holman, distinguished barrister, was a promising young actress. Three years ago, Laurence Olivier, aged twenty-nine, husband of other well-bred "nothing," which means saying nothing whatsoever in a very brittle way. Nevertheless, one pair of exotic, green eyes looked deep into a pair of passionate, hungry brown eyes and forthwith said more than the entire unabridged Oxford dictionary.

Even at that, nothing might have come of it had not their work and their families and even fate itself tried so hard to keep them apart, thereby bringing out the rebellious determination within each of them, making everything about each other seem glamorous indeed if for
it's nice to have a man around, just the same," said Nora with passion. "I thought that one of these days my value around here would be recognized," Nick remarked smugly. "It certainly is nice to have a man around," repeated Nora, "because it feels so good when he goes away."

The new nurse, a nice-looking girl with glasses, came in to say that the baby was asleep.

"Try it yourself, sometime," said Nick lazily. "Nice easy work you can do at home. You just lift up that arrangement and put it to that left ear—the most beautiful left ear in the world—and you talk into it and—"

Nora gave him an icicle-garnished look and picked up the phone. "Don't forget that I've retired from detecting," Nick added. "Hello!" said Nora. "Oh, Colonel MacFay . . . it's nice to hear from you." She turned a look of warning on Nick, who had growled when the Charles family was on its way to the estate of Colonel MacFay, though Nick still insisted bitterly that he was retired and should be allowed to stay that way. The nurse sat beside the chauffeur in the antiquated, large limousine. Nick and Nora were in the back seat. Between them was the baby, in a little seat of his own. He slept soundly, as did Asta, who lay on the seat under him.

It had been a silent ride. The chauffeur evidently labored under some great strain. Nick, feeling put upon, was more silent than was his wont. He leaned forward and tapped the chauffeur on the shoulder. There was an ejaculation from the chauffeur, and the car swerved
Beginning right now! The new, long-awaited Myrna Loy-Bill Powell hit in gaily exciting novelette form!

momentarily. Evidently his state of panic increased as they approached their destination.

“Not so fast, son,” said Nick. “The baby has a hangover. Much farther to go?”

He could see that the chauffeur made an effort to answer calmly. “About half a mile, sir.” He slowed the car down for a few moments, and then speeded up again.

The car started up a slight hill, the headlights picking out the roadside objects with a clear white definition. Their glare suddenly revealed the body of a man lying at the side of the road.

The body of a man! He lay on his back and was arched so that only his head and heels touched the ground. From the left side of his breast protruded the five-inch handle of a knife!

“My God!” came from Nora. The car swerved as though to avoid hitting the body. It flew past, the accelerator pressed to the floor.

“Stop the car!” said Nick quietly. The chauffeur continued with unslackening speed. Nick tapped him on the shoulder. “Stop the car I say!” repeated Nick.

“I can’t! I can’t!” shouted the chauffeur.

“It certainly is nice to have a man around,” Nora said again, “because it feels so good when he goes away”
Nick stood up in the lurching car, put his forearm around the chauffeur's throat, choking him into submission. His other hand was on the wheel. The car came to a stop. The door opened and the chauffeur leaped out. In an instant he was out of sight, running across a field in the direction of the MacFay house.

Nick got out grimly. "Stay right here," he said to Nora and the nurse. "I'll drive you to the house... it can't be more than a few hundred yards."

He walked back to where he had seen the body. There was nothing there.

The air of mystery lay thick about the house of Colonel MacFay. Strange shadows seemed to move through the far corners of the room where the occupants clustered in front of the fireplace as though for comfort and safety.

Colonel Burr MacFay was tall and scrawny. Though seventy, he was still vigorous. He stood in front of the fireplace and looked around him with belligerent suspicion.

"Do you mean to tell me you saw a dead man on the road with a knife in his chest?" he demanded. "What are you trying to put over, anyway?"

The chauffeur stood his ground stubbornly. "Nothing, sir. I did see him."

"You're like all the rest of them," said the Colonel. "You're just trying to intimidate me."

"Sorry to intimidate you too, Colonel," said Nick from the easy chair where he sprawled, "but the man was there."

"Did you examine him?" asked a nice boy of twenty-two or three, whose dimpled chin belied the dignity of his neatly-cropped mustache. He was Freddie Coleman, the Colonel's youthful secretary.

"He wouldn't talk," Nick answered. "I wish you would be a little more serious, Charles," said MacFay. "If your life were being threatened you wouldn't think it was so funny."

"You see," said Nora, "by the time we stopped the car and got back to where the body was, it wasn't there any more."

"It's a lot of April-foolery," said the Colonel. "You can call it what you like," insisted the chauffeur stubbornly, "but I see what I see. It was the Cuban..."

"I wouldn't worry about it," said Dudley Horn, the Colonel's right-hand man. He was a tall, good-natured young man in his early thirties. Like the youthful Freddie, he, too, wore a small mustache, but it was better suited to his maturity and air of quiet authority. "Obviously, the two men had a falling out, and one of them killed the other, so..."

The Colonel exploded cholERICly. "I'm not worried about them killing each other. I'm worried about them killing me."

"Now, now, father," interposed his adopted daughter Lois, a pretty blonde. "Don't get yourself all worked up. As she spoke, the enormous Irish wolfhound at her feet rose, every bristle standing up. "Jesse! Jesse! Down!"

THE CAST

Nick Charles... William Powell
Nora Charles... Myrna Loy
Van Slack... Otto Kruger
Lois MacFay... Virginia Grey
Col. MacFay... C. Aubrey Smith
Dorothy Waters... Ruth Hussey
Asta... Himself
Nick Charles, Jr... William Powell
Dudley Horn... Patric Knowles
Freddie Coleman... Tom Neal
Mrs. Bellam... Phyllis Gordon
Sam Church... Sheldon Leonard
Dum Dum... Abner Biberman
Lieut. Guild... Nat Pendleton
Screenplay by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, based on an original story by Dashiell Hammett
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II
Produced by Hunt Stromberg
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Nora answered calmly, "I was just picking his pocket." She held a key out to him. "I know why you're sore. I saw you trying the door of that liquor cabinet over there when you thought nobody was looking."

"It was locked," said Nick.

"Try this key," said Nora. Nick looked at her with delight. "Darling," he murmured, "from now on you're my grand passion. I practically love you."

DINNER was a morose and jumpy meal, and during the course of it Nick got from the Colonel the story of what was occurring. It developed that one of the Colonel's former employees, Sam Church, who had gone to jail for a touch of shrewdness during which he had overreached (Continued on page 74)
I WATCHED

CHARLES BOYER
go away to War

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

The poignant story from France only an eyewitness could tell!

SOMEWHERE on the Western Front, clad in the ill-fitting, lumpy blue cotton uniform of the French Field Artillery, Charles Boyer is rehearsing a new role today; a role that will be played beside belching cannons instead of before noiseless cameras; a role of grim reality staged in the muck and mud of far more gruesome a battlefield than any studio could ever depict; the greatest role he has ever undertaken, that of a simple poilu.

As I write, Boyer is at Agen, in Southern France, headquarters of the 37th Colonial Artillery, completing a month's intensive training. By the time this story is in print, he probably will have been moved up to the Maginot Line where France is concentrating the entire strength of her mighty military machine.

And the first movie actor to see action in this new war most likely will not be one of the chest-thumping heroes whose enlistments were headlined from Hollywood, but a quiet, uneager Frenchman to whom the war came as a repugnant job, yet a duty that could not be shunned.

Charles Boyer did not want to go to war, I know. I was with him in France those tense, last few days before the call to colors came. The actor, used to dramatic gestures, faced that inevitable summons without heroics.

He was no soldier, he said. The blowing of bugles sent no martial tingle up his spine. Rather, war was an ugly, repulsive thing. But he was a Frenchman and his France, the France of beloved Paris boulevards, of peaceful, tranquil country towns, had called. There could be only one answer.

No trans-Atlantic cable had been needed to bring Boyer back to his native land when war was declared. The actor had been making a French film, "Le Corsaire," at Nice, on the Riviera, during a summer's vacation from Hollywood and radio contracts.

(Continued on page 78)
The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so 'elp her—or pay the penalties—that's what England's most beautiful contribution to the screen agreed to when we invited her to hop on the bandwagon of the month's best fun. When the questions got too saucy, she reneged—but, whether she answered them or not, you can't lose, for here's a Madeleine Carroll you never met till now.

1. (Q) Are you easily impressed by "Private, Keep Out" signs, or are you a natural trespasser?
   (A) I bow before all signs of superiority and authority. As a "poor child" I was kept out of so many places that I still have a feeling of awe about such things... I'm still afraid of cops, and would never think of going any place without a full and proper invitation.

2. (Q) Did you ever, before coming to the United States, make fun of Americans?
   (A) No, because I really envied Americans those very things which Europeans sometimes hold up to ridicule... the gaiety, the ability to let loose, the frenzied hurry and informality. The United States was always my goal, and, in fact, I took the biggest gamble of my life to come here: When I signed with Walter Wanger I had to personally buy up the six remaining months of my contract with an English firm... and, believe me, that took every penny of my savings.

3. (Q) Have you consciously tried to keep your English accent?

Question No. 19 is a taboo subject, but the penalty illustrates the inappropriate nickname which tagged that cute moppet in the center.
(A) No. I have consciously tried to modify it. In fact, when I first landed in Hollywood, and was met by my producer, he seemed very disconcerted and said, "Good grief, I didn’t realize you had such an English accent; you'll have to get rid of some of it." He had signed me in London, and there it hadn't seemed so noticeable, but here I guess it stood out like a sore thumb. He forbade me to see any English people my first few months here, and I believe I did succeed in getting rid of the very broad "a" at least. I have also tried to modify the usually so-clipped English syllables because they are not pleasant when heard over a microphone.

4. (Q) What are your social amenities?
(A) I have none. I have never learned how to kill time; I don't know how to play bridge or other such games. I am not even expert at any group sports. I have always been haunted by the feeling that life is so short that I will never be able to accomplish what I want to accomplish, so I am not very good at wasting time, or helping others to waste theirs. I do like conversation and I think there is nothing to equal the adventure of meeting people—but I would much rather talk with them and find out what they're like, than to sit down with them at a card table.

5. (Q) Do you lend things readily?
(A) No.

6. (Q) When you first came to Hollywood which male star were you most anxious to meet?
(A) Gary Cooper. He always was and still is my screen ideal. And the fact that I had the great fortune to be cast opposite him in my second American film, "The General Dies at Dawn," is something for which I will always be grateful.

7. (Q) As a young girl did you ever dream that someday you might be a 'Femme Fatale'?
(A) I certainly did, and once during an early picture I tried to portray one with laughable results. I was all done up as a vamp, in trailing black lace and bobbing feathers. The picture was called "Fascination," and it almost ended my career. Also during that period I had the notion that I should become a ballet dancer. Since then I've had to face the fact that I'm just not the type.

8. (Q) If you could have been some famous woman of history, whom would you choose?
(A) Mary Queen of Scots. I know that she came to a tragic and miserable end, but I think she had the most important thing which a woman can have—charm; and I'm sure too that in her early life she must have had lots of fun.

9. (Q) How would you rate the following women in the order of their beauty: Loretta Young, Merle Oberon, Madeleine Carroll, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo? (Continued on page 72)
If the stars can do it, you can, too—for these secrets are the Open Sesame to the world of Charm

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Barré said it first! Remember his definition of charm?—"It's a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have."

At the risk of sounding horribly vulgar and commercial, we remind you it isn't only in Hollywood that charm pays dividends; although it's in Hollywood that they are most aware of the value of charm and of the fact that you don't have to be born with it, that you can cultivate it.

"Shine!" the Jitterbugs cried when they were doing "The Big Apple" a few seasons ago, and they called someone into the center of their ring to do a solo.

"Shine!" the Front Office Executives—than which there is no more—say to their stars. Whereupon, they promptly turn them over to the experts in charge of their studio training schools and stock companies ... charm schools, virtually, which masquerade under these more routine sounding names.

"Shine!" We say it, too! And why not? For Hollywood's most famous charm doctors at last expose their miracle-working secrets and show you how!

Florence Enright became famous as the personality polisher at Twentieth Century-Fox. More than one star has moved up into incredible salary brackets after emerging from her care—minus the unfortunate mannerisms we all acquire far too easily and, still worse, unconsciously.

Nina Moise, with whom the crème de la crème of the film colony consult when they're afraid they are slipping from charm, before opening her own studio had acted as dramatic coach and dialogue director for such companies as Twentieth Century-Fox, Paramount and Hal Roach. No wonder, considering the Moise reputation, that the august Theater Guild sought her to work with their stock company. In vain, however. For Hollywood wouldn't let her go.

Oliver Hinsdell is known, among other things, as the man who helped Myrna Loy forsake the characters of strange, half-caste girls and project herself as a sparkling young modern. Long associated with Metro and Paramount, he now has his own studio and his clientele is something to give you pause.

Malvina Dunn is regarded as a fairy godmother by more than one young star on the Warner lot because of the transformations she has helped them work. A little impatient with those who are content with the Topsy philosophy, "I swept it grew," Miss Dunn says: "Music or any other accomplishment, even though you have a positive flair for it, requires concentration and study. It's exactly the same with self-improvement."

Lillian Burns, known affectionately as "Burnsie" on the Metro lot, might have become a great star herself had she not become primarily interested in helping those with whom she was associated in the Belasco Stock Company to find their individual magnets for attraction. Of course, Hollywood heard about her genius. And during the last five years she has been a guide to many rising stars.

You Want People to Like You . . .
Protest You Don't Care Whether They Do or Not and You'll Only Be Fooling Yourself

1. Count on this . . . People will be drawn to you in exact proportion to the interest you show in them. (Dunn)
2. Never try to impress with airs and graces.
For, whether you succeed or fail in your purpose, you'll alienate people. They'll either be intimidated by you or they'll laugh at you. (Burns)

4. Have no traffic with a sugar-coated tongue. Above everything else, don't inflict it upon poor, helpless children. (Dunn)

5. When, out of shyness, you avoid greeting those you know, you are selfish and unkind. For you risk hurting their feelings. It's no excuse to pretend you didn't wish to intrude upon them. You don't intrude when, in friendly passing, you wave or call hello. (Moise)

6. Don't eternally concern yourself with the way others are treating you. Think instead how they, equally sensitive and equally afraid of slights, may be translating your attitude toward them. (Moise)

7. If people seem a little quiet or brusque don't assume it is because they dislike you. Be adult enough to understand their attitude is far more likely to reflect some concern or abstraction they are feeling than their reaction to you. (Burns)

8. In summation, if you really want to be popular, GIVE! Give all kinds of things...interest and understanding, appreciation and tolerance...Get the idea? (Burns)

**Give a Smooth Performance**

Rate Four Stars...Be the Tops as an Individual...

1. If you are about to join a group and you find you're shy and scared, take long, deep breaths. They will work wonders for you. For you can't breathe like that and not relax. It's impossible. (Burns)

2. When you get nervous enough it does your personality little harm usually. For you either grow so numb that you appear cool and queenly and reserved. Or you resent your misery so much that you decide to plunge into the middle of things even though you go down trying. Whereupon, you're likely to shine—since others, more composed, aren't making so much effort.

It's only when you're a little nervous—a bit jittery, in fact—that harm is likely to be done. For then you fidget. And fidgets are tabu. Watch yourself like the good old hawk at such times—and check every last fidget before it is born. (Burns)

Snap Into It*

*Posture, We Mean

1. If you want to walk with beauty, strive for a feeling of buoyancy. (Hindsell)

2. When people play golf they exert great care to attain a good stance. But little or no attention is paid to the great need for a good stance as a starting point for walking. Never in a hundred years will you look poised unless your balance is what it should be. Don't poke out your head! Don't hobble about like a water bird, unaccustomed to walking on land! Keep your weight on your heels. Then you won't be awkward as you start forward. (Enright)

3. When you enter a room, your arms and hands should be relaxed. Eyes (Continued on page 84)

Don't be like Topsy

Illustrated by Barbara Shermund
"I'm FOR RENT!"

ILLUSTRATION BY MARIO COOPER

"My very first professional date was one of the most unusual I've ever had . . ."

"I'm glad, now, that I was forced into being an escort girl, although I hated it at the time. But I was desperate for money: I couldn't find work in pictures or anywhere else and I had a five-year-old boy to take care of.

I am the daughter of respectable, middle-class parents who live in a small town, a village, really, in the Middle West. I cut short my college career, in which I concentrated on dramatic work, to run away with the son of a wealthy man in a neighboring state. Our marriage was a failure from the very first. He was twenty-two, I was eighteen, and his parents violently objected to the whole thing. They had a very high opinion of their social position and refused to accept me as a daughter-in-law. And, in addition, my handsome, spoiled husband had never learned the meaning of fidelity.

The divorce court gave our six-months-old baby to me. It was impossible to stay in my home town, after that—there was no way there for me to support myself and my baby—so I

PLEASE understand," said the smartly gowned woman behind the flat-topped desk, "this isn't a racket. It is a perfectly legitimate business. In fact, my firm is a member of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. You are young and good-looking, you know how to dress, how to dance, how to talk to men. I am offering you an opportunity to put those abilities of yours to work. You will be expected, in return, to conduct yourself at all times as a lady should.

"I understand, Miss Ray," I said.

"Fine," she said with a friendly smile. "We'll call you with an assignment in a day or so."

And that was my introduction to the profession at which I've been working for the last year.

I'm a professional escort girl in Hollywood. Men hire me at nights for a few hours of fun and companionship. I go with them to the Hollywood night spots, to private parties, on sight-seeing tours. I even pose as a wife, if my client wishes it. Most important of all, I sometimes think, I listen to my clients' troubles, their hopes, their life histories.

I do all this for a fee. Ten dollars if I don't wear a formal evening gown, fifteen dollars if I do. The fee goes to Cherie Ray, who runs the escort service, and she gives me half of it. When I go out with a man, it's purely a commercial proposition.

It seems strange to look back to my first days as a professional escort girl and remember how ashamed and furtive I was about it. I suppose I had the same impression of escort girls that most of you reading this have now—that they were essentially cheap, only one or two steps removed from common prostitutes.

I know better now. I know how wrong the general impression is, and how badly the escort girl needs somebody to take her part, give people her side of the story. That's what I want to do here—and incidentally, I think I may show you a side of Hollywood that's new to you.

I'm here to help you understand, Miss Ray," I said.

"Fine," she said with a friendly smile. "We'll call you with an assignment in a day or so."

And that was my introduction to the profession at which I've been working for the last year.

I'm a professional escort girl in Hollywood. Men hire me at nights for a few hours of fun and companionship. I go with them to the Hollywood night spots, to private parties, on sight-seeing tours. I even pose as a wife, if my client wishes it. Most important of all, I sometimes think, I listen to my clients' troubles, their hopes, their life histories.

I do all this for a fee. Ten dollars if I don't wear a formal evening gown, fifteen dollars if I do. The fee goes to Cherie Ray, who runs the escort service, and she gives me half of it. When I go out with a man, it's purely a commercial proposition.

It seems strange to look back to my first days as a professional escort girl and remember how ashamed and furtive I was about it. I suppose I had the same impression of escort girls that most of you reading this have now—that they were essentially cheap, only one or two steps removed from common prostitutes.

I know better now. I know how wrong the general impression is, and how badly the escort girl needs somebody to take her part, give people her side of the story. That's what I want to do here—and incidentally, I think I may show you a side of Hollywood that's new to you.
left him with my parents and went to New York, where I became a show girl in the Paradise Restaurant and in Earl Carroll’s “Vanities.” I also worked as a photographic and artists’ model, and undoubtedly you saw my face many times on billboards and in magazine advertisements.

THREE years ago I left New York and came to Hollywood—just another girl trying to get into pictures. I succeeded better than most, though, because I was a dancer. Ten days after my arrival I was in a Warner Brothers musical show, without even having had to go through the red tape of registering at Central Casting.

I was lucky beyond my wildest dreams. There was all the work I could do, and more. I saved every cent for a while, and then I just went wild, renting a little cottage, engaging a colored maid, and going home to get my little boy. It seemed so wonderful to have him with me again, there in that comfortable little Hollywood home. I couldn’t believe it was true.

And it wasn’t. Suddenly, musical pictures went out of fashion, and like seven hundred other chorus girls I didn’t know how I was going to pay my next month’s rent. An occasional call for modeling didn’t help much. My savings dwindled away, and things were at their darkest when I heard of the escort bureau being run by a former stage actress, Cherie Ray. In desperation, I applied to her for a job, and have been with her ever since.

I’ve learned a great deal in the year I’ve worked for Miss Ray—not only about men, but about life and even about myself. I’m no longer ashamed of being an escort girl—although, because they probably would not understand, I keep the exact nature of my occupation from my family and friends. And I’m no longer in the business for the money alone, strange as that may seem. I’ve come to know that there is romance in my job, adventure and humor. I’m not sure that I should want to give it up.

To the world, Hollywood is the city of glamour, and every year thousands of single men and women, as well as couples, come to see the stars, the studios, the night clubs, the gay life. They are usually total strangers here, don’t know a soul, and are really in need of someone to give them companionship. That’s where we escorts, male and female, come in.

For a single man or woman, traveling alone, an escort of the opposite sex can make all the difference between a happy, delightful vacation and dreary loneliness. If you have ever been in a hotel in a strange city, you know what a terrible, depressing experience it can be. My bureau is advertised in local papers and in theater programs, and is known to hotel managers. Cherie Ray, through it, makes it possible for these lonely adventurers to purchase for a comparatively small amount that most priceless commodity—a sympathetic ear to talk to, a friendly soul to be with.

Is there anything so very wrong in that?

Of course, one thing I must have more than anything else—tact. Nearly all men, at some time during the evening, want to kiss me; sometimes I even let them, if they are not definitely impossible—although kissing is strictly against the rules. Some, naturally, have more intimate propositions to make, and that is when I need finesse. I tell them I’ve just met them, and laugh them out of it. Or I just use the never-failing trick of saying, “Let’s have a dance!” They’ll almost dance, and getting up from your table and moving out to the floor is a wonderful way of changing the topic of conversation.

Of course, I have had strange experiences. Every man, every “assignment” is a new problem in human nature. My very first professional date was one of the most unusual I’ve ever had. Unusual—and yet, in many ways, extremely fortunate for a beginner, because the man was so gentle and considerate.

He was a lawyer from Honolulu who wanted a girl to act as his wife at a party. That seemed odd, and a rather large order, but as soon as I met Mr.—I’ll call him Mr. Wilson—in Miss Ray’s office, I liked him. Incidentally, Miss Ray insists on a personal interview with all her clients, and as she can size them up in a minute I always feel pretty safe when I go out with a man I’ve never met before.

Mr. Wilson was about forty-five years of age, tall, with keen blue eyes and wavy brown hair. He told me all his troubles on our way to the party, explaining that he thought I had a right to know just why I was being asked to pose as his wife. He’d been divorced but I guessed
immediately that he was really still in love with his former wife. His mother had wrecked the marriage, he said. She lived in Los Angeles, and he had been angry with her, he had told her he was married again.

“It was just pique on my part,” he admitted with a smile, "but I certainly didn’t realize it would lead me into so much deception. I’ve been declining invitations right and left since I’ve been here, saying that my wife was sick. But this party tonight is one I just have to go to, for business reasons. It’s going to make it worse. Mother will be there, too.”

Mother was at the party, all right—a handsome, grey-haired, commanding woman. If I’d had to deal with her myself I’d have been frightened to death, because she started asking questions! Luckily Mr. Wilson stuck close to me all the time, and did the talking. He also took the opportunity to tell her we intended to live on our own and he wouldn’t tolerate interference from her. It was his declaration of independence.

We went out together a few times after that, and Mr. Wilson was always very proper and gentlemanly, spending most of the time talking about his former wife. I think, now that he’s free of his mother, they’ll get married again.

That isn’t the only time I’ve played the role of a wife. A schoolteacher from New Mexico came to Hollywood for a vacation, and told me to tell his friends out here that he was on his honeymoon. Just one of those things that seems like a good idea at the time, but he hadn’t really wanted them to give him and his bride a dinner. He didn’t dare tell them he was only joking, so he came to Miss Ray’s office.

My New Mexico schoolteacher was very good-looking, and young and full of high spirits. We went to a five-and-dime together and bought a ring: after the dinner, which was a stiff, formal affair, we went to the Palomar to dance.

Before that evening was over, I knew I liked this young gentleman from New Mexico a great deal more than a professional escort girl should like her clientele. After that, I had several other dates with him—always professionally. But one night, shyly, he offered me a poem he’d written for me. And before he went back to New Mexico, he kissed me, not with his lips, but with his eyes. Against the rules, of course, but if I like a man and want to kiss him, no rules can stop me.

He’s back in New Mexico now, but I haven’t forgotten him. I don’t think I ever will. We still write to each other, and he’s coming out here again soon. I think perhaps he’ll ask me to marry him. I hope so. But I try not to think about it, because right now I’m still an escort girl, and I want to keep him several times. He—well, frankly, he is one of the men who wants more than casual night-club companionship. But he plays fair. He doesn’t try to buy you with promises of marriage. But if a girl had any place in her heart. He is handsome and polished, but somehow he frightens me. Something seems to have been left out of him. If we ever used the word in my kind of job, I’d say that he didn’t have a soul.

You grow tolerant of men’s foibles in this business. One thing I know of has dated all the girls in our bureau; he goes out with a different one each night, gets sleepy after two drinks, and goes home. I can’t figure him out. He seems very unhappy, and rather mysterious.

Important men—big directors, handsome actors, powerful producers—soon lose their glamour for a girl in my business. They become merely lonely and pathetic and—sometimes—a little revolting. It doesn’t help any to know the reason they like to go out with us, either—it’s because we can’t see them. Being an escort girl has its serious side lines, too. Occasionally, I turn into a girl detective and work for one of the world’s largest insurance companies.

Once a rich woman in Beverly Hills claimed that her jewelry had been stolen. The insurance company arranged for me to go on a weekend party at which she was to be present, and told me to keep my eyes open for a certain bracelet set with diamonds. Of course, I can’t give many details of my detective work, but I did get friendly with this woman, and I discovered that the bracelet she claimed to have lost was still very much in her possession. A few days later, after I’d made my report, the company called her husband and told him how happy they were to know his wife had found her jewels!

Another time, the company sent me with a debonair young man to a party aboard a yacht. You wouldn’t have thought, to look at him or listen to him, that this young fellow knew anything, but he was really an expert on boats. By the time we left he’d discovered some deliberately inflicted damage to the boot which would have eventually sunk it. When the company got our report they called the yacht’s owner and told him to repair the damage at once or his insurance would be canceled.

At first, I didn’t like this kind of work very much. I had some sort of idealistic notion that I shouldn’t make friends and accept hospitality, and then betray the people who had entertained me and given me their confidence. It didn’t take me long, though, to see that such people were no better than common swindlers, and didn’t deserve any pangs of my conscience.

I’ve escorted distinguished visitors, too. Last year on Christmas Eve a party of dignitaries from Mexico—a general, a governor, and a hero cabinet ministers—went to Earl Carroll’s with me and three other girls from the bureau. All four of us were blondes, although I incline a little toward redhissness. My escort told me that in Spain and Latin-American countries a redheaded girl with green eyes is the most highly admired type of beauty, and as I have green eyes, too, I felt very flattered.

And my very next assignment after the Mexico mission was a night out with I could possibly imagine. A male escort and I went with a devoted fat old couple to a night club, because their idea of having fun in Hollywood was to hire a couple of amateur folk dancers to dance and drink with them. They even engaged a photographer to take our picture as we were cutting up on the dance floor. They didn’t dance themselves—just wanted to watch us. James Cagney, Hugh Herbert, and Frank McGlynn were sitting at a near-by table with their wives, and the one thing that seemed to impress my elderly couple more than anything else was that while my escort and I were having so wildly, these comedians and their wives were so conservative and solemn. What they didn’t realize was that Bob and I were busy earning our fees—we cared less and because we knew they loved it. My tip that night was five dollars, and I think I more than earned it.

The average man I go out with will spend about thirty dollars for a night’s entertainment, including the fee. Not all of them tip me, and I don’t expect it. My highest tip I ever got was twenty-five dollars. Usually it’s five dollars. Sometimes, the next day, a man I’ve been out with will send me a present.

The majority of my clients are in their late thirties and early forties. I really like them best when they’re around forty, but I said before, I don’t have much trouble with their behavior.

If a man gets too fresh, the rules of the bureau are for me to leave him and go home, but I have done that only three times so far.

One important thing I’ve learned: It isn’t sex men want most from an escort girl, but companionship—and sympathy. They know they will never see me again, unless they want to, and they have enough confidence in Cherie Ray to trust me; they often tell me things I’m sure they wouldn’t tell anyone else.

For less confidential conversations, it’s part of my job to read newspapers and magazines and the latest popular novels and to talk to my client without boring him. One night I went out with a young Czech broker; Hitler had just annexed his country, and he was very depressed. I went to his apartment, we had a few highballs, and we talked all night about the European situation.

Of course, I soon learned to be a good listener. I always listen with rapt attention when a man brings about himself—and all men do.

I’ve been thinking, as I write this, that I really have a rather wonderful and exciting kind of job. I wanted, if I could, to convey some of that excitement to you. It need have none of the sordidness I am sure a sheltered woman could associate with it.

In fact, in time to come I believe the better hotels will supply guests with dinner and dancing partners; and escorting, for women, will become a recognized profession.

And you have only to look at the records of Cherie Ray’s office to prove to yourself that if a girl is looking for a husband, her chances of finding one by being an escort are much greater than by being a schoolteacher. I know eight escort girls in Hollywood who married men they met professionally.

Which makes me think once more of my New Mexico schoolteacher. Somehow, when I remember him, it doesn’t seem quite so wonderful. Eight escort girls married! Maybe, after all, I’ll be the ninth.
"I'm a pawn of fate," groans Eddie Albert. What chance has a guy got, when his India-rubber features insist on making his fortune for him?

BY IDA ZEITLIN

EDDIE ALBERT is puzzled by his face. He can't understand why it should provoke spontaneous mirth.

"Secretly," he observes, "I never thought I was such a goofy-looking guy. A face to forget, yes, but not a face that says, 'stop, look and snicker.'"

The face in question took on that appearance of baffled good will which made him the hit of "Brother Rat"—a kind of lamblike innocence, infinitely trusting, yet bewildered.

"I remember when I was a kid, I used to spend hours grimacing at myself in the mirror, trying to see how far I could twist my pan out of shape. Maybe it got sore and decided to stay that way."

It was the movies—specifically, the technique of the close-up—that brought out his full possibilities. While he'd scored gratifying hits in the Broadway productions of "Brother Rat" and "Room Service," he could still wander the streets without creating disturbance. But his first appearance at Dinty Moore's restaurant, after the picture was shown, brought yells from strangers.

He moved uneasily toward the table where his friends were waiting. "Where's the circus?" he inquired. Their silent stare seemed rather pointed. Then he caught sight of the clippings they'd arranged at his place. Underlined in red were such phrases as: "If you want the guffaw of the century, watch Eddie Albert say, 'I love you.'" "The guy that looks as if he came out of a rock." "Eddie Albert has the phiz of a comic-strip artist's dream." "Glamour returns to Hollywood. Hedy Lamarr makes way for Eddie Albert."

He never expected to turn out a comic. "You're the master of your fate, doesn't apply to me," he says. "I'm a pawn of fate. I go limp, and fate gives me a shove into green pastures. It's nice. I like it." His brows rise to a peak, and a grin creases his India-rubber map.

He admits there was a time when he fancied himself as a wit. Between the ages of, say, ten and fourteen, he had responsive audiences, which kept the illusion alive—as when his mother sent him out to buy his first pair of shoes singlehanded. He tried a pair on, and they looked and felt all right.

"Are you sure they'll wear?" he frowned, leaning heavily on his mother's remembered technique.

"Son, those shoes'll wear till the cows come home."

Eddie rose. "I better not buy them then, because the cows'll be along any minute, now."

"And the poor guy, with a sale in the balance, laughed," says Eddie. "I've always been glad to remember I bought the shoes."

What he calls his brutal humor was best appreciated by his schoolmates, "who were young and dumb like myself," as he admits cheerfully.

"I was incredibly dull-witted at school. I didn't like it. I couldn't see any sense in it. Suppose I learned dates and places, so what? I couldn't catch on to the idea behind education. I went because I had to. I even tried to assimilate a fact or two because I liked my folks and wanted to please 'em. That incentive would keep me going for just a week. Every semester I'd start out, bang! for a week. Then I'd get to feeling foolish.

"I couldn't resist the urge to make what I considered humorous remarks. We hadn't got around to calling 'em wisecracks. Humorous remarks we called 'em, and felt pretty distinguished. The teacher might be explaining something, and I'd come out with, 'Very true, (Continued on page 76)
he has a keen desire to learn the Russian language.  
He never reads the movie pages of the daily papers.  
He doesn't like rubber-soled shoes, and he thinks he would have made a terrible business man.  
He hates parrots.  
His name is Richard Marius Joseph Greene.  
He has a great passion for bagpipes, playing records of them at the drop of a hat.  He likes sending gardenias and roses to lady companions.  
He is bored with dog shows.  
He likes drive-in eating places.  
He is conscientious but erratic in keeping appointments.  
He is superstitious about quoting "Macbeth" in a theater, whistling in a dressing room, three-on-a-match, but not about thirteen at a table.  He thinks track meets are dull and, when possible, avoids playing cards with women.  
He does a fair tango and a mean rumba.  He is of Scotch and Irish descent, and has never tasted soda pop.  
He uses only one button on the jacket of his pajamas for comfort.  
He has never worked a crossword puzzle.  
He is especially fond of abalone, and has a confident attitude toward life.  
He still retains the British custom of tea every afternoon, and feels honestly that he has much to learn as an actor.  His dimples are not as pronounced off-screen.  
He was born on August 25th at Plymouth, England, and he spoke only two words, "Not yet," in his first screen role in 1934.  He is six feet, one inch in height.  
He is currently taking flying lessons and soon expects his license.  He does not like garlic and yet is very fond of Worcestershire sauce of which garlic is the base.  (He was surprised to learn this.)  
He carries his money in a wallet.  
He does not like following a golf match.  
He is an expert equestrian.  
His eyes are blue-grey, and he has an ambition some day to visit Africa, Tibet and far-off places, riding on a donkey, shunning tourist hotels, and getting a firsthand knowledge of the world.  His favorite dessert is chocolate souffle.  
He likes delicate, elusive perfumes on women, and thinks Limehouse is the most interesting district in London.  
He enjoys visiting the side shows on a pleasure pier, and thinks that commercial success has nothing to do with art.  
He prefers tan shoes.  
He dabbles in amateur photography but most of his negatives come out black.  He gets a special kick out of watching sheep dog trials, and thinks the most beautiful building he has ever seen is Canterbury Cathedral.  
He prefers a companion on long walks, never wears glasses, and when going to school was given an award for elocution by John Masefield, Britain's poet laureate.  
He plays no musical instruments but would like to play the guitar so that he could accompany friends at home.  
He wears garters only with dinner clothes.  
He likes watching Western films.  

He has a habit of storing up his temper for a long time and then suddenly exploding.  He has a mascot made of fur and wool which looks like a lion and which was given him by his mother on his first Christmas.  He calls it Rupert for no reason at all.  
He is proud of his knowledge of beers and wines, and his greatest regret is that he did not have a longer stage career as an unknown before achieving prominence.  
He plans not to marry for about eight years.  

(Continued on page 81)
Turn the page and get a welcome to the Darryl Zanuck's party, just as hearty as the one W. C. Fields is giving Fanny Brice—a salute from one Ziegfeld graduate to another!
Horse laugh at a barn dance—Al Jolson with Zanuck, his host.

Claudette Colbert and Henry Crocker dance Hollywood's version of the Virginia Reel.

"Come and get it!" Mrs. Z. at the old-time farm dinner gong.

Most interesting guest—Zanuck's skyrocketing new discovery, Linda Darnell, sitting with Walton Webb.
You'll be delighted to know you're invited—
The Zanucks say to bring your friends, too—
While Virginia and Darryl roll out a barrel
For the year's best barn dance and barbecue!
We plunder filmland's files for its prize pictures—and turn an unaccustomed spotlight on those "great unknowns" who made them!

LAZLO WILLINGER was virtually official photographer for European film stars when M-G-M brought him to America to give added glamour to their great. His career began at the age of 20, when he became manager of a Paris photo-news agency. Three years later, having saved up his money and gotten his equipment together, he set out to cover Europe with his camera. Within ten years, he had published four books of his favorite camera studies, and had become one of the Continent's most celebrated portraitists. Then—Hollywood, with such enchanting results as this study of Ann Sothern, currently appearing in "Fast and Furious."

RAY JONES laid the groundwork for his present job as head of Universal's photographic department—though he didn't realize it then—when, at the age of 14, he took up after-school work with a photographic studio in Superior, Wisconsin. In 1922, he came to Hollywood, got a job—and, in nine weeks, was head of his department. Since then his rise has been equally rapid in the fields of portraiture, fashion pictures and color shots. His forte is getting action into a still—which accounts for the gay animation of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., right, star of Paramount's "Rulers of the Sea" and Universal's "Green Hell."
brown-haired, be in front of Asheville, N.C. Welbourne's school, and pop. Welbourne and taken with. Photography Welbourne's list for his popularity; stories with.
camera prized aut
by articles.
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"BUDDY" LONGWORTH is also known around the Warner studios, where he is a great favorite, as "Thirty Dollars"—his pet exclamation when pleased. His real name is Bert. Born in Richmond, Va., he received most of his schooling in Columbus, Ohio. There, while still in his teens, he won fame with a striking portrait of Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., emphasizing for the first time the protruding teeth which became "Teddy’s" photo trademark, and setting the pace for the unusual angle shots for which he is now celebrated—such as this on-the-set view of Zorina in "On Your Toes"
A House to Live in

A combination den and corner bedroom for mother (Mrs. Cora Lane)

A LONG, low, rambling house with no up-stairs at all, a house demurely white and Quaker grey, hugging the diminutive hill behind it and looking out comfortably on a green lawn that slopes to the rustic white fence along the road—here is a house you'd admire enthusiastically if you passed it, without ever guessing it was the home of a movie queen.

As a matter of fact, it is the home of not one but two Hollywood stars, brunette Rosemary and blonde Priscilla Lane. They have just moved in with their mother, Mrs. Cora Lane;

BY DOROTHY DUCAS

Lola, the first Hollywood Lane to turn into a star, visits them frequently, bunking in the convenient day bed in the den.

The charm of this house with its picturesque California Monterey architecture, its spacious yet every-bit-usable floor plan, is that it is modest enough to make us see it in terms of our own living, though it belongs to two glamour girls. The white stucco and weathered grey-white boards of the walls and roof hold the utmost of convenience within their eight rooms and three baths. That's why we have chosen the Lane house as the second of our hand-picked "Me, too," homes of Hollywood stars: Houses which have lots of good ideas for us to emulate, houses which are primarily homes instead of show places.

But the Lane girls' house is a very special (Continued on page 87)
Their den is the most popular room in the house—particularly when both girls have dates. The fireplace (upper left) is handy for snacks, bookshelves (above) are handy for Pat’s reading—and Rosemary finds the bay window a comfortable spot.

The gleam of artfully-selected silver against a wine-colored tablecloth reflects the silver-flowered pattern in the wine-colored wallpaper which gives an air of intimacy to the dining room.

Palest pastel furnishings and plenty of windows—both bay and French—lend airiness and light to the living room, and help to bring the great outdoors inside. For an exterior view, see the opposite page, which shows the floor plan running parallel to the picture of the house and garage.

That’s all Rosemary and Priscilla Lane asked for—and why shouldn’t we have one like it?
For sweet publicity—or to prove she has a heart of gold—magnificent Marlene of von Sternberg days is a leopard with changed spots. Example: In “Destry Rides Again,” she scraps with Una Merkel, kicks and scratches Jimmy Stewart—and has a brand-new reputation after the brawl is over.
"Home, Sweet Home" in the days of "Yankee Doodle Dandy"—though life isn’t always so quiet for Henry Fonda, Claudette Colbert, and their screen baby in the Revolutionary days of "Drums Along the Mohawk"!
A is an actor you all surely know—
He appeared as a doctor not long ago

B is no bachelor—a year happily wed.
On celluloid, too, he’s getting ahead

C can be comic or tragic, at will—
Just like his dad, who’s notable still

Whose Little Boy

1. Celebrated portrait of strong silent men, this proud papa hasn’t played anything but leading roles for almost two decades. His son is only now achieving that status, opposite Ginger Rogers, no less.

2. Eldest of a noted film family, his actor’s fame has been overshadowed by another member’s. However, if his son gets the opportunity rated by his work in an airplane picture the past year, Junior may become most famous of all.

3. His premature death blighted an entire industry, leaving a unique place which no one has been able to fill. His hair changed his first name from a much longer label to a “junior,” now has one of the most coveted roles of the year.
Are You?

D isn’t dopey (except on the screen)!
Given a chance, he steals every scene

E is effective; he has what it takes
Although he needs much better breaks

F has a future; his role is the same
That gave one boy here original fame

Can you team these rising sons with their proud parents? Then compare your letter-and-number pairs with the list on page 75!

4. Being a matinee idol runs in this family. Papa was one of first & renowned Shakespearean actor and then active in silent films until his death. Shortly after talks came in, Papa’s grandson was one. And now the youngest is, too.

5. One of the most illustrious figures in screen history, this man retains interest in the industry, although no longer appearing in pictures himself. He leaves this to his offspring—one estranged from his dad, but now a pal.

6. As a bow to mothers everywhere, we include this gracious lady just to prove that mothers pass on their talents to—every woman knows! One of Broadway’s favorite comedic actresses, she wins film audiences, too.
Dottie and Bob spot a ship coming to their rescue—and their expressions tell you just what they think of it.

It's a new team but the same old sarong (breaking out in a different print). Dottie's latest beau is that skyrocket of "Union Pacific," Robert Preston. This time Lamour's a Dutch East Indies beauty and Bob's a chap who's been shipwrecked on her island—presumably by Dottie's eyes.
Ah! "Typhoon!" solves that old problem of whom to take to a desert isle!
One of Hollywood's most unusual organizations is the Victor McLaglen Kid Club. A year ago Halloween, Vic stopped for a traffic light, and a score of children swarmed over his car, shouting: "Tricks or treats?" McLaglen grinned—and treated—then invited them to his sports club. They accepted unanimously. In fact, they brought another unanimous two dozen! And that's how Vic started the present self-governing club, to provide both a playground and more serious projects for seventy-five youngsters who might otherwise never have them. Self-reliance is their aim and they stage shows to finance their vacation. But, this year, Vic tripled their fund to give them a week's holiday at Catalina Island—with the happy results shown here!
Barbara Stanwyck, playing in Paramount's "Remember the Night," wears a taffeta evening gown plaided in magenta, mauve and green, and striped with gold, which features a halter neck, crushed bodice, molded waistline and back skirt fullness. Gown from I. Magnin, Los Angeles.
Ann Rutherford's most effective skating costume is of stark white velveteen with cardinal red piping and silver buttons. The snug fitting baby bonnet ties with red streamers. Ann will soon appear in M.G.M's "Judge Hardy and Son," Her skating costume is from Lanz of California.
Muriel Angelus, appearing opposite Ronald Colman in Paramount's "The Light That Failed," goes a-skiing in a chic White Stag costume. A quilted, natural-colored poplin hood and waistcoat with red lining contrast navy blue gabardine Downhill trousers. The mitts of navy poplin have capeskin palms and thumb guards. These White Stag ski togs are available at smart shops throughout the country.
When Universal's "First Love" comes to the screen, you'll see Deanna Durbin, the star, and Helen Parrish, the second lead, wearing these chic "grown-up" clothes created by Vera West. Sables are in perfect taste for a "young lady"—Miss West adds them as final fillip to Helen Parrish's frock of rust angora woolen (above) that is trimmed with a hand-embroidered flower motif of cocoa brown and beige yarn—colored beads glisten from the centers. The roll brim brown felt hat has grosgrain ribbon back detail. Helen's alligator bag and suede gloves match her frock. Mink fashioned in youthful style is entirely proper for a "young lady," too. Miss West makes Helen a wee flaring peplum jacket of this luscious fur and belts it with the beige twill fabric of the frock beneath. The spiral hat is also of mink.
Deanna Durbin wears sophisticated Lyons velvet and point de Venise lace. Miss West styles the deep sapphire gown with basque bodice, flowing skirt and puff sleeves. A "baby bonnet" cap of lace repeats the medium that is used for vestee and deep hemline appliqué.

Deanna's and Helen's studio-designed clothes are not available in the shops.
Gold lamé appliqué dramatizes Jane’s pencil-slim formal gown of Onondaga black crepe designed by Lilyan Graves. Joseff’s “Fresco” gold ball bracelet adds another note of glitter. Both from Bullock’s, Los Angeles. Jane’s luxurious silver fox cape is from Willard George, Los Angeles, California. Sketched:
1. Formfit’s all-in-one foundation with front-lacing and Talon closing.
3. Vanity Fair gossamer sandal-foot hose.
4. Renee’s evening brassiere if you prefer to wear a girdle.
5. An all-in-one foundation by Venus.

Lilyan Graves styles Jane’s moss green five o’clock frock of Onondaga silk with an inset waistband, draped bodice, smocking and just-below-the-elbow-length sleeves. Jane adds Joseff’s gold flower necklace and bracelet, and a hat of mink and moss green felt. Frocks and jewelry from Bullock’s, Los Angeles. Sketched:
7. Berkshire’s two-thread afternoon hose.
8. Munsingwear’s high-waisted girdle and brassière.
FASHION

Jane Wyman, appearing in Warners' "Lady Dick," wears Hollywood's newest costumes—Photoplay highlights them with sketches of the seasons most popular items of intimate apparel.

Beige chiffon flannel fashions Jane's tailored sports frock with full-length front zipper closing, front skirt pleats, blouse fullness, slash pockets, tailored collar and caramel brown calf belt. Jane's caramel brown felt hat* has a darker brown grosgrain trim. The Irene Bury model dress is from Knobby Knit, Beverly Hills, California. Sketched:

10. Mabs "wee-fit" panties and brassiere.
11. Valcourt's three-thread sports hose.

Black galyac trims Jane's street suit of heavy black Stunzi crepe created by Lilyan Graves and selected from Lovinger, Westwood. The jacket is fitted snugly at the waist—the skirt is slightly flared. Jane's black felt hat has a picturesque red velvet snood. Sketched:

13. Maiden Form's brassiere.

* Jane's hats are all "Coconut Grove" models from the Broadway-Hollywood, Hollywood.
**FIRSTS**

The clever name of gay, young frocks that are smartly styled and amazingly priced!

Dorris Bowdon, who will appear in the 20th Century-Fox production, "The Grapes of Wrath," wears two of these frocks that are just suited for holiday festivities. Renaissance blue velveteen (left) is combined with matching "Magic Hour" crepe to fashion a novel front panel and a shoulder bow on a colorful princess frock with shirred bodice and swing skirt. A black moiré taffeta dress (below) has a button-front flared tunic and flared skirt beneath. Dorris' shoulder cluster of crimson pods and balls has been processed to effect a suède finish.

* These frocks are available at your favorite shop from coast to coast, or write to Fashion Secretary Photoplay Magazine, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City

The Roger of Hollywood shoulder ornament from I. Magnin, Los Angeles
A PERFECT FIT for Christmas

Boudoir and hostess slippers tuck neatly into Christmas stockings! These models created by Joyce of Pasadena offer a variety of hints for your yuletide shopping plans. Mary Healy, appearing in the 20th Century-Fox film, "20,000 Men a Year," wears Joyce's blue cross-strap texture-contrast "Scuffs" of bengaline and satin with her tailored flannel housecoat that features velvet scroll appliqué on collar, jutting pockets and shoulder epaulets. Other Joyce models shown in the insert photograph offer varied fabrics and designs

2. This Scuff, described above, is also available in fur, velvet and chenille.
3. A classic Scuff of chenille and fur—also in all fur.
5. "Counterpoint," the famous cool-in texture contrast of satin and bengaline.

All the Joyce slippers shown above are available in a wide variety of colors in shops throughout the country. Miss Healy's housecoat is obtainable at Macy's, New York; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; J. J. Haggerty, Los Angeles.
Taffeta and Velvet Are Formal Companions

This tag identifies an original PHOTOPLAY Hollywood fashion. Look for it
WHERE TO BUY THEM
If you would like to know the name of the shop in your community that carries these PHOTOPLAY fashions write to Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Be sure to enclose clipping or description of the merchandise desired.

Gowns worn by great ladies in rare old paintings inspired these Jeanne Barrie formal costumes worn by Janice Logan, Paramount's Golden Circle star now playing the leading feminine role in "Dr. Cyclops." Her green tufted model (above) boasts a quaint removable hip hoop—her red taffeta gown (below right) a rhinestone-studded corsette girdle. Both of these gowns, which are available in many colors, are of "Serenade," Stehli's new taffeta woven of Celanese* Rayon Yarn. Janice tops these gowns with a full-length velvet evening wrap (center) that is dramatized with gold braid shoulder epaulets and a frog closing. The coat, lined with Celanese* taffeta, is available in black and Wineberry

Mr. Welles Consents

RKO's publicity department is shaking hands with itself since the advent of Orson Welles. Heralded as eccentric, temperamental, misanthropic, all sorts of uncomfortable things, and scheduled to write, produce, direct and act in his picture, "Hearts of Darkness," Mr. Welles at first presented a problem. The department wanted to publicize the picture, but was afraid to promise the press anything in the way of interviews. "We don't know what he'll do!" staff members said, in trepidation.

Small wonder, then, that a certain feminine staff member just about fainted at the result of her first request for a Welles interview. "Mr. Who? of Such-and-Such magazine is anxious to see you, Mr. Welles," she began. "So? When would he like an appointment?" Welles inquired.

"Well, he is in something of a hurry," the publicity girl said. "What—what about next—" she was going to suggest, timidly, that the interview be next week. But unpredictable Mr. Welles cut in with: "Very well. Shall we say five this afternoon, for cocktails, at my home? Thank you very much."

As she looks back on it, the publicity girl thinks she did pass out for a minute or two.

Just Complaint

Anne Shirley was heartbroken over the headlines referring to Director Garson Kanin's recent spat with RKO studios. "KANIN REFUSES TO DIRECT ANNE SHIRLEY," read one newspaper banner and several others were very similar—making it look as if Kanin's objection was to Anne, alone. As a matter of fact, that wasn't the case at all, and Kanin is the first to say so. The real trouble was that the young director didn't like the script of the new Shirley picture, "Anne of Windy Poplars."

It was Anne's picture, "A Man to Remember," that first brought Kanin recognition and he and Anne are close friends. Moreover, there isn't any other director in Hollywood who wouldn't be happy to direct a Shirley picture, for Anne is one of the most tractable young stars in the business. Too bad things like this have to happen.

Stowaway

Priscilla Lane couldn't imagine why she was getting more than her usual share of attention as she drove from her home down Hollywood Boulevard one morning recently. Moreover, she was more than a bit annoyed at motorists who insisted on honking their horns and pointing at her. But when she finally parked her car on the Boulevard, the matter was cleared up. Priscilla has a pet cat whom she thinks the world of. Kitty is a privileged pet in all respects, and like all felines has pet spots to relax and take the sun. One of these happens to be the top of Priscilla's car, when that vehicle is not in use. What all of the motorists were pointing to and honking at, as Priscilla drove down the Boulevard, was poor pussy hanging desperately onto the top of the car, frightened out of at least eight of her nine lives as her mistress sped along. Also, it might be well to note that since her rescue Kitty doesn't perch atop the Warner Brothers star's car anymore. She confines her sun-baths to the motor court of the Lane home which you will see on pages 40 and 41.
Fans As Is Fans

Strange, pathetic or humorous are perhaps the adjectives which best describe the thousands upon thousands of so-called fan letters which pour into Hollywood every day, addressed to film celebrities. They are welcome, of course; how else can a star and a studio tell just what the fans think and what and whom they like? But, as we say, some of the missives addressed to our stars are—well, to understated the case—quite remarkable!

Here are three samples illustrating what we mean. They’re bona fide, absolutely!

To Shirley Temple, from a little fan who writes her daily:

"Dear Shirley:
I have nothing interesting to tell you today, except I’ve just been bitten by a mad dog."

Your Friend

To Marjorie Weaver:
"Dearest Marjorie:
Darn you, darling! You made my hair turn grey while I was in Hollywood. I wrote about a hundred sweet letters and called the studio every time I got drunk, but never could get past the punk that answered the phone. (She did sound sweet, though; how about giving her my address?) This is not a fan letter. All I want to do is write letters to some girl who does not have buck teeth and lumpy knees. (They all do here.) Your acting is good but your face—oh, boy! I sure would like a picture of you. I’ll send you one of mine, for you know ever since the night I went to the ‘Troc’ I have been wanting to get even with someone from California. That joint wants $1.75 for a hamburger.

Love and kisses—
P.S. If you like gin in hot weather, we have something in common."

Almost youngsters themselves, Rosemary Lane and Buddy Westmore needed no excuse to enjoy the show—and the hot dogs.
To Errol Flynn:
"Dear Mr. Flynn:
I am unmarried and have money in the bank. I know you are married but if you should ever need a friend, I am it.
P.S. My eyes are slightly crossed—I'll be honest about that—but I have personality."

Fame by the Forelock

Richard Greene's is the most publicized face in London at the moment. But not as a movie star. His curly locks are pictured in an advertisement for a hair lotion which adorns the front of the big red buses that lumber through London traffic.

It seems that the picture was taken a few years ago when Richard was pounding the pavements between the offices of actors' agents, and the two pounds for modeling for an advertisement were welcome "waiting" money. Now that he is fast climbing to the top ranks in Hollywood, Twentieth Century-Fox, to whom he is under contract, is trying to buy up the advertisements in which he appears. So far the efforts have not met with much success and the Greene coiffure continues to be the most conspicuous poster in the British Isles.

Attention

Young Fryers who have been following the courtship of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul with wide-eyed wonder, and not a little envy, can settle right down to their own little Janes or Johns. Deanna's and Vaughn's romantic schedule is no more exciting, glamorous, or unusual than yours. We know, for we've glimpsed them together.

For instance, we've seen them entering the Coconut Grove for a night of dining and dancing, each dressed in ordinary street clothes, Deanna wearing a small straw hat and Vaughn a very blue tie, indeed.

We've seen them parked at a Hollywood drive-in, devouring chocolate ice-cream sodas through straws and right down to the very last drop, too.

We've glimpsed them out for an evening's drive on a moonlight night along Sunset Boule-

vard, when a stop signal halted our car near theirs. They were sitting quietly, just drinking in the beauty of the night. At short intervals, Vaughn would glance at Deanna. And then away. As if to make sure she was there.

And we've seen them in a heated game of tennis, and at a lunch counter over a tall glass of lemonade. And, believe me, their romance is as everydayish as any high school couple's, anywhere. Take Cal's word for it.

Cal's Favorite

Not so long ago, tall, lanky John Carradine, seeking a toe hold in movies, used to parade Hollywood Boulevard reciting Shakespeare like mad, throwing visiting tourists into goose pimples of delight. A real live actor, talking fancy and right out loud, was more than they had hoped.

And then John finally clicked in movies and went gorgeous with a bang. At a recent premiere, for instance, a long, low car drove up to the theater, while the fans "oh-ed" and "ah-ed" in expectancy. Surely this could be no one less than Garbo.

But no, resplendent in evening cape, high hat and carrying an ebony cane, Carradine stepped from the car and posed for crowding photographers, wearing a look of bored sophistication on his two by eight face.

All was going too utterly well, with everyone properly awed, when a tousle-headed boy called out, "Well, Mr. Carradine, you certainly decided to be, didn't you?"

John turned a puzzled face in his direction.

"Remember when you passed my newsstand asking yourself 'to be or not to be'? Well, you sure did be."

The crowd had out-and-out hysterics, but Mr. Carradine flourished his cape and strode into the theater.

(Continued on page 70)
F R A N K L O Y D, that producer-director whose particular forte is the sea, here uses Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and George Bancroft to distinct advantage in a roasting, historical story of the first Atlantic crossing in a steam-driven boat. The feeling of absolute authenticity, the water-front atmosphere and the dialogue, traditionally hasty, are all extremely successful, and the cast works beautifully at designated tasks. Fairbanks plays the young mate who has faith in steam and its power over sail; Will Fyffe is superb as the Scotsman who invents steam motors. Margaret Lockwood, as Fyffe’s daughter, is appealing, with Bancroft playing a die-hard sailing skipper. You probably will be annoyed at the ending, but it has great shock power.

A P P A R E N T L Y RKO feels three sons are as good as four daughters. It’s the story of a man whose consuming interest in life is his Chicago department store, and who wants his boys to follow in his footsteps. Only they don’t. Maybe you will feel the kids should catch the spirit of their father’s passion for the family business and give up their personal ambitions. Or perhaps you will think Papa a meddlesome parent who is selfish and can appreciate no attitude but his own. There isn’t much to keep you fascinated by the chronological development. Edward Ellis plays the father, Kent Taylor, Robert Stanton, and Dick Hogan the offspring. Katharine Alexander, Barbara Pepper, newcomer Virginia Vale, and J. Edward Bromberg are all good.

T H E N A T I O N A L G U I D E T O M O T I O N P I C T U R E S

D O N T get this confused with the first “Cavalcade,” a somber epic of English life. “Hollywood Cavalcade” is a gay and goofy history of a city that could never have been created except in America, a story of our country’s greatest contribution to the happiness of the world. It is told in terms of laughter and drama and slapstick, rainbowhood by Technicolor with California’s real and riotous colors, and gorgeously acted throughout. It starts as the first actual movies did in 1913 in New York, when a would-be director, Don Ameche, discovers a would-be star, Alice Faye, and brings her to Hollywood. She falls in love with him, but he is too busy to return her adoration and concentrates on making them both great. More to annoy Don than for any real love, Alice marries her handsome leading man, Alan Curtis, and the tangle of their love serves as a plot on which to hang such diverse Hollywood milestones as the rise and fall of the Keystone Cops, the Sennett Bathing Beauties, the night life that centered around the Cocoanut Grove, and the advent of sound, with Al Jolson’s “The Jazz Singer.” It’s both happy and moving mixture, and you’ll have a grand time watching it. Technicolor brings a new beauty to Alice Faye, and her acting ability is by far the best she has yet revealed. Don Ameche is excellent and so, too, is J. Edward Bromberg, as their producer. Alan Curtis, at last, has a part worthy of his charm and such old-timers as Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, Deadpan Buster Keaton, and Mack Sennett are briefly but effectively seen.
So they pulled Franchot Tone out of his sickbed and hauled him all the way from New York for this. It’s a murder mystery built around a beauty pageant, and what with girls in bathing suits, a lion-taming act in a bedroom, and mysterious villains busily bumping people off, it’s supposed to hit all types of audiences as entertainment. Whether or not it will is a moot point. Ann Sothern, playing Franchot’s wife, chews her gum in a cheery manner and Tone does try quite hard to give a breezy performance. You’ll feel sorry for him, in the slapstick sequences. There are two murders. Lee Bowman, Ruth Hussey, and sundry beauties co-operate fully, with John Miljan being villainous and, incidentally, playing the first corpse.

WITH its appeal somewhat limited, “Disputed Passage” is a forceful and rather gory melodrama dealing with the struggle of a young doctor to choose between the hard facts of science, and love for Dorothy Lamour. Akim Tamiroff plays an older physician whose entire existence has been dedicated to science following an unhappy romance, and he steps in to ruin the setup. Easily convinced that she is jeopardizing a great career, Dotty marches off to China and John follows her. There is an air raid—and Howard gets a brain injury. Tamiroff and Lamour thus are called upon to decide whether they’ll stick to their illogical guns or . . . In case Tamiroff has a good part, Howard is quite quate. It’s a lot for a lay audience to grasp.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex
The Cat and the Canary
Hollywood Cavalcade
The Roaring Twenties
Intermezzo; A Love Story
The Challenge
Honeymoon in Bali
The Day the Bookies Wept
Espionage Agent
What a Life

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Bette Davis in “The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex”
Errol Flynn in “The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex”
Pauline Goddard in “The Cat and the Canary”
Bob Hope in “The Cat and the Canary”
Alice Faye in “Hollywood Cavalcade”
Don Ameche in “Hollywood Cavalcade”
J. Edward Bromberg in “Hollywood Cavalcade”
James Cagney in “The Roaring Twenties”
Leslie Howard in “Intermezzo; A Love Story”
Ingrid Bergman in “Intermezzo; A Love Story”
Luis Trenker in “The Challenge”
Madeleine Carroll in “Honeymoon in Bali”
Fred MacMurray in “Honeymoon in Bali”
Will Fyffe in “Rules of the Sea”
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in “Rules of the Sea”
Joe Penner in “The Day the Bookies Wept”
Jackie Cooper in “What a Life”

IF nothing startle you, those days mad, prosp now—anoth put them finesse, and Chief Bootle hibition, of the premise. War had no cause no joke you will acce sympathize w, and come to N include Humphstory really at has been wr year-old Pri taxicab. Cli racket, thoro mob stuff. Pri become a chor while Cagney, b through the mat on into the depre pines with Jeffre, as real as yesterday insanity of the pect excitement in it. Gi have supporting role
Flying feet and merry music; gaiety
and laughter—that's the order of
the day in the Land of Make-Believe

BY JACK WADE

THERE may be wars and rumors of wars abroad—but in Hollywood it's business as usual—the Make-Believe Line is holding firm.

As for the Hollywood picture future, these are the major war bulletins:

First—Hollywood movies will stay strictly neutral as long as the United States does. There'll be no more propaganda pictures. Already Warners has called off "Underground" and "The Bishop Who Walked with God," both set to take hearty cracks at the Nazis. Hal Roach has put away "Captain Caution," because
it makes Britain the villain. Only Charlie Chaplin, in too deep to back out, goes ahead with his Hitler burlesque, "The Dictator."

Second—Hollywood pictures won't be ches
ushed or cut down due to der rag. A lot of foreign income is cut off by the war, it's true, but so is a lot of foreign competition! British, French and German studios are closed. Walt Disney, who makes most of his big money abroad, is rushing "Bambi" and "Pinocchio" ahead full steam. Hollywood may even have a picture boom. Certainly, more than ever, it remains the world's one big entertainment center.

And third—light comedies and gay, tuneful musicals are coming in—tragedies and heavy drama are going out. Why? Well, Hollywood thinks the war-world needs a good tummy laugh, flying feet and merry music to take its mind off bombings, bullets and the horrors of what General Sherman had a very good name for.

That's certainly the idea of "Broadway Melody of 1940." The only possible war we find here, is a battle for dancing honors between Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy.

M-G-M is always in its glory producing a "Broadway Melody." This time M-G-M has done two "impossibles", (1) built a bigger and more bedazzling set than the record breaker for "The Great Ziegfeld," and (2) teamed both sides and sexes of the dancing question Eleanor and Fred. Only six months ago they'd never met, much less considered pooling prestige for Metro. Then suddenly Fred canceled a European trip to do the picture and now, after prac-

spaces gives us something—just chummy but nice, we mean, with the minimum of tummy showing.

The set is really something out of a fairy book. It's as big as a city block, with deep blue walls towering to the roof. Gigantic palm trees, traced in glittering silver, shimmer along all four walls. The floor is of blocks of dark blue glass. And right in the middle there's a mirror—"we can't tell you how big it is, but maybe an acre—that hangs like a door and swings back and forth electrically controlled by a tiny board of push buttons. The idea of the great looking glass is to change backgrounds while Fred and Eleanor do their numbers. One dance—a lot of shifting mirrored backdrops as the mirror swings around to catch the reflection of several sets.

We'll skip the plot of "Broadway Melody." It's a triangle, Eleanor to George Murphy to Fred Astaire. Young love, dancers, a break, a show, success, more love—you know. The important things are the tunes and the absolutely unmatchable dance routines. Fred and Eleanor begin to do the "Begin the Beguine" dance, just one of nine Cole Porter numbers in the show.

Right in the middle of the number Eleanor claps her hands to her mouth and slams down at her feet. The cameras cut. "They're cracked!" she cried. "I broke them!"

"No, you didn't. I did!" protests Fred. "It was that last break."

"I felt them when they cracked," argues Eleanor.

Everybody crowds around. We expect six or seven toes severed, and possibly a tibia or two. But it's the floor! The glass blocks have been shattered by Fred's and Eleanor's hoofing. Probably Eleanor would rather have cracked a toe at that. "What horrid luck!" she moans. "And the picture's just starting!"

"People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw bricks," cracks Fred. They're carring in some new non-shatter glass floor blocks when we leave, Eleanor is still worried. Fred is still grinning.

The war, we discover, has done little yet to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, besides keep Greta Garbo hanging around, a little leery about dodging submarines to Sweden. As a result she might even do her next, "Madame Curie," before she tanks about home. The old stand-bys, "Judge Hardy and Son," and "The Secret of Dr. Kildare," are keeping the fires burning, together with "Bad Little Angels," M-G-M's bid to make stars of Virginia Weidler and Gene Reynolds. "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep," a story of escape from the Guianas, is the next big-budget adventure epic. And the comedy brewing is Damon Runyon's "A Call on the President," destined to introduce Joe Turp and his loquacious wife, Ethel, to the screen. But to find something to match "Broadway Melody," we have to move over to Paramount and "The Gay Days of Victor Herbert," where Mary Martin, the girl who made "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" famous, is definitely in the groove.
"Tower of London," with Basil Rathbone and John Sutton, is a real historical horror film

It has been a long time since we've seen the Paramount lot as excited about anyone as it is now about Mary Martin. She's scheduled for the biggest build-up of the year and the studio is figuratively gnashing its teeth that she is signed up for a Broadway show, "Hold Your Hats," and she can't go into another picture immediately.

As we watch Mary, Lee Bowman, Walter Connolly and Allan Jones in a cute bedroom scene, we reflect that Mary Martin looks surprisingly like a tall Claudette Colbert, reddish-brown hair, big eyes and a swell smile.

"The Gay Days of Victor Herbert" is fictitious film fare spun about the life of the great operetta composer. Although Walter Connolly plays Herbert by name (and looks exactly like him), the only authentic bequest of the musician to this plot is his music. The rest of it is the old story about two opera stars, driven apart by professional pride, brought together again in the end by their talented daughter. The daughter, Susanna Foster, is another singing adolescent.

Mary is giving out with a loud "Ah-h-h-h-h-h" as Lee Bowman, her doctor boy-friend, gazes at her tonsils. He's supposed to be finding a sore throat.

Well, after Lee has prodded around with his mirror through several takes, he says, "You know, Mary, I'm no real doctor, but I believe you have a sort throat! It's all red."

"It feels sort of funny," admits Mary. So they shine a spotlight down Mary's throat and call the studio doctor. He shakes his head and starts painting tonsils. Mary beams happily. "You want a sort throat—so I get one," she grins.

In "The Farmer's Daughter," our next Paramount stop, Martha Raye is making the last film on her contract. "The Farmer's Daughter" ramps mostly around one of those barn theaters where Martha, right off the coth, steals the show from temperamental actress Gertrude Michael. In the middle is a harassed entrepreneur Charlie Ruggles.

Martha is up a tree when we see her. It's a fake apple tree, heavy with property apples tied on with wire. On the screen, Martha is supposed to tumble out of the tree. But the camera will cut first. A stunt girl will climb up and take the fall professionally. That's the plan.

But when La Raye gets to registering pan up the tree, she forgets and waves her arms and then—boom! Down Martha comes, yelling, clawing like a wildcat. Luckily the camera has turned all the time. After making sure Martha is all in one piece, Director Jimmy Hogan grins and says, "We'll use it. I guess," he tells the stunt girl, "we won't need you!"

Universal has become the busiest place in town. Three big pictures are rolling out this month—"Green Hell" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Joan Bennett; "Tower of London" with Basil Rathbone; and Marlene Dietrich's debut film as a shoot-'em-up wild Westerner, "Destry Rides Again."

We have to admire Marlene for swallowing her pride and changing her screen stripes. Her job is far removed from the aloof, silent seductiveness of the Joe von Sternberg days. "Destry Rides Again" is straight Western—a quiet but courageous Westerner, Jimmy Stewart, rides into a hell-raising boom town and proceeds to reform it. One of his biggest reform jobs is Marlene, the toast of the saloon gang, and she's all a pretty, too charming. But the scene we see is before the reformation. Marlene is sitting in on a stud-poker game in a saloon back-room set. She looks tough and she sounds it. Becomes in a minute, after slipping her ill-gotten gains down her silk stockings, she hops up on the piano and starts coon-shouting "Little Joe."

Her voice, as she sings, now starts out deep and sexy. Then, suddenly, "Y-a-h-O-O-O-O-O-O!" yells Marlene. "Vip-E-E-E-E-E-E!" It's part of the song, but it surely sounds funny coming from Dietrich. When the take is over, she hops off the piano and smiles. "How'm I doin'?" she asks the boys, Brian Donlevy, Mischa Auer, and the rugged company of extras.

"Swell, Frenchy!" they chorus. "Frenchy!" Frenchy Dietrich! That's her name in the picture and, of course, according to Hollywood set custom, that's what she's called by the players.

We wander next through a great Amazon jungle set on Universal's back lot, the "Green Hell" location. Phony but realistic orchids, birds of paradise and exotic flowers are strung along with moss, creepers and great green plants. Joan Bennett and Doug, Junior, are taking emotional instructions from Director James Whale. We learn "Green Hell" is one of those tense drama things, with six men and only one woman lost on an archeological jaunt to uncover some ruined Incas temple or other. But they won't start shooting each other for some time yet, so we move on to "Tower of London."

You might call this an historical horror story, at which, of course, Universal is tops. The plot is all about treason and incest, and murder and royal chicanery, the while dynasties rise and fall in Bloody England of the Fifteenth Century. The set looks like a royal flush with everybody done up in ermine, crowns and purple. Basil Rathbone even wears a red wig. Every man is over six feet, to carry out the regal effect.

In all this glory, the only jarring note is Boris Karloff. His head is shaved (every day), his ears are taped back, his grey face is deeply lined, he lines up with a clubfoot and looks distinctly the type to scare bad babies into fits.

Universal is busy, too, plotting the future of Charles. Shel'lll try the formula that worked with Deanna Durbin—that is, growing up step by step on the screen under the aegis of Joe Pasternak. As for Deanna, her next picture, "It's a Date," is the first to be let by the war. Charles Boyer was to be Deanna's co-star in that. But—Charles Boyer is in the army now, somewhere in France.

Another soldier soon to march beside Charles we find at Goldwyn's where David Niven is rushing "Raffles" before sailing orders arrive.

But when we see him he's a smooth crook, in white tie and tails, stealing an emerald necklace and being very charming, as usual, about it. This is Hollywood's fourth crack at "Raffles." The plot has suffered a tuck here and a patch there, but essentially it's the same—the Robin Hoodish lonesome of the too charming Mr. R. Tokeep his upper-crust pals out of trouble.

The first day on "Raffles" was a local war of nerves. It started the morning after Britain and France declared war. David expected a cable any minute.

We can sense the tension as we watch David, debonair as ever, Olivia de Havilland (how she gets around the lots!), Dame May Whitty and a tableful of actor-swells have supper in a London night club. After Director Sam Wood gets a take he likes, a boy runs up to David. "Telegram!" he says.

David's smile fades and his mouth seems to say, "Someone else is up as a mouse! Is this it? Is the picture over for keeps?" Suddenly

(Continued on page 79)
Ribbon Round-Up

BY FRANCES HUGHES
NEW YORK FASHION EDITOR
ASSISTING GWENN WALTERS, FASHION EDITOR

HOLLYWOOD has a new indoor sport—concocting ribbon gadgets for Christmas! First to get this bright idea was Brenda Marshall, featured by Warners in "Espionage Agent." And now you should see the nimble fingers fly as the stars sit around between "takes" on the set, snipping...sewing...tacking...stitching...crocheting lengths of ribbon into ingenious little this-and-thats to give to their friends for Christmas.

"It's easy enough to go into the shops and send out a slew of meaningless Christmas presents to your friends," says Brenda. "But what's the fun—either for them or for you? It's much more exciting to plan these presents individually, to choose ribbons and colors you think your friends will like—and then to make the gadgets up yourself! That's really something! Something that represents you—something that represents them—and something exclusive, besides, that they can't buy anywhere!" Brenda posed in a few of the ribbon gadgets she herself would like either to give or to receive for Christmas. These and others like them are yours to examine at the ribbon counters of the fine department stores. Just choose your ribbons and the store will tell you how much you need...how to make it...and what it will cost. You'll be surprised at the wonders you can weave on time for Christmas, for the well-known proverbial song.
WHEN Alice Faye married Tony Martin Hollywood wondered if it would, if it could, last. It is still wondering.

Their elopement to Yuma came after a courtship more starred with lovers’ quarrels and passionate reconciliations, more hectic and dramatic, than any other Hollywood could remember. Zanuck was right when he saw in Alice Faye all the emotional depth and love of drama that have always gone to make great actresses.

The importance of marriage to a girl like Alice Faye, its effect upon the life and career of a screen star, cannot be underestimated. Whatever the status of the Faye-Martin marriage at this moment may be, it is still unfinished business and only a knowledge of Alice herself, and of the whole story, can give the inevitable answer, the truth about it.

One thing is sure. Alice herself doesn't know. Alice herself today is torn by the many things that marriage means—in Hollywood. And so the story has to go back to its real beginning, when Alice Faye remained alone, deserted as it seemed to her, and under a cloud of scandal—in Hollywood.


"We get around," said Alice, loving it, loving the new sights and sounds, loving to travel as long as she always had a return trip ticket to Broadway.

But she didn't like Hollywood. Fine place to spend Christmas! No snow, and holly and Christmas trees and candles looked silly without snow. Nothing but sunshine and rain, more rain than she'd ever seen in her life. The people were funny, too. They talked a different language. They were a closed corporation. Worse than a kid going to a new school at the end of a term, that's what it was.

In New York, in the Hollywood Restaurant on Broadway, in Chicago night clubs and theaters, Alice's clothes had always seemed all right to her. She liked bright colors and plenty of them, a touch of the bizarre, the startling—and lots of them. Always remembering that one Sunday dress, and how long it had to last and how tired you got it after the hem had been let out two or three times. She liked lots of costume jew-
A prophecy is made—it may take one year, it may take five—but the little Faye can’t escape her destiny.

THE RAGS-TO-RICHES NOVEL ALICE FAYE ACTUALLY LIVED

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

cry, always remembering her hunger when she stood in front of shops on Fifth Avenue. The keynote of her style was to make people sit up and take notice.

In Hollywood, they looked out of place. Everybody wore such plain things, old things, outdoor sports clothes, about which Alice knew nothing.

The Irish in her came uppermost, and she was defiant about it. Pretty soon I’ll be back in the Big Town, she thought, where everybody is sort of friendly. This is just a jumping-off place.

AN English girl named Lillian Harvey changed all that. They had never met, never even heard of each other, yet Miss Harvey actually changed the course of Alice’s whole life.

For Miss Harvey, who had made a big hit in pictures, took one look at the “George White Scandals” as a motion picture starring Rudy Vallee and begged to be excused. The part, which was to make a star, eventually, of Alice Faye, didn’t look big enough.

In the consternation that followed, Darryl Zanuck’s restless and all-seeing eye fell upon the kid singer with Vallee’s band. Not included in the picture deal. In Hollywood, only because they had to broadcast from there.

She’d photograph. Anybody with eyes like that, hair like that, a tiptilted nose and a figure like that would photograph. She could sing, she could dance, she was known to Vallee radio fans because of her many appearances on his program. But all that wasn’t what sold Zanuck on Alice Faye. There was something more—a wastefulness, a rich, warm, inner glow that came through the young, hard-boiled surface. Amazing in so young and inexperienced a girl. Mr. Zanuck couldn’t know that Alice Faye had learned all that was to know about heartbreak, about pain, about love and loyalty and self-sacrifice, and the things that go to make a woman warm and kind, in the year that lay behind her.

So Hollywood paged Miss Alice Faye.

“Who, me?” said Alice. “Nerts. They’re crazy. I can’t act. I didn’t come here to play in any motion picture. I won’t do it.”

Yet she did.

Panic paralyzed her. To Rudy she said, “I can’t do it. I just can’t.”

But she did.

Because she saw almost at once that there was only one answer. She was going to need her. At first her loyal heart wouldn’t let her admit that Vallee, the greatest radio star of them all, was nervous before a camera. Not even to herself would she acknowledge that Broadway’s best showman wasn’t getting across, up there on the screen, that ease and wit and charm that made him a knockout before audiences everywhere, made him break box-office records on every personal appearance.

Maybe Rudy would feel more comfortable with her. Suppose she was lousy? What difference would that make? One picture—okay. The thing was to see if she could make Rudy less stiff and nervous. Pretty soon she forgot herself completely. The one thing was to see Rudy through.

In a dark projection room, the powers that be looked at the daily rushes, they looked and listened while that blonde radio singer, Alice Faye, sang and danced to a tune called “Oh, You Nasty Man.” Then they nodded. This gal’s got something. Something all her own. That combination of tears and laughter Hymie Bushel had first seen. In that always lay the possibility of greatness. The girl had emotional depths far beyond those of most of the well-trained, well-behaved, carefully taught little starlets of that day.

“You stay in Hollywood,” they said, and wrote a contract even before the picture was finished, and for twice the salary she had ever dreamed.


It was Rudy Vallee who persuaded her that she must sign the contract. His deep affection for the kid, his appreciation of all that she had.

(Continued on page 83)
Cute Kiddie Story Corner:

As the disciplinarian of four boys, Bing Crosby is a better crooner. He admits it himself: "I try to teach my boys to do something, but I don't have the discipline they need.

"Who do you think you are, anyway?" Bing said.

"Just Gary Evan Crosby," said the baby, "and it's not very much, either."

Love, In the Air, On the Air, Getting the Air:

It's colder than Alaska between Joan Crawford and Charlie Martin, who has left Hollywood for New York. And when Joan says it's still only friendship between her and Franchot, despite the handholding, we believe her... "I hope he comes through the war safely," says Madeleine Carroll, her English husband. Captain Philip Astley, "but I am going through with my divorce."

Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor are said to be holding fast to a marriage that is a bit rocky these days. Only Ann and Roger deny it, of course... The way George Raft in Hollywood sat glued to his telephone every night at eight waiting for Norma Shearer's call from New York was a caution. George gave Virginia Peine a gold bracelet as a farewell-to-romance gift. George has only Norma in his heart these days.

Covered with Embarrassment Corner:

Just because old Cal found himself in one of those drop-through-the-floor predicaments the other day, we decided to ask a few stars their embarrassing moments. Naturally, we hunted out that frankly-spoken Bette Davis first.

"Embarrassing moments? I've had dozens," Bette said. "But the worst of all happened when I opened the newspaper one morning and read this item: "My role in 'The Front Page' is the best thing I've ever done, and I'm sure it will bring me the Academy Award."

"And phoning the newspaper a piece of my mind for that misstatement didn't relieve my agony in the least," Bette said.

Don Ameche says his came when he saw a news story through the rungs of director Sidney Lanfield's favorite stool and then forgot and sat in it himself. "I'd take a beating on that one!" Don says.

Loretta Young's moment of agony is a pip. It happened when Loretta was mobbed by fans in New York with no way out. Suddenly a taxi pulled up and with one wild spring Loretta leaped in. But alas, inside were two inept, gentleman who insisted on turning Loretta over to the police as a "coon" woman. Fortunately, the police recognized her and let her go.

"Embarrassing moments?" inquired Mickey Rooney. "Sure. When I kissed my girl goodbye at the station, she called me from her office, 'Bring your little brother in with you, sister,' I died." Take a Bouquet—Bob Burns:

"NOPE, I'm sorry. I can't make any personal appearance that will take me away from my wife." And with that Bob Burns turned down a dinner invitation that would have bulged his pockets from here to there.

Seldom has Hollywood seen such devotion as displayed by Burns to the wife who has been bedfast for months after a fall on his boat.

And when doctors pronounced Mrs. Burns well enough to take an armchair, the tears of gratitude in Bob's eyes made many a man want to reach out a hand in sympathy.

Mother's Helper

Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, both in the midst of pictures, have been just another young average couple lost in the maze of moving.

"I couldn't stand the long hours to and from the studio any longer," Barbara told us. "I just had to get out of the Valley, pick up or no picture." So on Sunday, Bob and Barbara decided to move their personal belongings themselves. Bob with both arms full up to his eyebrows, and Barbara equally laden down were coming out of the house, when suddenly seven-year-old Dion shouted, "Wait, everybody."

Bob and Barbara stopped in the hot cause of these three stars, has been made safer on the valley highway.

Easy—When you Know How!

Fred MacMurray tells this one on his beautiful wife, Lily. For years Lily wanted to drive her own car. After several attempts, each time she'd give it up as an impossible task. Finally, Fred kidded her so much about it Lily made up her mind she'd drive if it was the last thing she did. After weeks of practicing she insisted that Fred go with her for a trial drive. Skeptically, Fred climbed in. Down their street they drove with the greatest of ease. Fred began to smile and relax. Then they arrived at Sunset Boulevard. Without batting an eye Lily crossed over it. Fortunately there were no cars at this point of the busy thoroughfare.

"Lily!" cried Fred. "You didn't make a boulevard stop."

"I know it," answered Lily calmly. "I haven't learned that yet!"


Bona Massey is "ee-ion-a-" Isla Miranda is "eesa." Ann Rutherford is "rubber-bor," "u as in "us." Ian Hunter is "ee-on." Lana Turner is "lah-na." Paulette Goddard is "god-dard," accent on the "god." Lupe Velez is "lipue vell-lez," accent on the "lez." Lys Lyns is "lee-a leece. John Litel is "ly-tell," accent on the "t." Ronald Reagan is "ray-gan." Mary Robson is "robe-sone." Gale Sondergaard is "sahn-cer-gard." Joseph Calleia is "cal-a-yay," accent on the "ahn."

Basil Rathbone is "bash," as in "cat." Marlene Dietrich is "mar-lay-na dree-tich," accent on the "an." Ollie O'Brien is "oh-la," accent on the "dee." Olyme Bradna is "o-lamp," accent on the "lamp." Claudette Colbert is "cluh-deh-sa," accent on the "bear."" Akim Tamiroff is "ah-keem tah-mee-rah," accent on the "ah" and the "meer." Don Ameche is "ah-meer-schee," accent on the "ahn." Peter Lorre is "lorry." Joseph Schildkraut is "shild-crowt," as in "still." Sonja Henie is "son-jah heen-e," accent on the "e." Francisca Gaal is "frahn-cee-ga gawl." Paul Muni is "muny" as in "mamnicy." Leslie Howard is "lee-tee." Maria Ouspenskaya is "oo-spen-sky-ya." Vivien Leigh is "lee."
WHY DO SOME GIRLS LOSE OUT ON LOVE?

Sally asks Irene Dunne

COSMETIC SKIN SPOILS A GIRL’S CHANCES OF ROMANCE!

LUX TOILET SOAP REMOVES STALE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY. IT HAS ACTIVE LATHER

IT’S IMPORTANT TO USE A SOAP THAT’S REALLY GOOD FOR THE SKIN. WHY DON’T YOU USE LUX TOILET SOAP AS I DO?

"I use cosmetics, of course," says Irene Dunne. "But I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly." Its ACTIVE lather helps guard against Cosmetic Skin: the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that result from choked pores. Soft, smooth, lovable skin makes a girl attractive—wins romance and holds it. Make Hollywood’s beauty care yours.

CLEVER GIRLS FOLLOW IRENE DUNNE’S ADVICE—

I WOULDN’T DREAM OF NEGLECTING MY BEDTIME COMPLEXION CARE. IT’S FOOLISH TO RISK COSMETIC SKIN

THIS ACTIVE LATHER REMOVES STALE COSMETICS, DUST AND DIRT THOROUGHLY—HELPS KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH

IT’S WONDERFUL TO HAVE BILL SO ADORING! I FEEL LIKE A QUEEN!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

December, 1939
Play Truth and Consequences with Madeleine Carroll

(Continued from page 25)

(A) Miss Carroll took the conse-
quences. (Let us print the most unflattering real-life pic-
ture ever taken.)

10. (Q) What compliment most pleased your eye?

(A) Gary Cooper once said he liked me because I have a glamour complex. Gary did not say it to me, incidentally, but to a newspaper man who later told me.

11. (Q) It has been said of you that you would never be made photog-
raphed by a man other than a 
photographer at the box office.

(A) But very false. I have never 
been in society and I would 
ever be satisfied with that 
life. When I was first married 
I did try to take part in so-
ciety for a while, but I was 
quite willing and eager to give 
it up for an acting job.

12. (Q) Have you ever commissioned an 
artist to paint your portrait?

(A) Yes. Some years ago I had 
my portrait done by the Hun-
gerian painter, De Lazlo, one of 
the most famous court painters 
of this century. I ordered it 
from the photographs of my 
holidays in Ireland, when a 
little Irish boy asked me for 
a lock of my hair. I suppose 
it was only a bit of his Irish 
blarney, but to me it was sen-
sational. In fact, I never 
ever been the same since.

13. (Q) At what age were you first con-
cious of your feminine appeal as 
being something to wail over a 
man?

(A) I was eleven and spending my 
holidays in Ireland, when a 
little Irish boy asked me for 
a lock of my hair. I suppose 
it was only a bit of his Irish 
blarney, but to me it was sen-
sational. In fact, I never 
ever been the same since.

14. (Q) Do you gossip with the 
operators between scenes?

(A) Yes. I know how much trou-
ble can result. I have almost 
a fetish of discretion in this 
respect. I learned my lesson 
gossip years ago.

15. (Q) By what unflattering nicknames 
have you been called?

(A) "Potato nose"—as a child.

16. (Q) In general, do you prefer the 
company of men or that of women?

(A) Yes. I have very few women 
friends—perhaps because I 
have a little too much time 
and energy, and I think that to 
have women friends you must 
first of all have leisure to share 
with them. Besides, I like 
men better. They are usu-
ally more straightforward.

17. (Q) Of what unpleasant quality are 
you sometimes accused?

(A) I have heard it said that I am 
secretive. I don’t enjoy this 
reputation, but I must admit 
that in one way it’s true. I 
don’t divulge my private life 
and I don’t often divulge my 
opinions on the private busi-
siness of others.

18. (Q) Have you ever thought that you 
might like to visit a nudist camp?

(A) Good heavens, no. So the 
mention of it fills me with em-
arrassment!

19. (Q) Do you believe that your 
career was价值链ing in 
an end to your marriage?

(A) Miss Carroll took the conse-
quences. (Give us a photo-
graph of "Potato Nose").

20. (Q) Do you ever talk to yourself?

(A) Yes. Usually like a Dutch 
uncle.

21. (Q) For how long have you been fi-
bbing about your age?

(A) Ever since I first came to Hol-
lwood. But it’s not my fault: 
I can blame that on Walter 
Wanger. Shortly after I ar-
(Continued from page 25)
At Her Piano—Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton is greatly admired in New York social and musical circles for her charm and talent.

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:
With so many demands on your time, Mrs. Hamilton, how can you keep your skin looking so beautifully cared for?

ANSWER:
"My skin care is amazingly quick and simple. But I do use two creams. Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth roughnesses."

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:
You're known as quite a tennis fan, Mrs. Hamilton. Doesn't all that exposure to sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:
"It might if I weren't careful to protect my skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Just one application of that smooths little roughnesses right away!"

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:
How do you keep your make-up so flattering throughout a long evening?

ANSWER:
"By preparing my skin for make-up with 2 Creams. When I first cleanse my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and then smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream, make-up goes on evenly and is really there to stay!"

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:
Kathrynn, is there any close tie-up between fashion and complexion?

ANSWER:
"Oh, very close! I soon realized that a good skin peps up even an inexpensive outfit. That's why I'm so careful always to use both Pond's Creams."

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
You mean Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream? Does each do a separate job for your skin?

ANSWER:
"That's just the point. It seems to me that absolute cleanliness is the first requirement for a good skin—and I've found that Pond's Cold Cream is a perfectly grand cleanser. What's more, I love the way it softens my skin!"

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
Now then, what does Vanishing Cream do for your skin?

ANSWER:
"Well—when I'm outdoors a lot, it protects my skin from exposure. And I always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before putting on make-up. It's a marvelous powder base!"

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
Katlynn Hernan first started working as a fashion artist and designer in home-town Dallas, Texas, department store.

From Choosing current fashions to trying modeling herself was Kathrynn's recent venture. In New York now, she shows promise.

Like Most Texans, Kathrynn loves riding. But here she's more interested in the thrilling words her companion whispers.

Begin Art Career—Katthrynn Hernan first started working as a fashion artist and designer in home-town Dallas, Texas, department store.

Begin Day with tennis. Then committee meetings of 4 musical organizations. Above, studying seating plan of Lewishon Stadium.

At The Opera—Mrs. Hamilton is a Wagnerian enthusiast. Frequently entertains at her delightful Sutton Square home.

Use these 2 Famous Beauty Aides to DOUBLE your charm.

Both for the Price of One! For a limited time only, choose a flattering shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous size jar) with your regular purchase of a large size jar of Pond's Cold Cream.
himself, had finally been released. He had come right to MacFay claiming that what the hospital happened was a trick, and demanding a great deal of money. It was never easy to get money from the Colonel under the best of circumstances. When he refused, the refusal was stony and rather final.

"So he said he hoped I was not going to take out a lawsuit over it," continued the Colonel, "because he had dreamed twice about my dying, and the third time he dreamed the doctors were true. He says he hopes I'm not going to die before my conscience makes me do the right thing to him."

"I'd stake him to a psychoanalyst," said Nick.

"That's not funny," said the fiery old Colonel. "You don't know this man. There isn't much he wouldn't do. He worked for me for ten years."

Nick smiled. "That certainly proves it."

The Colonel glared at him. "Have you notified the police?" Nick went on quietly.

"Certainly," said MacFay. "I'm not entirely a fool. They tell me it isn't a crime to have a business that you dream. Church has been living down the road for the last ten days with his Cuban manservant. That's the one that must have been living down. They've been doing everything possible to terrorize me. The place is full of flowers, but he'll burn them whenever he wants to, and I never can tell which minute will be my last."

The rest of the dinner turned out to be pretty exciting, particularly when fire broke out. The bathhouses near the place have a grand a conflagration as one could wish for. The place became alive with guests and servants manning the bucket brigade, but nothing could save the buildings. Then, near a clump of bushes at the end of the pool, Nick found the body of the dog, Jesse—with his throat cut. Looking over his shoulder, Horn spoke in a choked voice. "He was a sweet dog. This is going to be hard on Lois."

Lois was Horn's fiancée.

Nick bent over the damp ground. "The colonel's dog's name is Jesse."

"Whoever did it wore rags on his feet," he said. He nodded to the fire. "That's a sort of thing that's been going on?"

"More or less," replied the colonel's right-hand man. "I believe it's all engineered by Sam Church."

"Does the Colonel really owe any money, do you think?" asked Nick.

"Not the way we look at it," Horn answered.

In other words," said Nick, "if everything went okay, the Colonel gets the profit. If not, Church goes to jail."

"That's about it," Horn cheered up.

"And is that your job with the Colonel now?" persisted Nick.

"Something like it," Horn agreed.

The colonel had fired Freddie, his secretary, for ob- jecting. Freddie had asked him, "You can't build dome me any longer," said the youngster defiantly. "I don't care how much money you have. That may be your affair, but it doesn't mean a thing to me."

"Now, look here, Freddie," Horn de-clared. "I'll keep you in love with Lois and all that sort of thing, but I don't like cracks like that . . . ."

This started another conflagration, at this time emotional, but almost equal to the bathroom one, with Lois and Nora looking after him. Freddie fired himself again, and stal- ling from the room. Lois now turned on Horn. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she said. "I've been playing a game and retrieved it for him from the wall where it was sticking."

And the girl, Smitty, got a gun from some place—I think it was under her dress on her hip—"You sure you didn't help her fetch it?"

"You do me a grave injustice," said Nick. "Anyway, I got out of there alive because nobody was going to let me until he dreams about me three times. Where's Nickie?"

"Why, darling," said Nora, delighted. "You're beginning to take fatherhood seriously. You want to see your child!"

She opened up a drawer of the enor- mous dresser and disclosed Nickie sleeping there in calm ageless peace. Nora looked at the baby quietly for a moment. He turned in her arms and gave her a quick, approving pat. "I've got to go to you, Mom. Nora re- phrased. "I've got it all planned for the rest of it in grateful expectation."

"You've certainly got me hooked."

"Oh, let me tell you something, to, "Is he lying on my things?" asked Nick, with sudden concern.

"No, I just didn't think of that, but it isn't a bad idea."

There was a knock on the door, and Nora arose to open it.

"You don't know how wonderful it is to have company here around—" began Nora. "But, why, you've got it almost in your face."

"Right, nothing?" exploded N o r a. The idea of a pretty girl like you not being allowed to acknowledge her fiancé!"

"I'm afraid father wants me to be too sensible—my own way of looking—"

"I have an idea," Nora said brightly to Nick. "Let's help them elope!"

"Lois protested quickly. "Father would never agree to it and he'd cut me off, too. We wouldn't be able to live."

"What do you think you're doing now?" asked Nick.

"Exactly," said Nora, triumphantly. "It's absolute stagnation!"

There was the sound of a shot from another room, and suddenly all the lights went out. Lois's voice rang out in a terrified scream.

"What was that?" cried Nora. "My baby! Nickie, where are you?"

"Meatball," and in the ghostly shadows he could see that the baby was sleeping peacefully through the commotion. Nora opened the door and there was a candle, and he ignited it quickly.

"Quick!" he said to Lois. "Where's your father's room? We haven't a moment to lose."

They crowded into the hallway, which seemed to be full of people. Freddie, full of the big idea, was shouting. Nora had gone barefooted and clad only in pajamas, rushed the length of the hall with a light. Coming down the stairs was Mr. Longstreet and Adobe. Nora had found a book in her hand, and even in the excitement Nora noticed that she kept her
finger in it to mark her place. Horn played the flashlight on Colonel MacFay's open door, and they crowded in.

There was nothing much that could be done, Nick saw at a glance. In the straight white rays of Horn's flashlight, MacFay lay on his old-fashioned bed, covered, except for his legs and his right arm, with a still pile of blankets. His arm, grotesquely bent, dangled down to the floor. Nick put down his candle stick and bent over the bed, with Freddie and Horn crowding him, looking over his shoulder.

One look was enough. MacFay's death had been just as "messy" as Church had predicted, or dreamed.

Van Wick, the assistant district attorney, a rather vague sort of person, with light, curly hair, came a few minutes after the police and took charge of the investigation. Nothing in the bedroom had been changed. The Colonel's body lay where it had been, and the disorder near the bed gave evidence of the struggle that must have ensued when he was attacked by the killer. Near the spot where the dead man's head hung down to the floor lay the lamp from the bedside table, with the wire torn out of it at its base, though neither of its light bulbs was broken. A crumpled, wet newspaper lay a little to one side on the floor, and on the bedside table, near the Colonel's right hand, a glass of water had been spilled. In one corner of the room MacFay's old-fashioned revolver rested, and there was a bullet hole high in the wall opposite the foot of the bed on the right side. All the windows of the bedroom were open.

The deputation from headquarters worked swiftly and quietly, taking measurements, photographing, and going over the ground thoroughly. Death, the Medical Examiner reported, had been slow and painless. MacFay's head had been cut with a fairly large, heavy blade. There was a bruise on the left temple and a bent instrument. The knife was nowhere to be found. The Deputy Sheriff spoke quietly to Van Slack.

"Mr. Charles says that Cuban threw a big knife at him. This might be the same knife. I'd have the marks of his dog's teeth on the handle."

"Get some men busy in the bushes and look for it," said Van Slack.

Cross-examination of those in the house produced nothing of any value, except that the Charles nurse had disappeared.

"Personally, I think she shows good judgment," said Nick quietly.

From the upstairs standpoint, Van Slack pointed out to Nick, there were more people than one who could have desired the death of the Colonel. Mrs. Bellam stood to receive a hundred thousand dollars through the old man's will.

Freddie, who had tipped it, in his capacity as secretary, gave this information in response to questioning. Horn, despite the Colonel's objections, was hoping to marry Lois, who would receive the residue, amounting to several millions. Freddie, of course, had quarreled with his employer. To say nothing of Church, who was around during the closing of the old man's death unless he was properly reimbursed. Van Slack looked at Nick sharply.

"Where were you when you heard the shot?" he asked.

Nick laughed. "Well, you see, there was this blonde number I saw walking around in the bushes, and I—"

"That isn't funny," said Nora. "If there had been a blonde number walking around in the bushes, he'd have caught his death of cold in the night air."

As a matter of fact, though, he was in the room with me and Lois and the baby."

A trooper came in. "There's a dog running around outside with a knife in his mouth."

Nick and Nora spoke in one breath. "Asta!"

Everybody dashed for the door. All except Horn, who stood petrified for a moment, and then ran for his room. Lois ran after him.

Outside in the darkness, Asta was playing, dashed madly around in the bushes. "Here, Asta! Bring it here!" wheeled Nick. Asta dashed away playfully, and Nick went after him.

Down the hallway and out into the night dashed Horn, stuffing a gun into his pocket. After him started Lois, her eyes wide with terror. After a moment she recovered the use of her limbs and slipped noiselessly after him through the bushes.

In a dark spot Nick had finally convinced Asta that this was the matter of his play. "That's the boy," said Nick. "Bring it here." The dog laid the knife at his feet. "Good dog!" approved Nick. He stooped to pick up the knife, but straightened up as something gleamed at his right, in the bushes. He switched off his flashlight and put his hand on his gun, every sense alert. He could discern nothing.

Once more he bent to pick up the knife. Behind his back something moved in the shrubbery. From in front of him Lois crashed through, her voice coming tensely to him: "Look out!"

Nick's certainly on the spot now! It will take more than quick thinking to get him out of this one—and to solve the riddle of "Who murdered the Colonel?" without endangering the lives of both Nora and the new heir? What happens next? Read "Another This Man," which will be concluded in January's Photoplay.

WHOSE LITTLE BOY ARE YOU?

Here are the correct combinations of parents and sons on pages 44 and 45

A-4. Tyrone Power, Jr., recently seen as the Indian doctor in "The Rains Came" and currently starring in "Red Dust" the late Tyrone Power, famous actor, stage and screen until his death in 1931.


C-5. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., star of "Rulers of the Sea," and "Green Hell Baldwin Fairbanks, noted acrobatic hero of past successes and leading figure in United Artists.

D-6. Broderick Crawford, recently seen in "Send Another Coffin"; Helen Broderick, recently featured in "Honeymoon in Bali.

E-2. Noah Beery, Jr., hit of "Only Angels Have Wings," and about to be starred in a new series of short features: Noah Beery, brother of Wallace Beery, featured in a recent English production, "Torpedoed!"

F-3. Len Chaney, Jr. [once known as Creighton Chaney], now playing the role created by his father in "City Lights" by Broderick Crawford, in the film version of "Of Mice and Men." the late Lon Chaney, still remembered for his masterly creation of strange and grotesque characters.

DECEMBER 1939

Send for Book for the Bride-to-Be

Keepseke Diamond Rings, 214 S. Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.

I enclose 10c to cover mailing expense. Please send me valuable book, "Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding."

Name, Street and No. City, State, Zip.

7F 12-39
A Gift in Time
Known the World Over

Sister Agatha. Very well put, indeed! Bang! on my head snapped the ruler. "The kids fall on the floor at the beginning," and Eddie the Exhibitionist had made good.

They threw me out once or twice, but my mother got me back in again. I was always sorry. I always meant to do better. I had a great affection for the place. There were all trials. When she wasn't dusting my knuckles, one of them used to say: "Ah, Eddie, me b', there's more fun on yere somewhere."

Faith, an I know your name's Heimberger, but I'll take my oath there's an Irish hat on your head. I hope you're a grandad on the family tree."

As the eldest of five Heimberger children, Eddie felt responsibility at an early age. This may seem incongruous, in view of his school record, but lessons were one thing while money was cold cash. At eight, he was earning a dime a week, and was the best selling vendor on the newspaper route. His twelve-year-old employer had fifty papers to deliver, forty on one block, ten scattered about an area of three miles. He turned the ten over to Eddie, who had sense enough to know that he was being exploited.

"What do you get paid, about?" yelled the capitalist. "I got forty, ain't it? You wanna make a dime? If not, there's plenty kids do it."

It was Eddie's first experience of business ethics and the pressure of the economic system. Like many another, he had to knock under till at ten he acquired his own paper route and knew the pleasure of doing to his boss what his boss had done to his in "If I Had A Million."

"But don't get the idea that I was a fighter. If I had been, I'd have socked that kid with his own papers, and found myself another job. I was always a bad boy. Still am." He smiled bashfully to prove it. "In the fourth grade I was in love with a girl named Gladys. That was during the war, and we kids used to pick on tinfoil and turn it in. I had mine in a Prince Albert can in my back pocket. One day Gladys and I were putting down a game of hopscotch, and a big Ed-die Heim-berger. He smokes cig-a-rettes. Oh my goodness! With that in his hand, I wouldn't have anything more to do with him. D'you think I explained? Not me. Nursed my shattered heart in silence."

I was literally pushed into my first decent job. Saw an ad in the paper, drugstore wanted a boy, ten bucks a week. Place didn't open till eight, but I got up at six, went downtown, and there must have been five hundred kids sitting outside that store. Me mum and me came, and we stood around glaring at each other for an hour and a half. Finally the doors opened, and I hadn't a budgum. I was the middle saddle, and they swept me along. The manager had an office up on the balcony, and when he came out and saw that mob, he went wild-eyed. He started down the stairs, the kids started shouting and, before I knew it or not, they shoved me right out in front. The manager yelled, "You're first, what's your name? Are you, ten bucks a week, O.K., you're hired." There was a hell of a row behind me, but I scotched everything. I got the manager's keys and he locked us both inside his office.

"I held that job all through high school—six till one in the morning—professionally, at least. I had my manager's keys and he locked us both inside his office.

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six auditions in six days, turned up panting in the home town with just enough breath left to go on the air. The other stations gave us the usual we'll—let-you-know line. When St. Louis actually sent for us, Grace fetched a pall of water, and I'd soak our heads in it, then look at the wire again. It always read the same way. But we dunked for an hour before we'd believe it.

From there they pitched us to Cincinnati, then to Chicago. Their singing had improved, they'd developed from being pros to professionals. When Grace and Eddie decided that New York was ready for them, the other fellow dropped.

Eddie insists that they didn't starve in New York. "And if we had, what of it? Who's ever had a meal in good company, we managed to eat by hocking everything we owned. Every once in a while we'd make five dollars, which would keep us an hour a week. Then there was the gala night when a song pluggers invited us to the opening of Reggie Childs'. Grace and I grabbed our evening dresses, and I grubbed around and dug out a Tuxedo, all but the tie. I lived in one of these rooms, houses, where the spirit of brotherly love is supposed to dwell. So the country galoot goes around and opens doors, and asking kindly New Yorkers if they had a tie she could borrow. They said no and slammed the door.

"Finally, I applied to the janitor. He didn't say a word, just beckoned, and I followed him down cellar, where he started mixing glue and the furnace. And sure enough, from a welter of strings and bolts and candle ends and human bones, for all I know, he fished out an old dress tie, green with age and a rubber band round the back. Well, I smoothed it out, put it on and did the best I could with it, and called for Grace and off we went, walking.

"Got to the place, got to the table, everybody stood up and bowed and pulled out chairs for the ladies, when pop! went the tie right into the middle of the expensive white tablecloth. I stood there like a lug. Then somebody laughed. Then they all started yelling and falling on the floor. So I did, too. They thought it was a gag. Expected me to say presto! and turn into a Marx brother. Me, I ate. That's what I'd come for.

"Later I discovered a bunch of unemployed playboys who used to hang out at Forty-ninth Street and Broadway, picking up what they could get. I attached myself to them. 'Added attraction,' I'd say. 'The Singing Tramp.' On New Year's Eve we were hired for a Polish hall. They were billed as the Pals Band, because I was the Silver-Masked Tenor. The Pals supplied the mask and six bucks a week. They never said where they got the money. They_neglected to tell me that my duties included dancing with the Polish Pals' wives. I've never been so all right, too, if one Pal hadn't taken a dislike to me and tried to bouse a chair off my head from the baloney. That started me off on a stage on which I emerged unscathed but also unpaid."
When the startling news of the Russo-German nonaggression pact, and Hitler's final demands on Poland, chilled France with a fear of imminent war, Boyer's thoughts were not of safety of his wife, Pat Paterson. No one questioned then but that if war were declared, the noble line of the family with Germany. Nice, close to the Italian border, would be a tempting target for raiding.

So back to Figeac, the little town in southern France where he was born—quiet, sunny Figeac far from the line of impending death. Boyer was wed with his English actress-wife, to leave her in the care of his mother. And it was in Figeac that I met Charles Boyer and watched him prepare for the call to arms that was soon to come.

I had been there a week, gathering material for a life story on this most modest of stars who, in his years in Hollywood, had been reluctant to parade the experiences of his youth. It had been a difficult interview. Telegraph and telephone lines had been requisitioned, as France turned the myriad wheels of mobilization. We had been cut off from communication with the rest of the country and Madame Louise Boyer, elegant and gracious even at the moment of her life, had been nervously awaiting word from her son.

Each day I went to call on her and each afternoon, in the middle of our interview, as she told me some amusing anecdote of Charles or bit of the boyhood days, she would take a new childhood picture to laugh over and explain, Madame Boyer would break off and, with an apology, ask me if I would like to call on the little village square to learn the latest news.

The wide trunks of the great trees that line the river Célé, which runs through the middle of Figeac, had become the bulletin boards of the town. Groups gathered around them to scan in silence each new Avis, or official notice. There was no overtone of bravado or confidence among the sober-visaged villagers. Rather they were like a large family in the waiting room of a hospital, fearful of the latest bulletin from the bedside of a loved one.

Madame Boyer's concern increased as one after another of the military classes were called up for service. One day's big splashing poster announced the requisition of all cars. The next day's proclamation gave warning against any hoarding. In Paris, air-raid shelters were being tested. The blackout had begun. Americans were being evacuated to coastal ports and a million or more Parisians sent out to the safety of the country. France was not yet sure she would have to fight but she was clearing the decks for action. Men and machines were on the move all over the land.

And Madame Boyer grew tight-lipped with terror.

I remember the last afternoon I spent with her. Figeac dozed in the late summer sun. On the banks of the Célé, a few women were beating their clothes on the rocks. Along the river's edge walked two quiet-eyed nuns, their great white caps looking not unlike children's suits. Blue-coated workmen rode by on bicycles with tinkling bells. There was an atmosphere of peace and quiet, with not a sign of the coming war. But the changes in the sky, the mood of the people, seemed to foretell a new war. It seemed impossible to believe that this village, the very symbol of peace and tranquility, could be part of a land threatened by the horrors of war.

Madame Boyer asked if I had been inside the lovely old Twelfth Century church of Saint Sauveur and when I replied I had not, she suggested we go together.

Shadows fell across the arched entrance of the beautiful little building. We entered and paused a moment before the font where Charles had been baptized. A few whispered references to a particularly fine piece of wood carving on the pulpit, and then I saw that Madame Boyer had forgotten I was with her. She was looking at a statue of the Virgin Mary at whose feet fell the last rays of a setting sun.

Slowly Madame Boyer sank to her knees. Her head bowed in prayer, a prayer I was sure, for the safety of her son, the safety of France.

In the midst of this tension, Charles arrived home for a brief visit with his mother and to establish Pat in Figeac before returning to his film work. I sat with him for about an hour at noon on a rude wooden bench in front of his mother's house on the Boulevard Woodrow Wilson, near the market place.

One after another of his boyhood friends stopped to say hello and farewell. Many of them Boyer had watched march away to the last war when he himself, a thin, sickly schoolboy, had been too young and too delicate to enlist. War had seemed a gay game then, a challenge to chivalry, an invitation to some intoxicating, mad adventure that would make fine stuff for evenings of gossip when the shadows fell on the Célé and the large houses of the Pont Gambetta were filled with eager listeners.

Charles had watched them come back, too; those who did come back. Broken. Battled. No glorious tales of victory on their lips, only an aching silence. For four years, his last four years at the Chappillon College in Figeac where dreams of someday playing Rostand's "Cyrano" at the Comedie Franaise in Paris first took root in the budding actor's ambitions, young Boyer had taken a course of his classmates about the hospitals, giving performances for the wounded.

The strained and pain-worn faces of those grey-robed audiences in the long white wards had left an indelible memory in Charles Boyer's philosophy. Charles Boyer, the mature man, knew what war meant. He wanted no part of it.

And so when I asked him that sparkling summer morning in Figeac if he would go to war, his answer was almost polite:

"Of course, I'll go. I'll have to. We'll all have to, this time. But there will be few of us that will want to go!"

He shrugged. "I'm not a soldier. I have no desire to be a soldier. But if I'm called, I'll go. I'll be mustered into service here in Figeac and then sent to some barracks for training."

I asked Boyer in which branch he would enlist. "It's not a matter of enlisting over here," he explained. "There are regular classes that are called in order."

By reason of ill health in his youth, Boyer had never served the usual required two years in the French army and was therefore not subject to the first calls. But his name would be reached in the general mobilization of men without previous military service. His prediction proved correct. Just forty years old, the actor was in the age limit of the first general mobilization. Muslims into service must do a day or so after the outbreak of hostilities.

Boyer donned no trimmings as shiny brown leather belt of an officer. His rank and regiments were that of the poilu, the common soldier, who marched to the battlefronts of the last war singing about "Mademoiselle From Armentieres" and shuffled back into their bulgy blouses for this one, muttering despairingly of "that Hitler."

A few days before he donned the blue uniform of a poilu, I saw Boyer for the last time in Nice, at the Victorian Studios, high in the hills overlooking the Mediterranean, where Rex Ingram used to make pictures. But war clouds had halted production on "Le Corsaire" as effectively as storm clouds cancel location schedules in California. One day early this week, a stop watch had been called away from his studio jobs to join their regiments until finally they arrived as a large body of men under a skeleton staff. And then came news from Paris that the insurance on the latest pictures had been cancelled and the business heads of the company decided that their only course was to abandon the full-colored picture.

Boyer had driven ten hours the night before, from Figeac to Nice, arriving just in time to slip on his make-up and wriggle into the hot, leather costume of his pirate role, before the first scene was called.

All through the morning, rumors of the picture being stopped flitted about the set. It made any sort of concentrated work difficult.

And then, after luncheon, during which we discussed Hitler's next probable move to the exclusion of the usual shop talk of gossip. Boyer solemnly said that "Le Corsaire" was shelved.

And suddenly Charles Boyer joined the rest of France in the immensity of war. He had been full of talk of his plans for the coming winter, back in America; his return for his weekly radio program on the first of November and his next Hollywood picture with Deanna Durbin, soon after Christmas.

Until last week, the calm, detached artist had refused to believe that war was certain. Now he knew, and was rushing to Figeac to see if Boyer would have time to get to Nice to spend the few final hours of peace with the two loyal women he loved best in life.

We talked a moment of news of other film folk in France; of Tyrone Power and his bride Annabella, safely speed- ing across the Atlantic on the Yankee Clipper; of Norma Shearer refusing to scurry back to Paris in the first frantic evacuation. And then with a shy but cheerful smile Boyer bade me farewell. A helpful hope we might meet again in Hollywood some- day and I watched him go, that fine, sensitive, unmarred face, his stride a little brisker than before.

I had been somewhat dazed by the significance of our good-bye, and I stood there thinking back to what we had been saying.

"I've just laid away my make-up box," he had remarked. "For the last time in a long while, I guess. Probably soon now I'll have to lay away these civilian clothes with the rest of my costumes."

"He's laying away laughter, too," I had thought to myself, "lights and music and love and all the little luxuries of day-to-day existence." And a sudden chill gripped me as, like a key, forever lost, the prowling lines of Rupert Brooke came tumbling into my mind:

"These bugs, blow! . . .
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Swarm of you; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopeful
That men call age; and those who would have been.
Their sons, they gave, their immortality."
A Love Worth Fighting For

We Cover the Studios

David's face relaxes and he breaks into a laugh.

"You are cordially invited to the world première of—" he reads. David's words are drowned in laughter. But it's still our show, Betty, and we are winning.

We find Warner Brothers reading a big push in production this month, with "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (Jimmy Cagney, George Brent, Pat O'Brien); "The Sea Hawk," a remake with Errol Flynn; and "Invisible Stripes," George Raft's next try at Warner. In between, Wayne Morris is keeping the studio open with the timely gambling ship thriller, "Gambling on the High Seas."

Selznick-International also has a war rush order movie in "Rebecca," the remake being Laurence Olivier, another loyal subject of His Britannic Majesty. Laurence has been cast as Max de Winter in Daphne du Maurier's murder mystery which Selznick has bought the book. On the other hand, Joan Fontaine, Brian Aherne's bride, signed up for the most sought-
Send Money or stamps and the 4 exquisite new Rigler Perfumes in genuine Redwood Treasure Chest for $1.00. If not 100% satisfied, money back. If not 100% pleased, money back. If not 100% pleased, money back. If not 100% pleased, money back. If not 100% pleased, money back. If not 100% pleased, money back.

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282 Art Center Building, San Francisco, Calif.

The fine Rigler Treasure Chest contains four exquisite new perfumes—Rigler's famous and beloved Redwood Treasure Chest. Each Chest is a unique keepsake, and the scents are specially selected to please a variety of tastes. The perfumes are genuine Redwood Treasure Chest, made from the Journal Redwood of California, with a touch of the special secret of the Rigler Treasure Chest. Each Chest is an ideal gift.

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282 Art Center Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

The Bernhard MacFadden Foundation conducts various nonprofit enterprises: The Bernhard MacFadden Foundation at Miami Beach, Florida, is one of the most active in the field of health and education. The Bernhard MacFadden Foundation at Manus has provided, through a rigid system of Bernhard MacFadden methods, assistance to the latest and most scientific medical procedures, and can be secured here for the treatment of Tuberculosis. The Bernhard MacFadden Foundation at Nashville, Tennessee, has provided, through the Foundation's treatments, adequate medical care for the treatment of Tuberculosis. The Bernhard MacFadden Foundation at Lafayette, Indiana, has provided, through the Foundation's treatments, adequate medical care for the treatment of Tuberculosis. The Bernhard MacFadden Foundation at Lafayette, Indiana, has provided, through the Foundation's treatments, adequate medical care for the treatment of Tuberculosis. The Bernhard MacFadden Foundation at Lafayette, Indiana, has provided, through the Foundation's treatments, adequate medical care for the treatment of Tuberculosis. The Bernhard MacFadden Foundation at Lafayette, Indiana, has provided, through the Foundation's treatments, adequate medical care for the treatment of Tuberculosis.
feeling that he has a lot of life to live which is impossible under the necessary restrictions of married life. He always has a glass of milk before retiring.

Richard Greene has never been seasick crossing the English Channel. He likes coat-shirts, pull-over sweaters, cigarette pipes, and driving with the top down.

He likes playing poker but not for high stakes.

He is a voracious reader, of democratic tastes, and he comes of a family of stage celebrities.

He weighs 170 pounds, swims well with an overhand trudgeon, likes marimba and plans someday to build a Spanish ranch house.

His moments of depression are extremely rare, and he has read "Alice in Wonderland" many times.

His father died when he was two-and-a-half.

He dislikes attending concerts, boasts a large library of records, specializing in operatic and semi-classical music.

His hair is dark brown.

He is a good tennis player, had golfer, exceptional diver, and does not like clams.

He likes fried shrimps, coffee, bacon and eggs, puddings, chocolate malt, and chili con carne.

He speaks Latin, Greek, Spanish and French, and has no prejudices regarding marriage between professionals. He likes opera, thought a park in Hyde Park, and thinks radio commercials in America are "darned annoying."

He can erect a perpendicular and "that's all he knows of geometry."

He enjoys watching prize fights, motor races and any competition between horses.

He studied voice, sings a middling baritone, and doesn't mind women smoking. He says that smoking properly and doesn't puff.

He seldom wears a hat and when he does he prefers a sloppy old felt. He has an inveterate mind concerning astrology and various phases of clairvoyance believing there's too much fact to confound and accept.

He has never had the mumps.

RICHARD GREENE has a predilection for practical jokes, and chews gum only after a lot of smoking.

He doesn't like beer.

He has a cat named Jacqueline and a cocker spaniel named Bruce, the cognomens having no reason whatever. He lives with his mother in a five-room house atop a hill.

He has spent a lot of time on a Palm Springs ranch learning to rope and jump horses, and regrets that he had his leg by crushing between two cars instead of falling off a horse.

He likes wearing dinner clothes, and considers his greatest thrill the time he rode a bucking bronco and stayed with it for four minutes. (Eight seconds in the accepted time.)

His comic strip favorites are Flash Gordon, Popeye and "Bringing Up Father."

His boyhood ambitions embraced being a poet, writer, veterinary surgeon and a Southwest African mountie. He has just taken up skiing and he believes in a life hereafter, or some form of reincarnation, because "everything is timeless" and "things are too alive to end with death."

He is a confirmed preference among blondes, brunettes or redheads. He was most interested in history and English literature at school, and he'd rather go to parties than give them.

He likes being interviewed. He plays checkers and chess.

He doesn't like crowds, stick shirts, or backslappers. He dreams seldom, sleeps soundly, likes being alone when he comes home from work, and likes Paris best of all cities.

He favors a dry Martini before dinner, and thinks if he had not become an actor he would have been a rowing journalist.

He is addicted to singing in the shower, usually picking on "The Donkey's Sonnet" or "The Volga Boatman." He hates letter writing, formal premières and alarm clocks.

He has written short stories and some dramatic pieces, has not attempted to market them, confessing that his stuff is too immature.

He is attracted to places of exotic character, and regrets having gained security so early in life that much of the zest of uncertainty and thrill of the unknown is gone.

RICHARD GREENE is a conscientious objector to military service, but would go should the need arise.

He likes hunting.

He dislikes roulette or any gambling game in which the player is entirely dependent on a mechanical device.

He doesn't want to know the future and so avoids fortunetellers. He week, when in London, to listen to the political harangues in Hyde Park. He prefers grey suits.

He feels the absence in Hollywood of old buildings with character and tradition, particularly in restaurants.

He takes a hot shower and tapers off with cold water, and his favorite singers are Caruso and Lucrezia Bor!.

He is a good listener, readily admits a mistake, likes managing his own business, and is very fond of carpentry.

He is an inveterate frequenter of foreign restaurants, and loves to walk in the rain without a hat.

He deprecates women who dye their hair, and at the termination of his contract he intends to take a year off and travel. He was captain of the fencing team at school, doesn't mind dining alone, and fell madly in love at the age of seven with a little brunette miss whose name he cannot recall.

He revels in spirited argumentation. He is fond of guns and is the proud possessor of a 30.06 rifle. He was, at fifteen, scared to death by a bull which chased him into a barn.

He is not allergic to anything.

He considers "Submarine Patrol" his best picture and "Lucy Star" his worst performance. He makes charcoal sketches of animals, and has never had any nickname but Dick.

He plays a fair game of pool and billiards, likes fresh-water fishing, and thinks girls look attractive in slacks though he prefers the old-fashioned dress.

He is inclined to do things on the spur of the moment, likes walking with a cane, and invariably whistles or hums when alone.

He was very shy with girls until he went on the stage.

He usually lets things get awfully jumbled and then suddenly goes on a spree of getting orderly and systematic. He failed in his first small part on the stage and the friends of Richard Greene advised him to give it up.

Portrait in Scotch Plaid with Shamrocks

(Continued from page 32)
MORE HOURS OF LOVELINESS

Stay at your loveliest without trace of line or blemish. Keep powder and make-up on—nose shine off. Use the new POW'DR-BASE, stick to give a smooth, flattering complexion and lovely make-up always.

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PICTURE YOURSELF IN A Sonja Henie PARKA HOOD

Gay Glamorous Adorable

You can be as glamorous as Sonja Henie herself in this enchanting Sonja Henie Parka Hood... radiant with the winning charm of America's favorite star.

CHIC NORWEGIAN STYLE

Stylish in the brilliant manner of Norwegian winter sportswear, it's knitted of softest brushed yarn in stunning colors—red, navy, brown, green or white (each with 2 color stripes). Fits all head sizes—priced at only $1.

ORDER NOW FOR XMAS

An ideal Xmas gift. Available at all leading stores. If you can't supply you wish the genuine Sonja Henie Parka Hood, send $1 and your choice of colors to Dept. PD, The Lion Knitting Mills Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

13. CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

Earn the eternal gratitude of every girl on your list with silk stockings that wear! Phoenix stockings, of course. Vita-bloom processed for a brand new lease on life. Gaily packed for Christmas, too, in cellophane envelopes swathed with cheery Christmas greetings. Three pairs for $3.00—and up!

14. THE EYES HAVE IT

For the first time, the eyes have a beauty kit of their own, smoke enough to fill in the palm of your hand, but crammed with tricks to make you as starry-eyed as the stars! A Kurlene eyelash-curler; Kurlene, the eyelash-conditioner-cream; Twissors with which to twick out unruly hairs that spoil your arch; Mascara Compact in fascinating new colors; Eye-pencil and Unbreakable Mirror—a lot of eye-appeal for just $3.00.

15. DINNER JACKET

"Black tie" for the gentlemen, and for the ladies, a glistening lamé infinity dinner jacket of red and black and silver plaid. It buttons all the way up the front to a childish turnover collar, but when you turn your back—you turn your back forever on childishness, with a sophisticated bouncing bustle. Yours for holiday glitter at around $9.00.

16. PANCAKE MAKE-UP MIRACLE

Do you know the secret of the smooth and lovely complexion Max Factor gave the stars? It comes out of a magic little pancake that he named "Pancake Foundation," and now there isn't a Star who'd be without it. You can have it, too, to keep or give away for Christmas, in a handsome case and comet-studded red and gold box, complete with powder, rouge, lipstick and normalizing cleansing cream. A box full of screen-tested Hollywood glamour for just $4.50.

17. "EVENING IN PARIS"

Forget the war clouds and think of an evening in Paris as it used to be! Bouriaud's beautiful blue satin and silver star-studded treasure chest will take you there, waltzed by the lovely perfume, the delicate face powder, the cloudy talcum and the jewel-like lipstick and compact this coveted treasure chest. Lots of loveliness for just $5.00!

Don't for a minute think that your Editors think that this covers the Christmas Gift Situation to your complete and total satisfaction. There's still Aunt Tillie and Uncle Lemuel, isn't there? But there's still another month and another issue of Photoplay to come before Santa starts sliding down any chimney. So watch for next month's issue and the twenty-four presents we have bagged. There won't be a name left to check on your list, by the time we're finished Christmas shopping.

The Editors.

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Christmas Shopping (Continued from page 71)

Remember—for the name of the store nearest you that carries the gifts you crave, please write to our Fashion Secretary, Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York City And do it now!
18. A PRETTY HOW-DE-O0O
Mary Hall's evening mits of sapphire blue velvet studded with twinkling silver stars. The wall of white kid that bisects the mits exactly allows you plenty of room to winkle your thumb and fingers. You've heard about the newest thing of all in gloves—"Finger Free" construction! Well, this is for around $4.00.

19. FOR THE GIPSY IN YOU
A musical tambourine full of scarlet beads—ribbon streamers, little bells and all! Inside the Cellophone circle are live shiny satin satchet rolls to match the jolly gipsy trappings, in Orchil's three Russian gipsy perfumes. "Gardenia Russe," "Nikki," and "Coronation Imperial." Perfect for Christmas—and much, more expensive-looking than its modest price of just $1.50.

20. ROBIN HOOD'S MONEY BAG
Robin Hood's lustrous money bag, copied by Lucien Lelong, in Sherwood green suade and bright red silk with red silk drawstrings. But in place of that beloved raccoon's ear, Le-long has stowed away a Robin Hood Red lipstick, rouge, powder and a flack of Car PARK Perfume. There's even a green felt Robin Hood hat with a bright green feather, to pin on your escort's lapel. The schoolgirl's delight. $3.50.

21. "DANGER!"
You can't frighten a woman away from Thumper! It's the best come-on we know! True, the high price limited it a little in the past. But for the future—Ciao sees only very rosy prospects now that Ciao has duplicated it for Christmas—crystal block bottle and all—in an impressive $12.00 size. For the most exotic lady on your list.

22. HANKI-PURSE
A girl who was always "going places" thought up this one! Because she was always dropping either her evening purse or her handbag. So she invented these together permanently—a lovely shiften evening Hankie attached to a bracelet strap on her wrist, and underneath it all, a quilted satin evening pouch to match. Clever! There's room enough inside for make-up and money—and a great relief to your bag, too, to have you tote your own! Around $3.50.

23. PERFECT GADABOUT
A lady who would as soon forget her teeth-brush as bet the Vilhias traveling gram- mer, the only way to tote your perfumes on your travels! The 1/4-dram crystal bottle is as streamlined as the Twen- teenth Century and looks as light as a daisy. The bright leather traveling case condenses into next-to-nothing—and there you go—carrying your sweetness with you everywhere, for just $6.50.

24. LOOT FOR YOUR LOTHARIO
For the man in your life—Prince Gardner's de luxe leather accessories. A billfold with that wonderful sliding-pocket clasped-feather that separates credentials, classifies currency and hides the big bills, a sliding card case, a flat but elegant inside pocket wallet for evening, and a zipper key-case with license-compartment. The gift box is sure to wind up as a per- manent "February" case on his dresser. $7.50 to $50.00 for the set. It's all a matter of leather!
should be straight ahead. Shoulders should be in a normal position, neither hunched up nor thrown too far back. Your chin also should be on the up and up, and both your abdomen and your posterior should be pulled in. (Try pulling in both these areas yourself and see what it does for you!) Besides which, walk as if you were glad to be alive. (Burns)

4. There is a proper and pleasant way of sitting, too. And it’s easily acquired. Furthermore, if you sit slovenly, you will stand slovenly, and if you stand slovenly, you will walk slovenly. When you are seated, generally speaking, your legs and feet should be brought together. Not in a stiff, tense manner. But casually and easily. When you sit with your knees wide apart—and many women who practically give up their lives to taking an inch off their hips do sit this way—you look ungraciously and ludicrous. (Hinsdell)

5. Watch your stride. It should be of a length that is easy and natural for the length of your legs. (Enright)

6. Never enter a room with your eyes down. (Enright)

7. If you hold your hands on the back of your hips, it will lead you to a hunched and slovenly attitude. (Enright)

8. There’s no earthly use to put on an act before people. You’ll get exactly nowhere in physical grace unless you employ it all the time. And we mean all the time, when you’re home, and completely alone, too. (Enright)

CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK YOUR MANERS!!!

These May Be Little Habits of Which You’re Unconscious, But How Do They Affect Others—That’s the Question!

Florence Enright, exponent on charm, says: “Everyone is likely to have one or two habits that he doesn’t know about. If you don’t know what yours is, sit down with someone who loves you enough to tell you the truth.”

Do You Blink?

The blinking habit is as common as poverty—and as disconcerting. For quiet, level eyes give you force and concentration. To correct the blinking habit, in double-quick time, focus your eyes ahead of you. Focus them on the greatest possible distance. Then, quickly, move your eyes to consider the left corner of the room. Bring them forward again. And, quickly, move them to consider the right corner of the room. Then turn your eyes to the front again and over them. Whereupon you’ll be ready, after half a minute of relaxation and darkness, to begin from the beginning once more.

FROWNS PAY NO DIVIDENDS

And Eyebrows That Keep Lifting Make You Look Stupid and Unattractive

If you’re guilty of either of these habits, and the chances are you are, practice lifting your eyebrows without lifting your eyebrows. Feel that the muscles on your face that are doing this for you. Then, practice lifting these muscles. It’s the expression around them—the things the little muscles do there—that suggest the expression of your eyes.

DOES YOUR MOUTH WEAR A BITTERN LOOK?

If your teeth are uneven or discolored, you’re likely to seek to hide them—and thus expose them! For if, when you smile, you hold your teeth closed, the result will be a grinace. And a grinace exposes more of your teeth than a smile. Always. Whatever your teeth are like, part them when you smile, smile naturally!

DROPING SHOULDERS

Carry your handbag under your arm on the same side as your drooping shoulder. Or carry it by the strap by the hand opposite your drooping shoulder. Take your choice!

IT’S THE WAY YOU SAY IT Never Underestimate the Power of Your Speaking Voice to Attract or Repel

1. It’s sheer stupidity to believe it is an affectation to improve your voice. If, as you work on your voice, anyone presumes to say any such thing to you — L A U G H ! For, obviously, any tone you can muster from your throat is natural to you. And that’s more than can be said for curls that result from permanent waves, and the flashes that result from rouge. Yet these improvements are all right, they’re never damned as affected! Stuff and nonsense! (Enright)

2. Exercise will help to make your voice richer and fuller. A dozen times a day, say “M-m-m-m-y, I’m tired.” And always as you do this, bring your voice from the back of your throat to the front. (Enright)

3. Don’t keep your teeth close together when you talk, as if you meant to rip your words to shreds. Don’t be afraid to drop your chin. It will only go so far. And let those muscles under your ear develop. (Enright)

4. You have to breathe to talk as well as to live. Don’t rush your words together breathlessly. Co-ordinate your speaking and your breathing. When you lie down, you simply have to breathe correctly. So lie down. Inhale and exhale. And keep your hand and on your diaphragm to discover exactly where your breath comes from. Then stand up and talk—and discipline your breath to come from the same place, in the same way. The timbre of voice that will result from this effort, in a comparatively short time, will delight you and your listeners. That’s a promise! (Moise)

5. Listen carefully to those who do talk well. Listen so you really and truly hear them. Then listen to yourself. And practice lowering or raising the pitch of your voice until you attain tones that are warm and resonant. (Moise)

6. Talk to yourself! Your voice should not be loud. “It’s an empty wagon that makes the most noise.” And it shouldn’t be weak. A weak voice is irritating. It requires that those who listen strain to hear. What it should be is strong. And warm and alive. (Hinsdell)

Now We Come to the Matter of Diction

1. It’s the hard instinct that dooms the majority to poor diction. We have a horror of sounding different from everyone else. Consequently, it’s only the exceptions who reach for a clean-cut speech (diction no more than that)—and shine! (Moise)

2. Get on friendly terms with your final consonants. Don’t drop the poor things. Pronounce them! But in doing this, do be careful not to bite at the air. (Dunm)

3. Always tone down on your important words. If your voice rises on them you’ll sound shrill; you’ll lack color and warmth. For instance: If you’re about to say, “The girl hated her brother!” your voice should drop, not rise, on the word “hated.” (Enright)

4. It’s just as important to know how “can” is pronounced—not to say “kin”—as it is to know that it is said “c-a-n.” But many more people spell it correctly than pronounce it correctly. (Burns)

5. When you have the least doubt about the proper pronunciation of any word, check on the way it is pronounced by the best commentators on the radio and the most distinguished players on the screen. And go on from there. (Burns)

6. You’re diction flaws are far more likely to result from carelessness than anything else. So, while you read aloud from a magazine or a newspaper, have a phonograph record made. Read naturally. Don’t try to impress yourself. So o’ch recordings cost twenty-five cents up, depending upon their size and clarity. But even the smallest and fuzziest record is likely to have a superior quality when it reproduces the slipshod speech into which you’ve fallen. (Burns)

THOSE TWELVE DETIALS... Self-Consciousness and an Inferiority Complex

1. Anticipate friendliness. Refuse to harbor minor grudges that cheat you out of more than they save you, always. For, if you do these two things, you’ll have an inner ease that will be invaluable. (Hinsdell)

2. Fools burst in anywhere, perfectly sure of themselves. Self-consciousness and all the pain that goes with it are the result of being unnecessarily sensitive. So seek others who are having a bad time of it socially because they’re sensitive, too. Help them out of their way. And forget yourself in the process. (Moise)

3. What is it that plagues you? Something that you or others have an inferiority complex! Is it because you’re tall? Stand up to your height. Be proud of it. Refuse to stoop and bent over and apologetic. Is it because you’re overweight? Be dignified and practical. No doubt of your stature. Is it because you’re plain? Dress with distinction. Chic is a godsend to plain women. (Moise)

4. When you entertain, you have no excuse for not being completely at ease. The very fact that people come to see you proves they like you — unless they’re boors, in which case they don’t count anyway. (Moise)

5. If you have anything you would like to say, speak up. Take courage from the fact that a great silence would envelop the earth if only those with something to say didn’t talk, and talk commandingly. (Moise)

6. Think of what you are saying rather than about yourself. And if you don’t understand the international situation let it lay and talk about whatever interests you. (Moise)

7. Certain trifling things—a fine handbag, pretty shoes, a smart hat, perfume, or a session at the beauty parlor—set up different people. Find out what it is that sets you up. And indulge yourself in it. The improvement which the trill this gives you will work in your personality will be something that cannot be measured in money. (Dunm)

8. When you turn so shy that you can’t possibly talk, just listen! Look at those who can talk to you and then turn to the attitude, with warmth and attention. They’ll think you’re wonderful. And likely enough, warmed by their attitude, your shyness will be brightened. (Burns)

The moment some people enter a room they prove attractive... . However, the details which contribute to this indescribable quality aren’t indefi- nable at all; they’re most definite. Next month the studio’s beauty and charm experts will tell you details—the de-tails—they also tell how, simply and surely, you can make them part and parcel of your behavior.
dose for him and been to him in the darkest hours of his life, his pride in his as his own discovery wouldn't let them anything else. If he was disappointed that his work hadn't been quite at its best, that didn't matter. Alice must have this great chance. His sense of humor was aroused, he saw as he always saw the amusing irony of the fact that he, the great star, hadn't been asked to play in the picture, but that the little kid with his band, who had come along just for the ride, had been offered a contract.

Alice wept and stormed and refused. "I want to go home," she said. "I'd die out here. I don't know anybody. I don't want to be in the movies."

But Alice turned to her. "This is your chance," he said. "You've got to take it and make good. It may never happen again. You're lucky—it's a great break—you belong in pictures."

"But what will you do without me?" Alice asked.

"I don't know," Rudy said honestly.

The moment was a deep one. It took both their hearts and wrung with pain and strain and desire. The old world and the new world, the old lives that had been, the new lives that were, were the two worlds looked into each other's eyes, wordless, and knew—knew that there was not and never could be between them that man-and-woman love for which they both hungered.

Their many things stood in the way—Rudy's passion for Fay Webb, for dark, exotic, strange women—Alice's youth and innocence—his need not of a swastika, but of a confidante and comforter—and the deep maternal instinct in Alice Fayehat had responded to that.

And each of them—and knew it—more than anyone else in the world. But they weren't in love and never believed now they knew that they never would be.

Always it must be remembered of Alice Fayethat she was a girl at eighteen capable of such unselfish devotion, of such sweet friendship. It takes a big-gauge woman to think and feel like that.

Alice Fayesigned the contract and a few days later Mrs. Vallee filed her complaint.

SOMETIMES blonde beauty of the Alice Fayetype is a cross. If she hadn't looked just the way she did, she might have been Rudy's best friend and confidante and nobody would have misunderstood. To see her today on the 20th Century-Fox lot is to know that she wins from men, the men she works with, a devotion and tenderness that is very rare and fine. Harry Joe Brown, her producer on many pictures, Irving Cummings and Henry King, to whose direction she owes so much, above all Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, love her and would fight for her and regard her as their best friend. Plenty of men in Hollywood have fallen in love with Alice Fayee, but that doesn't mean as much in her life as the friendship of the guy who's taking care of her, the guy who's doing it with her, and think she's the tops.

The charge had been made and Alice was stunned. Would people—could people—believe a thing like that? Another blow followed swiftly. Rudy finished the film and, to give service on his wife's many charges and complaints, the tying up of all his fortune, and then found himself, with his work, he planned to Needles and caught a train east.

Alice Fayewas left alone in Hollywood to face the bitter injustice, the vitriolic accusations, the new life in a new place she hated.

Not Garbo herself was more lonely, more lost, more strange to language and customs than the kid from Tenth Avenue and the Broadway nightclubs.

"What'll I do?" she said to Hynde Bushel, "What will this do to me? Rudy wants me to stay and succeed in pictures. Maybe they'll break my contract now this has happened. Maybe they won't want me on the air any more. What'll I do?"

"Sit tight," said the wise Hynde. "We'll see you through. We know it doesn't everything. Take care of yourself, we'll do everything we can." But Hynde knew that Rudy, too, might be irrevocably injured by this scandal, by this linking of his name with Alice Fayethat, while he was still married. He knew that public opinion might veer one way or the other and no one would ever know why.

ALICE FAYE probably changed the title, probably swung it back and saved herself—and possibly Rudy Vallee.

Out of the dark, lonely nights when she cried herself to sleep, out of the cold dawn when she sat in the window and faced the new days, out of the silence from the studio which seemed to stamp the worst, the girl from Tenth Avenue came with the only possible answer, the only possible way—and didn't know it herself.

Reality was part of her. Life where life was tough—where kids didn't have enough to eat—where tragedy was daily. That, perhaps, that great back-ground of which in the end she has always been so proud, gave her reality for herself. Basically, her values were sound and real and big and honest—real American principles. She belonged to the people, to the masses, she had been born among them, grown up among them, played and suffered and laughed with them. In her heart was that natural love of life and belief in God that must exist or people wouldn't go on living.

In her hour of lonely, unhappy, black despair she turned back to the people. Newspeople know about these things. They went to see Alice Faye. She saw them all. They found her a girl still in her teens, and she spoke quietly, she spoke directly, and they knew that she was telling the truth:

"I was just somebody's shoulder for Rudy to cry on," she said. "I was just the one he could tell about his wife, and how much he loved her, and how unhappy she made him. That's the truth, and I'm telling it now, and he never loved me and I never loved him—and if people don't believe any more in friendship and in trying to help a pal when he's in trouble—all right, I'm through."

They believed her and in time, perhaps without knowing it, the public believed her—believed in her, at least.

WHEN she became a star and a great and greater one, people in Hollywood couldn't understand about Alice Faye. Why, she was almost as much of a her-mit as Garbo herself. She never went to parties, she didn't get into any of the Hollywood cliques. Had riches and fame spoiled her, had the girl from Tenth Avenue gone Hollywood?

That couldn't be it, because her best friends were her pretty blonde stand-in, Helene Holmes, and her old friend of chorus days, Betty King Scharff, now married to a musical director in pictures.

The truth was that those early days, those terrible days, had left their mark.
Alice Faye, they say, has an inferiority complex. But it is no more than that. It is the echo of old fear and loneliness, the childhood panic that came to her, then, when at eighteen she found herself deserted in a strange world to do, and the ugliest thing life could do to her haunting her. She learned to bear it, and be alone, to find companionship with her brothers and her mother, and to care for the little surface things.

The inferiority complex is there—result partly perhaps of Vallee’s domination and training, which is never easy for a woman even though it gets great results—but it is more than that.

The girl who married Tony Martin was a girl in love and for tenderness, and for care as few women have been, even though she shone on the screen and was the idol of cracked theaters and the dream girl of men all over the world.

CAME swiftly the years between. Mad dashes to New York every time she had a moment off. That clause in her contract that no matter what the shooting schedule was, Alice was always to be released to lock herself in and listen to the Vallee program. Moving her family, bringing them to Hollywood and Dad, her two brothers. Hard and harder work. Plenty of men who took her out, sent her home to love. The newspapers were always listing a new suitor for Alice Faye. Why, at fifteen, Billie Seymour—a young millinery model—arrived in town, and proclaimed to the “notorious” Alice Faye—Michael Whalen, Johnny McQuire, Dick Powell—“look at me, Alice, I’m David Blondie—all of them laid siege to the blonde singing star.

Alice was with them sometimes.

In New York, Rudy Vallee said, “Miss Faye is a most charming girl with a great future ahead of her—but she has many hardships to face. She is all alone, without friends, and we are just the best friends in the world but nothing more.”

In Hollywood, Alice Faye said, “The romance is ended between Rudy and me simply because it never started. We’ve been best friends and I hope we will continue to be. I think the world of him and rumor mongers and gossip hounds are not going to succeed in breaking us apart.”

That covered the many emotions, the months, of their devotion.

Their pictures were more and more successful.

A home now, in Hollywood. Rudy had brought her a house with his wife, who was no longer to be allowed to harass Rudy, or his best friend, Alice Faye. Rudy and Hymie had seen to that, they had taken care of her as they promised. But where in all this was love?

Where was her own man?

She could come no closer to it. She had listened to Rudy Vallee’s despair and known how a man might love. When she locked the door and listened to Rudy it seemed to her to break her heart with loneliness for him—no longer made her want to get on the first plane she could back in the Broadway-studio—but it tore her heart with loneliness for love itself. She was made for her father’s devotion—no one who fitted the picture in her heart.

Sure, she was seen around at night in the spots with this young man and that. Night clubs were her social background, she had sung and danced in them, they were Broadway to her.

But where was love? In spite of it all, she didn’t find it.

Then, against all law, dark, young man walked onto the set of “Sing, Baby, Sing.” He was somehow, instantly, all that she had dreamed in her heart since she was a kid—she’d always wanted to fall in love with a man who was dark and handsome and had big, dark eyes.

Alice Faye fell in love at first sight, as madly, as completely, as romantically as a girl well could. So did Tony Martin.

That, perhaps, was and is the trouble. They were two people in love. The world had no part at the peak. They didn’t know each other at all, or anything about each other. And there were tears very emotional, very dramatic young people, really in love for the first time.

They will tell you that Alice Faye had been flown around New York night clubs and knew the score. They will tell you she sang hot numbers for college boys with success that was phenomenal. They will tell you she was Broadway’s own child and that she was a chorus girl and dance-hall queen.

True enough.

But Tony Martin was the first man she ever loved.

In her chorus girl days, she had been protected by Hymie Bushel, who is so well-known in New York as a gentleman man it is better to agree with, Hymie loved Alice as though she were his own daughter, and took her out and showed her how to love and believe in her first of all.

In her gay and entrancing teens when she should have been finding out about young love, sitting in the livid light of the college boys with college boys and listening to a line, when she should have been engaged well enough—time to put a professional young man about town, she was giving all her young life to Rudy Vallee and her own ambition. Growing up so fast—learning—being a confidante and comforter instead of somebody’s sweetheart.

In Hymie’s eyes she was too lonely and too unhappy to care for the young men who admired her,

So that Tony swept her off her feet coldly, pretty well. She had been denied her claim truly, miraculously—and with much too much emotion.

Too much in love with herself to be seen, so much in love not to be easily hurt, frightened, jealous, confused.

Sorrow always, with Alice Faye, goes hand in hand with joy, as to be grand and glorious fun to quarrel, to say what you thought, to be free to be yourself.

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house, that it has been created to suit the twin-careered lives of the stars of Warner Brothers’ “Four Wives.” Note that the master bedroom toward the back or “living” side of the house, which faces away from the road. This means Ros- tany architecture mill can get up in the morning and dress without getting in each other’s way. Note the den, sepa- rated from the main hall and a passageway. This means each girl can have a private “date,” or one girl may have doubt in the den while the other entertains in the living room.

Now no home is worthy of the name unless it has been considered the lives of those who inhabit it. Very often, these days, there is more than one work- ing member of a family who must make an early-morning train to the office. For families with two or more high-pressure work- ers, a home should be planned, like the Lanes’, for simultaneous morning grooving, for evening entertainment for two separate groups. Two bathrooms or two dressing rooms for the bedroom wing of the house, and a den for after-hours relaxation are important assets.

LAURENCE B. CLAPP, Los Angeles architect who planned the Lane girls’ home, has kept this workable plan very simple, house-like, homy. If you arrive afoot, you enter the house from the front loggia under that overhanging cedar-shingle roof, which is stained light grey to give the weather-beaten effect of houses on Cape Cod, quite effective in the California sunshine. If you drive in, you go up the driveway to the right of the house and walk from the car apron behind the detached garage to the long loggia at the rear, overlooking the garden. There you find a door going down to the ‘rumpus room in the basement, another leading into the same central hall the front loggia entrance gives on, and—if Rosemary or Priscilla wants to go straight to their own room—there’s still another door to the small hall between their bedroom and the hall, leading to the rear bedroom entrance and a kitchen entrance have been provided. These six doorways give easy access to the out-of-doors from either the master, the girls’ room, or the sitting room.

The red logs which make up the loggia walls between the rooms, make up the living room and in front of the master bedroom, the special lounging place of the two lovely stars. Note here a square-covered section, labeled “flowers.” A brick pier about four feet three inches square, standing three feet high, has been placed on top with earth placed in the recesses and potted plants installed. Thus the gar- den almost enters the house. Not an expensive detail, and easily imitated in the corner of a terrace in many a home.

This loggia entrance on the outside is noticeable in the living room, where three windows make up the walls of the windows at either side of the fireplace are really long French doors, opening on the rear a one-and-a-half story. Note the long vista through arches from the living room, through the hall, into the dressing rooms, and the space of grace and space within the house, too.

The living room is the most formal room of the house, large, but not very imposing. Carpeted in rose tupe, with draperies of green and pale rose chintz, the chairs and sofas are upholstered in lemon yellow or finely-checked brown and white, white. The built-in cupboard includes one of Mrs. Lane’s mother’s old Chinese pieces; they also serve as bookcases. All the incidental bits of furniture are made of maple in early Ameri- can design.

The den is the informal living room of the house. Its walls are panelled white pine stained a light reddish color, but the beamed ceiling has been painted white, to give more light reflection. The huge red brick fireplace, the window seats upholstered in red leather, the red leather armoire, a doll green carpet and a green-and-white ottoman make this an unusually cheery room. Pay special attention to what looks like an extra built-in seat at the left of the fireplace; it’s a wood box holding logs and kindling for the fire.

The powder room, with its black enamel fixtures and flowered wallpaper, its small red-satin stool before a mirror, and the mirror, gives it an entrance through the den from the door from the living room. From the den, also, the girls can step directly into the kitchen without having to pass through the hall or dining room. The kitchen walls are covered with washable fabric wall covering, except the breakfast nook, which are laid in yellow tile; the floor is brown and orange linoleum, laid over floating flooring. The dining room is actually a smallish room—the Lanes wanted it that way, since they don’t go in for large parties—and the wine-colored, silver-flowered wallpaper has kept it snug, as dark backgrounds do. The built-in china cupboards are a decorative note as well as a convenience.

The bedroom wing of the house is reached from the rear loggia or from the living room. Mrs. Lane’s bedroom is used as a combination den and bed- room. It is separated from the girls’ quarters by Mrs. Lane’s bathroom and by the small hall, which, incidentally, has a small recess or hall, and one, cedar-lined, for wool clothes.

The sanctorum of Rosemary and Priscilla is sufficiently large to make it possible for them to perform their devotions as well as the background of the soft plaid wallpaper, is delft blue. The intricately carved dresser, the red walls and white marquise-draped window, the cream-and-rose chintz chairs, all give to the room a lightness suitable to the girls’ youth.

Of course, those dressing rooms are their pride and joy. Each has two large dressing closets, divided into two sec- tions, which are in turn divided again to become drawers in one case, shoe space in the other. Deep hat closets run the length of each dressing room, above the clothes closets. Both dressing areas open into the bathroom. It’s streamlined in wrent and delft blue tile, and the towels are with the name “Lane” embroidered on them in blue.

With a good-sized maid’s room and both, a servants’ porch and the rumpus room below, that’s all there is in this house. The stars’ bathrooms are made to order. The dressing arrangements could be adapted to the needs of an average family of four parents and two children—the sort of home which so many of us dream. The house requires a lot of at least 150 dollars a month. It was built for about $17,000, including landscaping and a unit gas heating system.

Then follow the simple, easy directions. Bernarr Macfadden gives you a new, simple method for regaining youthful vigor ... a definite plan for increasing your personal efficiency. He places at your disposal a program which takes you out of your depths of despair and into a vital, alive, full of zest and enthusiasm. By following his plan you can become a more attractive person ... a happier person ... a healthier person.

Exercise properly done develops not merely the external appearance of youth, but the internal stimulus of youth as well. Sex re-juvenation by gland treatment has been exaggerated by many writers as the only way to regain sexual youthfulness. Yet, if we would develop the general qualities of physical youth, then there will be reflected in the more specialized qualities of sexual youthfulness.

**Become A Human Dynamo**

In Exercise And Like It. Mr. Macfadden shows you how to reach out and pluck the greatest rewards which life has to offer.
The Queen was disappointed. "Man? Which one, for God's sake?"
"This one, Madam." Elizabeth's eyes blazed. "I sent for him, did I not?"
"Madam, you did." "No, I didn't. Do you speak, does he? I'll best courtesy into him!"
The usher made an apologetic gesture, and bowed. "It was a fault in mine. He was correct, even humble." The Queen looked at the paper on her knee; she could write and talk at the same time. "I'll speak with him."

"He was turned, thinking he was dismissed. "When the Earl of Essex comes, announce him at once."
The usher reversed himself and bowed. Elizabeth raised her head suddenly. "Where is the Tax Collector?"
The usher lifted an eyebrow. "I know not, Madam."

The Queen smiled. "Stood, nor I either! Tell the sheriff to wait."
The usher, with his mind on the sheriff, forgot to move till the Queen roused him. "Fetch me Willoughby!"

**WILLOUGHBY** was ready to be fetched. At the first holding back of the curtains in his stride, a middle-aged adventurer, manly and honest, of write here a word for affecting boldness. He was tall and thin-faced and his clothes were splashed with mud. For him was the Queen wearing her best gown.

Until the usher retired she stared at Willoughby, making him nervous. He cleared his throat.

"Here I am, Madam, at your service."

"Stand further off!" He backed two or three feet away.

"I like not," she said, "the smell of a spy."

He resented her harshness. "Madam, I wouldn't do it if you didn't make me. I have no stomach for this work."

She smiled grimly. "It is better than hanging, is not it? What news?"

"Madam, you will not like it."

"She leaned forward, impatient. "Spite it out, man!"

"The Earl of Essex—"

"The cause of his increasing neglect of you—"

The word "neglect" was unfortunate. "Say what you have, and you hang!"

The man looked frightened. "Madam, you bade me learn why you avoided your presence, Elizabeth, controlling herself, spoke quietly. "Where does the Earl—spend his hours?"

"With the household of Sir Francis Walsingham."

"But Walsingham is dead!"

"His daughter isn't. The Earl of Essex is a favored visitor. Very favored. He visits for days at a time."

In this he was not wrong, but she spoke with a peculiar deliberateness. "You mean—he will marry her?"

"Madam, it is to be hoped. They love each other."

"You lie!"

Against the look of fright came over Willoughby, and he pleaded. "Before God, Madam—"

"She is nothing but a child."

His voice repartee was atrocious. "Madam, she's only a little younger than the Earl."

"The Queen glanced at him, then took up the paper on which she had been writing. "You are a thief and should be hanged, but your father was a gentleman, and the rope is vulgar. I caught you stealing, did I not?"

At that moment the tall man was a sorry figure. "Madam, your mercy is registered in heaven!"

"The sheriff," said the Queen, "had better know it, too. This paper will tell him."

The tall man held out his hands in gratitude, then, the gave me my life if I proved faithful!"

"If you're a traitor! For your father's sake I let you escape."

The man's voice rose. "Madam, I told you the truth! The Earl himself will be without—he loves the girl, he spends the time wooing her. For that reason he is absent from court!"

Elizabeth glanced down at the paper. "I have not finished writing. There is space at the bottom for one line."

Before Willoughby could answer the usher announced, "Madam, the Earl of Essex."

The Queen looked at Willoughby with a queer smile. "You swear you have told truth?"

"Let me face him!"

The Queen raised her hand for silence. "Let him not see you. Behind these curtains—she motioned over her shoulder—there is a door. Close it carefully. The corridor brings you to the Earl's room where the sheriff is waiting. Wait with him."

Crossing behind the table he fumbled a moment with the curtains, then disappeared. She laid the paper on the table, smoothed her gown, made sure her hair was in order; then she waited, very regal in her great chair, till the usher brought Essex in and vanished with practiced speed, having introduced Essex before."

In silence the Earl dropped on one knee, then came forward to kiss the Queen's hand, and she studied him without a word—a handsome youth, not more than twenty, with a slight mustache and a diminutive goatee."

"My Queen!" said he."

"Your neglected Queen," said Elizabeth, using Willoughby's word and putting meaning into it. Essex thought best to drop on his knees again and gaze at her eyes. "Take back that word, my Queen, more than Queen! Great Lady!"

"How handsome you are!" said Elizabeth quite objectively. "And how young! You may rise."

"At your feet, my Queen!"

"Get up!" said she, and he rose with more dignity and grace than you'd thought possible. He even remembered not to dust off his knees."

"We have missed you," said she."

"The business that keeps me from you, Earl. I do badly, having no heart in it."

It was a good start, but she laughed at him, and his temper was ruffled. "Does it you, Madam?"

"Something you once did well," said she, "you now do not at all, having no heart in it. Essex, you have found me out."

"Madam?"

She stood up. "Am I old?"

The question caught him off his guard, but he rallied. "You are the youngest of us here, Madam."

Nothing he could have said just then would have made her more angry. "Idiot! Imbecile! This neck! This neck! Tell the girls you fly to how wrinkled is this skin! Look at it!"

He was trying to stem the tirade. "Madam, leg of you."

But she resumed her chair as abruptly as she had risen from it, and her passions had become control."

"Is there news from Ireland?"

He was puzzled. "You know better than me, Madam."

"From Spain?"

"I have heard nothing."

"WHAT has stopped your ears?" said she, dropping the politeness. "Has your horse strained a tendon? Will not your dog eat?"

"Madam, there is nothing wrong," said Essex, in the tone of one who suffers injury. "Ah, but there is—very wrong! Her voice rose. "To defend my kingdom I gather a bright company, young and tireless, generous and devoted. You and those who came before you, for a while, what I hoped."

"Madam, we have failed you—"

"Robert Dudley, Edward Dyer, Fulke Greville, Philip Sidney, Walter Raleigh! What men they were!"

"God be praised, Madam, some still are."

"And here am I, their Queen, raised to pride and danger—"

"Madam, you are our destiny."

Her voice weakened, almost trembled. "In the room where the sheriff is waiting, always lonely, and now old. No, I am not a woman, I am only a symbol."

He started to speak but she pressed on."

"I wanted affection for myself, someone who in my absence would feel desolate, as I have felt. I wanted love."

Her voice sank. "I wanted your love."

The moment was awkward, but he found a formula. "Madam, you have my heart."

She smiled. "Respect for old age. When you forget your need of me, I know what displaces your thought of me—no rival passion, nothing heroic—no, but a trivial to recall, but pleasant enough, one by one, to fill a young man's day."

"But we have offended you—"

"I think so only when I am weak. When I am myself, I understand."

It seemed they had come to the end and there was no more to say, but after an awkward pause Essex spoke."

"Have you considered, Madam, what magic you enchant us? You dispense glory, you teach us the steps to our portion, you become, not in a trick of the light, but in your very feet, our way of life. Madam, you taught me to love."

"Shame on you! Let us be honest," said the Queen, obviously teared."

"He insisted, "you taught me to love, to yearn for loveliness, for beauty of conduct, grace of word and deed, gain the woman, not this world. I worship you!"

He said it as though he meant it, and Elizabeth, rising, put her hands on his shoulders."

"No woman like me?"

"None," said he, firmly but not loud."

"Can you forget," said she, "how old I am?"

"Ah, Madam!" said he, not knowing what else to say.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 63)

FOR YOU! Hollywood Glamour with Westmore Make-up!

THE CHALLENGE—Denman Films

This villain of this melodrama is no Karloff or Lugosi, but a mountain, one that hurles rockslides against those foolish mortals who challenge its impregnability. The hero is its superhuman photography of breath-taking escapes and sudden death among eternal snows in the Himalayas. The rivalry runs rampant through the plot—the rivalry of an Italian mountaineer and an English artist (Luis Trenker and Robert Douglas) for the affections of the same woman; and the foreshadow rivalry of man against mountain. The apparent climax, the successful scaling of the peak, is surprisingly followed by an equally intense drama of man against suspicious mountaineers. Throughout the action hinges upon mountain climbing and life-and-death struggle. Perhaps not in the woman's picture, since women are usually pitiful, but this is a true story. In the men must conquer apparently unimportant things simply because they're still unconquered, but at the same time preserve the spirit behind such conquest. The Challenge" shows graphically how successful FBI work is; George Raft, as Director, presents something different, with many departures from the expected. Of the women in the cast, Mary Clare is magnificent as the Italian's mistress, and Joan Gardner is pretty and ineffectual as his sweetheart. Fred Grunberg and Josephine's father lends effective support, as do the other members of the cast—though you may find the Oxford English in the little Italian's villagers a trifle disconcerting at times!

HONEYMOON IN BALI—Paramount

BOY, Fred MacMurray must be the envy of all those college boys who voted Miss Carroll as on a South Sea Island with. Because that's what happens to Fred. You see she's his business woman who is constant with him, romantically, and not long until early Mr. MacMurphy comes into her ken. Then Sex, a la Tropics, suddenly intrudes and very quickly. She pulls up some resistance, the silly girl, but after all the basic natural laws hold sway. This story is a charming romance and glamour in its beauty. It combines, production and cast are both terrific. Neither MacMurray nor Miss Carroll has ever done better work. You'll like Helen Broderick and pretty little Carolyn Lee, too.

WHAT A LIFE—Paramount

GOSH, that Jackie Cooper is a good actor. Wait until you see him walk away from the camera. It's the most intense acting you've seen in this really amusing picture. He's cast as an adolescent, which indeed Jack is, yet he is capable of adjusting to a different time of life. Story comes from the play, which was successful, and it is aptly cast in the play. Also, it is a different time of life. James Cor- ner is the rival; John Howard and Kathleen Lockhart offer especially good performances. You will get a lot of laughs out of this.

ESPINIONAGE—Warner

You'd expect Warners to take advantage of the news and run up something in England, Switzerland, Italy) for the spies. Joel McCrea is the steely-eyed Nemesis of those who snood around America's secrets. He marries Brenda Marshall, a foreign espionage agent, and when with her he is called up with her, Joel resigns his post in the foreign diplomatic service in order to help her hunt down the spy group. George Bancroft, Jefrey Lynn and others complete the cast. The picture is full of thrills, too lengthy in spots, but sufficiently timely to make your hair rise near the roots.

THE DAY THE BOOKIES WENT—RKO-Radio

DESPITE its peculiar title, this is a highly successful comedy, with Joe Penner at his very best. He's a New York cab driver who trains pigeons and loves Betty Grable. His pals send him off to Kentucky to buy a horse and, of course, he gets stuck with a worn-out old nag—which hobbles about at a dis- tance. There's no shine to that liquor. What that girl accomplishes with a keg of beer you can hardly be- lieve, but it doesn't matter because you'll be laughing too hard at Joe.

BLACKMAIL—M-G-M

HERE'S another morbid but thrill- packed movie, the idea, this time, residing around the old "Ox's" treatment. The story, it seems, is one of methods of fighting them. There's an escaped criminal, a purchased confession, a chain gang, and Edward G. Rob- inson. Besides that, you'll see more fire and more oil than you ever imagined. The notion is new, certainly, and produc- tion is keyed to a serial. In actual fact, Robinson does good work, as does Gene Lockhart. Bob Watson has a role.

51,000 A TOUCHDOWN—Paramount

MARTHA RAYE owns a school again and this time she has a mouth as big as hers playing opposite her. It was a natural, teaming La Raye with Joe B. Brown, is the story, the film, the fracture, the discovery. Oliver's does good work, as does Gene Lockhart. Bob Watson has a role.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES—20th Century-Fox

THERE is a line, you know, supposed to be drawn between real comedy and that which is merely ridiculous. The Ritz Brothers have done things that in terms of fantasy had great humor, but this is not one. The timing, for obvious reasons, is set during the last World War, and the Ritz Freres, a vaudeville team, to be buds instead of partners of their German name. They join the cavalry and are sent to France. There they team up with Jane Withers, dis- covered in a tavern singing, "Who'll Buy My Flowers." Her father, Joseph Schildkraut, is a spy. Well, anyway, there is action on it from start to finish. The brothers blasting the earth away from under the characters, but leaving them for a few moments. The confusion is worked around the fact that the Ritz Bros, wear German helmets for an act. In any analysis the whole piece will remind to Americans of a hate long past and, furthermore, it is unworthy cinema so far as its purpose of entre- tainment is concerned. As for Joan Victor- iana once said over a far more impor- tant matter, "We are not amused." Nor will you be.

RIO—Universal

THIS story of what happens to the trouser express which starts off to its eventual destination of nowhere with fair promise. It's a pity the purpose and end of the film was not more clearly defined in the producer's mind. Victor McLaglen is the friend of Basil Rathbone; Watson is the French capitalist under conviction. Sigrid Gurie is the wife, Robert Cummings the young American she meets and whom Watson also escap- es. The cast sequence and some bloody killing. Trouble is, you aren't likely to believe much of what is going on.

HERE I AM A STRANGER—20th Century-Fox

NEW and old—Richard Greene and Richard Dix—combine talents here, and both very good, too. The idea is that Greene has stood by his father, and then his mother and his stepfather. Later, through changing circumstances, he meets his father, and the rest of the piece is given over to the emotional ad- justment of the two to each other. The acting is fine, and Richard Young, Edward Norris and Russell Gleason help. We forgot to mention that Dix is the one who drinks too much, and that Sonny helps in the re- generation.

KATIA—Mayer-Kursyn

ACTUALLY speaking, this French film of international scope is a super- Breath-taking are the settings and the Nineteenth Century costumes; and Da- nielle Darrieux, as the Princess Katia who wins the heart of Count Alexander II (John Loder) with her capricious ways, is again the lovely—look at creature of Mayerling" and "The Rage of Paris." The story, however, as it traces the unraveling of the romantic monarch for his mistress who finally becomes his wife, seldom achieves any strong dramatic impact. The only significant feature is that our American woman, in the guise of a Frenchwoman, is allowed to get her way; and that the French, as always, are capable of being very glib about it. The film is uninteresting, as one might expect, except for a few shots of the scenery. It is difficult to understand why Mayerling doesn't do the same as a whole range of Miss Darrieux's acting talents and on her exquisite beauty to the detri- ment of the picture's balance. John Loder, a fine actor in his own right, is merely a foil for his leading lady, while the rest of a capable French cast is kept discredibly in the background—with one exception, Marie Helene Daste succeeds in dominating her every scene with her role of the sorrowful Caresia, slowly dying of tuberculosis. If escape is what you're after, that the grim realities of to-day, this delicate love-tale of another era is definitely your dish.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER—RKO-U. A.

IT'S a little hard to imagine why Joan Bennett allowed herself to be cast in this. It's a farce turning on the expe- ditions of an American newspaper reporter and accidentally uncovers a gangster murder, without knowing how to han- dle his camera, as the reporter is mak- ing his way. As a result of a misjudg- er's offspring and arrives home dressed like a movie star although one no seems to this unusual. Despite the fact that the heroine has been so recently re- formed, she gets the hero. Adolphe

Menjou, John Hubbard and others try pretty hard. There are a few laughs for the unsophisticated.

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW—Repub

You may have been tremendously concerned about the fate of the Five Little Peppers when you read of their adventures. Clarence Kolb, Dorothy Peterson and sundry others follow the script dutifully. All the Lilliputians are very virtuous, and this has the expected effect on a hard-hearted business man when he is stuck in his house under quarantine. You won't find much of a fate on the worst of your enemies.

CALLING ALL MARINES—Repub

You may be able to work yourself up into a frenzy over this strange and peculiar story of gangsters who attack the United States Marines to steal a bomb, but it's hardly fair to consider them a fable of the worst of your enemies.

HERO FOR A DAY—Universal

Football time is here and Universal jumps the gun with this mild picture. Charley Grapewin is cast as the ex-football star, now a fading night watchman, who is used for a publicity stunt by his alma mater. The college officials can't find any other alumnus so they spread the news that it's a rich contract-tractor and make a kind of male "Apple Annie" out of him. Meanwhile, Dick Kipps makes a grab at oil, and lovely Anita Louise, Charley's niece, falls in love with him.

COAST GUARD—Columbia

There's something awfully reminiscent about the plot of this otherwise entertaining film. Randy Scott plays a cocky pilot in the coast guard whose easygoing friend, Ralph Bellamy, is in love with Frances Dee. But Randy takes her away from his buddy and then refuses to give her back. It ends up so that Bellamy has to go and save her. Walter Connolly is wasted in a small role. Your interest will be held by the action, which is consistently fast, and by the documentary nature of the piece, covering as it does the coast guard phase of national service.

CALL A MESSENGER—Universal

The Little Tough Guys of Universal have joined hands with the poor Yoricks, matching Billy Halop and Hunts Hall away from the original group. Robert Armstrong, a telegraph official, thanks his friend, and they tour some regeneration by giving the kids jobs; and he does give them (as messenger boys), and the messengers work. Then Hunt takes his messy robbery thrown in for good measure, and Anne Nagel, Victor Jory and Mary Carlisle support the boys.

Two Bright Boys—Universal

Freddie Bartholomew and Melvindale Cooper, son and father who lie by their wits, get in the clutches of Alan Dinehart, oil baron. He uses them to make a grab at oil and marries lovely Anita Louise, Charley's niece, falls in love with him.

The Fight for Peace—Warner

Without its almost hysterical anti-war propaganda, this new action-pictorialnewseers and graphic cartoons, based on an original script by Hendrik Willem Van Loon, could have been an amazing documentary film. As it is, it's an fragmented record of things becoming and flourishing durante ships, from the causes of the First World War up to the eve of the present conflict, is well worth seeing—especially for those sequences which depict the armament race, and the rise to power of such personalities as Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin. However, its gruesome revelation of outrages against civilians in both Spain and China becomes too graphic, and in the end the film is a sordid and sickening effort, which, for its own sake, should be excised. It is, however, an absorbing story, and it will achieve its avowed purpose of promoting anti-war sentiment.

Brief Reviews

Cont. from page 8

Edith, Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy and George Brent are the principal as Hitchcock, with Myrna in a role. With that she has a rich contract-tractor and makes a kind of male "Apple Annie" out of him. Meanwhile, Dick Kipps makes a grab at oil, and lovely Anita Louise, Charley's niece, falls in love with him.

Range War—Paramount

Strictly formula, with one exciting change—Buster Keaton is the star. Ted is a railroad man but he is also a con man, and in the construction of a railroad. Russell Hayden, Bert Wood and Pedro de Cordoba add his (Loc.)

Real Glory, the—Goldwyn-U.A.

Another blood-and-thunder epic, Local: Philadelphia. Government officials are interested in the construction of the new government, use the prisoners to build it, and of course, the end is a brave man's death. It's a good story for its kind, and still has its time for some tender love scenes. "I'm not the first boy you've seen and Frederic Jackson are excellent. (Crit.)

Return of Dr. X, the—Warner

What a murder mystery—and with Humphrey Bogart thrown into further nightmare puzzle, this is a fine picture. But the last scenes are overdone and the story is tied up in a weak way. Another person is found murdered by the paper. Another person is found murdered by the other person. And no blood. Then Humphrey, as Dr. Xavere, turns out to have been electrocuted two years ago. Boy. (Loc.)

Saint in London—RKO Radio

In this, the Saint (George Sanders) starts right out and turns into one of the most captivating of a beautiful blonde and a dying man, and taking them both off the heart of London. And Sally Gray, the blonde, is swell. (Simp.)

Second Fiddle—20th Century-Fox

Amos: Sonja Henie and Robert Taylor. Valdy Varnedoe is a chance for a galaxy dialog and situations: no suspense. The idea is a burlesque on the Scarlett O'Hara movie, with Taylor playing the press agent and Sonja the winner of the nightclub. Wendy's too few tailoring numbers are enchanting. (Simp.)

She Married a Cop—Republic

Phil Regan's cop who thinks he's going to get into the murder. Falls in love with and marries Jean Parker, producer of cartoon strips. The show-off is Raphaelson, who is a murder, and take a boat to dub one of her cartoon characters. (Simp.)

Should Husbands Work?—Republic

Here's the big screen bunch again, played by James, Leslie and Robert Greig. All the fun is about Fox job, because there is going to be a merger and AJ makes things up. Marlin Wilson is her usual dumb-tawny character. (AL)

Sledderbinder, the—RKO Radio

A western. Billy Halop is a tough kid, wronged on the shady side. Plot: Tacy fights defending his friend; he marries his daughter, Barbara Read; Tacy kills him, Patrick Knowls and Alene Lane struggle hard. (Crit.)

Stanley and Livingston—20th Century-Fox

Incorrigible and divider, this story of Henry M. Stanley and Robert Livingston is a fine one. There's one or two real good scenes with Miss Alice Roosevelt Longworth. In this, Tacy is a lord, and Miss Alice Roosevelt is a lady, and everything is right, and we all love America. (Crit.)

Star Maker, the—Paramount

Blue Crosby's newest vehicle is no bargain, don't it? It's the story of Gus Edwards, kiddle impression. Blue plays the poor songwriter who marries Louise and starts in business with her, and Charles Coburn and Walter Brennan furnish wisps of comedy. (Crit.)

Stop, Look and Love—20th Century-Fox

"Enough daughter off" is cleverly explained here. Marjorie Main plays the mother who, in a Washington convention, tries to find a husband for daughter Jean Rogers. Jean Rogers is a Broadway star, but Marjorie Main almost ruins the romance. (Simp.)

Stunt Pilot—Monogram

A film company takes over the airport where Pinky Towne, the comic strip guy, works. Somebody puts real lead in the blank cutrices and there's some trouble. Everybody tries to do it, but an accidental photograph shows the real murderer. Tug Wilson and Spencer Reynolds is her sweetheart. (Crit.)

Suspah of the Mounds—20th Century-Fox

Not recommended to please Shirley Temple's little fan—such gory detail! Such massacre! Randy Scott is the Moundie who takes over the job of banding Mocky when he is injured by a raiding Blackfoot Indian. You'll like Martin Good Rider, the little Indian Brave who treats Shirley like a squaw. (Simp.)

These Glamorous Girls—M-G-M

Youth wrestlers against a college background. Aelita is a college girl, and she's beautiful and three lovely debs, and you know Lew Ayres is a college boy. They're all going to be in a football game, of course, and we see their valiant efforts as they compete with the college's very exclusive homecoming. Martha Hunt is a fine little actress, and there is a neat romantic interest. (Crit.)

They All Come Out—Columbia

This picture is a regret, but the background material about Federal policies was so dramatic, the picture had to be made. It deals with the government's efforts to build a dam, and it's around a murder, and we've got early and given the government. Something to think about. (Simp.)

They Shall Have Music—Goldwyn-U.A.

The singing voice of Janice Hallett carries this picture. When Walter Brennan of school for underprivileged children is threatened with foreclosure, young Gene Reynolds, who has learned music in the street, has the voice of the people. He sings his way into the heart of the music. (Crit.)

Thunder Aflame—M-G-M

Captain Wolly Beery lives on a tugboat with his daughter, Virginia Grey. Until a boy off puts them off and sinks the tug. Beery joins the Navy and he can get revenge but his daughter keeps him from killing the man. When he finally has to take kinder to discipline, he takes his subclass off on a solo hunt for the enemy. It's a personal battle between Beery and the sub. (Simp.)

Timber Stampede—RKO Radio

A western—But a good one. A lumber king prevents the building of a railroad, and then papers and government grants get mixed into the picture. When George O'Brien finds him, lots of fighting and shooting. (Simp.)

Torchy Plays with Dynamite—Warners

Jane Wyman takes Glenda Farrell's place in this picture, and then it's good fun. When she walks off with detective Allen Jenkins, there's...


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Here’s How To REDUCE The Hollywood Way

SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD is the famous beauty expert who astonished the cinema center with her miraculous beauty treatments.

In this grand book, Streamline Your Figure, Sylvia of Hollywood goes right to the heart of your figure troubles and tells you simple ways to mold your body into beautiful proportions in double quick time. One of the many reviews lavishly praising Madame Sylvia’s book states: “Its excellent photographs, clear directions and careful charts, sensible diets for reducing, make the way to beauty simple for the woman determined to have it.”

Fall Fashions Demand Alluring Figures

Again this Fall fashion does the unexpected. Smart, New York shops are featuring the new cigarette-thin silhouette. And here’s more fashion notes. Hips should be rounded...bombs high and wasp waists and stem-lined midriffs will be the vogue.

This, Miss and Mrs. America, means that Tomboy fashions are out and a new era of lovely figures is here. Now, more than ever before, your figure should be graceful, romantic, alluring.

Your favorite Hollywood screen star will be glamorous in her frills and bustles.

Streamline your Figure

BY SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD

Here’s the great, new Sylvia of Hollywood book that is jammed full of definite, practical suggestions that will enable you to acquire a beautiful, glamorous figure. In Streamline Your Figure the author tells you how to take off excess fat safely and surely. There’s nothing impossible about it. In fact, it’s fun to reduce this modern Hollywood way.

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